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THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

HERMANN PEYTON. (1st Rhetoric.)

GLANCING backward upon the beaten pathway of time, let us allow our eyes to rest for a moment upon the now civilized and happy land of America, as it was some centuries ago.

A broad and trackless wilderness is stretched out before us; a mighty region of prairies and forests; a solitude disturbed only by the hunting-cry of the red man, or the sullen roar of the wild beast. The timid deer then made his lair where great cities now flourish; and our rivers and lakes, now lashed into foam by the wheels of a myriad of steamers, were then disturbed by naught save the light canoe of the Indian, as it swiftly glided over their tranquil waters. The meadows and prairies, the hills and vallies, did not then tremble under the wheels of the locomotive, as they do at the present day: they felt no heavier weight on their verdant surfaces than the light bound of the affrighted stag, and the still lighter foot-fall of the cautious child of the forest.

Such was America, five centuries ago. Great, indeed, are the changes so short a time has produced on the face of the land. Forests have been leveled, and great cities built; the primitive inhabitants have been driven from their old hunting grounds, far away into the west; and where once only an unplanted wilderness met the eye, the brightest monuments of civilization now shine.

It is but natural that we who are Americans, should respect and admire those great men who planted the seeds from which sprang our present prosperity and great-
ness—who laid the foundation stone of that mighty Union, which now acknowledges no nation as its superior, either in prowess or in enlightenment.

One might be led to suppose, in contemplating the glories of the America of to-day, that its origin must have been a bright and happy one, and that it must have reached its present high and influential position, without any reverses or drawbacks, to check the growth of its prosperity. Not so! The seeds of its greatness were planted amid dark troubles, heavy toils, and severe privations; and their germination was impeded by chills and droughts that had well nigh destroyed them.

It was late in the month of December, 1620, when the "pilgrim" barque let fall her anchor, just off that portion of the coast of Massachusetts, where the famous Plymouth Rock is to be found. Her voyage had been a long and a rough one, as her appearance testified; and now that she had reached its end, and lay, with furled sails, riding at anchor, she resembled some storm-beaten sea-bird, who, after a long flight, might have folded her wings and settled down upon the broad bosom of the ocean, to rest her tired body. For nine long weeks had the noble ship buffeted the angry waves of the stormy Atlantic; furious tempests had hurled her hither and thither over the great waste of waters; innumerable gales had torn her sails, and shattered her sturdy masts; but still she held bravely on her course, as if she were conscious of the noble load she bore. And now she had passed all danger, and, though almost unseaworthy, had safely reached her port.

The vessel was the May-Flower; a name familiar to every American; and her cargo was a little colony of men, who, driven from their native land by cruel persecution, had come to seek a new and more peaceful home in the newly discovered and almost unexplored continent of America.

Nothing could have been more cheerless, or better adapted to awaken despair in the human heart, than the situation of the weary exiles on that wintry day, when the May-Flower cast anchor off Plymouth Rock. That portion of the coast off which she lay, naturally of a bleak and desolate character, was rendered doubly so, at that time by the severity of a heavy winter; and thus, instead of the land of perpetual summer which the pilgrims had been led to expect, they beheld a region of ice and snow. No friends were there to welcome their arrival; no signs of civilization to give them assurance of the many comforts of which they stood in need. No anything, save a long low line of snow-covered cliffs on one side, and on the other, the open sea, stretching far away into the misty horizon!
Night fell upon the scene;—a cold wintry night! The wind howled mournfully through the rigging of the ship; the rain pattered upon her wet and slippery decks; and the breakers dashed with a continuous and sullen roar, against the base of the cliffs beyond. Such a night as this, would indeed be dismal enough for us, crowded around our firesides at home, and with relatives and friends and every comfort to cheer us. Imagine, then, what it must have been to those poor pilgrims, thousands of miles from their native land, without relatives or friends, and upon a desolate and unknown coast! Still they were not discouraged; but whilst the storm was raging without, they kne’t, one and all, upon the floor of the cabin, in which they were assembled, and with clasped hands, and eyes turned to heaven, poured forth a prayer of thanksgiving to their Great Creator, for having brought them safely to their new homes; through all the perils of their stormy voyage.

The next day, they landed. The storm which had raged during the night, had ceased: but the ground was frozen hard; and a chilling wind, blowing in from the ocean, swept in icy blasts over the face of the dreary country. No living creature was to be seen; not even a stray snow-bird: the trees, stripped of their leaves, looked desolate and black; and all nature seemed to be dead.

It was a touching sight, to behold that little band of pilgrims, when they had left the boats which had conveyed them to land, standing on those icy shores, without a home, or even a shelter of any kind, to shield them from the severity of the weather: and yet, deplorable as was their condition, they never, for a moment, lost confidence in themselves. The flower of hope was as bright and fresh in their hearts, as when they had waved their last farewell to their friends, upon the shores of England.

They did not allow much time to pass in idleness; but fathers, husbands, and sons, at once set about building some temporary shelter for their loved ones; and soon the ring of the axe was heard reverberating through the leafless forest. Rough huts were thrown up,—the first buildings in the Eastern States,—and that night, for the first time, the founders of our glorious nation, rested upon American ground.

Weeks passed on; the Mayflower once more weighed her anchor, spread her sails to the breeze, and set out on her return voyage; and, as her masts trembled for the last time in the horizon, the poor pilgrims felt that the last link which had bound them to civilization was snapped; and that, now, they had nothing to depend upon but their own exertions.

Spring at length came; and nature put on, once more, her garb
of life and beauty, to cheer the hearts of the poor exiles; but, alas! ere that welcome time had come, trials and hardships, had sadly thinned their little company; and a row of green mounds, under a broad spreading oak near the settlement, marked the last resting place of as many generous, and liberty-loving hearts.

Nor did their troubles end with the revival of nature;—far from it; for it was then that the blood-thirsty red-men left their warm wigwams, and sallied forth in quest of game. They discovered, in one of their expeditions, the little colony of the pilgrims: and from that moment it became their constant endeavor to drive "the pale-faced invaders," (as they termed the white men), from their hunting grounds. A long and desperate struggle commenced between the two nations, which patience and skill, together with reinforcements from England, enabled the pilgrims to decide in their own favor. The victory was by no means an easy one; and the white men saw their villages burned, and the ground purpled with the life blood of their wives and children, before they brought this war of races to a successful termination. By patience and perseverance, however, all difficulties were at length over­come; and the country gradually advanced in importance and strength, to that high pinnacle of honor and glory, on which it now stands:

Thus it was that America,—glorious America,—received the first seeds of her prosperity! Her advancement has indeed been wonderful, and should teach us a lesson. It is not always a bright beginning that leads to a brilliant end; and, therefore, though many obstacles cumber the path of our progress, we should never yield to despair, but push steadily and patiently forward, until we reach our goal; as did the PILGRIM FATHERS.
O STERN New England! 'Neath thy murky skies
What beauties saw the pilgrim chiefs of old?
No mystic El Dorado crowned thy cliffs;
Thy barren plains concealed no luring gold.

The graceful palm grows not on hills like thine;
Blooms not the myrtle in that northern zone;
Thy wintry wastes in chilling snows were clad;
Thy cheerless music was the ocean's moan.

Rivers like those that grace the radiant South
Sought not the shelter of thy mountains grim;
But in their stead the turgid torrent roared,
Or ice-bound waters through the fog loomed dim.

Grim forests darkly towered amid the storms
That swept thy rocky bosom in their wrath;
And beasts—less savage than their Indian lords—
Unchecked in fury, ranged each dismal path.

O'er thee, thus resting 'neath thy mist-wreathed hills,
Ages were slowly circling in their gloom;
And o'er thee still unknown had circled yet,
Had not the venturous Saxon changed thy doom.
II.

Uncalled by thee, from sea-walled Hol’and’s quays,
A storm-tost barque in safety crossed the wave:
No train of high-born knights and noble dames,
No glittering spears it bore, no harness brave.

No silken banner floated from the mast,
To wave its greeting to a friendly shore;
Nor, from yon sea-wait’s strained and battered hull,
Rolled forth the deep-mouthed cannon’s startling roar.

* * * * * *

Britain’s monarch, with relentless wrath,
Had driven the weary pilgrims to the sea;
And in the Mayflower,—barque of storied fame,—
They dared the deep, resolving to be free.

Look, ye who con the fair historic roll
For shining records of the great and good,
At these, whose lives for His dear sake were given
Who died for them upon the bloody rood.

Shall we misjudge the justice of their cause?
Shall we, their children, grudge their meed of praise?
Nay, live they still—those fearless, faithful hearts,—
Live now, live ever, in our filial lays!

