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MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.
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SPIDER-FASCINATION; A TALE WITH A MORAL.

(BY J. P. O.)

CHAPTER I.

THE SPIDER OF ENTOMOLOGY.

THE word fascination conveys to most minds an agreeable idea. We think of brilliant men and women, whose preeminently pleasing qualities attract all hearts. But it seldom reveals to us that there is another kind of attraction—and that anything but delightful—which this word fascination also indicates.

Serpents, for instance, and foxes are supposed to cast a deadly spell over their victims. Whether this is really the fact or not, I cannot from my own experience decide; although I can answer for it in the case of the little house-spider: for I have actually seen one of these insects charm and capture a large butterfly.

The butterfly had heedlessly flown against a cobweb, thus entangling itself in a maze of glutinous threads; when up stole the spider, and mercilessly attached more lines to the stranger's quivering wings.

Then the "mariposa" finding its movements still further impeded, jumped desperately, for freedom; and soon made the whole net shake, with its violent efforts. It was evident indeed that the lines would soon break.

And now ensued a serious struggle between mental and physical insect-power. The spider advanced on one of the lines, with the view of securing his prey more firmly, but the frantic struggles of the latter prevented this, and moreover obliged him to execute a sort
of tight-rope dance on his single line, very much against his inclination; for he was naturally of a staid and retiring disposition, and greatly averse to making any needless display of his talents.

Before any thing further could be achieved, however, it was evidently necessary that he should put a quietus upon his future dinner; so crawling up to the said dinner's head, and heaving his spindle legs about for some time, he managed somehow to send it to sleep—or so it appeared to me—after which he resumed operations on the wings, and finally, having concluded his work returned to his hole. In the first place he did not like to run the risk of another tight-rope dance; and in the second, he did not feel quite sure that his ropes were strong enough for their purpose; for, being of an economical turn of mind, he had avoided expending more material upon them than had been actually necessary.

Retreating therefore to his den, he experimented on the strength of his prospective meal; and, sure enough, as his "prophetic soul" had warned him, the interesting stranger soon recovered from his temporary inaction, and awakening to a full sense of his dangerous situation, began fighting harder for liberty. Then followed a renewal of the mesmeric application, the poor butterfly went to sleep again as before, and again the spider more effectually secured its wings.

This kind of thing went on for about the space of an hour; the butterfly alternately sleeping and waking, and the spider attacking and retreating until at last it had completely subdued its prey.

This result was not, however, achieved until the poor delicate victim's wings were pinned to its sides, and its whole body enveloped in a cocoon-like mass of dingy web; while its beauty, gone for ever, was exchanged for an appearance which I can only characterize as mummy-like. You would no more have realized its former fairy elegance by looking at that dust-colored and shapeless bundle, than you could have told what Yorick was like, by gazing at his skull.

Alas, poor butterfly! It gave me a creeping sensation of horror to see you thus—to realize how terrible had been the work of the hideous little being into whose clutches your unlucky fate had doomed you to fall, and who, somehow, seemed to me to be the personification of all destroying, uncreating Envy.

If indeed the spider could but have transferred a portion of the butterfly's beauty to itself, I should have felt better satisfied; but no! His had been simply a work of spoliation; and he looked all the uglier for the ruin he had effected. I cannot help thinking, indeed, that this particular spider must have been the Napoleon Bonaparte of his kind; for never, surely, did so
small an insect accomplish, by the force of what one might call solitary genius, so great a ruin.

Little did I then imagine I should ever in propria persona experience the horrible fascinations of one of these uncomely creatures! Such, however, has been my fate; and for the benefit of my readers I will proceed to tell them how it came upon me.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPIDER OF IDEALISM.

I was awakened one night by something crawling about on my left temple.

The creature had certainly very light feet; but oh! the feel of those feet! I could have better borne the feet of a giant. The feathery things stood right on the large vein at my left temple; and the thrill they caused shot through every nerve in my body, almost stilling my very heart, and rendering me powerless to raise even a finger to help myself.

It was agony! There I lay like a log; and still the obscene insect ceaselessly tickled my forehead with its dainty limbs.

What was it doing? Oh horror of horrors! It was fastening a web on my face—for my instinct told me it was a spider—and I foresaw my fate!

Now it began crossing and recrossing my brows; and at every transit I felt a new thread lying, like a bar of iron, on my forehead. Still, all the time, my arms were as securely bound to my sides by the spider's horrid fascinations as the butterfly's wings had been by the scarcely more material cobweb.

At times it seemed as if I was about to break through the charm, by the force of my will; but just then the spider, as it divining the state of the case, would return and dance upon my left temple; and my whole being would relapse into a state of helpless passivity.

I was like a man fastened on the sea shore, within reach of the coming tide. Every fresh line across my face was like a wave creeping nearer, to take away my life. I never before felt so keenly that the strongest ingredient of agony is the sense of helplessness which it brings along with it.

Oh heavens what a death to die! To be killed by a common house-spidder! Not even a tarantula! A thing I could crush between finger and thumb if I only had the power
to raise my hand.

My eyelids were, I suppose, but half open; since I soon found the spider was traversing them; and every time he passed it seemed as if they drooped lower, weighed down by the light but increasing pressure of the ever growing web, till at last they were quite closed, and I became sensible that one of the outposts of my life was in possession of the enemy.

I had just returned from college, where I had obtained so much distinction in the chemical department that I fondly imagined myself a youthful Faraday; and now the earth and all things in it were for ever shut out from my sight. Never again should I watch the wonderful combinations of acids and gases in which I had hitherto taken such delight! The world, in which I had hoped to leave some foot-prints, would know me no more. I should be to it but one of the many millions who had eaten, and slept, and died.

But, worse than all this, was the thought of my widowed mother. I was her only child; and hitherto she had supported me—had worked hard to do so, and had scraped the means together with much difficulty—in the firm belief that I should one day repay with interest all that she was now expending on me. My highest dreams of ambition all revolved round her; for could I but attain the goal for which I was striving, I should be enabled to keep her in wealth and luxury during the rest of her life! And now she was about to lose me—me, her only child and the mainstay of her life.

I was startled out of these reflections by my own stentorius breathing. I was gasping like a man in a fit of apoplexy. Alas! The reason was, that the industrious spider had closed up my nostrils with his villainous web, and there was now only my mouth left through which to breathe. Another outpost gone!

Oh why could I not die at once? Why did Providence mock me by this lingering anguish? For was I not about to experience all the suffering of a gradual suffocation? I had been reading of those bad old times in Europe when the "body snatchers," in order to furnish food for the surgeon’s dissecting room, kidnapped live people and suffocated them by means of pitch-plasters placed over their mouths; and now I was to experience all the horrors of "burking,"—my executioner a little insect, whose power I would yesterday have laughed to scorn!

There is a sense of degradation in being killed by a contemptible foe. I would rather, ten times over, have been suffocated by a human villain like Burke than by a mean little spider; and I felt more inclined to curse Fate for the manner of my death than even for the fact of it.

Then I pictured to myself the
affright of my friends, when they should discover me dead, and covered with the horrid mask which the spider was now weaving over my face.

But at this point I was aware that the enemy was attacking the citadel of life itself;—that he was about to close up my mouth. I was spared, however, all further knowledge of his operations. Whether it was that my previous sufferings had been too much for me, or that the nerves of the lips are more sensitive than the other organs of the face, I cannot tell, but the irritation of the spider's feet, crossing my lips, was maddening, and beginning to lose consciousness, I imagined myself to be the celebrated lady who was murdered by having the soles of her feet tickled with a feather.

Then my delirium took a more pleasing turn, and I thought I was playing once more with my dear brothers and sisters in the home of my childhood.

Soon, however, through the restlessness of suffering, the dream changed again, and my father's small garden became transformed into a very Eden, and my brothers and sisters into gorgeous birds-of-paradise, and lordly peacocks. The trees were the greenest and the skies the bluest that I had ever seen. The coloring dazzled my brain, and the music of the wind through the leaves was like a grand Te Deum or Gloria in Excelsis; but the music got louder and louder, the trees greener and greener, the skies bluer and bluer, the birds swifter and swifter—until at last, in one grand swirl of color, movement, and sound, the whole culminated in one tremendous crash in the brain; and I lost my senses utterly.

"Lucy, my dear! Quick! Hold the pepper-bottle to his nose. There! He is coming round nicely. O Lucy, Lucy! Never allow him to sup off lobster salad again, as long as he lives."

It was Aunt Jemima's voice. I knew it, because it was so like a Jew's harp. And she was giving directions to my mother about me. I opened my eyes, and found myself in my dear mother's arms, who with one hand raised my head from the pillow, and with the other held the pepper-bottle to my nose!

"Ah—tishee. Ahtishee! Please—Ah—tishee—don't! Oh don't make me sneeze so!" And aiming one vigorous blow at the bottle, I knocked it out of my mother's hands and sent it flying across the room.

"What's the matter with me?" I asked Aunt Jemima.

"Lobsters!" said she intently. Then I understood it all! I had come home late last night from college, and had partaken too freely of the sumptuous supper which my poor mother had prepared for her returned darling. Hence a fearful nightmare of the
most realistic description, and an unearthly yell which disturbed the whole household, and indeed frightened them all out of their wits, except Aunt Jemima, who ascribed my symptoms to their true cause, and administered proper remedies.

