THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

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THE PROGENY OF THE PRESS.

(A. L. VEUVE, Mental Philosophy.)

I

n any nation which grants to the individual citizen the privilege of freedom of thought and speech,—in any nation, more particularly, which is agitated by the contentions of political parties, and which, in addition to this, recognises the necessity of promoting the interests of commerce and manufactures, and of encouraging the arts and sciences;—in any such nation, I say, the press has a very great part to perform.

And since America is as deeply imbued with these ideas of freedom as any nation in the world, making them, as she does, the very foundation of her national existence, we cannot wonder that her people should so highly appreciate their free press, and should even think with David Hume, the historian, that “its liberties and the liberties of the people must stand or fall together.” Nor is it anything but a natural consequence of these sentiments that our country, although in her infancy in some respects, has attained a degree of maturity with regard to her press, which even those nations cannot boast whose foundations have stood for centuries.

The printing-press scatters its progeny broadcast over the land, giving food daily to millions of minds. The traveller can scarcely penetrate to any part of the country, however wild, where the inhabitants will not point with pride to their local newspaper. Such, indeed, is the extraordinary power which the newspaper press has gained among us that the newspaper is the exclusive literature of a considerable class of Americans. Indeed, there are men who pass for being well-informed, if not well-educated, whose reading never extends beyond it.

We do not mean to say that this should be made matter for boasting; for undoubtedly the contrary is the case. Those who read nothing but newspapers,—the newspapers being
such as they are—cannot by any possibility acquire the knowledge, or be fortified in the principles which go to constitute a good citizen. Nay even if they start with right principles, they run considerable risk of losing them by the constant consumption and assimilation of such mental and moral *pabulum* as the newspaper press affords; especially taking, as they do, the bane without the antidote. Our task, however, is to realize and to comment upon facts: nor is it possible that the tendency of our comments should be invariably in the same direction. We see the good mixed with the bad, and the bad with the good, in this as in many other institutions; and we note both. If therefore we must condemn a large portion of the American newspaper press as unprincipled, let us also point out that *even this* portion thereof when taken in conjunction with the rest, and regarded therewith, as a whole, does not fail to have at least one good effect. Such is its power upon this continent, fostered as it is by the spirit of our institutions, that it would cause the aspirations of any would-be usurper of our liberties, to be blasted as the lightning shatters the oak.

Out of the many thoughts expressed by eminent men upon this subject we select the following.

Napoleon I. said, "A journalist, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than one hundred thousand bayonets."

Thomas Jefferson said, "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government and without newspapers." The remark is both striking and peculiar; and we give it as such, and as the utterance of a distinguished man. But we cannot say that we share the sentiment.

Thackeray, also, seemed to appreciate the power and comprehensiveness of the newspaper press when he said, "There she is; she never sleeps! She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. Yonder journal has an agent, at this moment, giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes at Covent Garden."

Since newspapers have been elevated by the American people into engines of the highest importance, both political and social—since they have been made, in fact, the guardians of their liberties, their instructors and their companions—journalism has advanced with giant strides. In the start, however, it was not thought much of; nay, it was but imperfectly understood: and consequently its progress was slow.

It may suffice perhaps for the present if we treat of that progress exclusively. Our title would justify us in taking a wider range; but since newspapers are by far the most numerous "progeny of the press" in this country, and since the article is written by an American and for Americans, we shall confine ourselves for the present to this branch of the subject. On a future occasion, it may be, we shall have the pleasure of carrying our
investigations further, and discussing—should our readers encourage us to do so—the press’s more ponderous "progeny."

The first American newspaper was published at Boston, by Benjamin Harris, Sept. 25, 1690, under the title of “Publick Occurrences.” Although it was printed by an imported press, on imported paper, and with imported type, it borrowed little else from foreign sources. As to its matter, indeed, it was quite original, and that necessarily; because the imperfect communication with the mother country precluded the possibility of borrowing from them the very limited supply of current European literature.

But Harris was unfortunate in his venture. The paper in itself was of little significance, save that it was the first printed on this continent; and yet it was considered by the authorities “to contain reflections of a very high nature,” and was consequently suppressed. Not an encouraging beginning, certainly; to have our first paper ruthlessly “squelched,” after an existence of but twenty-four hours. However it was a beginning. Of this immortal journal of a day old but one copy is now in existence.

From the year 1700, tracts were frequently published and distributed; as were also news-letters published by business men on the important occurrences of the day. These latter led the way to the publication of the first regular American newspaper; which important event occurred in the year 1704.

John Campbell was Postmaster of Boston, and (as was customary with postmasters in those days) the repository of all the news of the city. Recognising the peculiar advantages which he possessed in his office, he seized the opportunity to give, in print, the gist of the information which he received as postmaster. Hence the “Boston News-Letter,” which was first published on the 24th of April, 1704, lived seventy-two years, and, it is said, might yet have been living had it not, on the approach of the Revolution, embraced the Tory side.

Its imprint was—“Boston; printed by B. Green, and sold by Nicholas Boone at his office near the Old Mission House.”

The first number contained the notice of the arrival of several ships in the harbor, with a slight account of their voyages, and bits of information derived from their various officers. Furthermore we received our first "religious information" from this number, viz.:—a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Pemberton, on the excellent text—“And do your own business.”

For fifteen years the News-Letter had no rival; and yet, strange to say, the editor had a hard time to make both ends meet; as appears from the frequent complaints to that effect in his paper.
In 1719 Campbell was removed from the post office, and his successor, Wm. Bradford, began the second newspaper of America, named the Boston Gazette. The paper was printed by James Franklin, and lasted until 1724, when it was consolidated with the New England Weekly Journal.

Our third newspaper had its origin in Philadelphia, and was due to the exertions of another post-master, Andrew Bradford by name. It was called the American Weekly Mercury. The only thing worthy of note in regard to this paper is the fact of its receiving several articles from the pen of Benjamin Franklin, over the nom de plume of "Busy Body."

The next newspaper was the New England Courant, printed and edited by James Franklin, the brother of Benjamin. The first edition came out on the 7th of August 1721. It immediately began a war with the News Letter, by calling it a "dull vehicle of intelligence," and gained great popularity by its bold and fearless manner.

The Courant is most worthy of note on account of its connection with the name of Franklin. The elder brother, James, was both editor and printer; while Benjamin figured as carrier and printer's devil. Wishing to write for the paper, he had recourse to stratagem in order that his contributions might be accepted; well knowing that anything he might give to his brother for publication would at once be condemned as of too puerile a nature to admit of second thought. Writing his articles anonymously, he slipped them under the door of the printing office, where they were discovered in the morning. They were then duly submitted to a select circle of friends, who acted as critics, and having been duly approved were admitted to publication.

On one occasion the Courant gave offence to the authorities, and James was arrested: nor could he obtain his freedom, except on condition that he would cease the publication of his paper. The difficulty thus produced was easily obviated, however, by the device of making Benjamin the nominal printer, instead of his brother; and the paper consequently continued its career. The circle of friends of the Franklins who wrote for the paper and criticised all articles for publication, received the name of "the Hell-Fire Club," from the bold and original manner in which they expressed their opinions and assailed the government of King George.

New York printed its first newspaper, The Gazette, in 1725. William Bradford, mentioned above as the editor of the American Weekly Mercury, was induced by Governor Fletcher to become its manager.

In 1728 Philadelphia gave birth to its second newspaper, which was christened by the high-sounding name of Universal Instructor in all the Arts and Sciences, and Pennsylvania Gazette. Such a title Samuel Johnson would have been delighted to hear. Samuel Keimer was its first publisher; but he afterwards sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who condensed its title into Pennsylvania Gazette, and continued to publish it under this name until the year 1765. The paper however survived under various other names until Nov. 3, 1845, when it ended.
its career at the advanced age of one hundred and seventeen years.

Maryland's first paper — another Gazelle—was published in 1727.

The New York Weekly Journal, the second paper in that city, was published by John Peter Zenger. The following—describing the virtues of Orange County butter—was one of its advertisements:—“To be sold by Peter Lynch, near der Rutger's Brewhouse, very good Orange Butter. It is excellent for Gentlemen to comb up their hair with. It also cures children's sore heads.” In 1752 the paper was literally “starved out of existence.”

Rhode Island's first paper was still another Gazelle, printed by the famous printer, James Franklin. It only reached its twelfth number, however.

Another James Franklin, the son of the above, soon after (1758) started another paper in the same place (Newport) called the Newport Mercury. This paper is in existence today; and, having already witnessed its own centenary, is destined ere long to participate in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of American independence.

The first papers of the South were the South Carolina Chronicle and the Virginia Gazette.

Then came the Revolutionary Press—maintained by the men whose fearless words and actions aroused our forefathers to a sense of wrong. The most noted paper of that period was the Boston Gazette and Country Gentleman, published by Edes and Gill. The fiery words of this small paper were electrical. Even now, in our days of peace, they cause the heart to swell with patriotism. What, then must have been their effect upon men tired of tyranny and eager to throw off its yoke! The contributors to this paper were—among others—James Otis, John Adams and Joseph Warren, the Sons of Liberty.

From this time the number of papers increased so rapidly that it would prove tiresome to enumerate them all. Suffice it therefore to mention those of importance.

Connecticut published its first paper in 1764. It was named the Courant, and still lives in vigor and prosperity, though it is one hundred and nine years of age.

In 1770 Isaiah Thomas and Zachariah Towle issued a paper in Boston called The Massachusetts Spy, which has a remarkahle and exciting history. The boldness of the editor, Isaiah Thomas, caused him to be ranked with the “traitors,” Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were to be executed as soon as taken. In order to save his life he was obliged to remove his paper to Worcester, whence it was ever afterwards issued. The motto of this paper, adopted in 1775, was—“Americans! Liberty or Death! Join or Die!” For this was substituted in the following year—“Unanimity at Home and Bravery and Perseverance in the Field will secure the Independence of America.” We can imagine the effect of these strong sentiments expressed whilst the destiny of the colonies was in the balance, and whilst men were wavering between submission to the King and total separation from the mother country.

