12-1871

The Owl, vol. 4, no. 3

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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY
THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

SANTA CLARA:
COLLEGE PRESS.
1871.
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AN old man sits by the fitful blaze,  
With his wrinkled face bent low;  
The winds rave without, and the rain pours fast—  
But he heeds not the rain nor the wintry blast,  
For his thoughts are away with the glad happy past  
He had known long years ago.

A smile lightly rests on the withered lips,  
He is living his life anew;  
His kindred departed, his lonely lot,  
His struggles, his sorrows, are all forgot  
For the joys which his childhood knew.

Again with loved comrades he gambols and sports,  
And cheerily laughs in his glee;  
With no shadow of evil or care to invade,  
With nor hopes disappointed nor pleasures delayed.  
What urchin so merry as he?

Now childhood has flown, and his gladsome youth  
Looms clear through the mists of the past.  
Then in fancy the future seemed fraught with pure bliss.  
Then Grief fled his footsteps and fond Hope was his,  
And the sunny days flew but too fast.
Now in manhood's first flush, and with fearless step
    He strides forth to the world's great fight.
Warm friends still are round him to cheer, to caress,
To comfort in trial, applaud in success,
    As he struggles to fame's proud height.

The time-dimmed eye kindles—he dreams now of one
    Who was almost of life a part;
Who seemed all that is tender, and truthful, and wise,
Whose seraphic sweet face, and whose bright laughing eyes
    Had woven a net round his heart.

No vision ecstatic, no rapturous dream
    Where that idol was not, could delight;
For wealth he sought only her bliss to increase,—
From Want's bitter toil to secure her release,
    That her life's transient day might be filled with peace,
    That her joy might know no night.

A cloud gathers dark on the old man's brow,
    For his golden dreams are gone.
And now he but thinks of his trust betrayed,
He sees but the graves where his loved ones are laid,
    And himself the poor wreck which time had made,
    Crouching here by the fire—alone.

For the maid whom his fancy had pictured all truth,—
    His cherub in human guise.—
Dead—dead to her honor and happiness both,
For the glitter of wealth had abandoned her troth.
    Her affection he found like the mushroom's growth:
    Scarce developing ere it dies.

A groan bubbles up from the grief-rent heart,
    But as quickly it dies away;
And he smiles to think in that glorious land
He too soon shall join with the heavenly band
    And with angels and seraphs ere long take his stand
    Amid ever brightening day.
PERIODICAL PAPERS OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

[No. I]

INTRODUCTION.

(Dictated from the beak of the Owl himself.)

We make a clean breast of it! We candidly acknowledge the mental, and consequently the rhetorical perplexities under which, notwithstanding that we are universally acknowledged as the "bird-o'wisdom," we are at this moment laboring; and we claim the sympathy of the "gentle reader" accordingly. It may be that this brilliant Californian sun affects our brain—for it is now broad daylight, and it would be more in accordance with our natural idiosyncrasy, as a respectable Owl, to "fly by night." But be this as it may, or be it what it may, that troubles our mind and makes our beak shake so, we confess to a psychological difficulty. We have great doubts about this "Chit-chat Club: similar doubts, indeed, to those which affected the mind of the late learned Archbishop Whately respecting another subject of almost equal importance: the historical truth of the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. He came, eventually, as we all know, to a negative conclusion on that point; and, dear reader, a horrible doubt from time to time disturbs us, as to whether we may not have to conclude, at some future period, that there exists in the world no Chit-chat Club. A brother Owl of
ours who used to roost, many years ago, in one of those old, grey, weather-beaten colleges with which the pious zeal of our Catholic ancestors has filled the ancient city of Oxford,—was telling us one day of a conversation which he overheard there between two philosophically disposed undergraduates, respecting a tumbler from which one of them was in the act of imbibing some liquid unknown to owls. D, whose tendencies were dogmatic, believed in the liquid he was sipping and in the glass from which he sipped it. He regarded both as undeniable entities, and was even prepared to say still more in their favor; when this very first thesis of his was rudely attacked by C, whose principles had evidently been somewhat undermined by a premature study of the Kantian philosophy, and who boldly denied 1stly, that the contents of the tumbler were existent at all, and 2dly, that the tumbler itself was a tumbler.

On the first point an agreement was arrived at early in the dispute, the practical action of D. on the tawny liquid with which the tumbler had at first been filled, having enabled him to waive further controversy and admit the theory of C. therewith. But as to the existence of the tumbler, quà tumbler, he continued resolute. And to our brother Owl, perched upon the manly nose of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, whose bust crowned a high book-case which stood near, the philosophy of D. seemed sound. At the same time C's arguments drawn from the répertoire of Kant, were hard to meet; and might possibly, if applied to the “Chit-chat Club,” be even more cogent than they were in the great tumbler question.

We do not, however, admit that much at present. Far from it. Au contraire, we assert, and we wish to believe that the “Chit-chat Club” exists. Even so, however, we are not out of our difficulties. Ghosts exist. Of that there can be no question. But is their existence objective or subjective? And if their existence be subjective only, as so many learned authorities assert, may not the existence of the “Chit-chat Club be a subjective existence too? Is the “Chit-chat Club,” or is it not, a more indisputable entity than a ghost, or than Napoleon Bonaparte?

Now we purpose trying to convince both our readers and ourselves that there is a “Chit-chat Club” in that noble old College wherein we roost; and we assert categorically, to begin with,—for there is nothing like a bold categorical assertion when you feel doubtful of your ground, and yet wish to think that ground secure—that the said Club originated in and is confined to the First Rhetoric Class of the College in question: the corollary of which assertion is that it should be called,—if we give it its title in full—the “First Rhetoric Chit-chat Club.” Now this our main asser-
tion is, we venture to think, at least *subjectively* true; and no one will deny that its corollary is *hypothetically* so. But if thus much be granted us, why here we are, at the outset, with two different sorts of truth actually in stock, with which we may forthwith open trade!

To begin then. The idea of its members—(if they had any)—in forming—(if they did form)—the "Chit-chat Club," was that a vast deal of valuable time is lost,—in Santa Clara College as in other educational institutions,—in desultory or aimless chat about nothing in particular, which time, and which chat, if properly husbanded, and directed to some definite end, might be productive of much mental and even moral improvement. They decided, therefore, to hold periodical "Chit-chats," from time to time, at indefinite intervals, in order to converse upon some fixed subject to which each member might have previously given some degree of private consideration; and they hoped—not, we think, without reason—to derive both amusement and profit from so doing.

Perched as we generally are, during these Periodical Chit-chats, on the back of the speaker's chair for the time being, with our beak sufficiently near his ear to allow of our whispering a suggestion to him from time to time,—and, withal, of our giving that ear a nip, should he utter (as young speakers sometimes will) anything glaringly contrary to the dictates of our riper wisdom—we have, of course, every opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with what passes. And we venture to think that if we now and then relax from our habitual gravity so far as to play the part of our volatile relative the Parrot, who chatters so constantly in the front quadrangle, and repeat what we have heard to the public, we shall be likely to receive thanks rather than objurgations, and cents rather than kicks for so doing.

In the very first, then, of these "Periodical Meetings of the Chit-chat Club," which either have or have not occurred in Santa Clara College, the subject discussed was that of "Base-ball"; a game in which Owls usually take but small interest, on account of the senseless habit, so universally prevalent, of playing it in the full glare of the noon-day sun, when, of course, no one can see how to catch either a ball or a mouse: a sufficient reason doubtless, for the frequent failures of the players. The poor boys do their best, however. They have no idea—as how should they?—of the far superior pleasure such a game would afford, if it were played on a fine starlight night, without too much moon to dazzle one, and with every other optical advantage. It would be mean indeed, therefore, on our parts, if we did not make every allowance for them. Besides which, we, as the College Bird *par excellence*, are
naturally interested in their recreations as well as in their studies, and as Base-ball happens to be the recreation they like best, we have concerned ourselves warmly in the subject, for their sakes: nor have we suffered any of them, on the present occasion, to talk more than a certain amount of nonsense; as will be evident to any one who closely examines the tips of their ears.