Tom Moore says, “life is but a dream at the best;” but if it were to consist of dreams such as mine, it would not be worth having at any price. I altogether disclaim being such an idealist as the poet if we may judge him by this sentiment, seems to have been; but yet I doubt if we suffer more in real life than we do sometimes in our “visions of the night.” At all events I have gone a long way to prove what I undertook to prove, viz: that in real as well as in unreal life, the spider is a very “fascinating” insect.

CHAPTER III.

THE HUMAN SPIDER.

And now tell me, gentle reader—or rather, think the matter over within yourself, and solve the question for yourself—are there not such things in the world as human “spiders?”

Nay, have not you individually, within the range of your own personal experience, often met with such?

Who has not grieved over the folly of that poor silly human butterfly, the would-be “fast” young man? See him, for instance, just entering upon what is called life—just become, for the first time in the whole course of his existence, his own master! He is tolerably well off, it may be, in a pecuniary sense. Well fed and well dressed already, he is fully determined, now that “he can do as he likes,” to pamper the flesh still more. Friends he certainly has; wise, and prudent and faithful, who do what they can to instil into him a little of their own wisdom; but all is in vain. Butterflies do not love such friends. The sun of his life’s morning shines brightly upon a gayer circle; and as its joyous gleam lights up the broad and flower-bespangled path which opens before his gaze, he flits onward, in careless ecstasy, leaving all disagreeable monitors, together with their admonitions, in the shades that close behind him, and sipping honey from flower after flower on his way.

Stay! What keeps him on that particular spot upon which he has now settled? Something seems to glue down his feet, so that they
can no longer move. He has ceased to look joyous. Nay, now his expression is absolutely one of pain!

Ah! There is the human “spider” close behind him! The feet of our butterfly are in the glutinous web; and soon we shall see it envelop his whole body. The poor, foolish youth, who would not listen to those who wished him well, has been flattered and fooled by a designing scoundrel. He has wandered from the path of honesty: his secret is in another’s keeping; he flutters like the butterfly that he is; but his struggles are useless. He is fascinated! He sleeps!

That is, his moral sense and his conscience sleep; and the selfish, plotting flatterer, within whose toils he lies, encourages and protracts that sleep. The human spider desires to make sure of his prey, whose violent exertions have “shaken the net,” and alarmed him. The cords are therefore strengthened on every side; and before another struggle takes place, the victim’s chances of escape have been rendered absolutely hopeless. Manacled and fettered as he is, the human spider finds him now an easy prey, and instead of exerting the fascinations which he once thought it needful to employ, throws off all pretence of friendship, and even of courtesy, and pierces his unhappy and well nigh passive victim to the heart. All is over! He who might have been the pride of his family and the ornament of society, sinks—morally butchered—into an untimely grave. The human spider, like his prototype, triumphs.

And what shall we say of the still more silly, the still more helpless butterfly of the fairer and feeblener sex? Terrible indeed is her fate; for just as her senses are more acute and her organization more delicate, so also are her sufferings greater than those of the sturdier and more callous youth. And deeper, far deeper, alas! is the pit of moral degradation into which she sinks. Over her sad fate let us draw a veil; but let it be the veil of charity. But for the potent fascinations which have ruined her, what might she not have been? Again the human spider triumphs.

But the case is sometimes reversed. In Grecian fable, the spider—Arachne—was a female. Nor from the modern life of the nineteenth century is the female “spider” wholly absent. Not merely the young, but sometimes even the more advanced in life, fall under the influence of her heartless fascinations; and, forgetting all the ties of family and all the obligations of religion, suffer themselves to be bound, hand and foot, in the glutinous meshes of her ever-strengthening web. In vain they flutter. After each period of temporary exertion, they find themselves yet more securely fastened
than before; and at last become the hopeless victims—sometimes, alas! even in a natural sense—of the fascinating but deadly Arachne, within whose grasp they die.

Politics, too, have their “spiders.” In every corner of the political field—nay, even without caring for the convenience of a “corner”—they spread their nets. These political spiders, indeed, seem to forget the habits of retirement and seclusion which have usually characterized the spider race; for they come boldly forward, and spin their webs in public, and in the broad glare of day. And yet the political butterflies do not take warning, and avoid them!

It may seem at the first glance that these political insects are less harmful than the others of which I have spoken. But I much question this. It may frequently be true, in particular cases, that the injury they do is less than that done by their congeners; because oftentimes the intended victims escape from their clutches. But if their webs are weaker, they are far more numerous, and consequently, to that extent, more mischievous. It is from these “spiders” of politics, indeed, that most of the corruption which pervades the every-day life of a nation, arises. They do not always “kill” their victims; but they defile them with their venomous breath, and the defilement is contagious, and spreads from the field of politics into other departments of life. The wings, too, of the escaped butterflies are dusty and draggled, and their flight is ever low, even when no other harm results. So that here, again, the fascinations of the human spider do their work.

But what need we of illustrations so far-fetched as all these? Are there no human “spiders” even within the honored walls of Santa Clara College? If not, then, certainly, it enjoys an exemption to which no other college, in or out of the Union, can lay claim. Many and many are the once promising lads who have been ruined, mentally and morally, by the fascinating arts of those vile human insects. For a college is truly a micro-cosm. By the close observer—and boys are often very close observers—almost everything may be detected in course of operation there on a small scale, which goes on in the outer world on a large one. There is the boy-butterfly, and the boy-spider by his side, to entangle him in the meshes of that web of sin which the “smart” fellows of a college so often weave for the inexperienced juniors who look up to them. And so, week by week, the character of the “boy-butterfly” deteriorates; and he is only saved from corruption, if at all, by some friendly hand—be it of preceptor or of fellow-student—which is happily outstretched in time to effect his rescue.

And now, whence comes such a
character as this “human spider”? What is his origin? Who is his prototype?

Neither are far to seek. Just as our mother Eva was the first butterfly, so was the tempter who ensnared her the original and prototype of all subsequent “spiders.” It is he who is the “genuine and only Jarley”; and we poor humans, more imitative, alas! in the ways of wickedness than in those of goodness, are merely “impostors and deceptions” when compared with him. Our imitation is but poor; our power would be but small, were he not in the background to inspire and prompt those whom he uses as his instruments. And even he, powerful as he is, and mischievous as he is, has only limited power, and limited cunning, after all. There is a greater Power ever at hand, to break the meshes of his web for us, and set us free. Let us but seek the help of that Power, at the very outset, and then the whole spider family, male, female, and diabolical—(not to speak of the spider-wizard of my dream, into the question of whose sex I decline to enter)—may safely be defied.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

I glanced on the face of the beautiful dead—on the lips that smiled at dawning joys—on the shade of calm sorrow for those whom she left behind in this world that had been so sad to her. That was the only thing earthly in her features. All else was spiritually beautiful—far more so than the beauty of the living. Her eyelids drooped over the orbs that had once shone so brightly, as in fear lest the bright light of heaven should dazzle them. The delicate nostrils seemed to quiver with excess of the sweet odors of heaven; and the pure, fair brow, bathed in the light of glory, was in beautiful contrast with the dark ringlets that waved down from it around the sweet face, and half hid the pearly whiteness of the delicate neck. The form and features were all transfixed in that happy moment, when her pure spirit bade us of earth farewell, and hailed the sweets of heaven. The fair body seemed to have tried to follow the sweet, pure soul, and to have stopped in the transformation, only when it had become half spirit. I looked for only one moment; but that moment impressed so softly yet so deeply in my soul, the image of the dead girl, that nought can ever wipe it away. Yusef.
The Empire of Brazil covers nearly all the area of the Eastern and Central parts of South America. The area of this empire is 2,724,000 square miles—an area almost equal to that of the United States, and on comparison with which the majority of the empires now existing dwindle into insignificance.

The immense area of this empire is, moreover, greatly diversified; and when we endeavour to picture to ourselves the broad extent and boundless variety of the scenery there outspread, the mind is elevated by the thought of the grandeur of God's works, and the lavish hand with which He bestows His bounties.

The principal ranges of mountains are the Brazilian Coast Range, the Organ, and the Gerald mountains. These long and stupendous ranges of mountains which are stretched over the face of this empire—like giant serpents, winding and twisting for miles—contain some of the grandest and most imposing natural scenery in the world. The intersecting chains form many plateaux, or elevated table lands, on which the agricultural wealth of the country depends. Boundless prairies extend far as the eye can reach, covered with that verdant grass which is the resort of countless deer, and other timid animals native to the land. What exalted feelings spring up within us as we glance over that ocean of verdure which heaves and falls with the gentle zephyr, or is lashed by the fury of the fierce tornado!

Far as the eye can reach—at that distant point where heaven and earth seem to join each other, and commingle their gorgeous colorings in their Maker's praise—appear the forests—the awfully grand and solemn forests, the first temples of God on earth! What solemn stillness reigns within their dark confines! What ferocious animals thither resort, and dwell and bring forth their young in the very midst of those depths where the light of the sun is not seen! Huge pythons hang suspended from the trees. And when night...
has thrown her dark veil of slumber over the rest of the world, what a wild conourse of life is here! The animals are engaged in their respective occupations, and the woods are rent with their wild cries.