A political paper of interest was
started in 1762, by one James Riv­
ington, who named it Rivington's Gaz­et­teer, or the Connecticut, New Jer­sey, Hudson River and Quebec Weekly Ad­vertiser. This paper was hated by the Americans, not only for its royal­ist principles, but also on account of the biting personal satire in which its editor indulged at their expense. Hence it was mobbed twice. Ethan Allen was one of those who took offence, for some personal allusions; and the editor gives an interesting description of an interview which he had with him when he came to the Gazetteer office for the purpose of ad­­ministering a “licking” to its editor. The story is too long to be inserted here. Suffice it to say the old general’s rage was calmed with two bottles of fine old Madeira.

The oldest paper existing in the United States at the present day is the Por­tsmouth Gazette; which was estab­lished in 1756. It was a true liberty paper throughout the period of the Revolution, and has since been noted for its unchanging democratic prin­ciples.

When the Revolutionary Press, properly so called, had ceased—with the conclusion of that great historical epoch—to exist, the papers of the United States began to differ among themselves, as to the best mode of carrying on the home government. They no longer had that common bond of resistance to the mother country, which had hitherto turned their thoughts solely in one direction.

In the nineteenth century, the period at which we have now arrived, the rise of the various newspapers can only be given by means of sta­tistics. And since bare numbers would probably be uninteresting to the greater number of our readers, we will omit them, contenting ourselves with a brief reference to the history of the various kinds of journalism.

The origin of the so-called “Reli­gious Press” has long been a matter of dispute. It has been supposed that the idea of it first occurred to the mind of Nathaniel Wells; and the best authorities allow the Boston Re­corder, which was edited by one Syd­ney Morse, to be the first paper of this kind.

The Agricultural Press sprang into existence with the American Farmer of John S. Skinner, in the year 1818.

The Sunday Press was first heard of in the year 1825.

The Sporting Press began its career with the Spirit of the Times, in 1831.

California began her operations in the field of journalism in 1847; but the name of this first paper of the Golden State we cannot at this moment ascertain. Her progress, however, was so rapid that at present she can count two hundred and thirty eight peri­odicals,—twenty eight of which are issued daily; two tri-weekly; five semi­weekly; ninety-two weekly; one tri­monthly; one semi-monthly; eight monthly and one bi-monthly—besides which five of the dailies issue steamer editions, and twelve issue weekly edi­tions.

Some of these are in foreign lan­guages, viz:—two in German, two in French, and one each in Spanish, Italian, Hebrew and Chinese.

The most noted of our newspapers are the Daily Alta California, Daily Evening Bulletin, Daily Morning Call
Daily Chronicle, and Courrier des Etats Unis, all of San Francisco; and among those in the interior may be mentioned the Sacramento Union, Sacramento Bee and Sacramento Record, the Los Angeles Star, the San Jose Weekly Mercury, and the Santa Cruz Sentinel.

This coast is excellently represented as regards the Catholic religious press by the Monitor, (Catholic and Irish); the Guardian, (Catholic simply) and the Catholic Sentinel of Oregon, which, like the Guardian, is unconnected with any particular nationality.

The non-Catholic religious papers are, the Californian Christian Advocate, and Pacific Methodist, both representing the Methodist sect; the Occident, and S. F. Pacific Observer, representing the Presbyterians; the Pacific Churchman, Protestant Episcopal; the Evangel, Anabaptist; the Hebrew, Hebrew Observer and Voice of Israel, Jewish.

Our Medical Press consists of the Pacific Journal of Health, and the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal, both of San Francisco.

Our Agricultural Press boasts of the California Farmer, the Pacific Rural Press, the California Horticulturist, all of San Francisco, and the California Agriculturist of San Jose.

Our Scientific papers are not numerous as yet in California. They consist of but one; the San Francisco Scientific Press. This one, however, is ably edited, and full of interest not only for scientists and mechanics but even for the general reader.

The Art Press of California had, until lately, no existence at all. It is a promising sign of the growing culture and refinement of the State, that it should possess, as it now does, so elegant a representative of art as the California Art Gallery, to which we wish all prosperity. Its paper and typography are perfect, and its critiques in most cases judicious.

The Commercial Press consists of the Commercial Herald and the Wine Dealer's Gazette, both of San Francisco. The latter is noticeable as representing an industry as yet in its infancy, but which promises to become at no distant date one of our chief sources of wealth.

The Overland Monthly, though not a newspaper, may perhaps be mentioned here; for it is a fine periodical and well worthy of note. Critics generally consider that it is capable of holding its own with any of the Eastern Magazines; and its large circulation both East and West, is a practical confirmation of this opinion.

And having mentioned one periodical not strictly a newspaper, we can scarcely omit reference to the College Amateur Press of this State, which is represented by the University Echo and Noleean Review both published at the State University, and both very creditably conducted, the Mills Quarterly, an elegant publication emanating from the Mills Seminary for Young Ladies, and The Owl.

From these data it will at once be seen that California is well supplied, in proportion to her population, with newspapers—the tastes of the people inclining that way. They receive a lively support, and are conducted in a manner which would do no discredit to the principal cities of the East.

There is one feature of our modern
The Progeny of the Press.

The newspaper press, which it may perhaps be well to mention before concluding; although it is certainly a repulsive one to rightminded men. Pick up almost any newspaper you may choose, and you will find it glaring with large headings such as "Homicide," "Robbery," "Vice," etc. This goes a long way to prove that people want the details of misery and crime, in order to gloat over them; and that it is consequently the interest of editors to pander to their morbid taste.

Some of our papers are indeed a crying scandal to society, with their impurity of detail and immorality of tone. They even enlarge the size of their Sunday edition, in order to provide more room for such articles. And it is well for us that such a class of papers is rather the exception than the general rule.

From an excellent and comprehensive history of American journalism published by Messrs. Rowell of New York (to whom we are also indebted for much other information embodied in this article) we extract the statistical sketch which follows. From it the reader will be able to form some judgement as to the probable growth of journalism in the United States during the coming century.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Number of Periodicals</th>
<th>Copies annually printed</th>
<th>Population of the United States</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1704</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16,000</td>
<td>600,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1725</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>170,000</td>
<td>1,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1775</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>1,200,000</td>
<td>2,800,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>359</td>
<td>22,321,700</td>
<td>7,239,814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1828</td>
<td>852</td>
<td>68,117,796</td>
<td>12,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1,258</td>
<td>90,361,000</td>
<td>14,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1840</td>
<td>1,631</td>
<td>105,838,673</td>
<td>17,069,403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td>2,525</td>
<td>426,409,978</td>
<td>23,191,876</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>4,051</td>
<td>927,951,548</td>
<td>31,445,080</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>5,871</td>
<td>1,508,548,250</td>
<td>38,555,753</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Throughout the civilized world the thoughtful observer cannot but remark an ever increasing mental activity; and most assuredly this is not the country in which such activity is least noticeable.

But if the periodical press be one of the principal channels of such activity, as we think must be conceded to be the case, then certainly there is every reason to expect that the progress of journalism throughout the world, and particularly in America, will be far greater in the immediate future than it has ever been in days gone by.

We have known men who talked timidly about the possible subjugation of the press by military despotism. But we regard such apprehensions as futile. For good or for evil it is the true Lernaean Hydra. And yet its fate will not be that of its prototype; for there lives not, nor ever will live, the Hercules who can compass its destruction.
LINES ON THE RAINBOW.

(D. O. FURLONG, 1st Rhetoric.)

HIGH o'er the nodding scenes on natures plain,
Are rolling clouds like billows on the main.
Afar the rumbling thunder bursts on high,
Shakes the firm ground, and seems to split the sky:
Down pours the misty deluge to the earth:
The thirsty land returns once more to mirth.

And now from yon dark cloud rack, peering bright,
Come timid rays of pure celestial light.
Soon the dim hills with sunny radiance blaze.
And sweeter beauties court our willing gaze.
Behold, athwart the changeful sky unrolled,
Soft blended tints of purple and of gold!
Each gazer reverent stands, in mute surprise,
And asks what fairy pencil paints the skies.

Then quickly flashes o'er the broad expanse
A beauty that enchains the upward glance.
C bow of promise, purely bright and fair,
What earthly beauty can with thine compare?
Artistic skill may strive those hues to paint,
But oh, how poor the likeness, and how faint!
Daughter of light, so near the angel's place,
In thee, methinks, I see thine Author's face.
The Seraph groups in thy bright circle meet.
And there bow down before the Mercy Seat.

Such heavenly thoughts those heavenly tints inspire:
A's raise the mind from earth's low sinful mire,
And waft it to the blissful realms above,
Adorned with beauty, and absorbed by love.
THE ADVENTURES OF A STRONG-MINDED KITTEN;

A STORY OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

CHAPTER VI.—An Evening Party in Bearland.

Kitty was gambolling about, one day, among the prairie-grass, amusing herself as best she might, when there came winding along an emigrant train, such as passed frequently over the plains in those days.

The very first wagon contained a little girl, who no sooner espied our kitten than she requested her father, who was walking beside the wagon, to hand the queer little animal up to her.

Kitty, who was accustomed to be made a pet of, and to be handled, raised no objection. On the contrary she was highly delighted to find a new companion, and amused herself with the little girl till the rapid descent of the sun towards the horizon made her think of home.

She looked out from beneath the wagon-cover; but not a sign of the shanty was to be seen! She had wandered a considerable distance from home, even before the emigrants picked her up; so, seeing that she was once more in a new country, she wisely concluded to remain with her captors, at least for the present; and many a weary day had she to pass as the team wound its way through and out of those grassy plains, into the Rocky Mountains and across the alkali region.

At length they came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains; and Pussy, as her custom was, stole out in the night to take a view of the situation.