We therefore make our bow, and leave them to speak for themselves.

**BASE-BALL.**

**P. H. Dunn.** The game of ball has been at once a great source of amusement, and a favorite gymnastic exercise, from the earliest period of history to the present time.

It is mentioned in the Odyssey as having been played by the Phaeacians to the sound of music; and at the Court of King Alcinous it was also associated with dancing, and thus made a highly artistic game. It was the chief exercise of the Spartan youth in the time of Sparta's greatest glory; and the Athenians so highly esteemed it that they actually erected a statue in honor of Aristonious, on account of his skill in ball-playing.

**J. Poujade.** During the middle ages, too, ball-playing was in full vogue among the young men, and especially the students, of Europe. And indeed,—to come down to modern times,—it is still a very popular game there. It has not yet reached, however, (nor, I think, will it ever reach) that state of perfection on the European continent, which it has attained among ourselves.

As to the ways of playing the game of ball, they are so numerous and so constantly varying that it would be out of the question to think of making any list of them.

**J. Poujade.** Just so! And yet a very interesting history of games of ball might be given by anyone whose antiquarian tastes took that direction. It would lead us too far away from our immediate subject now, though. Let us confine ourselves, for the present, to the game known as "Base-ball."

**H. H. Bowles.** And quite enough to talk about too! The great and all-absorbing game of the American youth of the present day—the game for which he throws aside all others, and into which he
Periodical Papers of the Chit-chat Club.

enters with an ardor and vigor hitherto unknown,—is that of Baseball. The English "Cricket" may be all very well for John Bull: very likely better, for him, than baseball: each nation best knows what suits it best. And there's no denying that cricket really is a first-rate game,—for those that like it. But,—

P. H. Dunn. But,—base-ball is and ought to be the national game of America! It is, in truth, very exquisitely adapted to the disposition and character of the people of this continent; being conducive at once to their physical and moral welfare; and that in a pre-eminent degree.

H. Peyton. Tell us,—some of you solemn historical fellows,—how it originated!

J. Poujade. It was in the year 1845 that this game, which was then in a very imperfect state, and in fact a mere childish affair, first began to be played by adults.

H. H. Bowles. The enthusiastic young orator, Patrick Henry, had occasion, one day, to address the Sons of America on the subject of a National Game. Said he,—while tears coursed down his nose in continuous streams, and the opposing Royalists (who very appropriately desired Cricket) howled in the rear,—[A pause.]

F. McGusker. Well? What did he say?

H. H. Bowles. Oh, I forget the precise words! Something about the old Greek games, and the Roman games, and the English games; and how it would be wise in us to follow such good examples, only not in a servile way. This was enough! Almost on the instant, the talented American brain conceived the idea of base-ball clubs. "They pondered, they perceived: they organized."

J. Poujade. And the consequence was that a great many societies or clubs were formed, in various cities of the United States, for the purpose of playing this game. But it was not until the year 1857 that it became of any great importance.

P. H. Dunn. It is now played, however, by at least one-half of the male population of the United States, and is very rapidly taking the place of all other out-door amusements. Young and old, rich and poor, alike indulge in it.

J. Malvarin. Yes!—[pausing]—It—is—uni—[pausing again.]

H. H. Bowles. "Universally popular." That's what you mean to say: isn't it? Yes. The remark is as striking as it is original; and I coincide with every word of it. There is scarcely a town, from the eastern beach of Long Island to San Francisco, which cannot boast the possession of a base-ball club. Indeed the school-house and the base-ball club are considered as the two unmistakable evidences of civilization. It is only where they are not that the "untutored Indian" reigns supreme. If we
could but teach the red men baseball, the Indian question would settle itself.

I. Malarin. Base-ball is one of the healthiest and most attractive amusements a young man can enjoy. And I must say that however great its moral advantages may be, its tendency to benefit the body is at least of equal consequence. One of its good points is that the player has only to run from base to base, without wasting his breath at every moment, in giving orders to his men. And another is that he has to be constantly on the alert; so that the habit of quick attention is strengthened in him. He can never afford to forget the game, even for a single instant; for in that instant a swift ball may come to his hands.

F. McCusker. And then he
Must turn, and wheel, and catch, and throw:
Or bravely stand, and face his foe;
Or, at his captain's loud sharp call, Start, like a flash, to chase the ball.

II. H. Bowles. Yes: "Young America" possesses an amount of pluck, perseverance and ambition, for which, before the introduction of base ball, not even the most acute observer gave him credit.

II. Peyton. I can remember the time—for it is really no more than a few years back—when we college boys were the most unhappy of existing creatures. We never looked forward to our holidays and play hours as times of sport and recreation. On the contrary, we hated them; and, when they came, we made no better use of them than to saunter around the yard with hands in pockets, and faces as blue as if we had lost every friend we had in the world. What was the matter with us? A fair question enough, to be sure; and as easily answered as put. In a word we were troubled with that dreadful malady, nothing to do. we were in want of some stirring game—something to stir up our blood and make us take exercise,—something worthy of our time and attention. We tried cricket; but it did not agree with us: it was a little too "English" for us American boys: and the consequence was, that we, one day, presented our bats and wickets to some poor little ragged youngsters, who were hunting for kindling-wood, and gave up the game in disgust. Then some one proposed foot-ball. We tried it; and immediately after the game, the sick-list was swelled by the addition of nine poor fellows, suffering from kicks, sprains or dislocations. It was clear that football would not do for every day practice; so we kicked our ball into an old loft, and again relapsed into the old "do nothingness." But we were not fated to remain thus all our lives. No! Thanks to the bright genius who invented base-ball, the long wished for occupation at length arrived; and we were made happy. I shall never
forget how quickly the noble game spread through the school. In one instantaneous flash it carried away with it all traces of unhappiness, and imprinted in every breast, from that of the little fellow of eight years, to that of the bearded man of twenty-one, a deep and pervading sense of joy and excitement. The yard was no longer still and gloomy; it now rang with merry cries from a hundred throats, and resounded with the light footfalls of as many pair of feet, all eagerly engaged in the new pursuit. Base-balls traversed the air in every direction; some springing swiftly and far towards the sky, from the brawny arm of some youthful Hercules; others mounting only a few feet, as they issued from the hands of some delighted little youngster of one yard high. And yet that little fellow just thought as much of his small throw, as did the larger boy of his far one. Thus was the whole recreation system of the college remodeled in a very few weeks; and the same may be said of every college—nay, more, of every city and town in the great Union. And thus were new life and excitement poured into the veins of every class of society. Well may America be proud of her national game! It has done more for her, even in a moral point of view, than half the preachers within her confines; for it has provided her young men with another way of amusing themselves than that of plunging head-long into vice; and, in so doing, has given them one of the finest and most exciting, and at the same time most innocent and healthful recreations, that could possibly be devised. For my part, I sincerely trust that in future days this noble pastime, will be cherished and appreciated as much as it is now; and that the time will never come when the American people will allow their enthusiasm in its favor to die out, or even to flag. Not that there is much fear of such a contingency. It has gained far too firm a footing amongst them to be easily rooted up; and the probability is that it will continue to exist till either time or the nation shall be no more.

P. H. Dunn. You will have your wishes realized; depend upon it. How can it be otherwise? Why, base-ball is the only game played by the students in our colleges, in which they can find the relief so necessary to them, after days of close confinement and hard mental labor! It is base-ball, and nothing else, which restores to them their former cheerfulness, and even inspires them with new spirits to strive after the main object of their college life: the acquirement of knowledge. In the wear and tear of the routine of college life, how many of our students would either be laid up from time to time in a bed of sickness, or, at any rate, go about with pale emaciated countenances, looking more like
walking ghosts than men,—were it not for the restorative effect of the game of base-ball? The only way of forming an estimate is to observe the state of health,—or rather state of sickness—of those who do not take part in the game; the majority of whom are always unhealthy.