But hark! What a sudden stillness! The wild piercing cry of the American lion breaks upon the ear, and that is all. All other animals hush their wild clamor when the voice of the King of the American forest is heard.

Such are the scenes and such the inmates of the forests of Brazil. Let us now glance at its commercial condition.

First and foremost among the rivers of Brazil, and occupying no mean position among the great rivers of the world, comes the Amazon. This mighty and beautiful river flows through the northern part of the empire, and forms one of the greatest commercial highways ever bestowed upon any country. Through it ships can penetrate the very centre of this immensely rich region, and by its instrumentality all the products of central and northern Brazil, find their way to foreign ports.

But let us look at another great source of Brazilian wealth, viz: the diamond and gold fields. The region in which these are situated lies in the central and south-west part of the empire; and as it is traversed by a net-work of rivers and small streams, all the requirements for a productive working of these mines are at hand. Millions of dollars are annually taken from these great mineral repositories of the country.

Thus we see that Brazil has in her mineral and agricultural productions a constant source of present riches, and an inexhaustible store of the materials for future increase in wealth and importance.

Owing however to the lack of internal improvement, the greater part of Brazil is, notwithstanding all this, in a poor condition. The rivers have but lately been used as channels of commerce, and are not as yet of much importance in that respect.

The population is 10,045,000 only one-third of whom are whites. Brazil is a constitutional empire; and the government is both popular and well administered.

The country is divided into twenty one states or provinces, twelve of which have a larger area than Great Britain.

The press is free; and a taste for literature is developing among the whites.

The Roman Catholic religion is established by law, but all creeds are tolerated.

Viewing dispassionately all these numerous advantages we cannot but think that in the course of years Brazil will rank with the wealthiest and most influential countries of the earth. In fact it cannot be otherwise. A country
possessing such a commercial sys-
tem as her rivers afford, such agri-
cultural advantages as the llanos,
pampas, and table lands offer, and
such mineral wealth as her mines,—
governed, moreover, in a manner o
acceptable to the people, and pos-
sessing that energy which Brazi-
to-day possesses—cannot, I say,
but take her place, eventually,
among the influential countries of
the world.

ECHOES FROM A NEST OF OWLETS.

(BY THE FIFTH ENGLISH CLASS.)

"I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
* * * * * * *
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
* * * * * * *
I beheld our nation scattered;
* * * * * * *
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward wild and woeful;
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest
Like the withered leaves of Autumn."
—Longfellow.

MANY of our fellow-country-
men look upon the Indian
as a being possessed of no rights,
as an intruder upon the very
lands which God gave him, as an
eye-sore, as an incumbrance to be
got rid of by any means and as
soon as possible.
They accordingly treat him as
an enemy; and whilst proclaiming
that he is revengeful, treacherous,
bloodthirsty, etc., they do not
scruple to shoot him down for the
slightest offence; yea, often for no
other offence than that he dares to
live and move upon his native
hills—that he has the audacity to
call these his home, and the unpar-
donable temerity to defend that
home.
Poor red man! Your love of
home is a great crime in the ava-
ricious eyes of your white brother, and if you defend your wigwam—the home of your wife and child—annihilation will be the certain recompense for your courage, your love of family and your patriotism.

The shrill whistle of the escaping steam, the click-click of the talking wire, the busy hum of great manufactories, the bustle of cities, the noisy shouts of "merry-mad" school children, are sure signs, it is said, of the "march of progress" and the "advance of civilization;" but all of these fall with a fearful import on the ear of the flying Indian. Nay, even the gladsome chimes of the church bells toll the funeral knell of his expiring race.

As the trees fall under the woodsman's greedy axe, and the hills and rocky ledges vanish before the advancing railroad-tracks, so must you, simple child of America, make room for the enlightened ones, who ride on the velvet cushioned seats of the rushing cars. The sooner you are gone, and gone for ever, the better. You fall by the bullet; you perish from hunger and exposure in your endless exile; but still you do not die fast enough for your Christian neighbor. Filled with compassion for you in your nameless sufferings and grief, his benevolent heart prompts him to erect, in your midst, whisky stills, so that he may teach you to forget your sorrows, as well as your virtues. He introduces new diseases among you, to shorten, no doubt, your greater troubles. Now and then he sends you as a token of friendship, some blankets infected with the small pox, or provisions seasoned with poison, etc. Again he seeks you out from the lonely woods and rugged mountains, and places you on some charming "Reservation," where he even employs men to take care of you,—men who love you so much that rather than part with you, they shoot you when you try to leave them.

But let us stop; the heart sickens at such thoughts,—the pen refuses to chronicle wrongs so foul and black,—wrongs which cry to Heaven for vengeance, and which Heaven will avenge.

Besides, we do not intend to write a defence of the Indians; though such an undertaking would give us much pleasure. Soon they will live only in history—a race of the past—a people that was. Steadily driven westward for three hundred years, they abandoned hunting ground after hunting ground, crossed river after river, traversed prairie after prairie, clambered over mountain after mountain, until it seemed that the great ocean alone would stop their flight, and would give them a grave and a home at the same time.

"...They waste us—ay—like April snow In the warm noon we shrink away;"

*W. C. Bryant.
And fast they follow as we go
Toward the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the Western Sea."

But alas! a fiercer element than
the surging ocean assails them from
the West. Their deadliest foe, in
war or in peace, the white man now
faces them from that quarter also;
and, urged on by the demon of
gold, he pursues these poor wanderers more cruelly, more wickedly
than ever before.

Poor child of the forest! Our
hearts bleed for you; and gladly
would we assuage your grief, were
it in our power, and were your
sorrow not infinite. Your chiefs
have fallen, your orators are silent,
your wise men bow their heads in
shame and degradation.

I fancy I see a broken-hearted
widowed mother, as she sits alone
upon some wild peak, and sings:—

"The wounded deer can turn
And see the shaft that quivers in his
flank;
The bird looks back upon its broken
wing;
But we the forest children, only know
Our grief is infinite, and hath no name."

She looks to the East, to the
West, and to the South, but finds
no welcome for her orphans. The
white man is everywhere. The
Northern snow-bound wastes alone
offer her little ones a refuge; but it
is a refuge in death. She looks
once more upon the valleys, upon
the mountains and prairies; she
hearkens to voices of the wind; but
from every woodland and vale,
from every stream and forest, the
moaning winds waft to her listen-
ing ear, a sad, sad farewell—

"And" they said, "Farewell, for ever!"
"And the forests dark and lonely.
Moved through all their depth of dark-
ness,
Sighed "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shu-shu-gah,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Judging from the past, can we
be wrong in prophesying that the
Indian must perish? We cannot:
the truth is too sadly evident.
Yes: he will perish by the hand of
that white brother who boasts of
his enlightened superiority over
this untutored child of the forest.
But may He who is the God of
both, save His weaker children!
And may the white man not for-
get that he is a just God, who will
require a strict account of every
injury done, and who will punish
with rigor every doer of evil!

Shall not Americans, as a nation
have to answer to Him for the an-
nihilation of this race of men?
And what can we plead in our de-
ference, at the bar of justice? That
the red man could not till the fields
as well as we? That he was of an
inferior race? That he could not
appreciate the blessings of modern
civilization? That he would be a
continual trouble and expense?
That it would not pay to christian-
ize and civilize him? That, goaded

*Longfellow.
to desperation by unheard of injustice and cruelties, he sought satisfaction according to his heart, in the tomahawk, firebrand and scalping-knife, and committed shocking barbarities?

Will such pleas, or others less strong because less truthful, avail much with the Judge Who became man, taught, suffered and died, to redeem those same Indians? Does He who gave all His blood for the salvation of their souls, think them unworthy of consideration? Does He think it will not pay to treat them as human beings? He offers to them the Kingdom of Heaven for all eternity; we refuse them even the sites of their wigwams.

Ah, yes! We must answer for the destruction, for the murder of a people; and we have nothing just, nothing worthy, to plead in extenuation of such an enormous crime.

And not only will individuals be punished by Divine Justice, for their individual crimes against the Indians, but our own loved United States, as a nation, must render satisfaction to the same for the ruin of this people, because their annihilation is also a national crime; for national crimes, inasmuch as they are national, cannot be punished in eternity, since a nation exists, as a nation, only in time; therefore God must scourge and purify the nation in time, unless His anger be appeased by penance and reparation of the wrong. And we trust that this reparation will yet be made. Many wish to make it. But let us stop. Already we have allowed our hearts to carry us too far. At some future period we may perhaps treat of this subject more at large, and more logically; for the present let us hearken to the “echoes” of some owlets who wish to tell us a few sad facts about the poor Indian. We shall only add that these facts are all true.

HOW THE INDIANS WERE TREATED IN NEVADA.

(HENRY WALSH, 5th English.)

Ever since the white man landed upon the soil of America, the Indians have been ill-treated, robbed, and abused.

Before the advent of the Europeans, the Indians dwelt in peace, hunting the deer and buffalo on the broad plains, and spearin the beautiful fish in the sparkling streams. But the forests have been cut down; mills stand on their favorite fishing spots, and large cities have been built where once stood their humble wigwams.

Their lands were not bought from them; they were forcibly taken away by the white men, and as the Indians resented such treat-
ment, wars ensued, in which the white men have nearly always been successful, until at last the Indians can no longer point to any spot, and say, "That is our hunting ground."