III.

On grand old Plymouth’s flinty ocean rock,
Amid the darkness of the storm-fiend’s reign,
’Twas first the exiles struck the golden fire
That gave the world an empire once again.
All that they suffered, upon sea or sod,
How famine glared, and Indian death-shafts fell,
And parting winter left his heaps of dead,
The storied page doth vainly strive to tell.

Gushed the red life-blood, many a time and oft,
In deadly combat with the Indian brave;
And lurid flames licked the dark dome of night,
From burning homesteads, which no care might save.

Through tangled wilds, and o'er the swelling stream,
Onward they pressed,—fair freedom's pioneers;—
That we, their sons, for happier days reserved,
In joy might reap what they should sow in tears.

And sank they not, great God,—those valiant hearts,—
Worn out by toil and grief and ceaseless strife?
Failed not the purpose? Faltered not the will?
Laid not the outcast down his weary life?

No! for his trust was in Thy power divine,
The source, to him, of light, and hope, and love:
Through Thee he triumphed o'er his ills below,
Through Thee he reigns, at last, in bliss above.

Long years have passed; and, purged by sword and flame,
New England shines across the distant sea;
Old England, jealous, marks the rising light,
And dores her sons to grasp the name of "free."

Wrong upon wrong, in rankling heap she piles,
To crush the spirits often wronged before:
From Hampshire's cliffs, a wave of freedom rolls,
In gathering volume, to Rhode Island's shore!
Brave Massachusetts sees her tattered bands
In battle ranged 'gainst England's "scarlet line."
Then run the flowery lanes of Lexington
With British blood, as conduits run with wine.

On Bunker's crest a glorious halo gleams;
Hydra-like hosts sweep Warren from the field;
But in his stead a thousand heroes rise,
Whose valiant hearts still prove their country's shield.

The hireling German finds a yawning grave
In the fair land he hoped to make his prey;
And stern backwoodsmen, all unskilled to yield,
Hold England's bloody Lion still at bay.

In every vale, on every war-swept plain,
The bleaching bones of martyred patriots lie;
Whilst hecatombs of foes, beside them piled,
Give proof that freedom's sons can dearly die.

V.

At length we greet thee, UNION grand and free,
The laurelled victor of an hundred fields!
The world pays homage to thy rising fame,
And aye to thee the post of honor yields.

O'er England's Lion soars the Eagle proud,
Bearing thy banner to the broad earth's bounds;
And wheresoe'er, on land or sea, it float,
Thy wide renown o'er land and sea resounds.

The future shall its gleaming roll unfold
Of heaven born glories destined for thy brow;
And from thy once scorned crags a power shall spring
To which the unwilling world perforce must bow.

And when at last, amidst the wreck of Time,
Earth's giant frame shall prone in ashes lie,
Pass thou, without a blot to mar thy fame,
Into the ocean of Eternity!
THE subject of Political Life, and Public Men, is one of pre-eminent interest to all men. Public men, in all countries, have much the same responsibility resting upon them; in every country, their duties, as well as their rewards, are essentially the same. But, without passing beyond the limits of our own country, we can find, both for the study of the advantages and of the abuse of public authority, a far broader field than in any other land.

Living, as we do, under a form of government, essentially Democratic, where every one is liable to be called upon, at any moment, to take an active part in the conduct of public affairs; where each citizen is, himself, standing, as it were, upon the very threshold of a public life, I may venture to say, that to us, the consideration of this subject is personally and peculiarly of the greatest importance.

Let us look around us, then, and see, if in the reflex of the character of our own public men, both of the past and present, we will find an answer to the question, "What is public life?"

In a land where the people are their own rulers, in the free exercise of individual franchise, that man, whose merits mark him as the most deserving of trust and honor, will not long remain in private life; for his country has need of him, and she will not hesitate to demand his services when the hour arrives that we can do her benefit. Once it was so in America to the highest degree. Triumphantly carried through the ordeal of blood, and not, as yet, corrupted by fatal contact with the luxury and pride which always accompany the gift of wealth and power to a state, the American people were too virtuous and patriotic themselves, to let their offices for hire to fawning sycephants or thrift-serving demagogues. Before our country had yet extended her domain beyond the limits of the old thirteen colonies; when yet the Indian was lord of the broad prairies of the West; when California's golden wealth yet lay hidden in the dark
caverns of her Sierras,—American politics were not disgraced by the casting principles of false patriotism, and the selfish, grasping, money-making doctrines, which, to-day, cover like a pall all the noble and the good that distinguishes our system of government as the most perfect of all others of the earth. Then there was no East, no West, no North, no South; nor had the people of one portion of the land yet become tainted with the poison of envy for the people of another. No country of the earth was then, or perhaps had ever been so great. The first to tear down the barriers which circumstances had placed between man and man; the first to set upon a common equality the aristocrat and the peasant, and to recognize no nobility but that of talent; offering to all mankind an asylum, where virtue, though clothed in rags, was honored and rewarded; in recognizing and bestowing on all her citizens, the first and greatest right of man:—his individual freedom,—the United States became, indeed, the very queen of nations. Then, honor and office were bestowed where they were due; and from the Green Mountains to the Gulf, there was a union, not only of hands but of hearts, not only between one State and another, but between the whole people of the land.

Is it so to-day? Does public opinion, to-day, have to seek out those upon whom she wishes to confer her favors? No! The smile of “Fame” is far too noble and too high a prize to be thus coolly scorned; and he’s a fool who does not, at all hazards, hew out his own path up the precipitous mount, upon whose summit stands her fane. Yes; how truly do the devotees of Fame, at the present day, follow up that sentiment! There are men who court popular favor and seek the posts of public service, not for any good which they might do to others, but to fulfill that most material injunction of our honest friend, Iago: “Put money in thy purse.”

Does not the man who aspires to office with such a thought, degrade his own liberty and betray the trust reposed in him,—and is he not, in deed, if not in will, as foul and black-souled a traitor as he who sells, for gold, the post of duty trusted to him? How many a man there is, who, with glowing speech, carefully interspersed with patriotic sentiments, will endeavor to impress it emphatically upon your mind, that he seeks office for your benefit, not for his own; telling you that he wishes to see positions of honor occupied by good men, and humbly decrying his own merits, at the same time that he gives you to understand that it would require the ability of a Washington or a Jefferson to equal that which he possesses, for the peculiar functions of the office which he covets. Thus, after having endeavored to obtain the votes
of the multitude, in the time-worn manner which Coriolanus tells us would

—"surecase to honor man's
own truth,
And by the body's actions, teach the
mind
A most inherent baseness,"—

he occupies the remainder of his
time in the distribution of argu-
ments more seehty, and, unhap-
pily, often perhaps, more success-
fully. And when this virtuous
office-seeker,—this patriotic carpet-
bagger shall have succeeded in
attaining his desire, most worthily
will he fulfill, in office, the promises
which he gave.—He promised
to serve the State to the best
of his ability,—and so he does.
He looks down in dignified con-
tempt upon the vulgar multitude.
He helps to rob the toil-worn
laborer of his hard earned in-
come, to support the extravagant
luxury of the rich nabobs, to whose
pride he worships and in whose hands
he places himself a willing tool.
And after he has spent his term of
office, and is obliged to give way
to a successor, how grandly will he
speak of the "service he has done
the State,"—("God save the mark!")
—and how well satisfied does he
appear with the glory he has won,
and—the cash which he has pock-
eted.

Shame to the land which boasts
the best system of government
upon the earth, that such recreants
are allowed to live and fatten un-
der her protection! Great God!
Could the spirit of some one of the
dead patriots of '76, "revisit the
glimpses of the moon," and see the
manner in which the public duties
are abused in some portions of that
land for which he had so eagerly
sacrificed his heart's-blood; would
he not start in amazement and
horror at the unhappy sight?

There is, however, a worse class
of public men, than even these:
They are the men whose ambition
for worldly renown, bring them
into the arena of public life. They
are, generally, men of education
and talent, but whose great gifts
are misused and ill-directed; men
who live but for themselves, and
have no aim but their ambition.
True, they may live lives full of
deeds of prowess, and history may
celebrate them for their strength
of will and purpose; but will they
ever have the true applause of
mankind?—

Tamerlane and Gengis Khan
swept like whirlwinds of fire over
half the world, and left, in pyra-
mids of human skeletons, the evi-
dence of their power and their
erselty, and they live in fame
—not as the great conquerors they
thought to have become, but as
savage butchers of their fellow
men. Alexander carried war and
desolation over the whole habited
world, that men might see and
admire his greatness; and he died,
and not a tear of regret fell upon
his proud ashes.