J. Ponjade. Well: it is undoubtedly true that the game constitutes a healthy exercise for the body; and that it is all the more healthy because it requires the exercise of a sufficient amount of judgment to interest those who would not be content with mere physical exertion as an amusement. But there is, certainly a bad side to it: for though it is in one way beneficial to the whole body, it is also, on the other hand, the means of disfiguring the members of the body. There are very few indeed who have engaged in the game to any great extent who do not bear some mark of its disadvantages. Nay, persons are sometimes killed outright. This will not appear at all wonderful to those who have played in good clubs, or even to those who have seen first-rate playing. For what base-ball player has not witnessed a hundred hair-breadth escapes from injuries of the most serious kind, and even from death? The momentum of a swiftly thrown or batted ball can hardly be imagined by one who merely watches the game, and sees the little harmless-looking sphere caught with such apparent ease by the long-practised player. But let a person who merely knows the weight and hardness of the ball, but who have never attempted to catch it, have a ball thrown to him with the velocity usual amongst good players, and he will be an exception to the general rule if he even tries to stop it. If asked what effect he thinks it would have if it struck a man in the neck, or upon certain parts of the head, he would reply that it would certainly kill the man. And so it actually would, and actually does; although such cases are rare. A good player can generally throw the ball a hundred yards. The regulation ball weighs between five, and five one-fourth ounces. Thus the momentum of a swiftly thrown ball is equal to that which an ounce ball would require to carry it five hundred yards. Now the degree of hardness of a new base-ball is a little below that of a piece of common rock. Who will wonder then, that a man may be killed by a base-ball. Is it not, rather, a surprising fact that a great many more accidents do not happen?

J. B. C. Smith. There's something in what you say. I am inclined myself to take both views of the question at once. No doubt a fellow gets maimed sometimes; and maiming is a thing which I feel unable to consider pleasant. Yet, on the whole, doesn't the good preponderate?

Listen, however: here are both pros and cons for you: and all in the "Excelsior" style:
The noon-day sun shone in the sky,  
When stood a youth with bat on high;  
And from his lips there came this cry,—  
"Base-ball!"

From throbbing heart to features flushed,  
The tell-tale blood more quickly rushed;  
And every sound save this was hushed,—  
"Base-ball!"

The ball was pitched; it flew afar;  
It shone on high, like shooting star;  
And still he screeched, with wild huzza,  
"Base-ball!"

From base to base he lightly bounds,  
Like frightened deer pursued by hounds;  
And yet again that cry resounds,—  
"Base-ball!"

The sun blazed hotly on the game;  
But what cared he? He longed for fame;  
And still he shouted, all the same,  
"Base-ball!"

He struck, and caught, and ran so fast  
That all around stood quite aghast;  
But through his lips this cry still passed,—  
"Base-ball!"

"Come, stop this game," the Prefect cried:  
But still the youth, elate with pride.  
Exclaimed (and thus the boon denied)  
"Base-ball!"

"Stop, boy:"—(this prayer the doctor made)—  
"Unless you wish to drop down dead!"  
'Twas all in vain! He only said  
"Base-ball!"
At last, when all bemoaned and wailed,
(For all had tried, and all had failed),
Their futile efforts thus he hailed,—

"Base-ball!"

The game is o'er. But look you there!
Three men the unconquered hero bear,
Who lisps—(for naught such soul can scare)—

"Base-ball!"

His bleeding face—his nerveless hand—
Cause grief to all that round him stand;
Yet mutters he,—though half unmanned—

"Base-ball!"

Now, borne from off the field of fame,
Whereon he wins a noted name,
The words he whispers are the same,—

"Base-ball!"

And see him lying on his bed,
With limbs in splints, and bandaged head?
Hark! What was that he faintly said?

"Base-ball!"

O field, deserted now and lone;
Lure thou fresh champions, one by one,
Till all shall shout, 'mid laurels won:

"Base-ball!"

_H. H. Bowles._ Your friend was a monomaniac! But there are a good many more of us who do not fall far short of him, after all. "Young America" is always ready to die game, sooner than knock under; and I shouldn't wonder if baseball had something to do with the development of this and other such qualities in him.

It is more especially the baseball matches, however, which draw them out.

In a simple game between the different "nines" of the same club, he evinces little interest, and at its conclusion is fatigued, sometimes to a degree bordering on prostration; and yet, in the contest between rival clubs, he is most
emphatically "than." The match—the long-thought-of, long-talked-of match—is his pride and delight. More glorious, in his estimation, than any Franco-Prussian battle field—(the description of which he reads, it is true, in the pages of the *Daily Vituperator*, but which his physical eyes see not)—is that glorious field whereon the fire-breathing champion of base-ball rushes to the fray,—every muscle in active working order; and the lungs ready strained for certain demoniacal howls, intended to comfort his brethren, and animate them to higher deeds. Talk of Casabianca's heroism, or the persevering courage of the fox-stealing Spartan youth! The long records of close games and return close games between the "Scrub-oaks" and the "Night-howlers," throw those ancient instances completely into the shade.

The great beauty of this exciting rivalry lies in the circumstance that neither club can be aware of the precise time of its victory or defeat; and that both therefore return to the charge again and again, inspired by hope almost to the last. And even when defeat has been acknowledged, the honor of perseverance remains; and the chances (so, at least, saith the opposition scorer) are about a hundred to one that the victorious "Howlers" will be swamped next go, when the wind's down, or the grass thinner, etc., etc., etc. "But," remarks an antediluvian specimen of the *genius proceptor*, "are not the studies of these young votaries of base-ball very frequently neglected?" Most learned friend, oblige the bat-handling fraternity by taking up your quarters in some secluded recess—for instance, "where the woodbine twineth"—and there cooling your needlessly agitated brain by the application to your temples of a wet towel. Such questions "don't count" here!

H. Peyton. Then you needn't answer them! So pull up sharp, old fellow, "right thar;" and let the poet Raleigh cut in. Only look at him now! Observe his eye "in a fine phrensy rolling!" The general sentiment of the Chit-chat Club is, "Raleigh, give us some verse!"

J. S. Raleigh. (After a pause.)—

"BASE-BALL."

Across the stormy Eastern main
The game of cricket reigns,
And for our hardy English friends,
Both mind and body trains.
In sunny France they play at ball:
  Though—(tis no sorry fable!)
They most prefer the indoor game—
  Upon the cushioned table.

But in our fair Columbian land,
  From sea to forest glade,
The noble game of base-ball is
  And ever shall be played.

From Massachusett's busy shores,
  Along the Eastern strand,
To California's "Golden Gate,"
  It owns a countless band.

The rich and poor alike contend,
  And scorn alike to yield:
With many a bound the ball flies round
  From home to outer field.

What care they if they have a fall,
  And bruise some luckless place?
They "only play for fun, you know,"
  And take it with good grace.

Base-ball has many benefits
  Which far outweigh its ills:
It serves to break some bones, 'tis true;
  Yet weary time it kills.

And as fair boyhood is to man,
  Or shrub to towering tree,
So base-ball is to many things
  Which we should like to see.

Yet some 'gainst base-ball rise a whine:
  (I guess they scarce know why!)
They say they'd rather "stay at home;"
  They're "sure that they would die."

Shall we such craven knaves regard?
  No! Let them croon their tale,
And for each petty jar or sprain,
  Send forth a dismal wail!
For us,—the scorching sun may shine
Upon our heated frames:
We have our "sport," and we care not
Who praises us, or blames.

With these few lines I close my verse;
For moral find I none;
And whoso has no more to say,
May just as well have done.

I. "Malarin. Thank you, Raleigh! Very good! Very good! But I have something more to say. No one has yet spoken of the rules of base-ball.

F. McCusker. And the rules of a game show its true spirit as much as anything. Go on, Sir!

I. "Malarin. Well, then! In order to play a correct match, there must be nine players in the field on each side; and the game is to be decided after each side has had its ninth innings. All the rules have for their object a proper conduct of the game in such a manner as not to hurt the feelings of the players.

Before the game is started, a judge or umpire is selected, who must be approved of by both parties, and whose duty it is to decide all disputed points; for instance whether, under certain circumstances, a player is out or not, whether a ball is fairly struck or not, etc., etc.