She did this partly because it was her nature so to do, and partly because she could not abide the snoring of the grandmother of the wagon party. This old lady had a regular scale, up and down which she traveled, with the utmost precision. She began, soft and low, in the bass; her next note was a semitone higher; the one after that a whole tone more dreadful; and so she continued till at last she brought herself up with a short, sharp snort, that half awoke her; at which point she would turn over on the other side and begin afresh on the lowest note. It took her about a quarter of an hour to run the whole gamut.

Kitty's own voice was anything but harmonious; nevertheless it was melody itself, compared with the grandame's nightly music. So, as I
have said before, Kitty spent the night in studying the surrounding country.

She had not gone very far on this particular evening—which was moonlight—when she came upon a bear party, having a dance.

There were two sets of dancers; the grown-up young bears and the baby bears: and whatever the elder party did, the younger ones imitated them exactly while the old-fogy bears sat still on the ground, and looked on.

The young bears were standing in circles on their hind feet.

There was no great variety in the figure of the dance; for the performers did nothing more than advance into the centre of the circle, give their partners a gentle hug, and then retire to their proper places.

This went on for some time; till Kitty, thinking they had about enough of such a slow kind of amusement, decided that it was her duty to show them something more lively; so—hop!—skip!—jump!—and she was in the centre of the baby-bear circle, with arched back and swollen tail, looking round for applause at the company.

But "the company" toddled off to their respective mammas, and left her alone in her glory!

"Oh, Ma!" said one young bear, "there's such a little hideosity come among us! I'm afraid she's not a respectable character, she is so queer-looking. Perhaps she is a little wood-demon. Do come and see!"

So Mrs. Bear, surrounded by her cubs, waddled up and interviewed Pussy.

"Who was her father?" she asked, "and who was her mother? And had she a sister? And had she a brother? And was there a dearer one still than all other?"

To which questions Kitty gave such witty answers, and set the young cubs laughing so, that their mother became seriously alarmed.

"My dears," said she, turning round to them with becoming gravity, "you are a great deal too fat to laugh. Don't do so any more. Pussy," she continued, "your account of your family is very satisfactory; but you've evidently been in the wars. Where did you get that bald scar on your side, and those crooked limbs?"

Then Kitty told them the history of her life, which was found to be so interesting that by degrees the whole congregation of bears, old and young, gathered round to hear it, listening all the while in breathless anxiety to the recital.

"I never heard anything so exciting," said one young bear to another. "Did you ever?" cried a third. "No I never!" exclaimed a fourth.

"Kitty," said a very practical young bear, "your adventures are very amusing, and all that; but did you learn nothing useful in your travels? Can't you tell us how to dig up roots without wearing out our claws, or how to haul water without going to the river?"

"I'll teach you how to catch mice," answered Kitty, "if you think that will be useful."

"We don't eat mice;" replied Practical Young Bear.

"And I know how to stand on my head," continued she, immediately doing so, "and you can't think
how funny the world looks upside down! Do not any of you want to see it so?"

"We are quite content with the world as it is," replied Practical Young Bear, "and have no wish to see it turned upside down. Besides, we are too fat for such feats of agility. Can't you treat us to something more useful?"

"I'll show you how to tumble head-over-heels, if you like," said she, making a perfect wheel of herself as she spoke, and going round the circle so fast that it was impossible to tell at any moment which was uppermost, head or feet.

And again the young bears forgot they were fat, and laughed so immoderately that the youngest and fattest, went into a convulsion.

"Stop! Stop, Puss!" cried Mrs. Bear, "or you'll be the death of my children."

"Do not any of you wish to learn my accomplishments?" asked Puss, looking wistfully round the circle.

"I should like to see the world turned upside down, if it would make it more funny;" said the young bear who had just come out of his convulsion. Whereupon all the other bears laughed scornfully at him. "You stand on your head!" they exclaimed, "You who cannot even laugh without going into a fit!" And they made the poor little fellow so ashamed of himself, that he went and hid in his mother's furry side.

"I'll tell you what it is, Kitty," cried the motherly bear, "you are a great deal too radical for us old-school politicians, who never want to see the world changed, and do not care to learn anything new unless it can be proved to be very useful."

"Well," answered Puss; "I think I am wiser than you; for I'm ready to learn anything, useful or otherwise; and since you won't learn my tricks, will you teach me yours, and begin by showing me how to dance."

"Certainly," cried the fat young bear, coming out from beside his mother. "Form a circle, there! Kitty, you shall be my partner."

So the circle was formed, and the fat young bear, advancing to the centre, beckoned Kitty to do the same; when, taking her in his arms, he gave her the regulation hug, which made her squeak awfully and give her partner so ugly a scratch on the nose, that he dropped her as if she had been a red hot coal.

"I do believe the kitten is mad," said he, turning to his brothers and sisters, as he held his bleeding nose with one paw.

"No! I'm not mad!" squealed Pussie. "But you've broken my ribs! —Oh dear! Oh dear!" And she held her sides with her two paws.

"Why," said the fat young bear, "I took you up very tenderly! We squeeze other a great deal tighter than that, and think it capital fun."

"What's fun to you is death to me," squealed Kitty.

"Well, look at my nose! If I've hurt you, you've hurt me: so we are quits. Has she left any nose upon me at all, boys?" asked he of his brothers.

"I tell you what it is, children," said Mrs. Bear; "you shan't play with each other any more, for you are not fit company. You, Kitty, may be..."
very strong-minded, but you are not strong-bodied, and you are unable to endure the rough usage of our society; so keep to the line of life for which nature intended you, my dear and don't attempt to join in bear sports for the future.

CHAPTER VII.—A Catastrophe.

Whiz! Bang! went something just then; and the fat young bear stretched himself out on the ground, as dead as a door nail.

In a moment all the bear party disappeared save the dead one and its mother.

Whiz! Bang! went something again; and the old bear dashed into the chaparral in quest of the foe, returning after some time with a crushed Redskin in her arms, whom she deposited beside her cub.

"How sweet a thing is revenge!" growled she savagely; much to Puss's astonishment, who could not recognize in the vicious fury who now stood before her, the motherly old bear of former times.

But Kitty recognized her friend again when, leaving the Redskin, she began licking tenderly the soft fur of the poor little cub.

"Ah, my son!" moaned she; "no more will you dance on the fantastic toe in the forest glade; no more will your strong young voice be heard in the growling chorus of the bears; no more will you nerve your stout limbs for the battle of life in athletic matches with your companions. Your career is checked in its very beginning; and my ambition has died with my favorite child! You have gone, alas! to that mysterious land where the hunter and his victim lie peacefully side by side, neither breaking the other's slumber. Adieu my dead son! I go to seek my living children." And wiping her eyes with the back of her huge paw, the broken-hearted mother was trotting quickly away, when she espied Kitty in a corner.

"Oh what an absorbing thing is grief!" she murmured. "I had forgotten all about you, Kitty. Why don't you go home, my dear? This is no place for you."

"I can't," cried Kitty, "for my ribs are broken."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Bear, proceeding to examine her. "Oh no! But one of your hind limbs is dislocated."

"That is dreadful," mewed Puss; "for with three crooked limbs, I shall be a worse-looking object than ever. I shall be too homely to live."

"A homely cat can catch as many mice as a pretty one," remarked Mrs. Bear. "But if you stay here you will die, and not be good for anything; so mount on my back, and I will carry you. But first promise you will make no noise; otherwise I may forfeit my
life; and I value it for my children's sake.'

"I will bite off my tongue before I utter a sound," said Kitty. So Mrs. Bear, crouching low, let Kitty get on her back, and bade the kitten put her two little front paws round her motherly fat neck, and so hold on, while she trotted as gently as possible in order to avoid jolting Pussy's wounded leg.

On arriving at the camp fires, she allowed Pussy to slide silently off; and then, without waiting for thanks, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.—Kilty's Grand Relations Take Her Up.

Now Pussy lay asleep all night under a bush, near by the wagon which contained her little mistress. But when, in the morning, the party prepared to move on, Pussy found herself unable to stir; and her pitiful cries for help were all unheard, amidst the bustle of departure; so she, a lone, unprotected, broken limbed Kitty, in the primeval forest, was left to her own devices.

Once more she sighed for Mother Tabby and home. Alas! she was further from home than ever.

All day long, she lay there, no one taking any notice of her; but, at night, she heard a sharp, mournful cry ring through the forest, and a beautiful tawny creature, with a graceful spring, bounded from a neighboring tree to the ground. Pussy's cries for help at once brought him to her.

"Why, Pussy," cried the handsome stranger—whom she recognized at once as a leading member of the feline family—"my poor little ninety-ninth cousin! What is the matter with you?" And after Kitty had given him the history of her misfortunes, Mr. California Lion—for that was her cousin's name—took her home and introduced her to the lady members of his family, by whom she was cared for until she was once more able to get about on her own feet.

I cannot say that Kitty liked her newly found relatives very much; for they gave themselves airs, and treated her as an inferior. They took pains to impress upon her the fact that cats were but very distantly connected with their family, and that consequently they did not feel it incumbent upon them to offer her a permanent home; there were, however,—so they informed her—some first cousins of hers living close by; therefore as soon as she was well enough, she had better take up her abode with them.

Still, after all, the little creature had not much to complain of, for she was kindly cared for. She was provided with good food, and, once a day, was well licked by Mrs California Lion, and made nice and clean.
As soon as Kitty was strong enough she began to take walking exercise, in order to strengthen her limbs; and in one of these walks she came upon a snake in the grass.

"O, Mr. Rattlesnake!" said she, springing aside; "I never expected to see you again!"

"My name's not Rattlesnake;" replied her new acquaintance, looking up at her with his steady black eyes, "it's Gophersnake."

"Well, you are very like one another, I must say;" answered Puss.

"The fact is," remarked he, "we are relations, and there is a family likeness. But I've cut his acquaintance. I consider him a low fellow; for he gains his living by disreputable means:—means," he replied in a tone of rising indignation, "which I would scorn to use!"

"Indeed!" replied Kitty; "What then is the difference between you?"

"He poisons his food, and I crush mine."