Is it, then, among such men as
these, that we are to find our cri-
terion of public life? No! It is
not the powerful conqueror, the proud monarch, or the brilliant statesman, whose life is to be, to us, the index of what his life should be who lives for his country. It is he who best fulfills, in his public station, that Divine injunction on all human actions: "Do thou unto others as thou wouldst have others do unto thee." Not only will he, when arraigned at the bar of Almighty Justice, have to answer for the manner in which he discharged the trust reposed in him in his private life, but he will also be compelled to give an account of the manner in which he has discharged his responsibility to his country,—that duty which was not an imposed task, but one voluntarily sought for, and received.

Where, then, do we find true glory? Where,—but with those whose lives have been without blemish, and whose public deeds have been without reproach. We honor the name of Washington, not because he lead the armies of the colonies for seven years, and waged a successful war against the foes of his country; not because he triumphed over the strongest power in the world; but because in all his public actions, the motives that urged him on were love of country, and anxiety for her weal. We honor him, not more for Yorktown than for Valley Forge; we honor him for the noble, self-sacrificing spirit, that spurned the honors of a gaudy and high-sounding triumph, and was content in the one thought,—that his efforts had not been in vain for the end to which he had intended them—the salvation of his native land.

All his bravery and courage did not save the traitor, Arnold, from the hatred and maledictions of the people, whose fidelity he had betrayed. The memory of that one disgraceful transaction at West Point, blotted out, at once and for ever, the recollection of Saratoga and the Valley of Champlain; whilst even the one fault of the erring André, failed to banish the glory his manly integrity and honor had already won for him, and he died as he had lived,—a true soldier, faithful, to the last, to his past fame; and even his enemies, whom the necessity of war compelled to shed his blood, dropped tears of pity upon the early grave of the gallant young hero.

The glories of a Burke, a Pitt, a Curran or an O'Connell, live not in the moth-worn leaves and dusty parchments that enclose the records of their inspired eloquence, but in the warm gratitude of the people whom they served. The happy memory of their deeds is twined in immortal bloom around the cottage hearthstone and the palace gate. Far up amid the awful grandeur and sublime regality of his native Alps, the mountain Switzer's heart beats rapturously at the name of Tell; and on the cold desert of Siberia, far from his home and friends, the eyes of the exiled
Pole fill up with tears at the memory of John Sobieski, and Poland's many hero sons.

There are other men whose lives are greater benefits to man than even those of the statesman, the soldier or the ruler. These are the men whose lives are passed in obscurity and retirement; whom the world never knows, but o'er whose deeds, Heaven's recording angel smiles with wonder and delight as, with her golden pen, she writes them in the book of God's account with man. But to tell their numbers, or to celebrate their deeds, is a task beyond my power. Only upon that last great Judgment Day, when the Almighty will decree His rewards and punishments, will their glory be known and understood.

To follow in the footsteps of these men, should be his aim who seeks a public life to advance the welfare of the country that he serves, and in doing good to his fellow men, to obtain for himself the best and most perfect fame. And when he is called from a life well spent, to Heaven's tribunal, he will have the surest hope to hear, from the Divine lips, those blessed words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."
Virgo Stella Maris.

Epigramma.

(By a student of mental philosophy, S. C. C.)

Cum fragilem tentat malefida per æquora, Nauta,
Insanus Boreas exagitare ratem,
Ne trepides, oro, luces sed ad æthera tendas,
Mit quà fulget lumine, "Stella Maris."

---

Virgo Lilis Delectatur.

Epigramma.

(By the same.)

Si tacitæ valis perlustræs vere latebras,
Cum grato circum fragrat odore via,
Ac ienes spirant zephyri, volucresque per æthram
Melliuos fundunt, sole oriente, modos;
Innumeris inter flores extollere frontem
Lilia conspicies candidiora nive.
At noli frondes impuro laedere tactu,
Nam "Matri Integra" nobile manus erant.
IN VIRGINEM NOBIS UT "MATERM" CONCESSAM.

EPIGRAMMA.

(By the same.)

O quisquis, memorans delusam fraude Parentem,
Funderis in lacrymas, oraque mæsta rigas,
Ne, precor, immodico solvantur lumina fletu;
Namque tibi Virgo provida "Mater" erit.

VIRGO PURITATIS AC HUMILITATIS STUDIOSA.

ELEGIDION.

(By the same.)

Ut virilis montis lustrabam celsa locorum
Quo nutans pinus tollit ad astra caput,
Florigeri fontis jucundo murmur tractus
Continui fessum, sole cadente, pedem.
Tum vario summi splendebant fulgure colles,
Ac zephyrus vitreas lene movebat aquas.
Jam placida mihi laxabantur membra quiete,
Curarumque aberat turba maligna procul.
Mox tacitam mentem perpulchra subivit imago
Laetitia fundens intima corda mihi.
Nam celeri penna summo delapsus Olympo
Auro splendens Aliger adstat aquis.
Tum caute violas subjecto ex margine carpens,
Ac doctâ intexens alba ligustra manu,
Remigio alarum laetus contendit ad astra,
Et posuit flores Virginis ante pedes.
THINK not that man was created by an allwise God, and placed in this fleeting world, without a purpose, or without an assigned lot. Everything has its purpose,—its lot to which it is subjected. The lilies of the field, the shrubs of the bleak mountain tops, the shells that lurk in the deep recesses of the ocean,—none of these things were summoned into existence without having a part to perform in this world; without having, as it were, a character to personate. As in chemistry, "the queen of the sciences," every gas, every solid, and every liquid has its own peculiar application, so also, in life, man has his part to act, and his lot assigned.

And is it strange, when, even in the irrational creation, this law prevails, that such should be the condition of rational man?

Let us take a glance at the era of the Creation.

Adam, the first man,—he who beheld the terrestrial paradise in all its glory and splendor,—was made, as to his body, from the dust of the earth, and to dust in after days, did he return. God himself has said to man; "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

But it is not my aim to show the purpose for which man was created, or the reason why he was created; but only to give a vague idea of his lot,—of the task which he is compelled to perform in his earthly career.

In my opinion, the doom laid upon man is, that his brow must sweat; that his brain must toil; and that his heart must be subject to grief and misery.

All the misfortunes and calamities which befall man may be brought under these three heads. Every man who enters life, no matter in what circumstances, is subject to new of these conditions; and that in such a manner that it is impossible for him to escape them. His brain must toil, and his heart must ache. Yes, this is the lot which God imposed upon us all, without any exception, when he placed us in this transient
world.

But why did He do so? Why did He encumber us with such a load?

Was it because He gloried in seeing us waste our lives away in continual labor? Was it because He desired to act the tyrant over us, by binding us down to uninterrupted misery? By no means. It was because our first parents disobeyed their Creator in the garden of Paradise. But for this, we should have been entirely free from all these afflicting evils. When, however, our first parents gave vent to their passions in an act of wilful disobedience, they committed a sin so terrible in its consequences that through it, and in punishment for it, man became subject to the painful necessities I have mentioned. This is the reason why he finds himself in such a condition to-day. God's anger and God's curse fell, from that era, upon proud, haughty man! Let us not be so absurd then as to suppose that He who commands the destinies of the universe, subjected man to this lot without a good and reasonable cause for so doing.

In the first instance, then, the brow of man must sweat. His brow is doomed to sweat, and sweat it must.

After the fall of Adam and Eve, the Lord said unto Adam, and in him to all his posterity: "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread;" and man has, ever since, been subjected to this law.

And so will it be, until the end of time. Generations will come and go, empires will crumble into dust, science, literature, and the arts may be exalted to the highest pinnacle of glory, or may sink into utter oblivion; but this decree shall still subsist, with as much force as when first pronounced by the Almighty. It is immutable. As long as time shall exist, man must remain without escape from it.

If examples be needed to prove this assertion, we have many. Go, ask you poor laborer, whom you see struggling so hard to maintain his family; and he will answer you that in vain has he endeavored to free himself from work. Read history; trace the lives of the great men therein described, and you will be convinced of the truth of this assertion. Behold the names of those who justly stand among the renowned of to-day; and judge for yourself. Behold the immortal name of George Washington, the great hero of our nation! Did he not incessantly labor? Did he, on his own farm, earn his bread by the sweat of his brow? And, to-day, is not his name venerated and are not his exploits celebrated by forty millions of his grateful countrymen?

Ask the man of wealth,—the rich merchant;—and he too will assure you of this truth.