After the ninth innings on each side is ended, the judge or umpire takes the score-book, and referring to the score, instantly notifies to the players which is the winning side; whereupon both parties get together, and the victorious club immediately gives three cheers for its opponent, which are acknowledged by the losers, with three corresponding cheers for the victorious party. A friendly feeling between the sides having thus been established, all leave the ground together, congratulating or condoling with one another on their good or bad play, as the case may be, and arranging preliminaries, very likely, for a return match at some early date, to be conducted with equal spirit and good feeling.

I. "McCusker.

BASE-BALL.

Swiftly they dash from base to base
As steeds run headlong in a race;
And thin, and fat, and short, and tall
Shout,—leap,—throw,—run,—catch,—strike the ball!
"Judgment!" I hear a fellow shout:
The umpire says, "On third, he's out!"
No lord, within his feudal hall,
Knows joys like ours who play base-ball.

Hard, now, they strive! The play is tight:
And no one knows who'll win the fight.
No grief have they their hearts to gall,
Those lovers of the game of ball!

A deafening shout now rends the air,—
Prolonged,—repeated. Yes: all's fair!
They've won! they've won! Hurrah for all!
There's nothing like a game at all!

Forth, then, like hardy men and strong!
There's nothing, perhaps, so very wrong
In loafering round the public mall:
Still, its better to play base-ball!

P. H. Dunn. Well! I think it is better. Many of those who are always in quest of excitement or amusement of some kind, to make their dull hours pass pleasantly, and who, in fact, constitute the very class of which you speak,—the "loafers around the public mall,"—take refuge from their ennui in this sport, with the very best result. I am quite satisfied, indeed, that base-ball keeps great numbers of young men from places worse than the "public mall," and far more detrimental to their morals: from the public gaming-table, for instance, and even from worse haunts than that, if there are worse,—which may be doubted. There is another thing, too, which the "honorable member" who alluded just now to the rules of the game, omitted to mention; I mean the severe penalty imposed upon all those members of base-ball clubs who indulge in ardent spirits, or who venture to stake even a single cent on the result of a contest. These two regulations may suffice, of themselves, to shew the sound moral spirit which pervades the whole system of "Base-ballism." It is not merely that whilst a man is playing at base-ball he cannot be engaged in some other and worse kind of amusement; though this alone would be something; but that its whole spirit and tendency is to keep him from what is low and degrading, and to inspire him with manly (and therefore elevated) ideas.

The object which base-ball clubs have in view is thus seen to
be two-fold—viz.: both physical and moral improvement;—and it is this happy combination, I believe, rather than anything else, which renders base-ball such a success; and which makes it redound so greatly to the honor of the people who have adopted it as their national game.

J. W. Burling. Hold on, there! That's enough! I wonder when you base-ballists will get tired of blowing your own trumpets! Will any gentleman present have the audacity to get up and say that base-ball is a game which tends to diminish self-conceit, and to foster a modest and retiring disposition? I rather think not! Well: I guess you fellows who are actuated by so "manly" and "elevated" and impartial a spirit as that which must necessarily exist in all members of base-ball clubs, can hardly—for shame's sake—refuse to hear the other side. So, whether you like it or not, here goes!—

BASE-BALL.

This game makes the young and the old complain:
The old, of risk to the window-pane,
And sundry such-like dangers;
The young of many a knock and sprain;
And yet they all have it on the brain,—
American-born, and strangers!

'Tis a miserable game, from beginning to end!
On the pocket 'tis rough; for the money they spend
Thereon is quite amazing.
Some fellows come home with their arms in a sling;
While others are knocked to the end of next spring;
And that, for merely gazing.

And how it keeps up 'tis a wonder to me;
For in it no genuine fun I see,
Though for it all are howling;
But if there be fun in a broken joint,
Why I'll let such fun go; for I can't see the point:
I only hear the growling.

You may say what you will; but the naked eye,
The merits of "sport" like that, to spy,
Needs microscopic glasses;
And men who play this wretched game—
(I mention none of you, mind, by name)—
To me appear like as—

* * * * *
The five asterisks which succeed that last, unfinished line, are intended to represent an extremely discordant utterance,—a sort of yell of surprise and pain,—which emanated from the poet's lips at this juncture, in consequence of the sharp nip which we, the Owl in person, felt obliged to administer to his left ear, in accordance with our pre-announced resolution to allow no member of the Club to "talk more than a certain amount of nonsense." We had been exerting, for some time past, all that concomitant stock of patience which never fails to attach itself to the proverbial gravity of an Owl; but any further self-restraint would have been out of place; and it was, we confess, with considerable satisfaction that we now made prompt and forcible use of our beak; nipping at once the coming outrage in the bud, and the offender's ear in its fleshy part. We think he will remember to be more moderate in his language for the future; and we take upon us to tender our apologies on his behalf to an enlightened, free, and base-ball-loving American public—with which final act of editorship we, the "bird-o'-wisdom" aforesaid, commit this otherwise patriotic dialogue to said public's friendly appreciation.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WM. R. WILSON.

FROM the now thriving little town of Fort Beaufort, we pursue the road that leads through Kaffirland, and a journey of eighteen miles brings us to the banks of the Tyumie River and a village called Alice Town. In the little town itself there is nothing to attract the attention of the traveler; but not so with its surroundings: On the gentle slope of a hill to the westward, and distant about one mile, is a large missionary station, which presents a more thriving appearance than the town itself. A visit to this missionary station will repay one, in a measure, for any little inconvenience he may have experienced. The church is large and substantially constructed;
the parsonage, which is situated in the vicinity of the church, is a building that would adorn any large city; close to the parsonage is an extensive building and yards, where the natives are instructed in almost every trade. Each shop is under the supervision of a European to whom the natives are apprenticed for a period not exceeding seven years. All the residents of the native village that surrounds these buildings—and they number some two or three thousand—are expected to attend Divine service on Sundays. This, as is almost every missionary station in Kaffirland, is conducted by the Presbyterian Missionary Society. Among the missionaries are very many zealous, self-sacrificing laborers, who devote years of toil in the fruitless effort to Christianize the Kaffir. And when we see the little headway that has been made in this respect, and know—as every colonist does know—that murders and thefts innumerable are constantly being perpetrated by these half-Christian half-savage Kaffirs, it excites a feeling of sympathy for those who labor so untiringly, and who have sacrificed so much to affect so little.

On the opposite side of the river, Fort Flare—the strongest military post on the frontier—stands defiantly on a commanding elevation, with "Sandilli's Kop," a lofty sugar-loaf mountain, forming a background to the picture. This mountain is called after the notorious Kaffir chief, Sandilli, and is held in great veneration by the natives. On the summit, is still to be seen a pile of stones where the bodies of dozens of poor white men have been burned by the witch-doctors of the tribe. Close to this pile of stones is a rocky canopy, in which the chief would seat himself, surrounded by his councillors, and watch the tortures and final death of his unfortunate victims at the hands of the executioners.

The extreme courage and daring of this chief has given him a great influence over the neighboring tribes, which he exercises to a dangerous extent in time of war. He is about six feet two inches in height, rather thin; his features are handsome, if we except the flat nose and slightly thick lips; his forehead is high and intelligent-looking; on each arm he wears two massive rings of ivory and a number of paltry trinkets adorn his wrists; his right leg is short and withered, and presents a striking contrast to its companion which is faultlessly symmetrical, both ankles are encircled with beads to the depth of three or four inches. His costume is a blanket that has never known either soap or water. He is very communicative, and his recital of some of his scrapes in war, are very amusing. On one occasion while seated in his hut, he asked if we remembered the reward of £1,000 that had been offered for his head by the
Governor during the last war? On replying in the affirmative, he said (in the native language), “That was the closest shave I ever had; and no other white man but Rawson* would have attempted it. I, with my "umphas", (wife) and councillors was seated in a very retired part of the bush close to the Tyumie Basin, around a fire; when, suddenly, the low whistle of one of the sentries announced danger. In an instant, a mounted party of ten Cape Mounted R 9 men, led by Rawson, dashed in upon us. My companions fled into the bush and I threw myself upon the ground behind a large log that projected from the fire. The horsemen, with the exception of one, a Hottentot, followed in pursuit of me—as they supposed—and he delayed with the view of securing anything of value that the hasty departure might have compelled us to leave behind. Just as he dismounted he espied me and gave the alarm, but before he could draw his sword I pierced him through with my assagai, and mounting his horse, I escaped.”