"But it all comes to the same in the end;" said Kitty. "I suppose nature did not give Mr. Rattlesnake poisonous fangs merely for ornament."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Mr. Gophersnake quite angrily. "Nature does not compel him to use his fangs unless he likes. Why cannot he crush his food, like a respectable snake? He has no right to differ from me; for I'm the best conducted serpent in the world. The farmers like me very much; but they hate Rattlesnake. Besides, he makes too much noise in the world. I would not, on any account, have so mean a thing as a rattle to my tail. No serpent has a right to draw so much observation on himself."

"Well, how do you gain your living?"

"By catching gophers for the farmers. They consider me as good as a cat, any day," replied the conceited snake.

"Are gophers good eating?" inquired Puss.

"Delicious!" said the snake.

"How do you catch them?" asked Kitty.

Just then Pussy saw a curious little creature something like a ground squirrel, but with tusks as large—in proportion to its body—as those of an elephant, skimming the surface of the earth. It darted into a hole; but the snake darted after it, and caught it in his mouth. Then he brought it out of the hole, wound himself tightly around it, and crushed it into a shapeless mass. Then he licked it all over. Then he swallowed it.

"I don't call that a very nice proceeding," said Kitty. "It is, in my opinion, a very inelegant way of taking one's meals."

"How would you manage in such cases?" asked Mr. Gophersnake.

"See! There goes another gopher!" cried Kitty suddenly; and
springing deftly on it she brought it beside Gophersnake, that he might see how she managed.

She now began a most cruel play with the poor gopher; letting it almost escape, then catching it and biting it, then relieving it, only to catch it again, then shaking it; and when she had thus killed it by inches, she finally ate it up.

"And you call that a nicer way of doing business than mine?" cried Gophersnake, indignantly. "Why you are worse than cousin Rattlesnake. He simply poisons his food, but you torture yours. I decline to have anything further to do with you." And he glided off into the long grass.

Kitty laughed mockingly at his retreating figure.

"As if you knew better than Mother Nature what was proper for us to do!" she cried after him. "You only follow your instincts, like the rest of us; yet you set yourself up as a piece of perfection. Pshaw!—But I won't be too hard on you," she soliloquised—for Gophersnake was by this time out of hearing—"you've certainly taught me how to get a good square meal." And so saying, Kitty continued to catch and eat gophers till she had completely lost her appetite.

She felt greatly elated, to think that she was now capable of earning her own living. In fact, she was a regular go-a-head cat, and did not mind work as long as she got paid for it. By degrees she became once more quite fat, and was no longer a little scare-crow.

But, alas! her beauty returned not again.

(To be continued.)
THE GRAVE OF CLACKAMAS BILL.

(by "NEMO")

IT was a lonely grave, in a lonely spot.
We had driven across a large field; and on the southern side of it, near the bushes which formed its boundary, we came unexpectedly on the subject of this sketch.
The grave was surrounded by a paling. At the head was a marble slab on which, as could be seen from the carriage, was recorded the name and age of him who slept beneath:
CLACKAMAS BILL,
DECEASED FEBRUARY—1873;
AGED 28 YEARS.

and on the foot board was, in plain letters, "C. B."
The earth was fresh on the grave; over and all around it were strewn beads and bits of glass; and close by the foot we discovered arrow-heads: from all which we concluded that he whose body had there found its last resting place was an Indian.
Nor could aught else be ascertained.
We sought for other tokens but found none, and were forced—though by no means satisfied with the result of our search—to content ourselves with the meagre information we had received.

Who was he? "Clackamas Bill!" An uncouth name! At least so it sounds to us now, as we read it on his grave. And yet some one loved him; as this last fond testimonial bears witness.

There is at least one aching heart, to which he was dear in life, and which now mourns for him dead. To some one the world is not the same since his departure from it. One little firelight, kindled perhaps at the shrine of love's devotion, refuses to be quenched, and will burn on, ever the same, till the resurrection.

Cynics may laugh as they will; but I reverence friendship's last offerings on a grave. They are rude here, to be sure; and those beads are common; and this marble plain; and these bits of glass not beautiful or costly; but they are all genuine; and there is an air of weeping sorrow about them that accords well with an offering to the dead.

The hands were trembling that placed them here, and eyes were dim with tears, and a swelling heart was bursting with its grief, when these
little trifles were arranged as they now are. What more could you wish as a proof that love dies not with the grave?

The epitome of a life is buried with the coffin that is laid just beneath us. Just here, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Yes: "he sleeps well" now, whoever he was in life. Nor child in its cradle, nor monarch upon his curtained couch, rests more peacefully than he. No long procession of carriages followed him to his grave; no plumed hearse carried his body to its last resting place; no rich coffin distinguished his ashes from their kindred dust; no false profession of sorrow, by false lips, and from still falser hearts, desecrated the hallowed sanctity of his funeral.

And it was better as it was. It wanted not truth; though it lacked the showy pageant and the gorgeous display that are too often mere flimsy coverings to hide worldly pride and worldly vanity.

We are no advocates of funeral shows. We are no believers in long lines of mock mourners who are only too anxious for the body to be laid in its grave. Better, far better, to bury the dead in silence, and let the sad requiem be sung by only the few hearts whose sorrow gives it the stamp of sincerity.

We have said it was a lonely grave. And it was so. No companion spirits here hold silent converse with the dead: no friendly clay unites with the mouldering ashes of that spirit's earthly casket. The dead man rests alone; where worldly troubles never reach him more; and the lilies and wild flowers that spring up among the dead leaves of autumn, look sadly on the fresh made grave, and bow their dew-crowned heads in sorrow, as though they too felt the chill presence of the Destroyer, and were mourning for the departed. The wind moans sadly in the long dead grass, and among the trees; and the dry leaves rustle ominously, as though stirred by some restless spirit's footsteps: and we half imagine that ghostly eyes, angered at our intrusion, are peering at us from among the withered leaves and branches.

He will have a long and lonely vigil here, waiting for the trumpet-blast that will bid him rise to meet his God. And, in the long years, will he not move restlessly and wish to break his prison bonds? Will he not feel lonesome in the dread solitude of the grave? This is the thought that gives to the separation from the dead such sad dreariness, and throws about the grave such a gloomy oppressive air of solitude.

And yet, perhaps, the silent sleeper beneath us recks not that he is alone. Nay, perhaps he is not alone. It may be that he is guarded by angel watchers, and that loving spirits nestle down beside him, and whisper fond words of hope and promises of a glorious resurrection. Let us hope that it is so.

Never before did I feel how holy an affection there is in being buried with our kindred. It is a pious and a sacred desire, to repose in death near to those whom we loved in life; to have the same breeze that blows over their graves kiss ours, too, in its wayward course; and carry the sweet perfume of the flowers that blossom
over their heads across our last resting place.

There is a communion of the dead that we know not of: and though the lips be mute, and the eye have lost its speaking lustre, and the hand whose warm pressure so often answered our own in kindly greeting be wasted away, yet somewhere is the spirit waiting, to greet us once again with kind words, and a love that will never die.

But this lonely grave has no companions; and now, as the Western sunlight is falling upon it, and tinging with a golden mellowness the hallowed spot on which we are standing, the white marble and the painted railing form a strange contrast with the delicate anemones and lilies at our feet. They were here first, these little wild flowers; and they will be here too when the hard stone has crumbled into dust. He disturbed them with his funeral rites; and they were dug up and torn apart, and their tender bodies shattered and broken, to make room for his lifeless clay; but they bear no malice for the injury, and will cluster about his resting place in loving garlands, twining their soft tendrils around and among the grasses, and upon the cold stone that covers all that is earthly of “Clackamas Bill.”

But the shadows are lengthening and we must go, for we have far yet to drive.

There is a strange reality about those shadows, that harmonises well with the sad loneliness of the spot. They seem not to dance nor flicker, nor assume fantastic shapes, like other shadows, but lie still and sullen on the sward, as if they—like all else—felt the solemn influence of the grave, and were loth to break its sanctity. They are like nothing in life, those gloomy shadows; and now as they grow thicker on the Indian’s grave, we feel that they belong there by divine right, and that they mark it as holy ground.

And then we think of the deathbed scene of this poor sleeper, when life’s taper was burning low in the socket, and the flickering flame cast weird shadows of doubt and gloom on the half-freed soul as it stood at the gates of eternity, destined so soon to pass beyond the region of shadow, to life—we hope—in God’s glad sunlight for ever.

But these thoughts are all sorrowful. We have somehow caught the shadow of grief that lies back of this headstone. So let us step into the carriage and drive away, carrying with us wholesome thoughts of the time when we shall have ceased to be shadows, and there will be no more shadows at all.
RUSSIA: HER PRESENT AND HER FUTURE.

(BENJAMIN P. SMITH, 1st Rhetoric.)

FROM the stormy and inhospitable regions where
"Round the pole the eternal billows freeze,"
to the milder clime of the Temperate Zone, with an area of something like eight millions of square miles—greater than that of any other empire in the world—stretches the dominion of Russia.

For the word "Russia," several derivations have been suggested. Some say that it is derived from the Scandinavian ross, which means "stranger," and again others derive it from the "Little Russian" rozstang, which means "scattered."

Russia is for the most part a great plain, with occasionally here and there high table lands to vary the monotony of the scene, such as the Valdai, Toer and Toola hills, the summits of which rear themselves into the golden tissue of the surrounding air, to the height of a thousand feet. She has many rivers, though very few of them are of importance. The principal are the Ural, Dwina, Neva (noted for the purity of its water) and Volga. The country abounds with lakes; but they have little or no beauty. The principal are Lake Ladoga (the largest in Europe), Lakes Onega, Peipus and Shuen. The government of Olonetz alone contains over two thousand lakes.

Russia is not very rich in mines; although she has some very good ones of gold, silver, platinum, copper and coal.

Manufactures have been constantly advancing since their introduction in the fifteenth century; and now they are fairly on the road to perfection.

The first railway was completed in 1836, and extends from St. Petersburg to Tzarskoe-Selo and Pavlovsk, two imperial residences, at a distance of seventeen miles from the city. Now railroads run in every direction; I mean in the more thickly populated parts; and many more are now in course of construction. When all are completed, there will be a perfect network of railroads all over the country.