To-day, I intend to speak of the Indian war which took place a few years since in Nevada; as it may serve to show some of the causes which, now and again, lead to these Indian wars; and I must add, that if the Indian's story could always be heard, we should probably find that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he was in the right and his white brother in the wrong.

A remote cause of the war to which I have referred was this:—A party of young men were coming to California; one of them said that he would "have some fun," as he called it, by shooting the first Indian that he might see.

Unfortunately for himself, he met one who proved to be an old squaw; but, true to his devilish resolve, he shot at and killed her.

The party continued on their journey, leaving the dead body unburied; but they had not gone far before they were stopped by a large band of Indians, who fiercely demanded of them the murderer; and as the Indians were in overwhelming numbers, the white men were obliged to comply with this demand.

The Indians then invited the rest of the party to accompany them to the place of torture; for they had determined to put the cowardly murderer to a cruel death.

The party accepted the invitation, in the hope of being able, perhaps, to rescue their companion, which, however, they could not do.

The Indians tied the culprit to a stake, and skinned him alive; inflicting on him at the same time other tortures, till he expired.

They then gave his body to his companions, who buried it and resumed their way without further molestation.

These proceedings produced feelings of hatred on both sides; but probably nothing further would have come of them, had not another outrage, committed by the whites, fanned anew the flames of hatred and revenge; and that to such a degree that it proved the immediate cause of the war.

On the discovery of silver mines in Nevada, thousands of white men flocked thither from California; and a party settled on Walker's River, and opened a trade with the Indians.

One day, when a number of Indians with their families were visiting the trading-post, for the purpose of trading, one of the white men offered an Indian woman a grievous insult. Just then the husband of the woman came up, and endeavored to take his wife away from the place; but the white man tried to prevent him, and a fight ensued, in which the husband of the woman was killed.
The now widowed squaw escaped and related her sad story to her companions, who at once attacked the station, killed the four men who occupied it, and then burned the houses.

The news of all this coming to the ears of the officials at Carson, they at once sent a party of ninety men to capture and chastise the Indians.

When the latter heard of the approach of this body of men, they prepared for resistance, and to the number of about eight hundred, took up their position on a very high mountain that overlooked the country through which their enemies would have to pass.

The white men did not think that the Indians would make any resistance; and hence they were totally unprepared to meet them. In fact, the greater part of the whites are said to have been under the influence of liquor; and besides, the men did not keep together.

The ninety men, then, were straggling along, the rear being five miles behind the advance guard, when the latter, numbering only fifteen men, attacked the Indians. A fierce battle, or rather a massacre ensued, and only twelve out of the whole number of white men escaped.

Taught by this disaster, the whites were more wary and prudent next time.

They got troops from California, and in time put down the Indians; though not without committing outrages which cause us to blush for our race; as a single example may show.

One night, a party of these soldiers rode through a camp of Indians, the occupants of which were exclusively old men, women and children, and killed every one in the camp; though not one of these had been engaged in the fight on the mountain.

Candor, in short, forces us to say, that the poor Indian is not always worse than his oppressor, nor his deeds of revenge more inhuman than those unprompted murders committed by his “civilized” foe; and that the Indian wars have generally been provoked by the excesses of the whites.

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**THE INDIAN BRIDGE-KEEPER.**

(JAMES ELDREDGE, 5th English.)

A few years ago, there lived in Idaho Territory an old Indian.

He was very industrious, and built a bridge over a deep, narrow
gorge which crossed the road leading from Florence to Boisé Diggings.

This cost him much hard work; for he had to bring his timber from a place more than five miles away; and he could not haul it on a wagon, as the mountain trail was impassable even for an empty wagon; so with a horse he dragged it along the narrow trail to the site marked out for his bridge. At length, however, he finished a bridge for foot-passengers; and he charged twenty-five cents for each one who crossed it.

Not long after he had completed his work, a party of young men going from Florence to Boisé, found themselves obliged to pass over the gorge, just mentioned—a very dangerous and difficult thing to do, unless they crossed on the old Indian's bridge; which they determined to do, though they did not wish to pay the usual toll of twenty-five cents each.

When the old Indian saw this, he told them that he had spent much time and labor to construct his bridge, and that they ought, in justice, to pay him. "But," continued he, "if you have not any money, you can cross without paying anything."

Then the young fellows, in their pride, showed him plenty of gold dust; and said they would cross any how. At once they started to do so, but the old Indian tried to prevent them. One said, "Let us throw him overboard, and no Indian will find it out."

Seeing them determined to execute this horrid proposal, he begged for life, saying, 'You may go; but do not kill me.'

By this time, however, they were furious. They heeded not his cries, but seized him on the instant and threw him over the bridge into the stream that rushed along several hundred feet below. He struck the water upon the flat of his back, and sank; but soon rose, and sank again; whereupon our travelers crossed the bridge in triumph, and pursued their journey.

Alas, what a crime! How uncalled for! How unprovoked! How easy it would have been for these men to have paid the poor Indian what he had a right to demand! But then he was an Indian; and how dare he ask a white man for toll? They preferred to blacken their souls with the awful crime of murder, rather than to pay a just demand. That eternal maxim spoken by Tobias to his son, and inculcated anew by the divine lips of Christ Himself, that we should "Do unto others as we would have others do unto us"—was spoken for the benefit of the poor red man as well as for that of his white oppressor, and I hope we may ever keep it before our eyes, and be guided by it in all our communications with our neighbor, be he red, white, brown or black.
Before I put away my pen I shall tell you another story which I know to be true: and which is not the same as that related by the "owlet" whose paper precedes mine; though the crime and its punishment were the same.

In an emigrant train which left the "States" for Oregon, there was a young man who boasted much about his bravery, and who said he would kill the first Indian he should come across.

All the others laughed at him; but, said he, "I'll prove it to you."

They endeavored to persuade him to give up the wicked design, telling him not to trouble the Indians unless they first troubled him. He, however, continued his threats, though few thought he would carry them into execution; and so, many of the young men made sport of him.

The first Indian whom they saw was a squaw, picking berries. The young men shouted out to him, "There is an Indian;" and, seeing the Indian woman, he immediately went after his gun, and (though they tried to prevent him) shot at and killed her.

This deed filled them all with sorrow and fear; nor was it without reason that they expected to be attacked and perhaps massacred by the Indians.

They had proceeded about two miles, and were all watching for Indians, when they saw a large body of them approaching. They looked for nothing but instant death; but the Indians halted, and said, "If you do not give up to us the murderer of the squaw, who was doing nobody any harm, we will kill all of you."

The emigrants saw there was no hope of escaping, and that resistance was certain death to all; hence they gave up the murderer to the Indians. These marched him off, and skinned him alive; then they turned him loose, to go where he pleased. He ran about two hundred yards, and then fell dead on the road. And where he fell, they buried him—all alone—far from friends and home—in the dishonored grave of a coward and a rascal,—as he was—who had disgraced the very name of man.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

(JOHN D. HARVEY, 5th English.)

In the year 185—several murders were committed not far from C——, a town in Nevada County, and there were many signs which pointed out the Indians of the neighborhood as the murderers. The inhabitants of C—— were convinced of this, and determined
to punish them. Hence a number of them armed themselves and started in pursuit of the supposed culprits. They scoured the country round about, and crossed canyons and mountains without being able to see a single Indian.

But they did not like to go home without killing at least one.

Now on their way back they had to pass by a ranch on which an Indian was working. He had lived for some time with the whites of that place, and was a good, honest and harmless fellow. The Indian-hunters knew this, but they were bound to "kill an Indian," for they did not like the prospect of being laughed at on their return home for not being able to kill a single enemy. They went therefore to the ranch, and called this poor man forth. Then they tied a rope round his arms and drove him before them. They told him what they intended to do with him; but he thought they were joking; for his conscience did not accuse him of any crime against the whites, and as they ascended the hill-side he would run ahead, almost dragging after him the men who held the rope.

But when they arrived at the fatal tree, and he saw that they were in earnest, and really meant to kill him, he begged and prayed them to spare his life. No tears or supplications, however, could move the hearts of the "brave" captors. Then, seeing that entreaties would not serve him, he summoned up all his Indian courage, and told them that if they dared to kill him, his kinsmen would burn their houses, destroy their fields, and kill all the white people.

His threats, however, did not have any more effect than his prayers; and they hanged him up to the limb of a tree.

Perhaps he had played in the shade of the same one in his youth. He had certainly often hunted the deer on that hill side. Never had he injured the white men; on the contrary, he had left his own people to dwell among them; and now they rewarded his confidence by hanging him!

Reader, I leave you to make your own comments. The story is true, and was told to me by one who knew the parties.
Alchemy and the Alchemists.

THE term alchemy signifies the pretended art which sought as its principal object the transmutation of the baser metals into gold and silver.

It was supposed, that, by intricate processes, a mineral might be produced which, when mixed with the common metals, could transform them into pure gold. This prize mineral went by the name of lapis philosophorum, or the philosophers' stone; and many persons imposed on the credulity, ignorance or superstition of former times, by declaring themselves the possessors of it.

Some, indeed, effected the "transmutation" before spectators, and succeeded in producing gold. However, it is reasonably believed that the agent of which they made use, was an amalgam of gold, which, if projected into tin and cupellated, will leave a deposit of the precious metal.