Now that we are in Kaffirland, we will take a retrospective view of the Kaffir in his savage state. Each tribe is ruled by a chief, and each “kraal” or village into which the tribe may be divided, is governed by one of the chief’s headmen. One of these kraals presents a strange sight to a European. It consists of a group of two hundred or more huts scattered over a few acres of ground, a dozen or two enclosures for cattle, and a number of neglected—gardens, (if such patches as are to be seen there can be called gardens). The men will be found basking in the sun, while the women and children are made to work; the former to carry wood and water, as well as till the soil; the latter to herd the cattle. The huts resemble, in shape, a bee-hive, about twelve feet in diameter by eight feet high. The door is only large enough to admit a person on their hands and knees. A fire is kept constantly burning in the centre of the hut, and as there is no possibility of the smoke escaping by any means than through the door, some conception of the comfort (?) of the inmates may be arrived at.

The hunt is the only exertion of which the men appear capable, and in this they are experts. Two or three hundred of them form in line followed by their dogs, and thus they proceed until sunset, when they camp for the night, and feast on the result of their days hunting. The only weapons with which they are armed are an “assagai” and a “knob-kerrie,” (a stick some five feet long, and without which the Kaffir is never found). Europeans desirous of field sports frequently accompany these hunting expeditions, and their love of adventure-

*Rawson W. Rawson was one of eight young gentleman who had been sent into Kaffirland by the government, for the purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Kaffir language, and the manners and customs of the natives.
is generally gratified. Antelopes are more eagerly sought on these occasions than any other species of game. Of these there are a great variety, and are very frequently found in large droves of two or three hundred. The bush-bok is a fierce foe, and is almost as much to be dreaded as the lion or the tiger. If only wounded, he makes a desperate attack upon his assailant, and the animal’s death, only, will save you.

Among the most exciting times of the savage life, is the “Amaquata” season; by this, is meant, the transitory state between boyhood and manhood. At this period of the year, all the young men of a tribe who have attained their twentieth year, congregate at the kraal of the chief. After a feast of three days, the “Amaquatas” are painted over with white clay, and for six weeks are excluded from all society. At the expiration of this term, they return to the village disguised, and for a whole week dancing and feasting is the programme. Then follows the selection of husbands—the maids of high rank having the preference. Their choice falls invariably upon the young man that has exhibited the greatest agility in the dance, and on being unmasked is conducted to the father of the maiden, from whom he learns the price fixed on the daughter, which price is generally paid in cattle. The young man is quite satisfied with his bargain, and the young woman appears equally so with her’s, though she did “buy a pig in a bag.”
Dear Mrs. Grundy.—I wish to make a few remarks upon your treatment of two different classes of people that come under your eye; the “beautiful swans” and the “ugly ducklings.” The former you treat very leniently when they deserve your censure; for “beauty, genius, and wealth,” you say, “have so many temptations, that some latitude must be allowed the possessors of them when they take to wrong courses;”—when those “beautiful swans,” for instance, take to fire-water instead of to their native element. But when an “ugly duckling” prefers whiskey to water,—oh! my! don’t you retail your cat-o’-nine-tails for his poor quivering back! As if deformity, and ugliness, and stupidity, and a thousand other faults not of his own making, were not sufficient excuse for many of his evil doings; to say nothing of your neglect and scorn, which make such ducklings often despair of doing anything to please you! But there is one class of these unhappy beings upon whom you are particularly hard, and that, too, with the least reason.—I allude to old maids. Now, you know very well, that many of these are real angels, only disguised for the present in homely garb, because their Maker thinks they can do their work better, clothed in sack-cloth, than in more brilliant raiment; and if He is satisfied, why should you not be? Why should you be always laughing and sneering at such ugly ducklings,—when they are the salt of the earth.—Then,” you will say, “that is why so many of them look as if they had been pickled!” But you are well aware there are, among them, more sweet preserves than sour pickles. And if, sometimes, they are a little crabbed, whose fault is it, pray? Why, you old hypocrite, you know ’tis your own! Now don’t try to blush, for you can’t do it!—you’ve forgotten how ’tis so long since you were young!

Remember, if married women had not some ugly Aunt Jemima to help them when the young ones fell sick, the families would fare badly.

Look out, old Mother Grundy! You’ve hitherto had the world’s quills at your disposal, but now ugly ducklings are learning the use of their feathers. And, besides, there’s THE COMING WOMAN.

Don’t you hear her ruffling her
plumes and getting ready for the fight?

Mrs. Caddy Stanton told Horace Greeley she was ready to fight with his weapon, (a goose-quill, I suppose); but the coming woman will wield something a great deal more severe,—she will always use porcupine quills in her warfares. Look out, old lady!—you who have so long ruled the world!—for this coming individual says she is bound to avenge all the sex’s wrongs. She will be a terrible creature!—no angel, to return good for evil, as many an ugly duckling does; but an ugly duckling, developed by the Darwinian process into an uglier griffin—a nondescript—with aws to scratch and quills to prick! I tell you there will be a storm in the teacup when she arrives!—such a storm as will cause the tea to rush over the brim and fall into the saucer below.

J.P.L.

LAST MOMENTS OF NAPOLEON I.

A SOLILOQUY.

ALF. C. ARGUELLO.

Dismal years these locks have whitened,
Torturing grief this breast has torn:
Weep ye for the monarch dying?
Rather weep the soul forlorn.
Hear ye not that fatal footstep?
Death and doom are nearing fast:
Jesu, mercy! Mary, aid me!
Till the storm be overpast!
Visions of remorse and sorrow
Crowd upon my bursting brain,
And the mournful voice of mem’ry
Chants its solemn, sad refrain.
Ah!—What recollections haunt me!
Now th' artillery's thunder peals;—
Now the lifting smoke of battle
Many a sickening sight reveals!
In my dreams I see my warriors
Give their lives to do my hest!
Once again I see them falling—
Once again the foe they breast!
Visions of remorse and sorrow
Crowd upon my bursting brain;
And the mournful voice of mem'ry
Chants its solemn, sad refrain.

On the frozen steppes of Moscow—
Dreaming still—I see them die.
See my valiant thousands dropping.—
Holocausts of tyranny!
From the hand the musket slipping;
From the back the knapsack cast;
Icy streams engulf the foremost:
Cossack lances pierce the last!
Ah! What scenes of pain and sorrow
Crowd upon my bursting brain;
Whilst the mournful voice of mem'ry
Chants its solemn, sad refrain!

France, farewell!—O much-loved country!
Other hands thy sword shall wield;
Other leaders head thy legions
On the bloody battle field.
But for me, thy whilome monarch,
Let thy loving prayers arise,
That my soul may have her portion
With the holy and the wise.
I believe,—through sin and sorrow;
And, I hope,—nor hope in vain,
And, I love,—though mournful mem'ry
Chant her ceaseless sad refrain.
I was thinking, the other day, what a number of things I have lost since I came into the world; and I was wondering if I should ever find them again. I fancy a good many of them are stored up in that “lost property office” above, ready for me to re-claim, if so be I can ever establish my rights to them.

Let me enumerate some of my lost goods:—There is that light heart I had when a child, which I lost—oh! so long ago;—and there is the childish innocence of evil that went with it. (Query—shall I ever regain that—even in Heaven?)

My memory I have not lost yet; but my good looks are gone, together with my good temper, and a great many kind feelings towards the world in general. In that lost property office must also be stored, I fear, a great many broken promises, which I have never kept myself; and there, I hope, is to be found the religious faith, I so lately lost. ’Tis the loss of this last article which troubles me most. When I set out on life’s journey, I was provided, by my parents, with a belief; and, although it was by no means new, being nearly two thousand years old, still it was in very good repair, and would have lasted my time, if I had only taken care of it; but in many tussles with the world it got so fearfully shattered and torn, that Heaven, in mercy, took the fragments into safe-keeping, leaving me, for the present, without any. But I can’t say that I feel altogether comfortable; for I don’t find it any pleasanter for the mind to live on nothing than for the body to attempt the same practice. I should like rather to recover my faith, or to get something better in the place of it. If I can recover my belief while on earth, I fancy, that I shall find it easy to get back the rest of my lost goods when I go to Heaven. How delightful it will be to feel that light heart once more—to enjoy that good temper!—to be able to mend those broken promises, that I made years ago—aye, and to re-don those good looks, which I shall find all the better for their preservation in Heavenly custody!