Every great, good, and honest man has complied, and that heartily, with this law.

And those who adorn society
to-day, leading as they do the van of true greatness, feel a pride in acknowledging that they once won their fortunes by the sweat of their brows. Hear the words of the poet:

"The working men, what e'er their task, Who carve the stone, or bear the hod, They bear upon their honest brows The royal stamp and seal of God; And worthier are their drops of sweat Than diamonds in a coronet."

What though a man be poor and scantily clothed? What though he be humble, of low birth, uneducated and unpolished? Upon his sun-burnt brow, spite of all these deficiencies, shines the "royal stamp" of his Creator; for he duly fulfils his part in life,—that of a good, honest, industrious laborer.

In the second place, the brain of man must toil.

Where, throughout the history of the world, can we encounter a single individual who has contributed to the comfort or improvement of his fellow man by an invention or a discovery, who has not for many long and wearisome years, buried himself in study and seclusion in order to attain his long-sought object?

There is no doubt, that the world has, from time to time, brought forth great men in this line; and if it be inquired whether they did or did not employ hard mental labor to achieve their successes, it will be plainly seen, that not at some special crisis only, but day after day and year after year, their minds were active; and that, confiding in the powers God had given them, they patiently struggled on until success crowned their efforts.

The human mind cannot remain in a state of inactivity.

Is a man poor? He incessantly labors to better his fortune,—to accumulate riches. He is ever striving to discover some means by which he may emerge from his low condition, and attain a position of comfortable independence.

If, on the contrary, he is rich, and lives in luxury, enjoying all that money can purchase and pleasure afford; does he not, night after night, and day after day, feel himself burdened with his load of wealth? The fear of losing his all in a moment, flashes across his anxious mind; and he thinks, and thinks again, how he can rescue himself from such a predicament. He trembles for his riches. Their preservation occupies the most precious moments of his life.

Let a man tread the paths of vice, and gratify his lawless desires, by embracing all the hollow pleasures and false joys that earth can give: and, even then, if he would obtain his end, he finds a task before him which no one can accomplish without tedious labor, delusive and disappointing though it may prove.

On the other hand let him seek the quiet and too little frequented paths of virtue, where truly he finds happiness and rest: and here also he encounters difficulties
which call forth his most strenuous efforts.

We cannot find a single case in which man can exempt himself from toil, either physical or mental. Be he poor or rich, wise or foolish, virtuous or vicious, young or old, this doom, from which he cannot escape, still overshadows him. Yes, every human being, from the humble cottager to the haughty noble, and from the little child that crawls at its mother's feet, to the grey-beard whose brow is furrowed by the storms of fourscore winters, encounters this trouble, and feels himself subject to this common lot.

In the third place, the heart of man must ache. It is subject to grief and misery, and has its duty before it; which duty it finds itself, as it were, almost compelled to perform.

Misfortunes are common to all classes and all countries. Behold, for instance, that blushing maiden, whose heart is full of contentment, who enjoys each passing moment of life, and whose heart has never yet been touched by the pangs of grief. Suddenly, her dear mother is struck by the hand of death! The maiden, who had prized that mother more than her own life, now feels, for the first time, within her tender bosom, the sharp sting of grief. Her young heart writhes in agony under one of the severest trials that can ever befall a human being. She weeps and laments for that mother who is ever fresh in her memory, and the thought of whom haunts her, perhaps, until she herself sinks into the grave which received her beloved parent so many years before.

Even the schoolboy who daily treads his way to the old familiar spot, although now young and happy, will sooner or later see the day when sudden calamities shall afflict him; and then will his heart speak in bitter tones of anguish.

Every man is doomed to encounter misfortunes at some period of his life; nor is there any way of escape. He must face them in all their hideous and agonizing details.

The wealthy, by misfortune, become poor; and then who but a similar sufferer can imagine the sufferings of those poor hearts?

The powerful fall. Heavy indeed must be the blow that reduces him who once, perchance, reigned over his fellows, in grandeur and happiness, to the depths of earthly misery! Kings, for instance,—who once had all wit and their power,—are now degraded and scorned; aye, even trampled beneath the feet of their inferiors!

It is evident, from all the foregoing instances, that misery is the lot of man; and, severe though that lot may seem, nevertheless, such as it is, such will it ever be.

Let us not then be so rash as to suppose that our voyage across the ocean of life is to be free from dangers and misfortunes; but
since we have our lot assigned us, and since escape from it is impossible, let us, when troubles fall upon us, encounter them like men. Let us, with stout hearts and resigned wills endure these blessings in disguise,—for such they are,—which are sent us by Him Who made and Who commands the universe.

Suffer we must; and how much better would it be if all mankind would willingly submit themselves to this lot! Then we should have no suicides, no broken hearts, or the like; but all men, contented and even thankful under their troubles, and recognizing in them the Creator's love, would patiently endure the "ups and downs" of this transient life, until it led them to one better and more lasting.

Oh, how different a world should we then have! All discontent, ill feeling, and pride would vanish from our midst, as the shades of night before the rising sun. Let us never forget, then, that suffering is the condition of our existence in this world; and then, in spite of all external troubles, we shall live what may be truly termed a life of happiness, even here below,—a life, that is, free from inordinate ambition, avarice and pride; and glorious and resplendent, because innocent, in the sight of Him who will one day summon us before that eternal throne where our salvation or damnation will be irrevocably pronounced.

Such, then, being our prospect, let us remember, with reference to things of this earth, the words of the Wise Man, who said "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity!"
SCIENCE has seldom failed to furnish man with the necessary means for the prosecution of his enterprises. Like the genii of the Arabian Tales, it has always been ready to offer its aid when that aid was most required.

Its usefulness is clearly apparent in all its applications; though more, perhaps, in some than in others. I have selected a topic for my remarks, on the present occasion, which affords a simple, yet interesting proof of the many important advantages derived from the laws of motion, viz: The various modes of transmitting intelligence during times of war.

Of late we have had many applications of the laws of motion, which have not only surprised us by their ingenuity, but have enabled us to realize more fully than ever, how many are the means furnished to man by his all-bountiful Creator, for the accomplishment of ends which tend to elevate his mind.

We have all heard of the famous balloon ascents that have marked the late sieges of many French cities. We have all heard how the beleaguered French despatched to the winds numbers of carrier pigeons, hiding under their snowy wings many sorrowful messages and tales of suffering; and how the telegraph, bearing its chronicles of victory or defeat, traversed, on wings of fire, the entire globe.

Various indeed are the modes by which intelligence may be communicated during times of war.

The method most universally adopted by the nations of antiquity was that of fires, made upon commanding points. They were visible from a great distance, and, by preconcerted arrangements, were made to signify such intelligence as it was considered most desirable
to communicate. After a great many improvements, this method was carried to such perfection by the Romans as to enable them to spell words by means of fires of different substances.

In later times there have been various systems of telegraphic signals. Most of them, however, are but of slight importance. I will therefore confine myself to the principal methods of transmitting intelligence from and to besieged cities, which methods may be classified under the following divisions: 1stly Balloons, 2dly Telegraphy, and 3rdly Carrier Pigeons.

The first practical use to which the air balloon has hitherto been applied, is that of military reconnoitering.

In the late European war, balloons were principally used by the French for that purpose; and with so much safety and success, that they were afterwards employed by them as a means of transmitting intelligence from their besieged capital. For this purpose, however, they did not seem to be so well suited; as, out of fifty balloon voyages that were made during the siege, eleven only were successful. It was therefore evident, that the French government could place no great reliance on this mode of sending dispatches.

It was indeed most necessary for the Parisians, at the momentous crisis, to possess a reliable source of communication with the outside world; but balloons were necessarily wanting in reliability since their success depended wholly on favourable winds.

Man has yet to discover some new principle, whereby he may, to some degree, control the force of the atmospheric current, before he can accomplish that grand achievement,—the navigation of the aerial regions in any predetermined direction. By means of science, he is able to ascend for miles into the elastic air, and to float far and wide on the buoyant breeze; but he is unable, as yet, to direct his course. Hence, with this limit to human ingenuity, balloons can never be considered as a secure means for the transmission of intelligence.

Telegraphy,—the second method I have mentioned,—is assuredly the grandest, the most wonderful, and the most scientific. It may indeed be considered as the crowning invention of this enlightened age. By its wonderful instrumentality, man is able to converse with his fellow man, through thousands of miles of intervening ocean, as safely as though the spirit of his friend were standing before him in confiding conversation.