Dr. Price of Guildford was, probably, the last, in England, who professed himself able to transform mercury into gold. He destroyed himself in the year 1782, in order, it is said, to escape the detection of his fraud.

Though the "philosophers' stone" was that for which the old alchemists showed the greatest eagerness, yet there was also another thing which numbers of them strove unsuccessfully to find—the elixir vitae. This was an universal medicine which, according to the ideas of that day, would not only cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, but even possessed the remarkable property of restoring youth.

The "adepts"—which was the name given to those skilled in alchemy—also endeavored to find the alkahest, or universal solvent.

As regards the origin of the word alchemy, there is great dispute; and many conflicting theories are to be met with. Thus three authors give as many different opinions. One thing only is certain and that is, that the "al" is an Arabic prefix, signifying "the". Dr. Thompson says that the word comes from the root Kama, (the constitution of anything) and gives the definition of alchemy as "the knowledge of the constitution of
bodies." Another writer tells us it is derived from a Coptic root, cheims or hheims, meaning "secret" while yet another affirms that it owes its origin to a Greek word—\textit{\v{X}e\v{O}} or \textit{\v{X}e\v{O}}—signifying \textit{to pour}. Of these it is difficult to say which is the right one—perhaps, indeed, it is none of them, and yet remains to be discovered. But the first theory seems to be plausible, as far as regards sound; while the second is still more so as regards sense.

It is questionable whether the ancients ever practised the art of alchemy; although it is sometimes called "the Hermetic Art," from the imaginary sage, \textit{Hermes Trismegistus}. It is very probable that it first came into notice, some centuries after the Christian era, among the Arabians of the Caliphate. Even the name points to this inference.

After this it flourished some time in the East, under Geber, and then passed into Europe where it was best known between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries.

All classes, indeed, from the independent nobleman to the poor artisan who depended on his daily labor for sustenance, found a lasting occupation in this vain search—vain, that is, as regards the object which they strove to attain—the one hoping to immortalize his name by the discovery of the great secret: the other longing to succeed in order that he might be enabled to live in ease and luxury; and both, doubtless, actuated by that avarice inherent in man's nature.

In every nation throughout Europe were numberless alchemists to be found, wasting away their lives in the murky atmosphere of laboratories, in the futile hope that they might light on the precious object of their search.

Among the many devoted followers of this mysterious art were Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lully, and Arnaud of Villaneuve. Again there were Basil Valentine (b. 1400) of Erfurt, who discovered nitric and sulphuric acids and many antimonial preparations; Van Helmont, who was the first to notice gaseous bodies and recognize the distinction between permanent gases and vapours; and Philip Von Hohenheim, better known as Paracelsus, who made no discoveries, but was noted for the boldness with which he introduced chemicals into the practice of medicine.

None of these, however, can compare with Glauber. An active experimentalist and an acute reasoner, he made many important discoveries, some of which are claimed as modern. He was thoroughly acquainted with the properties of sulphuric and muriatic acids, as is well demonstrated in his works. Among other things he wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Consolation of Navigators; in
which is taught how they who travel by sea may preserve themselves from hunger and thirst, and also from those disasters which are wont to happen in long voyages; written for the health, comfort and solace of all those who travel by water for the good of their country."

The plan of employing extract of malt as a portable diet, and diluted muriatic acid to quench thirst, is therein mentioned as worthy of practice: and the writer speaks also of the many medicinal properties of this acid.

Doubtless everyone knows the story of the peasant, who, on his death-bed, told his idle sons that he had nothing to leave them except his vineyard; but that within its bounds there was a concealed treasure which they might find by digging. Although they could find no money, they turned up the earth so thoroughly in their diligent search, that the promised treasure was fully realized in the abundant crop of grapes which their vines yielded. The old alchemists were the sons who, lured by avarice or ambition, toiled laboriously that they might accomplish their own selfish ends. They were unsuccessful as we well know, in their search after the philosophers' stone; but they turned over the hidden principles of nature very thoroughly, and made many important discoveries, the true value of which, mankind has since learned to appreciate.

The general result, then, of the foregoing remarks must be that though we may censure the alchemists for the selfish motives which instigated them to devote their lives to such a study, we cannot but moderate our censure when we take into consideration the vast benefit we now receive from their laborious researches.

To the "adepts" is ascribed the discovery of phosphorus and the concentrated acids. Nay, indeed, it is to alchemy that we owe the science of chemistry, the discovery of gas, the steam engine, electricity, and those many subtle agents that minister so much to our health and comfort. And whatever may be thought of the art as increasing the superstition of former times, and "wasting," as some say, "valuable lives," it cannot but be allowed that we owe much of our present knowledge of the constitution of bodies to the observations of the old alchemists, and consequently that the lives so wasted were not consumed without great results.
A TRIP TO SANTA CLARA.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
January 9th, 1873.

To the Editors of the Owl,
Santa Clara College.

DEAR SIRS:—As a slight return for your kindness in showing us, teachers of St. Ignatius', everything connected with the Owl Office, on the occasion of our late visit to your College, I send you herewith a copy of a letter descriptive of that visit, for insertion in your Magazine, should you deem it worthy that honor. Trusting that you will overlook slight inaccuracies, and remember that the sketch comes from the pen of a casual observer, and not from that of an historian,

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

AUSTIN R. REID.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 9th January, 1873.

W. J. REID, ESQ., A.B.
H. M. Civil Service,
London.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Now that New-Year's-Day has come and gone, and another year has dawned upon the world, I am reminded, amongst other duties entailed by the lapse of time, of the pleasant one of writing to you.

I am well aware I am a tardy correspondent; but it must be remembered that the life of a teacher presents for the most part a dull, uninteresting prospect, hardly worthy of delineation, and that the "day-dreams of a school-master" are seldom bright-hued or roseate. In my case, however, the monotony of the routine was recently broken by the arrival of the holidays, and by a very delightful trip to Santa Clara and San José. Let me then
take you, metaphorically, by the button-hole, and tell you all about it.

Having been invited by our worthy Vice-President to join him in a visit to Santa Clara College during the holidays, all the lay members of our teaching force (with two exceptions) duly met at the Railway Station on the morning appointed.

The train started at 8.40 A.M., and for about half an hour we bowled along through the suburbs on such a degree of equality and proximity—I had almost said familiarity—with the open thoroughfares, as would astonish your old-country eyes, accustomed as they are to see railroads fenced in by walls, or hedges, or steep embankments.

The northern portion of the peninsula on which San Francisco stands being very sandy, and almost entirely destitute of vegetation, the scene along which the eye travels from San Francisco to San Mateo, some 21 miles South, is mostly wild and irregular. Rolling hills and deep gulleys and ravines, evidently of volcanic formation, alternate with bleak morasses, until the landscape finally assumes the character of a barren moor, unbroken by an elevation of any kind, intersected by various creeks, and bounded on its eastern side by sundry shallow estuaries of the Bay. Here sea-gulls sail past, wild fowl rise in a rush on the approach of the train, and away toward the sea-line a lonely heron, mid-leg deep, stands dipping in a pool.

At San Mateo, however, we noticed a decided improvement both in the weather and in the scenery. The damp mist that had hitherto hung motionless over the plain rolled off, and revealed a smiling landscape. We sped by orchards, vineyards, fields of springing corn, neat cottages nestling in pretty gardens, snug farm-houses ensconced in the pleasantest corners of their broad farms, and stately mansions standing proudly aloof amidst richly timbered parks; until at last, after a run of about fifty miles, our "iron horse," puffing and blowing as though he had had hard work to get us there, came to a stand-still at the rural town of Santa Clara.

Having arrived at the College, a pile of buildings almost resembling a town, we were received by the President with a degree of cordiality and well-bred courtesy that convinced us in a moment of the sincerity of our welcome, and would have afforded sufficient proof, had proof been needed, that the science of refined hospitality is not altogether monopolized by the gentlemen of the old school.

After some time devoted to conversation and luncheon, we were shown to our rooms—which were all numbered, and were characterized by an air of neatness and cleanliness that was very refresh-
ing to the eye—and having enjoyed the luxury of a cool splash, we started on our tour of observation, convoyed by our own Vice-President, who by reason of a long residence there in former days "knows the ropes," and accompanied by one of the Fathers of Santa Clara.

First we descended to the courtyard, or, as the boys call it, the "Fathers' Garden," which is rectangular in form, and laid out in flower-knots, with a crystal-clear fountain, full of gold fish, in the centre. This courtyard or quadrangle is surrounded by four rows of building, one of which is, if I remember aright, allotted to the Fathers as their residence, and the other three to college purposes.

Emerging thence we proceeded to the vineyard, which is of considerable extent, and is planted with French vines, with olives, and with various kinds of fruit trees. Returning thence we ascended a flight of steps and were shown into the Fathers' Library, which is large—being stocked with about 10,000 volumes—and contains sundry literary curiosities, among which are a book of prayers printed in thirty-three different languages, and a ponderous MS. tome containing various offices of the Church, set to Gregorian chants. The leaves of this curious volume are of sheepskin, and its covers are massive iron plates, (studded with bolts) that might serve as sides for a safe. It is supposed to be about a century old, having been originally imported from Mexico by the old Franciscan Fathers, and left behind by them on their departure from Santa Clara. That they had it in constant use is evident from the fact that it was found, open, on the music-stand in the church.