But how to recover my lost faith is a problem I am unable to solve. Can any of my readers tell me what steps I should take?

“For what are men better than sheep or goats?
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?”
Students, we would like to call your attention to a fact. You have a magazine published in your midst, whose pages are always open to receive your contributions. There are many of you who have nice euphonious names, but it grieves us to say we have not had the inestimable pleasure of reading those names in the table of contents of the Owl. It would please us greatly to do so, and still more would it please us to turn over the pages of that interesting book and find there the literary productions connected with those names. There are many of our students who have done well in this respect, but there are others who, with perhaps the same abilities, have not done so well. We are not satisfied, we wish to see our drawer crammed with compositions from all. We wish to see all the boys of the College show an interest in the College magazine. There is abundance of intellectual material within your reach if you but make use of it. There are plenty of boys among you who, if they would but exert themselves, could do honor both to themselves and to the magazine. We could point out at this moment a dozen of our acquaintance of this category. Wake up! Do not be afraid to astonish your friends with the power of your literary genius. Write something, somehow, and send it in for publication. The Owl will be glad to receive it. Do not forget that the Owl is in your hands and depends upon your exertions for its existence and that it is your labor that is to sustain it and make it a beneficial and lasting College institution. Students we hope that you will earnestly consider that it is your duty to do your best in writing for your magazine! We hope that next month we will have the pleasure of putting several new names in our table of contents.

Winter approaches—the season of the “sere and yellow leaf.” Up to the last few days, though, the weather has been as unlike that of Winter as possible, were it not for the falling leaves of the dismantled trees, we would scarcely believe that we were in the middle of November. But for some days past the sky has been overcast, the streets muddy from the falling rain, and fires have been very comfortable to look upon. Surely Winter is beginning to manifest its presence. The farmer, who is thinking of his crops, says it is time it should, and those who are thinking of
Christmas vacation, have no special thought about it, except, that it shows the time of vacation is near at hand, but we who are sitting here in the Owl's sanctum, are thinking of another Winter when at this same time there was heard the click of the types (often the crash of a "stickful of pi," from inexperienced fingers) the clanking of the press and all the etc. sounds that betokened the progress of some extraordinary event in the College printing office. Two years ago, at this time of the year, certain students conceived the idea of going practically to work upon a College magazine, with what success we refer the reader to a certain production bound in brown wrapping paper, and labeled, "The Owl, Vol. I, No. 1." Yes, but two years ago, was the first type set up upon our magazine. A short time to some, but long to the Owl. What fortune we have had, and chances we have run, and here we are at last finishing the second year of our existence. We have become what the founders strove to make us, the magazine of the students, and such we wish to continue. But this cannot be done without the patronage and assistance of our friends. That we hope they will continue to offer us in the same liberal manner in which they have acted towards us during the past.

Base-ball is a very interesting game in general, according to our humble opinion. In fact, since we have been granted the privilege of seeing and understanding the mysteries of the game, we have admired it. Our admiration, however, has never led us to join in the sport to any great extent. In the first place, we care too much for our own bodily comfort to risk the chances of broken legs and arms and battered faces that are not seldom the rewards of the enthusiasm of the player. True we were once betrayed into joining the second nine of a club, and we took part in one game, but before long—"Jam finis erat"—we left, and have not since indulged, nor do we intend to. But on the 10th inst., we treated ourselves to the pleasure of witnessing an exciting game between the "Ætnas," of the College, and the "Eagles," of San Francisco, upon the town plaza. Considerable interest was felt in the coming game, from the announcement of the match. The "Eagles" arrived on the 10 o'clock train, from the city, and were escorted to the College by a deputation from the "Ætnas." After "girding on their armor," both clubs proceeded to the grounds. The day was cold and the wind which was blowing pretty strongly made it quite unpleasant playing at first but after the men had become warmed to their work the game went on well. The "Eagles" went first to the bat, but after a short play, in which McQuade showed a remarkable tendency to
catch foul balls, they retired standing zero on the score. The “Ætnas” followed, and Poujadé put in a run. On the next inning the “Eagles” scored a little better, and the play became after that a little warmer. In the third inning, Wilson displayed a most sanguinary disposition, endeavoring to maim the “Eagles’” pitcher, by sending a “liner” into his right knee. The same individual in the next inning trying the same trick and sending another into the pitcher’s left foot, the latter withdrew from his position and gave away to some other who would be a less conspicuous mark. However, with these exceptions, the game went on very well. The “Ætnas” kept their ground well from the second inning to the end. The “Eagles” did not seem to enter heartily into the game until near the last inning, when it was almost too late to retrieve. The consequence was that the College boys came off at the end of the game winners by 26 runs. Very good playing was done on both sides, and taken altogether, it was one of the best games we have seen upon the grounds for some time. We give the score:

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<td>Poujadé, 3d b 6 1</td>
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After the game a very substantial treat was served at the Refectory and the two clubs parted on very friendly terms. The “Ætnas” accompanied their opponents and guests to the depot for the train.

On the 22d inst., the Dramatic Society gave a very successful entertainment,—successful, both dramatically and pecuniarily, if what we hear be true. For what we have seen, ourselves, we too would say it were not entirely unsuccessful.

The plays represented were, the tragedy of “Sedecias, or, The Last King of Judah;” a translation from the original Italian, adapted by the Rev. R. J. Whyte, S. J., (formerly of the College); and “Boots at the Swan.” In both plays the characters were well distributed, and each actor entered well into the spirit of his part. In the tragedy, Josias, by J. A. Waddell, was a splendid and very affecting representation. The part itself is one which naturally demands the sympathy of the audience, and in Mr. Waddell’s hands it lost nothing of the spirit which the author intended it to possess. Jeremias, by Mr. H. J. Harrison, was one of the best rendered parts in the whole play, although, perhaps, a little more excitement was shown than was exactly compossible with the age and mein of the prophet. Nebuchodonosor, by Mr. J. H. Campbell, was a very good representa-
tion of the tyrant King; his action in several scenes was commented on as most natural. Elmero, by Mr. J. Poujade, was very fine, as was also Mr. H. McCusker's Manasses, Mr. Kelly's Rapsaris, Mr. A. Arguello's Araxes, Children of Sedecias, by C. Davis and J. Auzerais; D. G. Sullivan, and Mr. Wilson, as officers. Between the fourth and fifth acts, was introduced, in a very effective manner, the "Chorus of the Pilgrims," from Verdi's "Jerusalem." The singing was accompanied by the String Band.

The scenery and costumes throughout the play were unexceptional. The Dramatic Society owes much to Mr. Cialenti, S. J., and Mr. J. A. Waddell for the elegant manner in which the plays are costumed and put upon the stage. Many new scenes have been added to the stage by the exertions of the former gentleman; and to Mr. Waddell's careful attention and patience, the costumes owe almost all their effectiveness.

The College Brass Band, under Father Carreda's supervision, was, as it always is, one of the best feature of the entertainment.

In the farce, McQuade's Boots was excruciatingly funny. Mr. McQuade in this part added still more to his comedian laurels. Mr. Kelly as John Theophilus Moonshine, etc., was perfectly at home and played most naturally. —perhaps, though, in his make up, there was a little too much mouth.

(No reflection meant, but really Altf., that beard looked very wide at the mouth.) Mr. Higgins by Alex. Campbell was well deserving praise, as also was Mr. Johnson's Frisky; Mr. Johnson does the rake very well. Mr. M. Wilson as Pippin, showed a decided taste for comedy (and jam). Mr. Bowles as Chas. Moonshine; Mr. N. Murphy as Bill, and Mr. A. Veuve as Dick, were all good. Taken, in fact, as a whole, the little affair passed off, we think, satisfactorily to all parties concerned.