Truly this immense empire which, when taken as a whole, constitutes nearly one-sixth of the land surface of the globe has had a most wonderful rise. If we allow our minds to
wander back but a little way into the past—no further than the year 1689—we shall easily realize the deplorable condition of the now powerful empire of Russia. Civilization was a thing unknown. Barbarism reigned supreme. No great and beautiful cities, such as Moscow and St. Petersburg, dotted the surface of this then powerless country. No mighty fleets sailed the seas, to protect the interests of Russia abroad; and no well-disciplined army maintained respect for the government at home. But now how different is everything! What vast changes have taken place in how short a period! Time has drawn aside her impenetrable veil; and we now behold this great empire in all its wonderful grandeur and power. Upon the very spots which in former years were the haunts of an uncivilized race, some of the mightiest cities of the world have sprung up, beautiful monuments of art and of civilization. The coasts which formerly presented a most dismal appearance are walled by a line of strong fortresses. The navy of Russia which is gradually increasing in strength, even now ranks among the most powerful of the world. Her commerce is extending its influence, and manufactures and agriculture are being carried to a high degree of perfection. Her army which is one of the most powerful and best disciplined in Europe—I might say in the world—will eventually, in combination with the navy, be able to place Russia the highest in rank of all the European powers.

In order that we may form an adequate idea of the power of Russia, let us recall the memorable words of the first Napoleon. This great general and statesman is known to have made the following deliberate pronouncement:—"Let Russia obtain possession of Constantinople, and she will become mistress of Europe." We are all aware how, in later years, England and France, recognizing the mighty import of these few words, took the most forcible measures in their power to prevent Russia from obtaining possession of the above-named city. It is well known in what way the Crimean war originated, and that it terminated in a manner most humiliating to Russia. But is Russia dead, that she takes so little interest seemingly in the political disturbances of other countries? No; most assuredly not; as present as well as future events will testify. There still remains in the hearts of the Russians, a desire of revenge for the humiliating defeats which they suffered in the Crimean war. They still cherish a sincere hope that one day Russia will stand preëminent in Europe; and in order to accomplish this design they are working slowly but surely. When this hidden spark bursts forth into a flame, then will all Europe tremble. Then will England look with awe at the approach of so dangerous a conflagration. France, in consequence of her recent misfortunes and the instability of her governments, will remain almost powerless, and will be unable to repeat her grand victory of the Crimea. Austria, Spain, Denmark, Turkey, and the other minor countries would rather seek the alliance than draw down on themselves the displeasure
of so powerful an enemy. And Prussia, mighty as she is, will be compelled to give way to the overwhelming numbers of the Russians.

But by what means has Russia been enabled to occupy so conspicuous a position in so short a time? The answer to this question is not difficult, for the name of Peter the Great is one not so easily forgotten as to pass from our minds in the short space of two centuries. To him, and almost to him alone, is the material greatness of the Russian empire due. He snatched, as it were, his country from the quicksands of corruption, and placed it on so firm a foundation as not to be shaken by the storms of centuries. He it was who established the art of ship-building in Russia, thereby laying the foundation of a powerful navy. St. Petersburg, the beautiful capital of Russia, is the work of his hands. In fact, everything that could in any degree forward what he considered the interests of Russia, was done, and done promptly by this man; who truly merits the title of "Great."

The religion of the Russians is that of the Eastern or Greek Church; and in many points resembles the Catholic religion. It will evidently be no drawback to the extension of Russian power. On the contrary, it seems likely to have a most beneficial effect in that direction.

The government of Russia is her only drawback; but although it is now a despotism, it will doubtless, hereafter (with the increase of the national power) gradually lose its tyrannical character, and assume the form of a limited monarchy.

The picture of the future power of Russia which I have here attempted to draw, is not the creature of my own fancy merely, but has been represented by persons better capable of judging than I, as a natural consequence of the lapse of time and the force of circumstances. I am perfectly willing to see it realized.
Dear Father Owl:—I have been so shocked at something which I read a few days ago in a French periodical that I can't help writing to tell you about it. I want to hear what you think of the matter.

A band of assassins has lately been discovered at Paris. The eldest of the gang is no more than twenty-five years of age, and the chief does not exceed fourteen and a half.

This wretched youth is named Gellinier, and belongs to an honorable family.

It seems that in his early childhood he was a very promising boy; but of this promise, alas! there was no performance.

Gellinier first organized and then commanded a band of assassins, who for several months kept robbing and murdering people in Paris, and yet, somehow or other always escaped the hands of the police.

How do you think the wretched boy managed to advance so fast, and to be so well instructed in crime?

On being arrested and brought before a court of justice, he was asked what had led him to such a depth of wickedness; to which he answered, without the slightest hesitation, "I have perused cheap novels. I am but fifteen years old. The law cannot condemn me to death. For the rest I don't care."

I leave to your owlsip's wisdom all comments hereupon; only remarking that this is but one instance among a thousand of the terrible results of reading bad books. Please to make some remarks on the subject; as they will come more acceptably and more effectually from you than from an inexperienced owlet like

Yours very respectfully,

Jules Perrier.

[We must not occupy, with many words of our own, the limited space which belongs to our young owlets; but since our correspondent asks it so earnestly, we may just observe that the subject on which he writes is one of the highest possible importance, and that he does well to call attention to it. In this country especially, in which the united influence of irreligious education and immoral books is ruining the young wholesale, we cannot be sufficiently zealous in warring against the evil. The students of Santa Clara sometimes think themselves hardly dealt by, when some wholesome check is placed upon their reading. We should be very far from a wise Owl, if we did not see that the religious education and the protection from evil influences, which we receive in this College, are worth far more than all the book learning we get. And that is worth a good deal, too.—ED.]
A SPOILED CHILD.

Mr. Editor, Dear Sir:—As the composition of one of my classmates may have a tendency to sadden the more judicious and thoughtful portion of your readers, I have thought that it would not be out of place should I try to make them laugh a little at an amusing story of a certain spoiled child.

The story is not mine, nor the child either; though, if I had been a married man, he might have been. Perhaps, however, things are just as well as they are. I don’t want such children as that, Mr. Editor; nor do you either, I think. But to my story.

There lived, in France, a certain Madame — who had a little boy on whom she perfectly doted. She would give him anything that he asked for, be it what it might; for she was afraid that if her dear little child were displeased, he would fall sick. The little wretch had, in consequence, become her tyrant, although she would never think him such.

One day it happened that he asked Jacques, the old servant, for something or other, which the good old man refused him; whereupon the child went off into one of his “trumpets,” threw himself on the ground, crying, and began to pull his hair and scratch his hands and cheeks.

Hearing the noise he made, the mother rushed to the spot in great excitement. There was her darling on the floor, rolling about and raving, with a very dirty face, and a finger in each eye. “My darling angel,” cried the mother, “What’s the matter?” The angel wiped off two muddy tears from his eyes and said, “Boohoo! — That nasty Jacques — Boohoo !—Boohoo !—wouldn’t give me what I wanted.”

On hearing this the mother’s blood began to boil with anger; and turning to the servant who was standing by, said, “You impertinent wretch, how dare you refuse my child what he asks for? Obey him instantly, or ——”

“Madame,” replied the old servant, respectfully but firmly, “he may cry till the day of judgment; but he will never get from me what he wishes.”

At this the mother got fearfully frantic. She ran to the adjoining room where her husband was sitting with a few friends, and informed him of what had taken place, adding that she wished him to discharge that
servant immediately.

"Is that the way you act towards my son, Jacques?" said his master, when he arrived upon the scene of action; "I am surprised at you! You stubborn, you insolent man! Tell me instantly, why did you refuse the boy what he wanted?"

"Honored sir," replied the servant, "what, think you, this little child of yours wants? A quarter of an hour ago he saw the moon in a basin of water, and bade me give it to him."

At this all the party burst into fits of laughter; and even the lady herself, who was still foaming with rage, had to give way to a smile.

She thus remained mortified but instructed.

Does no student of Santa Clara ever cry for a metaphorical moon!

I am, dear Mr. Editor
Respectfully yours,

R. S. Sheridan,
(4th English.)

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NOVEMBER LEAVES.

(By Owlets of the Fifth English.)

T HE owlets have been very busy; and our table is loaded with the fruit of their labors. A huge pile of compositions covers our desk; but as Father Owl has not room enough for all, we must content ourselves with sending him only selections from one or two.

Here then is something from little Charles Moore, who writes about

INDIAN BURIAL GROUNDS.

Victoria, as everybody knows or ought to know, is situated on Vancouver Island.

Into its harbor, which is not a very large one, flows a stream called The Arm. It is about five miles in length. In some of its widest parts it is at least a quarter of a mile across; while the narrowest part is about ten feet. The water in passing this place forms what is called The Rapids. The scenery is very beautiful. The shores are covered with trees, and far above all, the tall pines raise their lofty branches into the sky. And all these, with the sky, are reflected in the glassy waters.

Picnics are often held on these shores.

On the 24th of May, which is the birthday of Queen Victoria, boat races are held there; and large numbers of people assemble to witness the sport.

As you go up the Arm, you will notice a small island, which is covered with all kinds of wild flowers and trees. This island is called Dead
Man’s Island. It, as well as many others, was formerly used by the Indians as a burial ground. Canoes full of human bones are found all over the island. Their custom was to lay the dead man in the canoe which belonged to him during his life, and to put into it everything he had owned. He was then put on the island, and left to rot away.

A few years ago some malicious boys set fire to this island, and then escaped to Sitka, in Alaska. The Indians around Victoria were very angry at this, and applied to the Governor of Victoria to punish the boys; and if they had been captured they would have been punished.

About two years ago many mounds were found on the islands. They were built of stone; and under them were found human bones and charcoal. Whether these are Indian monuments or not, I cannot say; but it is certain that they must have been built at a very ancient period.