Leaving this eloquently silent world of books, we next visited the Infirmary with its numerous bath-rooms, and its apothecary-shop, and were pleased at the cleanliness and comfort visible in all its departments.

Thence, after a glance at some of the class-rooms, we gained the play-ground—a very spacious one. Here we found two well arranged gymnasia, near which were some score or so of boys, whose homes were too distant to admit of their visiting them during the short Xmas vacation, busy with their bats and balls, and making the "welkin ring" with their shrill treble voices.

Next we entered a large building that forms a boundary line to the play-ground on that side, and found ourselves in the Chemical and Philosophical Lecture-rooms. Passing thence through the Laboratory we reached the Museum, and after that the collection of Philosophical Instruments. This latter is really a magnificent one. It is said to be the finest on the coast; and in my opinion it is fully equal, if not superior, to that of
Leaving this abode of science, we ascended a flight of stairs that led to one of the Dormitories—an apartment which (with Navy recollections still fresh) I immediately christened "the berth-deck"—resembling as it did that quarter of a man-of-war in three well-marked features; roominess, cleanliness, and ventilation.

Mounting higher, we gained the Observatory, from which we looked down upon the College Grounds and the various buildings that bound and intersect them, upon the quiet town of Santa Clara with its one modest spires, and beyond it upon a country of varied beauty and richness, well calculated to please the eye of a farmer.

Descending once more to the play-ground we visited, first the Theatre, which we found a model of chaste and classical architecture, externally superior and internally fully equal to any theatre in San Francisco,—with seats for 3,000 spectators, and an excellent orchestra;—then the respective Debating Halls of the Philalethic and Phil-historian Societies, and lastly the College Chapel.

Our ciceroni then conducted us to the Refectory, where a first-class dinner was served, at which the President and one of the Fathers joined us. We did it ample justice. It was quite an intellectual meal; the wit was as good as the wine; and the latter was capital, and of home manufacture.

At the termination of dinner we adjourned to a comfortable sitting-room, where cigars were passed round; and for a happy hour or so, to use a nautical expression, we "blew a cloud and spun yarns."

During the course of the evening we visited the swimming-pond, had a game at bowls, some target-practice, a ramble into Santa Clara, and a stroll back through the dim twilight.

After this we made once more the oft-repeated circuit of the verandah, which runs, internally, round the quadrangle, and which was now lighted by lamps—enjoying the novelty of the situation, listening to the frequent bells and to the periodical chimes of the College Clock; and pondering the while on the wonderful method and organization of that Society which the world so violently denounces, but which for all that has here and in a thousand other places, created cosmos out of chaos, a world out of a wilderness, and has ever and everywhere been the staunch support of religion, civilization and progress.

From this reverie we were aroused by a summons to supper—not an unwelcome one, for country air is keen. Having again done justice to the good things set before us, we were treated to some music, vocal and instrumental; after which we returned to the above-mentioned sitting-room, where we
smoked and told tales as before; and finally, having wished one another, and our hospitable entertainers good-night, we sought our respective bed-chambers, with the pleasant conviction of having spent a very happy day.

Indeed so happy did it seem to me, that I was in no hurry to bring it to a close; and so, having "turned in," I felt—not to sleep, but—to dreaming. Listening to the various sounds—the distant foot-fall, the chime of bells, the bark of country watch-dogs—till they died away and were succeeded by the deepest silence; watching the numerous lights that twinkled across the quadrangle and which gradually disappeared as night wore on, yielding to the influence of the hour, and finding myself for the first time since early youth, reposing beneath the "shelter of academic walls;—methought we two were boys at school again, beside the calm King's River. The rustic bridge still spanned the stream, shoals of the finny tribe,—perch, and trout, and grayling—hovered in its shadow as of old; the abbey meadow wore its verdant carpet, bright with all the floral gems of spring; the well looked clear and cool as ever; the ancient abbey, heavy with the grime of nigh a thousand years, "Still heavenward neared its venerable head;" while, on the height beyond, two opposing boy-armies, whose shouts of shrill command and peals of merry laughter came floating on the breeze, fought hard for victory at a game of foot-ball. Ah, the rapture of those school-boy days! And so dreaming, wide-awake, of days gone by and of scenes twice a thousand leagues distant, I finally fell fast asleep and ceased to dream.

At early morning, long before dawn, the Fathers were astir; the busy bell with frequent stroke, inviting them again and again to a rapid succession of Masses. Much later was the hour at which we visitors betook ourselves of rising. Some of us indulged in the luxury of a morning bath; and all having made our toilets and our orisons, repaired to the refectory, where a substantial breakfast was set forth.

After breakfast we visited consecutively the Laundry, where everything is done by steam power; and the Owl office, where we observed that business was conducted with skill and method, and where we learned with pleasure that this enterprising bird flies as far as the Eastern Universities, not to mention others nearer home, and fetches back "exchanges."

Then last, but not least, we paid a formal visit to the Church—a glorious old temple built by the Indians of the Mission under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers. Its style is Mexican, the walls being composed of adobé,
being of enormous thickness. But although an old church it is not as old as the Mission, the latter dating as far back as 1777. This Church is quite narrow for its length, being one hundred and twenty feet long and but thirty wide. It contains seven altars richly decorated, several fine old paintings, and a remarkably well executed crucifix, to which there is an Indian legend attached. I shall not however relate it here; as it is unauthenticated.

Taken all in all, this is a grand old church; a fitting place for prayer; a place in which sacred instincts steal into the heart, and calm and peace—"that peace which passeth all understanding,"—descend upon the soul, like the "dim religious light" that falls, subdued, upon the floor.

Through a door-way in the wall, which reveals its immense thickness we passed into a small chamber which contained the Xmas "Crib." This latter is a miracle of art. It was brought all the way from Rome. The foreground shows the interior of the grotto, with Mary and Joseph, the new-born Babe, and the shepherds three. Through the mouth of the cave, by a judicious arrangement of light, are some groups of wonder-stricken people, out on the hill-side, gazing at the supernatural star; exultant angels are hovering in the air; the Eastern Kings with their trains of camels are travelling along a distant road; and, in the background, are the roofs and towers of Bethlehem. Everything is solid; statuary, grotto and miniature mountains.

This old-fashioned church has a handsome modern front, beside which is a piece of ground, formerly used as a burial place, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Having now completed our tour of the College, and seen whatever was worth seeing in Santa Clara, we took the horse cars for San José. The morning, which at an earlier hour had worn a somewhat threatening aspect, turned out beautiful. Nature delights in these pleasant surprises in spring; and in California spring treads closely on the heels of winter. There was a freshness and purity in the air, after the night's rain, a savor of spring; that was absolutely delicious. And I do not suppose that in all California there is a prettier or more delightfully picturesque bit of road than that three miles between Santa Clara and San José. It is broad, straight, level, and overarched by two magnificent lines of trees; while the scenery on either side is extremely stately and park-like. The trees meet and sometimes interlace, above, and so completely overspread the road as to give it somewhat the appearance of a railway-tunnel, though not a very dark one just now, as they are bereft of their foliage. I fancy,
somehow, that a mid-summer-night's stroll along that lovely road,—here chequered with broad patches of moonlight, there very dark, and weird-like,—sometimes revealing marvelously minute patterns of leafage on the ground, and anon displaying a moonlit glade of enchanting beauty—would be enough to recall, transiently though it might be, the brightest dreams of youth.

But here we are at San José! It is quite a pretentious looking place, with a decided air of stir bustle and business. It boasts of a few pretty good hotels and banks, but has only two decent streets; and although, compared with Santa Clara, it seems a magnificent city; yet, contrasted with San Francisco, it is after all but a beginning.

However, as an offset against this unfair comparison, I am willing to admit that, whilst our City Hall at San Francisco has but lately been started, and our new Mint is not as yet complete, San José can claim the credit of possessing, at the present moment, a public building which has no equal whatever in San Francisco—the new Court House.

And furthermore I will here state that it will be a lucky city that can boast of two as courteous and obliging civic officers as the Sheriff and County-Clerk of San José. These gentlemen, to whom we were perfect strangers, took us all over the building, explaining everything as we went, through the courts and offices, and up to the roof of the dome.

From this elevated point a scene of singular beauty meets the eye. Let us analyze it. At our feet lies San José; immediately in front of the Court House St. James' Square and just behind it the prison—quite a model one. Looking toward St. James' Square, a little to the right of i, and not quite a quarter of a mile distant, stands the State Normal Training School in the midst of a fine green common; while off in another direction lies the Southern Pacific Railroad, with its trains coming and going. For miles in every direction stretches the rich and fertile Valley of Santa Clara, with its orchards, vineyards, and gardens; its broad farms, as well timbered as those of your midland counties, with rows of lofty cotton-wood trees interspersed with straight-limbed poplars and graceful willows; and its mansions, half hidden by encircling groves, and sometimes standing amidst parks studded with oaks, that, sentinel-like, stand grimly apart, rearing aloft their sturdy arms like dumb custodians of the land. One sees, also, the people in the streets below, occasional wayfarers along country roads, teamsters with their teams afield, groups of cattle dotting distant farms, a stream winding silverly across the plain, here and there a rustic
spire, the town of Santa Clara, or more properly speaking the College which forms the most important part of it, and in short the whole broad bosom of this delicious valley, bright with the first rich verdure of the spring, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills—some with their summits wrapped in clouds that cast sleepy shadows down their sides, and others enveloped in a "purple bloom"—lying outspread beneath the eye, steeped in all the magic hues and shifting tints and exquisite delicacy of coloring, bright yet tender, of a California landscape, and presenting a pastoral scene of rare and surpassing loveliness.