N.B.—Some sharp-eyed critic may notice in the above item that we had left out the name of a certain gentleman who took a minor part in the performance. We have weighty reasons for the act. The gentleman in question is a particular friend of ours; we have great regard for his feelings. No, we happen to know, that whenever this same gentleman sees his name in print, in a praiseworthy connection, he is very apt to become vain-spirited over it;—a very bad tendency, which we do not wish to be the means of fostering in him. Ergo. For a like reason we do not wish to dispraise him. So, calculating upon his good nature to overlook the omission, we have said nothing.

The College has lost another of its members. The Rev. Luis M. Bosco, S. J., has left to accompany Bishop Miege to South America, on a Mission.
We have received quite a number of new exchanges during the course of the past month. There is variety enough in them to suit the most fastidious taste. The Overland Monthly for November comes to us with its usual amount of sterling reading matter. Among the articles we note particularly Bribery in Elections, a very able stroke at the political corruptions of the present day; Motherhood is an article which we would strongly recommend to the consideration of the female suffrage agitators. Besides these the Overland contains several very interesting stories and some tolerable poetry.

The Yale Lit. comes to hand, as usual very nosy, but despite its vanity quite interesting.

The Courant is also very readable.

We are happy to add to our list the following: The Monitor, The Cap and Gown, San Mateo Gazette, Index Niagarensis, College Argus, Acorn, Academy, Cub, Journal of Music, Lafayette Monthly, Madisonensis and The Dewison Collegian.

The College Courant in its issue of the 28th of October indulges in some pretty strong language against what it is pleased to denominate “Romanism.” It takes occasion in reviewing a work entitled “Romanism as it is,” by a certain Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, to use several unjust and we may say almost bigoted remarks against Catholicity. For the work itself, if it had no more to recommend it to an intelligent public than that merit which its reviewer so lavishly bestows upon it, it can only follow the steps of he ten thousand other productions of a like character with which fanatical Protestantism has inundated the world—and be the publisher of its own condemnation. As to the reviewer of the Courant, we would only refer him to the history of his own country and that of the Church which he reviles, which if he studies with a little care he will be less inclined to such sweeping assertions as he now takes pleasure to indulge in. He speaks of a contest between Catholicity, which he chooses to designate as an “ism,” and the several sects of America.
as a matter of quite recent date. Will our friend please to remember that long before Protestantism had crossed the Atlantic, the feet of the Catholic missionary had trodden the wildest paths of the new wilderness. The contest between Catholicity and Protestantism in America is not new; the latter has been endeavoring, ever since its advent, to usurp the position which the virtuous labors of such men as Marquette and his associates prepared for the old Faith in this country.

In the same paper is an article entitled, "The Katholikan Congress," very much resembling in spirit that just mentioned, except that it is laudatory and explanatory of the principles and doings of Dollinger and his Congress in Germany. This last is scarcely worthy of notice, for itself as it is a mass of contradictions. But it serves to show to what an absurd degree of difficulty people will submit themselves in order to assist, what they know to be wrong but which they hope to see succeed for the further benefit of themselves or their own sect. We cannot believe that the writer of the article in question would not in his calm senses see the contradiction between such expressions as the following: That the new schism call themselves old Catholics and only protest against the Infallibility dogma and then they throw overboard the dogma of auricular confession, priestly celibacy and Papal supremacy.

That is obtaining historical prestige with a vengeance. That is old Catholicism; yes, as truly as downright heresy and schism can be so called. We hope that the Courant's zeal for Dr. Dollinger's principles will not again lead it into such absurd statements as these.

Our American cities are strangely afflicted of late. Not long since Chicago was laid in ashes by a terrible conflagration, and now New York is laboring under a continued attack of aristocramania and cholera. Truly, Providence is trying us severely.

The last graduating class of the Female Normal College of New York numbered 151. This institution has 1,100 pupils, and a building has been commenced, costing half a million of dollars, which will occupy an entire block, and make the finest educational edifice in the country. It gives the highest education, without expense, to the girls of the city.—Exchange.

The death of a young man of the following description is reported in an exchange: "He was estimable, pious, a true Christian, and by far the best base ball short-stop in these regions.

The Agricultural, Amherst, has received a grant of $150,000 from the Legislature.—Cap and Gown.
COMMON POLITENESS.—Two gentleman having a difference, one went to the other's door and wrote, "scoundrel!" upon it. The other called upon his neighbor, and was answered by a servant that his master was not at home, "No matter," was the reply, "I only wished to return the visit, as he left his name at my door this morning."

A MAN WITHOUT A RIVAL.—Gen. Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Because," replied Lee, "you are in love with yourself, and you have not a rival upon earth."

DOUBLE SIGHT.—A man with one eye laid a wager with another man that he, (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first, "I can see the two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

AN AMPLE APOLOGY.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher who resented it, and called upon the gentleman to retract. "I will," said the agressor. "I said that you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

A FREE TRANSLATION.—Manners, who had himself but lately been made Earl of Rutledge, told Sir Thomas More, "he was too much elated with his preferment; that he verified the old proverb, 'Honores mutant mores.'" "No my Lord," said Sir Thomas, "the pun will do much better in English, 'Honors change Manners.'"

IMPORTANT TO BACHELORS.—Some clever fellow has invented a new kind of ink, called, "the love-letter ink." It is a sure preventive against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink fades away and leaves the sheet blank in four weeks after being written upon.

ACRES AND WISEACRES.—A wealthy but weak-headed barrister once remarked to Curran, that, "No one should be admitted to the Bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres make a wiseacre?"

ON A GENTLEMAN NAMED HEDDY: In reading his name it may truly be said: You will make that man dy if you cut off his Hed.
**Table of Honor**

*Credits for the month of October, as read on Wednesday November 8th, 1871.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Christian Doctrine</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>G. Bull, 70; J. Coddington, 95; S. Fellom, 100; F. Kellogg, 99; N. Murphy, 100; L. Palmer, 99; J. Poujade, 99; J. Radovich, 90; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>J. Burling, 72; N. Camarillo, 78; H. Corcoran, 70; P. De Celis, 92; A. De Bondini, 80; A. Den, 70; R. Del Valle, 88; J. Kennedy, 80; H. Martin, 84; T. Morrison, 98; N. Robles, 88; R. Soto, 96; F. Trembly, 94.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Class</td>
<td>A. Bell, 83; R. Brengman, 70; A. Gaddi, 70; J. Goetz, 90; G. Martin, 70; J. Nichol, 70; J. Pierotich, 86; A. Reale, 76; J. Sheridan, 96; P. Soto, 93.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ethics</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>H. Harrison, 76; J. T. Malone, 70.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Logic</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Chretien, 76; J. C. Johnson, 83; D. G. Sullivan, 70; M. Walsh, 85; M. Wilson, 75.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Natural Philosophy</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>J. C. Johnson, 80; N. Murphy, 75; H. Peyton, 85; J. Raleigh, 70; A. Veuve, 90; M. Walsh, 100; F. McCusker, 75; J. Poujade, 90.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Chemistry—2nd year</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>M. Walsh, 98; J. C. Johnson, 88; M. Wilson, 70; D. G. Sullivan, 70.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Chemistry—1st year</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>H. B. Peyton, 96; N. Murphy, 94; J. Chretien, 92; A. Campbell, 79; J. Kennedy, 78; A. Veuve, 90; F. McCusker, 74; J. Radovich, 70.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Mathematics</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>J. C. Johnson, 90; J. T. Malone, 90; L. Pinard, 70; M. Wilson, 90.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>D. G. Sullivan, 96; A. Veuve, 100; A. Sauffrignon, 100; J. Raleigh, 96; J. Chretien, 94; J. Poujade, 76; A. Arguello, 80; P. Yrigoyen 80; H. Bowie, 73; J. Carrigan, 72; I. Malari, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Class</td>
<td>G. Bull, 80; A. Campbell, 75; C. Ebner, 85; V. McClatchy, 100; F. McCusker, 100; N. Murphy, 100.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Greek</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>H. Harrison, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Class</td>
<td>H. B. Peyton, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Class</td>
<td>A. Campbell, 96; J. Coddington, 100; R. Brenham, 70; J. Poujade, 95.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table of Honor.