Yet telegraphy,—this sublime result of man's inventive genius,—cannot, in times of warfare, be considered as the most reliable means for speedy communication; for, as it is a method well known in this age of progress, it is always the immediate endeavor of the victorious assailants to destroy the con-
connection of all the wires about the beleaguered city. A remarkable instance of this was presented to us during the late European war. When the Germans were so far victorious as to enter the French territory, they immediately proceeded to destroy all the means of telegraphic communication; and when they had laid siege to Paris, small parties were ordered to make a most scrutinizing search in the Seine and Loire rivers, supposing that the capital of European enlightenment, had assuredly used to advantage, the superior natural advantages surrounding her. But alas! that terrible war fell like a thunderbolt on poor, unfortunate France; and although she had, undoubtedly, sufficient time to have secretly laid underground wires from the capital in many directions, yet, the sudden advance of the tide of war, appeared to have deprived her, for the time, of her presence of mind; and before she was able to realize her dreadful condition, Paris was cut off from all communication with the outside world. This was indeed an awful crisis! The vital veins that connected the heart with the various members, were ruthlessly severed.

To what means did the French have recourse in this extremity? On what did they rely to turn the tide of imminent destruction?

It was the Carrier Pigeon whose gentle wings wafted her to the capital of France, and who spread hope and consolation around her. It was this little bird, on whose snowy neck the people of Paris hung their most secret missives: and with them she nobly winged her flight to her destined home, bearing securely those all-important tidings of rejoicing or despair!

The importance of the carrier pigeon was well known to the nations of antiquity. Sacred history acquaints us with her first glorious voyage, when she bore the olive branch, the symbol of man’s deliverance, to the ark of Noah, never ceasing in her unerring flight until she had safely delivered her noble trophy, the emblem of God’s infinite mercy, into the hands of the holy patriarch. Therefore we may date the practical knowledge of this race of birds, almost from the beginning of the world.

At the present time, carrier pigeons are held in great esteem by the nations of the East. The Persians, Indians, and Chinese, have all realized their usefulness, and consider them a most reliable means for speedy communication.

The peculiar qualities possessed by these birds are so truly marvelous, that some scientific men have been led to believe that they possess a sixth sense, which is wanting to man, whereby they are enabled to return to their homes, when taken miles away, without having had any opportunity of viewing the surroundings of the path through
which they have been carried. This power of theirs is indeed a most wonderful phenomenon, and one which can scarcely be accounted for, unless we attribute to them an additional natural faculty.

During the late European war, these aërial messengers made some extraordinary voyages; but what is, perhaps, most surprising is the vast amount of intelligence they carried in a single voyage. Some have carried an amount of reading matter equal to that contained in an entire number of the London Times. Is it not truly wonderful—is it not amazing—that a bird of the size of a common pigeon should travel for hours, and sometimes even for days, bearing, unencumbered, an amount of intelligence, which, if printed in ordinary type, would be equal to the contents of a moderate-sized prayer book? But is it not even more surprising to be told that this winged messenger was enabled to carry this large amount of matter on a small thin piece of paper of about two inches square? It may appear, at first, impossible that such should be the fact; but nevertheless, by means of science, all difficulties have been overcome, and this unparalleled reduction accomplished.

What is this art which has achieved so wonderful a triumph?—the most wonderful, perhaps, of all those which science has recently added to her list? What is the art which possesses such wonderful power as to have been able to reduce the printed matter of two pages of the London Times, to a space not exceeding that occupied by a postage stamp? This art is Micro-photography.

The manner in which this wonderful reduction is effected is so remarkably simple, that it may be easily illustrated. The communications which are to be transmitted, are first printed, and then carefully joined together in such a manner that they appear to be printed on one single sheet. They are then placed upon a wall, and rays proceeding from the space thus occupied by the printed columns are brought to an infinitely small focus by means of lenses. From the point thus made by this focus, the photograph is taken, on a thin and transparent film of collodion. When the image of the printed matter has been fixed on the collodion, nothing can be distinguished by the naked eye but a few indistinct parallel lines, which in reality are the various columns of printed matter. With the aid of the microscope, they become legible; and the communications are, of course, always found to be correctly copied. By means of carrier pigeons they are transmitted to their destination; and, when received, they are magnified by the aid of the magic lantern to a degree sufficiently large to be easily read by the naked eye. In this magnified condition they are thrown upon a screen; whence they are immediately transcribed by
clerks, in order that they may be forwarded to head quarters. The time taken to prepare dispatches in the above manner, is little more than that occupied in preparing an ordinary photograph. Micro-photography, therefore, is remarkable, not only for its extraordinary application, but also for its wonderful simplicity and ingenuity. And, though it may never again play such an important part in the history of nations as that which it has played in its infancy, it has, at any rate, achieved a triumph, of which nothing can deprive it, in having sufficed to bring, by this mode of its application, a momentary consolation to poor unhappy France.

A FAIRY VISION.

JOSEPH E. WASHINGTON, (Class of Rhetoric, Georgetown College, D.C.)

A PALE, wan, youth, with leaden eyes,
Lay tossing in a feverish dream.
He saw in fancy’s shapes arise
Strange sights,—that e’en did real seem.

A summer night, serene and mild,
Its perfumed veil o’er earth had spread;
And through the verdure rich and wild,
The moon her light so softly shed

On velvet sward, and purling rill,
That e’en the flowers refused to sleep;
But oped their dewy petals still;
While Silence reigned, all death-like, deep.
Only the firefly's fitful gleam.
The fairy's beacon—hovers nigh;
When hark! a strain, like harps that seem
In tones Æolian to reply!

From out the sward there bursts a light,
A thousand silvery mists arise,
And each, a form divinely bright,
Spreads sweetest odors as it flies.

By unseen hands, now soft and low,
And then with outburst loud and gay,
But sadly, now,—seductive—slow—
Is sung a wild, enchanting lay.

From every bud, and leaf, and flower,
A fairy form, with golden hair,
Now springs, by some weird, magic power,
To revel in the moonlit air.

Chanting a melody divine,
Joined hand in hand, they circling go;
And 'bout their merry greenwood shrine
Some float, some trip on airy toe.

The list'ning wight, from care beguiled,
Awakes anew to childhood's dreams;
And every fancy—lovely—wild—
Of happy youth, back o'er him streams.

The deeds, then, of a life nigh past,
Back in one hurried moment fly,—
Like grisly ghosts, brought flitting fast
By mighty power of harmony.

But hark! from silv'ry bells a chime!
And slowly down, the fays among,
Radiant, as from a heavenly clime,
Descends a throne, by moonbeams hung.
About it fly, half hid in flowers,
    A thousand sprites, whose music sweet
Could e'en beguile the fleeting hours
    To stay awhile their tireless feet.

Then as it nears the sparkling sward
   Each tiny blade of grass extends
   Its longing head the throne toward,
   And each fair bud its perfume sends.

The fairy monarch and his queen
   Descend their throne of woven light;
   And mingling in the jocund scene,
   Add lustre to the vision bright.

Behold—as though the wintry wind
   Had swept with one remorseless burst—
   They whirl, and fly—for lo! they find
   A mortal near,—that thing accurst.

Now song and dance and roundelay
   Are fled,—forgot. As sudden storm
   In darkness hides the joyous day,
   So disappears each fairy form.

And then, with a start, the sleeper awoke!
   The sun through the window came in a stream.
   Ah, plainly, the day and reality spoke!
   That vision, so fair, had been but a dream.
HOLIDAYS of Christmas have arrived at last after much anxious expectation on the part of care-worn students and others of their ilk. By the time that this number shall reach our readers we, its editors, will be enjoying in our respective homes the the pleasures of this festive season. The bustle of examinations, already begun as we are writing, betoken the soon and sure approach of vacation. We cannot leave our chair editorial without heartily tendering to our kind friends the compliments of the time. We hope they may all enjoy themselves as well as we expect to; and you know, five successive months of study will render the student's expectations of vacation pleasures pretty sanguine.

The Semi-Annual Examination began upon the 18th of December, in the College Hall. It was held publicly according to announcement. This was the first occasion of a public examination in the College for a number of years and the rule is likely to be kept in force in the future.