On our return to the College we found luncheon on the table; after partaking of which, and thanking the Fathers of the College for the kind and courteous welcome they had extended towards us, we soon found ourselves in the train, flitting past the self-same scenes described at the outset; leaving behind us a "land of milk and honey," and speeding City-ward.

And now, wishing you, and all in the dear old homestead, a happy New-Year, and many, many more besides,

I remain,
Your affectionate brother,

AUSTIN R. REID.

DEADLY NIGHT SHADE.

(BY "YUSEF.")

WAS e'er a flower beautiful as thou,
That hid such poison 'neath such petals fair,
Like love with beauteous eye and snow-pure brow,
Who poisons loving hearts with anxious care?

Thou hast a fascination in thy name,—
There is a loving odor in thy breath;
But thou art symbol of deceit and blame,
And in thy fragrance thou exhallest death.
EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.—
We feel truly grateful to you for the kind interest in the Owl, which you have shown and are showing us in a substantial manner; that is, by sending in your articles, thick and fast. Still, however, we are constrained, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more. Do not think that you can give us too much. Only let it be of the right kind as almost all that we have received has been, and never fear that we shall have too much.

We would remind the professors and also the students of all the English classes, that all articles, of whatever kind, coming from those classes, must bear the written approval of the Professor of the class from which they come. For the sake of uniformity, the word imprimatur, with the signature of the Professor has been chosen as the form of such approval.

We would thank writers, also, to write on one side only of the paper and to number each page, which will save much trouble to the Editor and printer.

All manuscripts and communications are to be handed to the Editor General.

THANKS.—The sincere thanks of the Owl are due to our Financial Editor, Mr. A. Sauffrignon, who remained at the College, assisting in getting out the last number of our magazine, during the greater part of the Xmas Vacation.

THE question, "Does the Owl do job printing?" has often been asked. For the benefit of those who wish to know we answer: the Owl does not do job-work, as it does not possess a printing office. The Owl is printed by the College, and the Association pays for the printer's labor by the month.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. A. Waldteufel, Music Hall, San José, for the February number of that excellent magazine, the Catholic World. Comment on the present number would be superfluous.

THE Griswold Collegian has died.

THE Notre Dame Scholastic has improved itself to a great extent by leaving out the long "Roll of Honor," which took up a great part of its space.

THE California Art Gallery is the title of a monthly journal published in San Francisco, devoted to Music, the Drama, Art and Literature. The first number is before us. In its prospectus it says: "The Art Gallery will appear as a monthly, containing twelve pages of original and selected reading matter. Each number will be embellished with a fine chromo, illustrating our California scenery, and produced by a new process
known as chromo-typography, together
with an original piece of music arranged
by composers of talent and acknowledged
ability."

With the first number is presented a
chromo, representing a view of the Mer­
ced River: and an original piece of music
entitled, "The Yosemite Waltz," some
parts of which are very pretty. We
think that the Art Gallery fills a vacancy
which has begun to be felt in our Pacific
Coast literature, and we hope that the
good taste of the public, will cause it to
as well supported as it deserves to be.

"The Tyro," (Canadian Literary In­
stitute) is a well edited "Baptist" maga­
zine. It comes to us all the way from
the bleak, snowy regions of Canada.
However, it is a most welcome visitor,
and we are glad to see it coming to enjoy
the genial sun of our happier clime.

"The Packer Quarterly" has been
received. It is published by the Senior
Class of the Packer Collegiate Institute
Brooklyn, N. Y., and does credit to the
seat of learning whence it emanates. Its
fair editresses, having received several
interesting points of information from a
late sojourner in the Indian Territories,
make, among others, the following re­
mark:—"But what gave us most satis­
faction was, the fact that women's influ­
ence is felt in many ways among them,
and that in the 'tepe,' or tent, she
reigns supreme, no one daring to dispute
her authority." We might add, that
among all the Indians we ever saw, wo­
men had still greater rights. For, in
fact, we never yet saw a noble redman
who disputed the right of his squaw or
squaws, to do every bit of the work, not
only inside of the tent, but outside of it
also. In fact, the Indians insist that the
women shall have their rights and prac­
tise them. As an example of this, one
may often see an Indian and his wife
traveling, the latter in the full enjoyment
of her rights and womanly dignity,
trudging along with their joint "pack"
upon her shoulders, whilst the chival­
rous "Lo" marches along, fifty yards
ahead of her, in all his native majesty,
unburdened, in every sense, with the
things of this world; and his soul, no
doubt either, yearning for a communion
with the spirits of his departed fathers,
or that other kind of spirits which he
poetically denominates "firewater."

Our big brother, the Overland Month­
ly, contains in his February number, the
usual amount of good reading matter.
"Little Brown Bird" is a very pretty and
pleasing piece. Were we not very rever­
ental, we would venture to criticize
the versification in "Breakers;" but some
of the ideas are really good. An old
French letter, giving a very good account
of the early Jesuit Missions in Lower Cali­
forhia, and mentioning incidentally, some
facts concerning the habits of the natives
in those times, is interesting. It is
translated by Bishop Kip (Protestant) of
San Francisco.
HERE we are, once more back at school after the Xmas holidays! The school-books are dusted; the inkstands refilled; new triangles grace our blackboards; the genius of study spreads his wings over our heads. The last touch of homesickness has worn away; the vacation has been talked over till nothing now remains to be said about it. In fact, to be brief, everyone looks happy and is studying hard. We have no doubt this half-session will be a pleasant one. Already the days are growing perceptibly longer; the trees in the play-ground are putting forth their buds; and the ground itself is covered with a carpet of grass. Everything points to the speedy return of spring, the sweetest and most beautiful of all seasons. Our poets look forward to it as the tiller of flowers and butterflies; our matter-of-fact men hail it as the banisher of cold mornings, cold winter, and coldness in general;—everyone longs for its arrival, as a season of lightheartedness and pleasure. Men who are accustomed to look far ahead of them, begin already to think of the June Examinations—the great ordeal of all our students—and to prepare themselves, so that they may either walk forth into the world with all a graduate’s honors, or at least with many premiums and advance higher in their classes. We wish success to all. We bid the discontented be of good cheer, and then week after week will slip past unnoticed. We recommend study to the idle, for if they will but be studious, they will no longer find the hours drag along on leaden feet; and to our late companions, whom the return of the Session has not brought back to us, we wish unbounded success and a happy life.

The Philhistorian Literary Society has reorganized, with the following list of officers. Rev. J. Pinasco, President; F. McCusker, Vice President; R. Del Valle, Recording Secretary; V. McClatchy, Corresponding Secretary; W. Hertford, Treasurer; H. B. Peyton, Censor; J. Coddington Librarian; R. Wallace, Asst. Librarian.

The Parthenian Dialectic Society has made no change in its officers.

The Dramatic Society reorganized on Saturday evening, January 17. The election of officers resulted as follows: J. Poujade, Vice President, (re-elected); A. L. Veuve, Secretary, (re-elected); D. Furlong, Treasurer; F. McCusker, Censor; J. A. Waddell, Costumer, (re-elected); Mr. Raggio, S.J., Stage Manager, (re-elected); J. L. Carrigan, Prompter, (re-elected).


Committee on Selection of Plays.—F. McCusker, H. B. Peyton, J. F. Dunne.

The Sanctuary Society held its semi-
annual election of officers, January 9th, with the following result: Mr. B. Calzia S. J., President; Jas. Walsh, Vice President; V. McClatchy, Secretary; A. Pierrotich, Treasurer; Jas. Walsh, Sacristan; Thos Hanley, Censor.

The following communication is from the "Opposition" Base-ball Club:
Santa Clara College, Jan. 15, 1873.

EDITORS "OWL,"—Dear Sirs:—I have been requested by our President to send you the following list of officers whom we have elected to-day: Mr. Kenna, S. J., President; V. McClatchy, Vice President; Chas. Ebner, Secretary; P. Soto, Treasurer; C. Flood, Censor; P. Soto, Captain 1st Nine. The election of a Captain for the 2d Nine was postponed until our next meeting.

I remain, etc.,
CHAS. EBNER,
Sec. O.B.B.C.

We are much pleased to learn that our junior students have organized a Dramatic Society. The gentlemen who have made this move deserve much credit; for we think that a society of this kind will be of great benefit to the younger students. Besides affording them a pleasant pastime, it will cause them to advance in the declamatory art, which is so necessary in this country. We hope this juvenile society will be well sustained, and that success will crown all its efforts. Its Secretary has kindly furnished us with a list of the officers, which we insert below:

Mr. R. Kenna, S. J., President; Jas. Walsh, Vice President; Louis Palmer, Secretary; Wm. Davis, Treasurer; Wm. Furman, Censor; A. Bell, Prompter.

Several of our students attended a concert given at "Germania Hall," San José, by our Professor of Violin, Mr. E. Gramm, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15. From all accounts the entertainment was a success, and reflected great credit on Prof. Gramm.