A VIRTUOUS WALK,

MASTER DE WOODY JONES went to the moon lately on his goose; and he told us what happened on that wonderful voyage; but Jones travels also on land. The other day he took a walk to the Guadalupe; and among other good things which he narrates, we find this. Perhaps some may think it even more wonderful, in a moral point of view, than his adventures in the moon were, physically.

"We followed the creek most of our way.

"On one side of this creek were different kinds of gardens: there were strawberry patches, and blackberry patches, etc.

"O they were so tempting—the red strawberries and the nice large blackberries! And just to think, they were within our reach. And how nice they did look! But they were not ours, and so we could not take them; though we saw no owner around, to forbid us.

"We also saw trees full of apples; but no one touched any. It was fine fun for us owlets to run along this stream, picking the wild elderberries, acorns, and water cress. The Prefect who accompanied us was so well pleased with our conduct, that he treated us to some fruit; and he also reported our excellent behaviour."

Ah good Father Owl! What do you say of such owlets?
OUR Table is beginning once more to be crowded with Exchanges, which at the early part of the Session were, naturally, scarce. The Owl receives notice from several, and—in most instances—fair and courteous notice.

We fully expected that our article on the "Month of Mary at Santa Clara College," with its numerous specimens of verse and prose composition in honor of our Lady, would draw down more or less critical animadversion from our Protestant contemporaries; and we find our expectations realized.

The critique which from its courteous and considerate tone has the greatest claim upon our notice, is that of the Magenta, of Harvard. It runs thus:

"The Owl, of Santa Clara College, differs in many respects from the other exchanges of the Magenta. We have before us the September number, and, as some of the articles read like the production of very youthful writers, we must be careful to treat it gently. The spirit of loyal attachment to their Alma Mater is strong among the Santa Clara students, and, as it appears to be very genuine, it deserves the highest commendation. The religious element in The Owl is considerable, and his feathers are slightly ruffled by the breezes of controversy. It may not quite become the Magenta to meddle with such matters, yet there are one or two points which it behoves us to notice. The Owl's first article on 'Secular Education' is good as far as it goes, and perhaps the writer did well to leave untouched the knotty and vexatious question of the public schools; but somebody, on page 27, speaks of 'the horrors of that Dominican Inquisition in which some of us once so innocently and unquestioningly believed.' This is hardly clear. Surely no one will presume to deny that there was an Inquisition, operated chiefly by the Dominican Order, in the name of the Popes, and that its proceedings were very horrible indeed. We are innocent enough to believe this; can The Owl instruct our innocence?

Some one else declares that 'the exercise of common sense but for a minute reduces the difference between Romanists and Protestants to a mere doubt respecting theprofitableness of invoking the Virgin. The writer would surely have said otherwise had he exercised his own common sense a minute longer. If not, his instructors could have corrected him. These expressions, in a magazine containing much commendable matter, are all that challenge our critical attention. May The Owl accept it kindly!"

"The religious element in The Owl," says our contemporary, "is considerable, and his feathers are slightly ruffled by the breezes of controversy."
Owl is somewhat prominent—owing, however, to a temporary cause only: the insertion, in a recent number, of the “Month of May” compositions.  

The Owl is not and does not desire to become a religious magazine; and the less it feels “the breezes of controversy” the better it will be pleased. It is a students’ magazine; and, as such, is especially unfitted to conduct religious controversy. Still, the standpoint from which we take our view of things is that of the Church to which we belong. Catholic principles imply certain philosophical tendencies in accordance therewith; and our theology and philosophy together affect our ideas of human life and conduct. It will therefore always be evident to our readers that we are neither “Christians unattached,” nor votaries of any of the numerous sects of which America is so prolific. But such an article as that on the Month of Mary can occur but seldom in our pages; and it is only as illustrative of the interior life of the College that it occurs at all.  

Thus much being premised, the Magenta will not wonder that we seek to avoid enlarging upon a subject so fertile of controversy as the Inquisition. The phrase upon which our contemporary animadverts is not our own, but occurs in a letter addressed to The Owl by a fair correspondent who writes to us occasionally from a Young Ladies’ Academy in Wisconsin; and we agree with the Magenta that it is “hardly clear.” We take our correspondent to mean, however, IStly, that the Inquisition was not Dominican—for the incidental fact that it was somewhere and somewhen “operated chiefly by the Dominican Order,” certainly does not make it so—and, 2dly, that its “horrors” were not merely exaggerated—and that to a preposterous extent—but misattributed.  

The Magenta is extremely cautious in its statement of the four points on which it requests The Owl to “instruct its innocence;” so cautious, indeed that, were we to answer in strict logical form, we should have to “distinguish” and “subdistinguish.”  

Point I. is that there was an Inquisition. We admit that, categorically.  

Point II. is that it was “operated chiefly by the Dominican Order.” That such was the case during certain periods and in particular localities, we admit. That it was so necessarily or universally, we deny. And therefore we deny the appropriateness of the popular epithet “Dominican Inquisition.”  

Point III. is that it was operated “in the name of the Popes.” Not exclusively, gentlemen of the Magenta. So far as it was a temporal court, and so far as its proceedings were “horrible,” it was operated in the names of the Kings of Spain, whose “Royal Court of Judicature” it was, and who consequently had the power of appointing Inquisitors. It was only in its character of a spiritual court, and so far as the influence of the Church could be exerted in favor of leniency and mercy, that the Popes had to do with it.  

Point IV. is the important one:—“that its proceedings were very horrible indeed.” That its proceedings in Spain, where the temporal authorities used the machinery of the Inquisition for political purposes, were “very horrible
indeed,” we admit; though be it remembered, they have been enormously and ridiculously exaggerated. But those “proceedings” were repeatedly disapproved of and condemned by the Holy See. For them the Inquisition is not answerable nor are the Popes. And yet it is true that “some of us” have “innocently and unquestioningly believed” the contrary.

That the proceedings of the Inquisition, as such, and speaking generally, were horrible, we most emphatically deny.

Our contemporary is too honest and candid not to see that the generality of his proposition involves a fallacy.

With regard to the other point raised, the Magenta has misunderstood us. We never said or thought anything so unreasonable as that all differences between Catholics and Protestants were terminable by the exercise of a minute’s common sense. We had been speaking, from the first, on one subject only, that of devotion to Mary; and having, within the given “minute,” pointed out (1) that there must, à fortiori, be more value in Mary’s prayers to her divine Son for us than in our own prayers to Him for one another, and (2) that intercessory prayer by our mother in heaven rests on precisely the same principle, quâ intercession, as intercessory prayer by our mothers, or any other friends, on earth, and consequently (3) that all those objections to the intercession of Mary which are based on its fancied interference with that of Christ are palpably futile, we remarked—and truly—that “the exercise of common sense but for a single minute” had “reduced the difference between Protestants and Catholics” (on this subject of course) to—as our contemporary puts it—“a mere doubt respecting the profitableness of invoking the Virgin.”

Nor was this mode of stating the case the product of our own fancy. It is based upon experience. We are sure that almost any Catholic who has talked with Protestants about what they call “Mariolatry,” will bear us out in saying that this is the turn which, in nine cases out of ten, the conversation takes. But to contend that intercession when offered in heaven is fraught with some mysterious criminality from which earthly intercession is exempt, is so preposterous a contention that “the exercise of common sense but for a single minute” renders it impossible. We trust our courteous contemporary is satisfied.

Our friends of the University Echo do not seem satisfied with our having acknowledged that they were “literally correct” in their statement that the first number of their predecessor the College Echo was published shortly before the first number of THE OWL. They think that we “sneered” at said predecessor defunct; and they say that a sneer is especially unworthy of notice “when coming from a magazine which is supported by a bigoted Jesuitical Institution.” Well, then, gentlemen, why notice it?—and, especially, why notice it by another sneer?

We think it somewhat beneath a paper like the Echo to “sound the tocsin of Popery” against us in that way. We are happy to admit and proud to
assert that the Institution from which The Owl emanates is not merely "Jesuitical," but even better—actually Jesuit. And, quite apart from all questions of religion, it is surely no small recommendation, a priori, of any place of education, to say that it is conducted by that world-renowned body of men who have long since taken rank as the most successful educators in Europe. But our contemporary did not mean his remark as a recommendation. On the contrary, it was either an appeal to popular bigotry and prejudice against us, or it was wholly unmeaning. Let the Echo choose its horn.

But we join issue on the charge itself. We hate bigotry. And we contend that those who have a clear, definite and certain faith,—as Jesuits are acknowledged to have—are the very persons who are best qualified, firstly to realize their own position, and secondly to make due allowance for that of others; which is just what bigots never do.

However, we really scarcely know whether our contemporary, on the whole, intends his blame or his praise of us to predominate. The Owl, he says, never "attracted much attention; and if it wishes to do so, it must needs hasten, otherwise the Echo will be far ahead as usual." By all means let the Echo be ahead, if it can. We wish it all prosperity, And our contemporary cannot be very ill-disposed towards us, after all; for he says of The Owl (in the very same article) that "it is edited in excellent style, and displays taste and ability." Well, then, gentlemen, why should we fall foul of one another? "Let us be a comfortable couple," as Tim Linkinwater said to Miss La Creevy; "I will if you will."

But "proximus ardet Ucategon." We must not forget the Neolean Review, which also picks a little bone with us. We noticed lately a long poem which was published both in the Echo and in the Review; and we found just fault with it; and gave good reasons for so doing. The Review tacitly acknowledges the justice of our (we hope not unfriendly) criticism; but tries to be satirical over an incidental remark of ours that even Longfellow, "whom no one," we said, "admired more than we," failed to manage with success the metre of the Latin hexameter in English. We regarded the fact as indisputable, and mentioned it as such. Can it be necessary for us to add that, in spite of this, we, in common, with all the rest of the world, consider Evangeline a charming poem? It cannot be necessary. And yet we do so.

No, Neoleans! We don't mean to let you knock our heads against that of Longfellow. Not if we know it!