There has cropped out in the College, during the preceding half session, a strange and unprecedented mania—duck-shooting, which has taken such a strong hold upon the minds of some that they will shoot any kind of game from a goose to a "chippy." To a stranger, the gun room would present quite a warlike appearance, quite resembling a fort in a state of siege. It was only a day or two since that we met three would-be Nimrods returning from a very exciting chase somewhere in the open fields about the railroad depot. Two were armed, one with a shotgun, the other with a rifle, and the third had gone, we suppose, for the purpose of carrying the game—but we saw very little game. Now it is clear that the mania for sporting must be great when three students (two of them philosophers) will go out with one shotgun and a rifle to shoot robbins in a corn-field. One of our professors, too, came home one night not long since, looking like a sponge drawn through a puddle. He had killed a duck and lost it. Facts speak for themselves.
On Nov. 30th, the “Ætna” B. B. C. played a match game with the “Wide-Awakes,” champion club of the coast. The game, which was played upon the town plaza, was one of the best contested that we have seen for some time. The weather was excellent, much better than on the occasion of the “Eagle” game. The “Wide-Awakes” suffered the disadvantage of playing only seven men, their whole nine being incomplete by the absence of some of the best men. However, they went cheerfully to the bat, justly confident in their superior strength and scored one, leaving Ætna to make a blank score on her first. The fact is, Mr. Toba’s pitching was new to the “Ætnas” and—like skating—required practice on the part of the batsman before he would cease to drop his bat to the tune of “out on three strikes.” The consequence was that at the end of the game, the score stood 17 for the “Wide-Awakes” to 4 for the “Ætna.”—vide score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ÆTNAS</th>
<th>WIDE-AWAKEs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A. Arguello, 3d b ...</td>
<td>0 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poujade, 3d b ...</td>
<td>0 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McQuade, c ...</td>
<td>0 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, r.f. ...</td>
<td>2 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, p ...</td>
<td>0 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coddington, s. s ...</td>
<td>0 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veve, 1st b ...</td>
<td>0 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raleigh, 1 f ...</td>
<td>1 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bull, 3d b ...</td>
<td>1 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong> ...</td>
<td>4 27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

RUNS EACH INNING.

| WIDE-AWAKEs | 1 0 1 2 2 2 3 3 1 ... | 17 |
| ÆTNAS | 0 0 0 1 2 1 0 0 0 ... | 4 |

FLY CATCHES.—Wide-Awakes—Pomeroy, 1. Ætnas—Coddington, 1; Arguello, 1; Raleigh, 1; Bull, 2.

J. B. C. SMITH, Umpire.

After the conclusion of the game a sumptuous repast was amicably discussed by the united contestants in the College refectory. The “Wide-Awakes” returned to the city on the afternoon train.

On the same day the following game was played between the “Young Originals” of the College and “Palmetto” of San Jose:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YOUNG ORIGINAL</th>
<th>PALMETTO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kellogg, p ...</td>
<td>5 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto, c ...</td>
<td>4 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, c f ...</td>
<td>5 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Videau, 3d b ...</td>
<td>3 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheridan, rf ...</td>
<td>4 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison, s s ...</td>
<td>3 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reale, 3d b ...</td>
<td>4 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, c f ...</td>
<td>5 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brenham, 3d b ...</td>
<td>5 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, 3d b ...</td>
<td>5 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker, 1st b ...</td>
<td>1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slippy, 2d b ...</td>
<td>2 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant, 3d b ...</td>
<td>3 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O’Brien, 3d b ...</td>
<td>3 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bull, 1f ...</td>
<td>5 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong> ...</td>
<td>3 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

RUNS EACH INNING.

| YOUNG ORIGINAL | 3 1 3 0 13 7 6 ... | 3 8 |
| PALMETTO | 2 9 1 7 3 0 0 1 ... | 2 6 |

Home Runs—Reale, Young Original ... | 1 |
Fly Catches—Young Originals—Morrison, 1; Soto, 5; Judd, 1; Reale, 1; Total, 8.
Palmetto—Lawrey, 1; Moore, 5; Walker, 1; Bryant, 4; Lion, 1; Total, 10.
Time.—2½ hrs.
J. F. DUNNE, Umpire.

Of the Ætna B. B. C.

The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception enjoyed a magnificent feast upon the evening of Wednesday Dec. 13th, inst. No pains were spared by the College authorities and the members of the Sodality to render the affair as pleasant as possible. The tables were bounteously provided with inviting viands and even the “generous wine” was not wanting. It is almost unnecessary to say that full justice was meted out to the good things by the company. Turkeys, chickens, etc., disappeared with edifying rapidity before the ener-
getic assaults of a score or two of determined Sodalists. Laugh and jest passed round the board "right merrilie." After the banquet, toasts being in order, the first regular toast of the evening, "His Holiness, Pope Pius IX," was proposed by Mr. H. Bowie. Mr. Poujade responded in a short speech in which he took occasion to refer to the present situation of the Holy Father, expressing the hope that a short time would see him triumphant over his enemies. The second regular toast was "The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception," proposed by Mr. A. Sauffrignon. Mr. J. H. Campbell, the Prefect of the Sodality, responded to this toast by complimenting them upon the exemplary manner in which they had conducted themselves during the two years in which he had been associated with them. He thanked the members for their kindness towards himself, and referred with feeling to the regret which he felt that his stay in the College, and, consequently his fellowship with them, was drawing so nearly to a close. His remarks were warmly applauded by the Sodalists. Mr. D. G. Sullivan next proposed the health of the Reverend A. Varsi, President of the College, which was responded to by Mr. A. I. W. Kelly, (Fr. Varsi being absent) in a few short, but eloquent and appropriate remarks. Mr. J. A. Waddell next proposed "The Director of the Sodality." Fr. Pin- asco responded in person. His remarks were very pleasant and apt. He spoke gratefully of the kindness of the members towards him as Director and expressed the hope that he would continue to deserve their good will. At the conclusion of the Director's remarks, Mr. A. Campbell proposed "Santa Clara College and Faculty," calling upon Mr. J. F. McQuade to respond, which that gentleman did in his usual brilliant and eloquent style, referring to the high position which our College takes among American institutions of learning. The next toast, "Our Invited Guests," proposed by Mr. H. B. Peyton, was responded to by Prof. H. Dance, on the part of the guests. The Professor's remarks were quite pleasant and created considerable merriment. The next toast was "Our Sister Societies," proposed by Mr. J. S. Raleigh and responded to by Mr. J. T. Malone. Mr. Malone, at the conclusion of his remarks, as the regular toasts were ended, proposed the health and prosperity of the former Director of the Sodality, Rev. Edmund J. Young. The toast was drank enthusiastically. In response to a toast next given to the health of Fr. Cichi, that gentleman arose and, in a few words complimented the Sodality upon the advantages which it possessed and the beneficial effects which it was capable of producing, comparing it to a noble tree, dispelling refreshing shade and bearing rich
fruit. Before leaving the table, Prof. Dance arose and, with the permission of the Director, proposed that the toast to Fr. Young be honored with three cheers. The cheers were given with a heartiness that astonished the owls in the old church tower. After the grace the members adjourned to the play-room, where, with music and song time passed quickly until the clock announced the hour when the watchman and his dogs usually make their *entree*, when there was much retreating in good order toward the dormitories.

At the semi-annual examination, Messrs. J. H. Campbell and J. T. Malone were successful candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

On Thursday evening, November 30th, Thanksgiving Day, a short private entertainment was given by the students in the College Hall. The exercises consisted of music and dramatic readings. Mr. J. H. Campbell gave some very amusing sketches from "The Widow Bedott Papers," and also Saxe's "Poor Miss 'Bride." Mr. Poujade rendered "The Raven" and "Shores of Tennessee," in a very effective style. Mr. Malone read "The Murderer's Confession" and "Give me three grains of Corn, Mother." Mr. McQuade gave a couple of comic selections and a song, in a very pleasing manner. The Band discoursed "sweet music," and the time passed pleasantly until half-past eight, the hour for retiring.