LATIN.
1st Class—H. Harrison, 80; Ham. Bowie, 70.
2d Class—A. Campbell, 70.
3d Class—H. Peyton, 71; M. Walsh, 80; R. Del Valle, 70.
4th Class—G. Bull, 86; J. Burling, 100; C. Ebner, 96; T. Morrison, 94; L. Pinard 80; R. Soto, 97.
5th Class—R. Brencham, 70; J. Coddington, 100; T. Durbin, 80; H. Hopkins, 80; V. McClatchy, 95; J. Pajouade, 80.

RHETORIC CLASS.
English Oration, History and Geography—P. Dunn, 90; F. McCusker, 76; H. Peyton 80; J. Raleigh, 72; M. Walsh, 100; J. Smith, 73; H. Bowles, 70; J. Pajouade, 80.

POETRY CLASS.

1st GRAMMAR CLASS.
Composition, History and Geography—Geo. Bull, 90; Jas. Coddington, 100; H. Corcoran, 76; W. Den, 81; C. Ebner, 77; Wm. Hereford, 100; H. Hopkins, 90; A. Deck, 70; Jos. Bisagno, 72; A. Bandini, 79; T. Durbin, 75; F. Kellogg, 90; Thos. Morrison, 99; G. Pacheco, 77; L. Palmer, 85; W. Walsh, 72; R. Smith, 80; R. Soto, 93; F. Trembley, 81; P. Yrigoyen, 87.

2d GRAMMAR CLASS.
P. De Celis, 89; S. Fellom, 81; T. Godfrey, 75; E. Sheridan 80; P. Soto; 85; N. Camarillo, 70; J. Goetz, 79; W. Mosson, 70; N. Robles, 70; R. Wallace, 70; L. Wolter, 87.

3d GRAMMAR CLASS.
A. Den, 100; W. Davis, 70; R. Brencham, 70; J. Chretien, 72; M. Donahue, 70; R. Enright, 78; J. Enright, 85; J. Gambill, 70; E. Hall, 72; F. Murphly, 73; McDonald, 80; G. Norris, 78; C. Petersen, 90; A. Pierotich, 70; J. Phippen, 70; John Reale, 70; M. Chevalier 70; J. Thompson, 100.

FRENCH.
1st Class—R. Del Valle, 80; C. Georget, 70
2d Class—G. Bull, 75; J. Radovich, 80; C. Colombet, 70; R. Bowie, 72; T. Morrison, 70.
3d Class—M. Donahue, 79; J. Garrat, 100; J. Perrier, 85; P. Donahue, 74; J. LaCoste, 72; P. Sansevain, 95.

SPANISH.
2d Class—N. Camarillo, 99; J. Coddington, 75; S. Fellom, 99; N. Murphy, 80; G. Pacheco, 90; R. Soto, 99.
3d Class—L. Palmer, 75; P. Soto, 72; H. Hopkins, 71; C. Stonesifer, 70.

GERMAN.
V. McClatchy, 80; H. Pfister, 70.

ITALIAN.
J. Bisagno, 70.

ARITHMETIC.
1st Class—J. Coddington, 70; S. Fellom, 73; T. Godfrey, 70; W. Hereford, 98; A. Bell, 80; J. Bisagno, 90; J. Dunn, 70; F. Kellogg, 80; J. Judd, 76; T. Morrison, 95; G. Pacheco, 75; L. Palmer, 70; A. Raleigh, 90; N. Robles, 70; R. Smith, 86; P. Soto, 75; R. Soto, 100; W. Marshall, 95.
2d Class—W. Cole, 83; C. Colombet, 90; A. Bandini, 70; W. Davis, 88; T. Burkin, 95; D. Furlong, 80; J. Goetz, 82; H. Hubbard, 73; J. Sheridan, 88; R. Wallace 75; L. Wolter, 82; L. Brader, 85.
3d Class—P. De Celis, 95; C. Stonesifer, 76; J. Day, 70; J. Enright, 75; R. Enright, 76; W. Geogus, 90; W. Mosson, 78; Jas. Nichol, 79; J. Norris, 75; C. Petersen, 75; J. San Roman, 70.
Table of Honor.

BOOK-KEEPING.
1st Class—L. Burling, 90; R. Soto, 95; F. McCusker, 90; P. Dunn, 90; J. Burling, 90.
2d Class—J. Bisagno, 94; N. Camarillo, 98; S. Fellon, 80; Wm. Hereford, 95; V.
McCatchy, 98; N. Murphy, 99; W. Walsh, 85; L. Wolter, 90.
3d Class—A. Den, 79; C. Ebner, 95; T. Godfrey, 80; J. Goetz, 73; T. Morrison
88; W. Mosson, 89; Jas. Nichol, 76; L. Palmer, 88; E. Petersen, 78; T. Dur
bin, 100; J. Gambill, 70; J. Sheridan, 88; N. Robles, 70; A. Pierotich, 77; C.
Stonesifer, 71.

READING AND SPELLING.
1st Class, 1st Division.—P. Colombet, 73; H. Corcoran, 75; Jas. Thompson, 70; J. Day
J. Broder, 75; C. Colombet, 70; D. Egan, 72; S. Fellon, 77; G. Pacheco, 72; F.
Kellogg, 96; F. Trembly, 85.
2d Division—P. Donahue, 70; C. Ebner, 84; T. Morrison, 80; L. Palmer, 85; R.
Soto, 76.
3d Class—H. Christin, 70; W. Davis, 95; J. Ladd, 70; J. Auzerais, 70; L. Camarillo,
70; A. Gaddi, 70; E. Hall, 80; P. Hill, 70; F. Lacoste, 83; G. Martin, 77; P.
McGovern, 70; F. Murphy, 93; G. Norris, 70; J. Norris, 70; J. Sanromas, 89;
E. Sheridan, 74; G. Trenought, 70; J. Enright, 95; J. Wolter, 89; E. Under
wood, 75.

ELOCUTION.
1st Class—J. Maharin, 75; H. Peyton, 80; J. Poujade, 90; J. Raleigh 70; H. Bowles,
75.
2d Class—V. McCatchy, 95; N. Murphy, 70; A. Veuve, 96; J. Kennedy, 73; W.
Marshall, 90; J. Radovich, 75.
3d Class—F. Kellogg, 70; T. Morrison, 85; F. Trembly, 80; L. Palmer, 75.
4th Class—D. Egan, 70; T. Egan, 80; S. Fellon, 75; L. Wolter, 75; W. Mosson 70.
5th Class—W. Davis, 70; J. Enright, 70; J. McCarthy, 70; W. Furman, 80; C.
Petersen, J. Thompson, 80.

PENMANSHIP.
1st Class—N. Camarillo, 73; A. Den, 74; S. Fellon, 72; J. Kennedy, 72; T. Mor
rison, 75; G. Pacheco, 75; R. Soto, 75; L. Wolter, 73; J. Thompson, 75.
2d Class—F. Kellogg, 72; J. Judd, 72; G. Norris, 70; R. Smith, 70; L. Palmer.
70; G. Videau, 71.
3d Class—A. Pierotich, 72; E. Petersen, 71; R. Thorn, 72; C. Ebner, 70.

LINEAR DRAWING.
1st Division—J. Chretien, 90.
2d Division—P. Donahue, 70; V. McCatchy, 90; H. Dwinelle, 70; G. Videau, 70;
P. Sansevain, 70; M. Donahue, 70; G. Seifert, 70.

FIGURE DRAWING.
J. San Roman, 80; H. Pfister, 79.

PIANO.
1st Class—C. Ebner, 70; H. Bowie, 75; N. Camarillo, 70
2d Class—H. Christin, 80; G. Barron, 70.

PLATE.
R. Smith, 90; J. Bisagno, 80; A. Campbell, 76.
J. Burling, 70.

VIOLIN.
J. Carrigan, 70.

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