The Georgetown College Journal continues, apparently, to prosper, and certainly deserves its prosperity. If there is one quality for which it is more remarkable than any other, it is, we think, its sound common sense.

The Denison Collegian (Granville, Ohio) has changed its form from Magazine to Journal. We wish it success in its new shape, but are not inclined to follow its example.
What is the matter with the editors of the *Yale Courant*? If theirs be the old woman’s complaint, “a pain in the temper,” it is, we regret to say, chronic. We have noticed for some time past their surly growls and vicious snaps at various passers-by; but the matter has not concerned us until now, when we find ourselves snapped at. To use, *verbatim et literatim*, their own queer language,* why they happen to be peculiar, and what makes them so, we will not dwell on.* We should have been disposed, out of consideration for the venerable College from which the *Courant* hails, to treat its notice of us with respect; but it is beneath contempt, and therefore beneath reply.

We scarcely ever transfer to our own pages the laudatory notices of other journals, though we have had and have continual opportunities of so doing. But after all this controversy, we shall venture, once in a way, to indulge ourselves by reproducing the following from our contemporary the *Index Niagarensis*, whose opinion we value as that of a journal which is at once able and orthodox.

*THE Owl has already winged his flight from the golden shores of the Pacific, and verily no ungainly fowl is he; neither is he one of those gloomy birds of darkness, that makes the night hideous with his hootings; nor is he any kin to the Hibernian bird of the same name, “keeping up a devil of a thinking.” No; his plumage is as unruffled as the classic swan, genius sparkles in his eye, while his youthful owlets peep out from their little nest, and musically prattle in polyglot tongues, stories of their young lives. Always glad to see your Owlship”*

Going back to the Brooklyn side of the water, let us extend a welcome to our fair friends of the *Mills Quarterly*, the October number of which occupies its customary place of honor on our table. It is said sometimes that college critics unduly favor ladies’ magazines; and we really don’t much care to rebut the imputation, so far, at least, as our *disposition* is concerned. It would certainly go very much against the grain with us to cut and slash the *Quarterly*. As a matter of fact, however, we have never been put to the test; for each successive number, as it reaches our sanctum, demands words of praise; and the present is no exception. Perhaps we may be allowed to suggest that to *reduce the number* of the articles and make them *a little longer*, would be an improvement. In such very short pieces as most of them are, the young authoresses have scarcely scope enough to do themselves justice. We congratulate the historian of the class of ’73 on the intuitive good taste displayed in her management of her subject. It would never have done to be *individually* precise in description; but there can be no harm in informing the world that the united height of the class of ’73 amounts to ninety eight feet and ten inches, or nine and two thirds rods, almost one thirty-fifth of a mile of “perfect woman nobly planned”—or that the collective age of this mature class “covers the brief span of three hundred and forty years.” *O Queens, live for ever!* say we.

* See Editorial entitled “Instructors,” in the *Yale Courant* of Oct. 11.
The Westminster Monthly (Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.,) comes to us this month enlarged and improved. It opens with a most sensible article on "Practical Education," which is much to the point at the present time, when so much trash is written under that heading. "No man," says our contemporary, "is more thoroughly practical than the educated Englishman; and yet " Latin and Greek are his meat and drink. The extent to which he is required to push his acquaintance with those dead languages is astonishing," And after showing how much more ennobling is a classical than a technical education, it concludes with the pithy remark, "Men may yet find nobleness one of "the most practical things."

Now although a classical course is not compulsory at this College, it is certain, not merely that we have every opportunity afforded us for the study of the classics, but that our advantages in that direction are greater than those of most other colleges. Are not some of our students, who do not avail themselves of these advantages, throwing away a good chance?

From the College News Letter (Grinnell, Iowa), which often has some good things in it, we extract the following; which, we must say, is very Anacreontic indeed. We have seldom seen anything neater, in its way. Tom Moore might have written it.

GREEK ODE.
Weaving once a wreath of posies,
Love I found among the roses.
Quick I caught the little minion;
Grabbed him by his velvet pinion.
In a cup of wine I sank him,
Stirred the fellow up and drank him.
Ever since—O what a pickle!—
How his wings my ribs do tickle!

J. B. L. S.

The Magenta, also, has a clever little poem entitled "Cupid's Ministers," which we should like to transcribe had we room.

We welcome the Chronicle (Univ. Mich.) and the Geyser (Wabash Coll.) to our exchange list.

The Chronicle is well printed and seems to be also well edited. We are glad to notice an article in defence of classical studies, with which we cordially agree.

The Geyser takes us pleasantly by the button-hole (we beg pardon; we mean by the wing) and, even at this early stage of our acquaintance, enters upon a little friendly—well, not such very friendly—chat. The Geyser is evidently the "funny man" of college journalism, and has to try hard to sustain the character. All right, little bubblcr; we'll leave the joking to you; but mind you give it us hot and strong. And don't be afraid of splitting your "editorial vest." Great wits like you never laugh at their own jokes, of course. We'll laugh at you! And, meanwhile, we are glad you like our new dress.
THE October number of the *Yale Lit.* contains an article which interests us a good deal, on the subject of secret societies in Colleges. We should have been prepared to find them upheld and advocated by all the arguments possible; but our contemporary agreeably surprises us by weighing the pros and cons of the matter with the greatest impartiality, and then deciding—as it seems to us every impartial critic must decide—against them.

We have always regarded it as one of the many advantages of Catholic Colleges that the secret society system is excluded from them; and the able article of the *Lit.* goes to confirm us in that opinion.

Just as we go to press the *Central Collegian* of Central College, Fayette, Mo., is placed on our table. The *Collegian* does us the honor of extracting, entire, a recent article of ours on "Secular Education." It is a handsome and well printed sheet, and its editors write courteously. We learn from its leading article which is both pleasantly and modestly worded, that it has changed hands; and, from all appearances, we judge that it will not lose by the change. But it makes a funny blunder in its friendly notice of the *Index Niagarensis* and ourselves; and we expect the *Index* will be heard from shortly. You are mistaken, Central Collegians, as to the sex of those "young ladies" of the "Seminary of our Lady of Angels." It is true enough that, owing to that "unity of spirit" of which you speak as existing among Catholics, our voices and theirs will generally be found "chanting the same song;" but the voice of the editor of the *Index*, instead of being "the melodious voice of a female," is the deep bass of an incipient priest. Catholics use the word "Seminary" to signify an institution at which young men are trained for the ministry. It is this circumstance, of course, which has misled you. Don't go there on a courting expedition. Be advised in time.
THE Idle Notist must complain of another dull month. And yet it is not to be wondered at; since, as a general rule, the first three or four months of the scholastic year have always been noted for this peculiar quality. This may be partly, perhaps, on account of the natural backwardness of new scholars, who take some time in making themselves perfectly at home among us, and partly in consequence of the limited number of holidays and entertainments during this period.

However, this monotony is in a fair way to be interrupted by the performance of the drama of "William Tell," of which mention has been made in a previous number of The Owl. The students are rigorously rehearsing their parts, and manifest a determination to do their very best.

The greater part of the scenery has been derived from the hitherto useless scenes of the Old Theatre, which, having been skilfully retouched and adapted to the new stage, now look very well indeed. The date of the coming entertainment has not yet been definitely settled; but it will, no doubt, take place shortly.

The Logic Class have instituted weekly "circles," for the discussion of questions of Logic and Metaphysics; over which the Professor of the Class presides.

This is indeed an excellent thing for the young gentlemen; since it not only makes them familiar with the subject-matter of their class studies, but also teaches them the art of reasoning in a very practical way; as all their arguments must be advanced in one form or other of the syllogism. We hope to see them persevere in the good work they have begun.

The Class in Surveying have turned their attention to graver things, since their first expedition. They are now at work on the Cemetery.

The "sere and yellow leaf" is dropping from its parent stem; and the little snow-bird hopping amid the dry leaves, prognosticates the approach of winter.
We are glad to learn that the custom of "hazing" which has so long prevailed in Eastern Colleges is now in a fair way to be abolished. But in the place of this savagery, as one might term it, another practice has been instituted, which is, perhaps, pregnant with more evil consequences. We refer to the organization of secret societies among students. The fact that they are secret is sufficient of itself to create a great doubt as to their utility, even were there nothing else to be said against them. The initiation of members seems to be ridiculously formal, and calculated to make a much stronger impression on the body than on the mind; so much so, in fact, that at one of these initiations which occurred recently, the corporal injuries resulting from the ceremonial were so great as to cause the death of one student, and serious injury to two others. We, in the barbarism of our Western Colleges, are surprised that such highly civilized institutions are not disapproved of by the authorities of the respective colleges in which they are found.

A propos des bottes, hear the following, which we take from the Harvard Advocate of Octobdr 17:—

The system of secret society initiations seems to have received a severe shock at Cornell. According to the reports of the New York papers, a neophyte has been killed while undergoing his initiation to the K. A., and two of the initiators dangerously hurt. The details of the accident can be found in the daily papers of this week.

If these reports are in the main true, as their consistency seems to indicate, a very pretty little case, in which the whole question of secret societies will be fiercely fought, may be looked for. The "affiliation" nonsense extends so far, particularly among the fresh-water colleges, that the K. A.'s will find plenty of apologists. On the other hand, the professional press will eagerly seize upon this affair as a pretext for one more assault on the manners and morals of the hated undergraduate.

Will the bells that toll for the funeral of the unhappy young victim sound the death-knell of this mischievous and senseless system? Such ought to be, but such, we fear, will not be the case.

Now that the weather is getting chilly, the students have, in lieu of base-ball, adopted fencing and boxing for exercise and the latter truly is an excellent sport for cold mornings. It is also a great source of mirth to see them "set to" in a friendly encounter, and ply their batteries at each other's fronts. The exultant looks of the victor; the discomfiture of the vanquished, the applause of the spectators, and the shouting of all concerned, give great interest to the game. In this arena all are allowed to enter the lists.