It is a well-known fact that College boys are somewhat prone to mischief. Within our peaceful walls, however, there is little of that commodity. But once in awhile some bold marauder, not having the fear of "Letter A" before his eyes, will commit some wanton act, which he denominates "having a little fun." Something of the kind happened a few weeks since. If any of our readers had taken the trouble during the sunny days of the past month to saunter around that part of the front quadrangle upon which the kitchen opens, he might have noticed there, reclining upon the grass-plot, two feline animals, one small, hungry-looking and spotted black and white, the other an aged, cross-looking tabby. Long had these two inoffensive animals basked in the sun on the grass plot, without hindrance or disturbance; but, one evening, one of the young gentlemen of the larger division, coming, probably, from those forbidden precincts where Phillip holds sway over cakes, pies, etc., espied the sporting felines, and immediately a bright idea burst upon his mind. Visions of fun arose before him. Carefully looking around to see that no Prefects were watching, he pounced like a huge thunderbolt upon the younger of the two unsuspecting pussies, and bore it away to the yard, carefully taking care that
the frightened animal should make no noise. Once in the yard among his fellows, he unfolded his plot to a few confederates, and it met with gleeful approbation. Sly winks and knowing looks were exchanged among the initiated as pussy was carried, carefully muffled, into the dormitory by the mischief makers. The plot was to keep the cat muffled until all the boys were in bed and asleep, and then to let her loose, and enjoy the fun occasioned by the turmoil she would make on finding herself in that strange place. Everything went very merrily. All were in bed. Stealthily the pussey’s custodian, first assuring himself that the lights were out, and that no one was looking, “let the cat out of the bag.” Breathlessly the initiated lay, expecting the coming sport. But pussy was probably too much frightened to squeal much at first. “Wait awhile,” thought they, “and she will make noise enough.” Silently and expectantly they waited, but they only heard the soft treading of the little animal on the floor, and the — well College boys do snore. Some time passed, but not a solitary “mew” was heard. At last, our heroes came to the conclusion that the cat had found its way out, and, disgusted, they dropped off to sleep. Next morning, on waking, a loud laugh greeted them—pussy was in the hands of the Prefect, who was laughing heartily, for he knew that her presence was the work of some mischief-maker; he told the boys this, and added, “but they have failed, for the cat is dumb.” The laugh that followed this assertion was heartily enjoyed by all—save a few, who hurried off to the washroom to cogitate on the mutability of things.

The Valley was visited by a very heavy storm of rain accompanied by a strong south wind and continuing from the evening of Sunday, Dec. 17th to the morning of the 19th. The old proverb, “it never rains but it pours,” seemed to have been corroborated in this case. On the morning of the 19th, the streams in the Valley were swollen to such a degree, that the trains of the Southern Pacific R.R. were prevented from running. The horse railroad between Santa Clara and San Jose was also blockaded by the rising water, and the whole country around was literally flooded. However, “its an ill wind that blows no one some good,” was a proverb also verified in this case, as, we think, this rain will exclude all the possibility of a drought so much dreaded, and will give the farmers abundant assurance of plentiful crops.

We have said somewhere above that the Semi-annual Examinations were held in public, this year. Their publicity, however, was only nominal, as the stormy weather effectually prevented the presence
of any auditor in the Examination Hall. It is said, indeed, that on Sunday evening, very devout prayers were offered up by many of the students, to the effect, that God would send down a plentiful rain upon the next day. Whether it was due to their prayers or not, the rain did come, and so much of it that it effectually prevented the presence of any one whatever, to witness their sufferings.

It becomes our unpleasant task, this month, to announce to our readers, the prospective departure from College of the senior editor of the *Owl*, Mr. James H. Campbell, who takes his departure at the end of the semi-annual term. During the time which Mr. Campbell has spent amongst us, he has won many friends; and it is with great regret that we are obliged to bid him "good-bye." To the *Owl*, especially, he has been a staunch and constant friend,—one of the first to offer himself, practically, to carry out the projects of the founders of the magazine, and he has continued most untiring in his efforts for its welfare. In his departure, the *Owl* will lose a good friend and firm supporter. It is therefore with double regret, both as students who have enjoyed his companionship, and as *owls* who have shared his labors, that we wish him "God-speed."

We have the pleasure to notice the progress of the ladies fair for the benefit of St. Ignatius College. From all reports, it is most likely to produce very beneficial results. The manner in which the liberal-minded of the city responded to a call of this kind, it is evident that the kind of education which is received at St. Ignatius College, is well appreciated, and that the generous spirit which prompts the conductors of that institution to make want of pecuniary means no obstacle to the willing student, is felt and praised by all those to whom works of charity have any beauty.
EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW EXCHANGES. — We have received the first number of a neat pamphlet periodical entitled, *A Voice from the Alumni*, from the University of Lewisburg, Pa. It starts out as a rival to the *College Herald*, and seems to have sprung into existence on account of some difficulty between some members of the Alumni and the editors of the last named paper, in regard to an article on Secret Fraternities in Colleges, which the latter refused to publish. We would like to see the *Voice* prosper; but if its object be the advocating of secret College societies, we cannot wish it success. We are also pleased to place upon our exchange list, the *Coyy Hook*, — a newspaper published in New York, in the interests of newspapers and publishers in general; — its columns are filled with interesting articles. We have received, also, *The Star Spangled Banner*, from Hinsdale, Vt. *The College Argus* comes to us in a new dress. Its garb is very much improved. It is now printed on tinted paper and puts in a very nice, clean, business-like appearance. We have also to notice the *Enterprise*, an excellent little paper from Sharon, Pa.

We have received from Mr. A. Waldteufel, of San Jose, the *Catholic Almanac*, for 1872; and an illustrated history of the great conflagration in Chicago; both very interesting and attractive publications. The *Catholic Almanac* contains much matter of invaluable interest, and is embellished with fine engravings. By the way, it gives a list of Catholic Colleges and Seminaries in the United States, in which we are unable to find the name of Santa Clara College. We were not aware that Santa Clara College was a place of so little note, as not to be worthy of being enumerated among the Colleges of the United States. The other publication mentioned is a very graphic description of the great conflagration, and is abundantly illustrated with wood-cuts.

*The Advocate* represents the art of elocution at a very low ebb in Harvard. It asks the question
how it happens that a man may graduate at Harvard without ever having written or spoken an original oration, and it goes on to relate a deplorable state of affairs. It draws a sad picture of men brought up for examination in elocution, who cannot speak before their own class, much less before an audience. It is really a sad state of affairs when, in one of the first Colleges in the land, so little attention is paid to this important branch. Harvard must be a strange place, when its graduates learn nothing in their College course of the composition and delivery of original orations.

It seems to be the prevailing policy among the Eastern Colleges authorities, to put down the customs of College rows:—hazing, rushing, gate-lifting, etc., that have so long disgraced the records of our best Colleges. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope it will have the desired result.

The Georgia Collegian comes to us in mourning for the death of Prof. M. D. Smead, of the chair of modern languages in the University of Georgia.

Smoking in the College yard is prohibited at Harvard.

Fifteen members of the Senior class of Bowdoin College have been suspended.

Encke’s Comet is rapidly approaching the Sun, and will reach Perihelion point about the second week in January. This comet was first seen at Marseilles in 1818, and again at Mannheim in the following December. It has a period of three years, three months, and twenty-three days, subject, however, to a slight reduction yearly. It is by no means a brilliant comet, and is rarely visible to the naked eye. It is usually without a tail, though in 1848 it had two: one turned toward the sun and the other away from it.—Ex.

Professor F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist, who has been exploring the Yellowstone region during the last summer, has returned to Washington to prepare his report. He expects to submit to the Secretary of the interior, a very interesting report of that wonderful section of the country.—Globe.

Princeton has been in a “peck of troubles” with the unruly Sophs who still continue to haze. Eight were expelled; the class bolted and refused to attend College exercises unless their class-mates were restored. The Faculty refused to reconsider the matter, unless every member of the class signed a pledge to refrain from
every species of hazing. Matters are still in a very unsettled condition.—Ex.

The great electro-magnet recently made for the Stevens Institute, at Hoboken, is the largest in the world. The length of wire in the coils is four thousand, eight hundred and eighty-eight feet. The iron cores are over three feet long and weigh one hundred and eighty-three pounds each. The lifting force is estimated at between thirty and forty tons.—Ex.

Charles Babbage, the eminent English mathematician, died, Oct. 29. His life was devoted to mathematical pursuits. For eleven years he was a professor at Cambridge University, He was the author of several works bearing the studies in which he engaged. The publication of a valuable table of logarithms and the invention of a calculating machine made him prominent. At the time of his death he was in his seventy-ninth year.

In the University of Rome, twenty Professors will not take the oath required by the Italian Government.

Mr. Jacob Dox of Hardscrabble, writes a letter to the Trustees of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, asking, urging, demanding, that they open their doors in order that his son may enter that institution next fall, and be placed under a "refining and elevating influence." Very fine for young Dox, but, ye susceptible maidens of Mt. Holyoke, cave canem. The day of new departure has come, with all its wonderful developments.—Cornell Era.
O L I O.

A Glasgow professor met a poor student passing along one of the courts, and remarked to him that his gown was very short. "It will be long enough before I get another," answered the student. The reply tickled the professor's fancy so much, that he continued in a state of suppressed laughter after passing on. Meeting a brother professor who asked him what was amusing him so much, he told the story with a slightly varied reading: "I asked that fellow why he had so short a gown, and he answered, 'it will be a long time before I get another.'" "Well, there is nothing very funny in that." "Neither there is," said professor, "I don't understand how it amused me so much. It must have been something in the way he said it."

"Well, sir," asked a noisy disputation, "don't you think I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?" "Yes," replied a listener, "you have. If ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines, I'll borrow your jaw bone."

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was, sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short! So that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens.

While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her, what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen? "Very little, madam," said he, "by oxygen we mean pure gin; and by hydrogen we mean gin and water."

A facetious old gentleman who thought his sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, styled them Nimrod and Ramrod.

A lady asked a sailor whom she met, why a ship was called she. The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."
Whether tall men or short men are best,
Or bold men or modest or shy men
I can’t say; but this I protest:
All the fair are in favor of Hy-men.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook.
"Yes," he replied, "Hook and Eye are old associates."

Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, (pointing with his cane
to a man who was about to be tried) said, "There is a great rogue
at the end of my cane." The man pointed at, enquired, "At which
end, my Lord?"

A little boy one day came running home, and said, "O, father!
I've just seen the blackest man that ever was." "How black was
he, my son?" "Oh, he was as black as black can be! Why,
father, charcoal would make a white mark on him!"

A well-dressed fellow walked into a room where they were talking politics, and, stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Where is a radical? Show me a radical, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!"

In an instant, a man exclaimed, "I am a radical, Sir." "You are?"
"Yes, Sir. I am!" "Well just you step round the corner with me and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a radical in the ward. Ain't he a liar, I shouldn't like to know?"

My dear, what makes you always frown?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone.
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "Not so;
But man and wife are one, you know,
And when alone, I'm weary."
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>G. Bull, 70; J. Coddington, 95; S. Fennom, 100; F. Kellogg, 95; N. Murphy, 100; L. Palmer, 90; J. Poujade, 70; J. Radovich, 80; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100.</td>
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<td>P. De Celis, 100; R. Del Valle, 85; A. Den, 70; F. Trembly, 74; H. Martin, 80; T. Morrison, 90; R. Soto, 90; V. McClatchy, 75; G. Pacheco, 85; L. Wolter, 75.</td>
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<td>J. T. Malone, 85.</td>
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<td>H. B. Peyton, 85; N. Murphy, 90; A. Campbell, 84; J. Kennedy, 76; A. Veuve, 92; L. Pinard, 72; P. Dunn, 83; J. Smith, 80.</td>
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**Greek**

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<td>M. Walsh, 100.</td>
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<td>5th Class</td>
<td>A. Campbell, 90; J. Coddington, 95; R. Brenham, 70; J. Poujade, 89.</td>
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**Table of Honor.**

**Latin.**

1st Class—H. Harrison, 80.
2d Class—A. Campbell, 77; R. Bowie, 71.
3d Class—M. Walsh, 92

4th Class—G. Bull, 87; J. Burling, 100; C. Ebner, 74; T. Morrison, 90; R. Soto, 99.
5th Class—R. Brenham, 78; J. Coddington, 90; T. Durbin, 78; H. Hopkins, 80; V. McClatchy, 85; J. Poujade, 85; L. Palmer, 87; W. Hereford, 85; R. Soto, 80.

**Rhetoric Class.**

English Oration, History and Geography—F. McCusker, 80; H. Peyton, 76; R. Del Valle, 85; J. Poujade, 75; J. Raleigh, 80; J. Smith, 75; M. Walsh, 100.

**Poetry Class.**

English Composition, History and Geography—V. McClatchy, 83; N. Murphy, 82; J. Radovich, 85; A. Raleigh, 85; A. Veuve, 95; W. Marshall, 75.

**1st Grammar Class.**

Composition, History and Geography—Geo. Bul, 83; Jas. Coddington, 85; H. Corcoran, 81; W. Den, 70; C. Ebner, 70; Wm. Hereford, 95; H. Hopkins, 75; J. Bisagno, 72; A. Bandini, 86; T. Durbin, 75; F. Kellogg, 84; T. Morrison, 86; G. Pacheco, 72; D. Furlong, 75; L. Palmer, 85; R. Smith, 75; R. Soto, 91; F. Trembly, 75; P. Yrigoyen, 79; W. Walsh, 76.

**2d Grammar Class.**

P. De Celis, 89; S. Fellom, 82; J. Sheridan, 75; P. Soto, 80; T. Godfrey, 79; J. Goetz, 70; J. Nichol, 70; N. Robles, 70; R. Wallace, 72; L. Wolter, 82.

**3d Grammar Class.**

A. Den, 70; W. Davis, 100; R. Brenham, 70; M. Donahue, 75; P. Cohen, 70; R. Enright, 100; J. Enright, 100; W. Farnam, 70; J. Gambill, 70; W. Geggus, 70; E. Hall, 74; D. Kidd, 72; P. McDonald, 72; F. Murphy, 78; J. McCarthy, 70; G. Norris, 70; C. Petersen, 100; A. Pierotich, 76; R. Spence, 70; J. Thompson, 100.

**French.**

1st Class—R. Del Valle, 90; C. Georget, 70; L. Burling, 70; A. Veuve, 70.
2d Class—G. Bull, 90; J. Radovich, 90; T. Morrison, 75; H. Martin, 76.
3d Class—J. Garrat, 100; J. Perrier, 96; P. Donahue, 80; P. Sansevain, 91.

**Spanish.**

2d Class—N. Camarillo, 99; J. Coddington, 75; S. Fellom, 98; N. Murphy, 75; G. Pacheco, 97; R. Soto, 98.
3d Class—L. Palmer, 75; P. Soto, 70; H. Hopkins, 70.

**German.**

V. McClatchy, 90; H. Pfister, 70.

**Italian.**

J. Bisagno, 97.

**Arithmetic.**

1st Class—S. Fellom, 79; T. Godfrey, 70; W. Hereford, 90; J. Judd, 76; F. Kellogg, 79; T. Morrison, 70; R. Smith, 70; R. Soto, 90.
2d Class—W. Cole, 80; C. Colombet, 85; A. Bandini, 70; T. Durbin, 86; P. Cohen, J. Goetz, 78; H. Hubbard, 74; J. Sheridan, 83; P. Sansevain, 70; R. Wallace, L. Wolter, 79; L. Broder, 70.
3d Class—C. Stonesifer, 75; J. Enright, 85; R. Enright, 80; W. Geggus, 85; W. Moson, 70; Jas. Nichol, 72; G. Norris, 70; E. Petersen, 80; C. Petersen, 88; A. Pierotich, 70.

**Book-keeping.**

1st Class—L. Burling, 95; R. Soto, 95; F. McCusker, 90; P. Dunn, 90.
2d Class—J. Bisagno, 97; N. Camarillo, 99; S. Fellom, 98; Wm. Hereford, 97; V. McClatchy, 100; A. Bandini, 80; P. Colombet, 90; N. Murphy, 100; P. Soto, 97; W. Walsh, 95; L. Wolter, 95.
### Table of Honor

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### Elocution

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<tr>
<td>5th Class</td>
<td>W. Davis, 73; R. Enright, 70; J. McCarthy, 80; W. Furman, 76; C. Petersen, 74; J. Thompson, 75; P. Cohen, 70; M. Donahue, 70; J. Gambill, 70; W. Geggus, 70; F. Murphy, 70</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### Penmanship

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>First Division</th>
<th>Second Division</th>
<th>Third Division</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>N. Camarillo, 78; A. Den, 78; T. Morrison, 80; G. Pacheco, 78; R. Soto, 77; L. Wolter, 73</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>F. Kellogg, 80; J. Judd, 75; W. Cole, 70; J. Day, 70; J. Godfrey, 70; G. Norris, 72; J. Norris, 70; L. Palmer, 71; R. Smith, 70</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class</td>
<td>A. Pierotich, 73; E. Petersen, 72; R. Thorn, 75; C. Ebner, 70; E. Hall, 70; J. Reale, 70</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Linear Drawing

P. Donahue, 70; V. McClatchy, 90; H. Dwinelle, 70; A. Arguello, 80; M. Donahue, P. Sansevain, 70.

### Figure Drawing

J. San Roman, 70; H. Pfister, 70.

### Piano

1st Class—C. Ebner, 70; H. Bowie, 75; N. Camarillo, 70
2nd Class—H. Christin, 90; J. Pacheco, 70.

### Flute

R. Smith, 90; J. Bisagno, 80; A. Campbell, 80; J. C. Johnson, 90.

### Violin

J. Burling, 80.

### Brass Instruments

C. Georgot, 70; J. Carrigan, 75.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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