We are now able to state, definitely, that the entertainment mentioned above, will take place on the 19th inst. The price of admission has been lowered to fifty cents, in order to afford all an opportunity of attending; and the duration of the performance has been calculated so that those residing at San José and its vicinity may be certain of having it in their power to reach home at an early hour.
When the last number of The Owl was in print, we were surprised by a lively, copious and continuous shower of rain; rather an unusual thing at this season. It laid the dust beautifully in the yard; and forthwith the little fellows brought out their tops and marbles from their hiding places; linen dusters were doffed and overcoats donned; and the aspect of affairs changed suddenly from that of summer to that of winter. We hope that this early rain presages a good winter for our valley. Our Eastern friends will please to bear in mind that we have many months of rainless weather at a stretch, in California; and therefore that on the rainfall of winter—which is more or less uncertain in amount—all our agricultural prosperity depends. In very many respects, indeed, our climate differs from theirs; nor does it always differ for the worse. For instance, we have neither thunderstorms nor sunstrokes.

We are very glad to have learned that base-ball has not altogether died out amongst the students; but that it has yet some votaries among the second division. We were witnesses of an interesting game on the 1st of October, between the Second Nine of the “Oppositions,” and the “Wide-Awakes” of San José. It was surprising to see the way the little fellows could handle both bat and ball. The “Wide-Awakes” struggled bravely, but were no match for the “Oppositions,” who won an easy victory.

The Fourth and Fifth English classes also opposed each other in a well contested game. In these classes, most of our base-ball players are found; and hence the game was an interesting one. The Fifth English, however, sustained its reputation, and came out victorious. In fact, this class is getting to be quite prominent in base-ball circles, on account of its numerous victories.

Of late, the question of once more establishing a military company has been mooted among our senior students. Now this we consider a step in the right direction. The College has long since provided herself with arms and accoutrements, standards, etc.; and why should not the students avail themselves of the many benefits arising from military drill; are they so confirmed in laziness as to be unwilling to make the slightest exertions, even those by which they themselves are to be benefited? Or do their sensitive republican feelings revolt at the idea of subordination to a fellow-student? If things have come to this pass we really do pity them. A few years ago the non-existence of a College Company was a thing never dreamed of by the students. Now we may say that exactly the reverse is the case. A good military company is ever a source of pride both to a college and to students. Almost every college is sensible of this, and maintains such a company, seemingly without difficulty. Why should it be any trouble here—especially this year, when the number, size and bearing of the students are such as to promise a remarkably fine company? Students, bestir yourselves! Organize your company; and
we are sure the Faculty will thank you for it—nay, perhaps, reward you with increased privileges. Let not this germ of promise perish from the barrenness of the soil; but prepare the way for its rapid growth, that you may soon enjoy the fruits of military exercise, a cheerful mind and a relish for study.

Coughs and colds seem to be quite prevalent among the students at present, owing probably to the recent variation in the weather. Sometimes it is really comical to see them courting the sunshine, muffled up to the chin in woollen wrappings. Should you, in your zeal for their welfare, happen to obstruct the passage of the sun’s rays, even whilst asking if you can assist them, they will give you the reply of Diogenes to Alexander the Great, in the sepulchral tones of a hoarse old man, but not with that old philosopher’s indifference,—“Get out of my sunshine.”
# Table of Honor

*Credits for the month of September as read on Wednesday, Oct 1st 1873*

## Christian Doctrine

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Credits</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>A. Bell 80, R. Brenham 95, H. Bowie 98, C. Ebner 100, J. Enright 98, D. Furlong 95, W. Furman 95, P. Mallon 90, H. Martin 70, L. Palmer 90, James F. Smith 98, R. Soto 98, B. Yorba 100, R. Wallace 70.</td>
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<td>J. Aguirre 70, A. Bandini 90, J. Callaghan 90, M. Donahue 70, J. Hudner 70, H. M. Hughes 70, J. McKinnon 70, F. Scully 73, R. Sheridan 100, W. Smith 70, J. E. Smith 80, G. Taylor 70, T. Tully 73, L. Vella 70, L. Walter 72, J. T. Walsh 100.</td>
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<td>3rd</td>
<td>E. Auzerais 96, J. Auzerais 80, G. Barron 100, R. De la Vega 90, F. Ebner 80, J. D. Harvey 70, W. Harrison 100, J. Hopkins 95, P. Murphy 100, A. Muller 96, A. Pacheco 70, E. Pierson 80, J. Perrier 70, W. Randall 100, W. Schofield 100, C. Moore 80.</td>
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## Spanish Christian Doctrine

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## Mental Philosophy

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## Natural Philosophy

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## Elementary Chemistry

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## Analytical Chemistry

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## Mathematics

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## Greek

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<td>3rd</td>
<td>T. Morrison 70, L. C. Winston 70.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>C. Ebner 77, V. McClatchy 70, R. Soto 75, B. Yorba 70.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Latin

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Credits</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>W. Carwell 70, W. Gray 70, T. Morrison 79, H., Peyton 70, L. Winston 70, W. Veuve 70.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3nd</td>
<td>V. McClatchy 70, R. Soto 100, A. Veuve 75.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>J. Hermann 80, L. Palmer 70, B. Yorba 86.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class</td>
<td>Rhetoric</td>
<td>Grammar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>N. F. Brisac 88, C. Ebner 72, D. Furlong 75, T. Morrison 73, B. Smith 90, L. Winston 76.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>W. Gray 85, W. Howard 71, L. Partridge 71, R. Soto 75, J. Walsh 70.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>French</th>
<th>Spanish</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>O. Orena 70.</td>
<td>J. Herrman 80.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>A. Bandini 82, J. Bernal 90, F. Chavez 80, M. Donahue 70, R. Soto 100, R. Spence 70, W. Schofield 72.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>German</th>
<th>Arithmetic</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>B. Brisac 70, C. Ebner 100, F. Ebner 90, V. McClatchy 100, L. Pruzzo 95, X. Yorba 100.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d</td>
<td>C. Arguello 70, J. Auzerais 90, G. Barron 90, R. Brenham 95, C. Cleaves 70, J. Ebner 95, G. Markham 70, P. Murphy 75, J. Olcese 90, E. Pierson 90, V. Versalovich 90, E. Welti 75.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Book-Keeping</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>A. Bell 100, H. Bowie 160, J. Cavagnaro 90, T. Durbin 90, C. Ebner 90, T. Morrison 90, A. Mccone 100, A. Pierotich 90, G. Roundey 100, B. Smith 90, B. Yorba 100.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>J. Aguirre 70, E. Anzerais 90, J. Bernal 70, J. Barrenechea 90, V. Clement 95, W. Davis 88, R. Enright 80, W. Furman 70, D. Kidd 85, R. Kifer 85, C. McClatchy 85, Jas Smith 75, G. Taylor 70, C. Welti 75, R. Wallace 75, L. Wolter 85, X. Yorba 90.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table of Honor.

### Reading and Spelling

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>J. Barrenechea 70, W. Davis 78, J. Hudner 78, J. Moss 70, A. Muller 75, P. Murphy 70, A. Pierotich 72, C. Stanton 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>E. Auzerais 70, G. Barron 70, A. Bowie 75, F. Burling 70, R. De la Vega 80, Aug. Den 70, J. Harvey 70, C. Hoffman 80, J. Hopkins 85, W. Hopkins 70, G. Markham 80, J. McKinnon 98, J. Olcese 70, E. Pruzzo 70, W. Sears 80, G. Seifert 70, R. Sheridan 90, J. Wolter 80, J. Donahue 80, F. Farmer 75, P. Murphy 85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Elocution

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>N. Brisac 73, S. Fellon 77, D. Furlong 100, T. Morrison 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>J. Callaghan 75, L. Palmer 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>J. Aguirre 70, J. Barrenechea 72, W. Davis 73, R. Enright 70, J. Day 78, P. Mallon 72, A. McConne 76, J. McKinnon 80, Jas Smith 80, Jos. Smith 70, H. Hughes 70, O. Orena 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>De la Guera 77, M. Donahue 82, T. Dowell 70, J. Moss 70, W. Schofield 86, C. Welti 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>D. Berta 70, J. Donahue 70, F. Hauck 75, D. Harvey 80, J. Olcese 80, E. Pierson 80, G. Markham 70, D. Quilty 70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Penmanship

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>J. R. Arguello 76, J. Bernal 73, J. A. Day 70, A. Foley 73, J. Machado 71, V. McClatchy 75, R. Remus 76, R. De la Vega 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>E. Auzerais 73, C. Arguello 74, D. Berta 70, L. Camarillo 70, F. Chavez 70, J. Chretien 71, H. Christin 71, V. Clement 71, D. Casey 70, T. Dowell 73, J. Her, mann 75, J. Harvey 70, C. Hoffman 73, R. Kifer 75, J. Kelley 70 G. Markham 72 C. Stonesifer 75, W. Schofield 73, T. Tully 70, G. Trenought 72, C. Welti 71, M. Ylisaliturri 70, J. Yorba 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>J. Donahue 70, F. Farmer 74, D. Jones 73, L. Pruzzo 73, A. Pacheco 73, W. Proctor 74, R. Sheridan 70, A. Spence 74, G. Shafer 72, F. Shafer 75, V. Versalovich 70, E. Welti 71</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Drawing

A. Arriola 80, J. Auzerais 70, A. Bowie 75, H. Bowe 85, R. Brenham 70, B. Brisac 75 V. Clement 70, C. McClatchy 70, L. Partridge 75, A. Pierotich 100, R. Remus 85, J. Sanroman 90, G. Seifert 70.

### Piano

H. Bowie 80, C. Ebner 80, W. Randall 75, V. Vidaurreta 75, W. Gray 75, J. Sheridan 70.

### Violin

W. Davis 70, R. Enright 80, G. Gray 90, W. Sears 80, T. Morrison 80, A. Spence 70, L. Palmer 70, J. Cima 70, P. Mallon 80, J. Burling 85, M. Donahue 70.

### Flute

A. Bandini 80.

---

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MARIPOSA STORE,
Cor. Franklin and Main sts., Santa Clara.

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