The "Unequaled" Base-ball Club sends us the following for insertion:
Santa Clara College, Jan. 12, 1873.

EDITORS "OWL,"—Dear Sirs:—Allow me to inform you that on this day, (Jan' 12) we have reorganized the "Unequaled" Base-ball Club, with the following officers: Mr. Calzia, S.J., President; A Pierrotich, Vice President; Wm. Furman, Secretary; A. Mccone, Treasurer; J. Norris, Censor; Wm. Davis, Capt. 1st Nine; J. De la Cruz, Capt. 2d Nine.

I remain, etc.,
WM. FURMAN,
Sec. U.B.B.C.

We have a little story to relate, concerning a certain worthy professor of this College—who is also one of our "Prefects of Studies." The night before the Xmas Vacation, he kept "Late Study," as usual, and seeing that there were only three or four students in attendance, he allowed the seductive influence of Morpheus to overcome him, and, leaning back in his chair, sank into a gentle sleep. At length the time arrived to close the Study; and still he slept on, blissfully unconscious of Study Hall or students. But all, the lack of human magnanimity! Slowly and noiselessly the boys arose from their seats, put out the lamps, and left the Study Hall. Many quarters had been rung by the college clock, before the Professor opened his eyes; and when at length he did so, it was to find himself sitting bolt upright in a chair in some dark unknown region. For some moments he could not realize his position and a doubt entered his head, he tells us, as to whether he was really himself or not. Gazing around in mute amazement, at length his eyes fell upon a lamp that was shining with the faintest possible glimmer, in a far corner of the Study Hall. For some moments he could not realize his position and a doubt entered his head, he tells us, as to whether he was really himself or not.

Gazing around in mute amazement, at length his eyes fell upon a lamp that was shining with the faintest possible glimmer, in a far corner of the Study Hall. In an instant the whole affair was made clear to him, and he groped his way to the door, fully convinced that although naps are very good things it is sometimes rather dangerous to indulge in them.
A trained bear, escorted by his keeper, came into the yard some time since. Bruin performed a variety of fantastic tricks, much to the delight of the younger portion of our students, and showed himself to be a very gentlemanly and patient animal, as he resented all liberties taken at his expense, with calm and lofty dignity. He made his exit amidst the prolonged shouts of his youthful admirers.

We have received information to the effect that a college orchestra has been organized. Its members will, we understand, commence practising in a short time. It consists of some sixteen instruments, several of which are played by gentlemen of acknowledged talent; and consequently we are justifiable in expecting something great. The list of the officers of this new society has not yet been handed to us, but we hope to insert it in next month's issue.

A Base-ball Nine, picked from the Fifth English Class, has played and won three match games this month. Good for the Fifth English!

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**O L I O**

**Young America.**—We noticed a very small boy,—perhaps he was three feet high, and ten years old—behind an enormous cigarette; and while he scientifically inhaled every draw, we reminded him that he should not smoke; but he said it was his superiors' fault, for they took away his chewing-gum. We told him we would inform his mother of his smoking, but he answered as pert youngsters always do: "I don't care," "But she would punish you severely," we said. "But she wouldn't." "Why not?" "Because I'm too big now." So, a specimen of "Young America," and a very small specimen, too, is too big to suffer from the rod of parental correction. This is surely a progressive age.

**Falling over a Wheel-Barrow.**—If you have occasion to use a wheel-barrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheel-barrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through felling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheel-barrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of the handles and is sitting down on something. A wheel-barrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.—Danbury News.

The teacher of one of our grammar classes told his students that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, when Charley said: "May I go to the black-board?" "No," said the teacher. "Please, may I go to the black-board," again repeated Charley. "No, Charley," emphatically answered the teacher. But Charley stood up and deliberately walked to the board. "Charley!" said the teacher severely; "Did I not tell you not to go to the board." "Yes, sir; but you said 'No,' twice, and 'two negatives are equal to an affirmative.'"
# RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION

*Given by the Students in Santa Clara College, December, 1872.*

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STUDENTS' BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following is a list of reliable persons who patronize us. Let every student make it a point to patronize them:

**Attorneys**—None.
**Banks**—McLaughlin & Ryland, San Jose. Hibernia Saving and Loan Society, San Francisco.
**Barbers**—Phil. Schmittspan, Santa Clara.
**Bakers**—None.
**Booksellers and Stationers**—A. Waldteufel, San Jose; Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.
**Boot and Shoe Merchants**—Pulverman, San Jose.
**Candy Manufacturers**—Maurice O'Brien, San Jose.
**Carriage Manufacturers**—Thomas & McQuaid, San Jose.
**Cigar Stores**—J. F. Tobin, Santa Clara.
**Clothiers and Merchant Tailors**—J. Dinegan & Son, Santa Clara.

**Dentists**—None.
**Druggists**—Gates and Rhodes, San Jose.
**Dry Goods Merchants**—E. Mahoney, San Jose; Spring & Co., San Jose.
**Grocers**—E. Lamory, Santa Clara; John M. Swinford, Santa Clara; Louis Pinard & Co., San Jose; Devine & Abel, San Jose.
**Hotels**—Cameron House, Santa Clara.
**Insurance Agents**—None
**Livery Stables**—None.
**Photographers**—E. Schroder, San Jose.
**Plumber**—James Hagan, San Jose.
**Publications**—"The Young Crusader," Boston, Mass.
**Sportsmen's Emporium**—Felix Sourisseau, San Jose.
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Charges Moderate.

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E. LAMORY, Proprietor.
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Receive General and Special Deposits in Gold, Silver and Currency, deal in U. S Bonds and Legal Tenders, and do a General Banking Business.

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CONSOLIDATED BANK (Limited.) London.

BANK OF IRELAND, Dublin.

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MARBLE SLABS AND WASHBOWLS,

Copper and Zinc Bath Tubs, etc., etc.

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(Opposite the Opera House).

TO FARMERS.—I have on hand, a large and well selected stock of all kinds of HOSE, which I will sell at two cents per foot reduction from former prices, until further notice.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting promptly done.
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CANDY MANUFACTURER,
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(NEAR SAN FERNANDO.)

THOMAS & McQUAID,
Carriage Manufacturers,
No 428 and 430. First Street, San Jose.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.
John F. Tobin,
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Confectionery, Tobacco,
STATIONERY,
Fancy Goods. Spectacles, &c.,
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(Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.)
SANTA CLARA.

Santa Clara Chop House,
(Odd Fellows' Building.)
Franklin st., Santa Clara,
JOE. PISCIOLI & Co.
PROPRIETERS.
Meals at all hours.
All the delicacies of the Season on hand.
Give us a Call,

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BARBER,
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FAMILY GROCERIES.
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353 First-st., San Jose.
Physicians' Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.
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S. E. cor. Santa Clara & Market sts. San Jose.

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Gents' and Childrens' Clothing,
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
etc., etc., etc.

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Open Day and night.

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Merchant Tailors,
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Our work is its own recommendation,

Our prices reasonable

AND WE

Guarantee a fit or no trade.
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YOUNG LADIES’ INSTITUTE.

THIS Institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the State, and empowered to confer academical honors, commenced its Twenty First Annual Session on Monday, August 21st 1872.

The Course of Instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough Education.

**TERMS:**

- Entrance to be paid but once: $15.00
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- Washing, per quarter: $12.50
- Physicians’ fees unless it may be preferred to pay the bill in case of sickness, per quarter: $2.50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting form extra charges; but there is no extra charge for the French, Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing and Fancy Needlework.

Payments are required to be made half a Session in advance.

Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the Session.

---

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THIS Institution is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and was opened in August 1872, to afford those of moderate means an opportunity to procure for their daughters, at a trifling expense, a sound, moral and intellectual education, such as will help them to become useful and intelligent women.

To place the benefits of this Institution within the reach of the greater number, the charge will only be $16.00 per month, payable in advance.

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**TERMS:**—Elementary Class. per Month: $3.00
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"THE OWL,"

A Magazine, Edited by the Boys of Santa Clara College, Cal.

The columns of the Owl, filled with only original matter, are devoted to

Scientific and Historical Essays;

Tales, Dramas, Poetry and Humor;

Miscellaneous Notes and Book Notices

Class-Standing

Our State, taking such rapid strides in all lines of progress, is not at all backward in that of Educational Institutions. A reflex of the interior of one of its most prominent Colleges ought to meet with liberal encouragement from every person who feels an active interest in education. It is the endeavour of the Editors strictly to exclude all matter of a puerile nature, and give the Magazine a literary merit, and a fair standing among other periodicals. They desire to make it, not a mere novelty, as being the only California College Magazine, but a source of pleasure and profit to the general reader. How far they are successful, the work itself proclaims.

TERMS:

$2.50 per annum (payable in advance), 25 cts. per single copy

An extra copy will be sent gratis to every club of five names

Back numbers may be obtained from the office, or from agents. Postage on the Owl, within the United States, is 24 cts. a year, payable at the office where received. The necessary amount must accompany foreign subscriptions.

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Peter N. Ryan, 40 Fourth Street.
H. C. Bateman, 227 Kearny Street.

IN SAN JOSE,

A. Waldteufel, Bookseller, Music Hall, First Street.

IN SANTA CLARA,


AN EXCELLENT ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The circulation of the Owl has already attained a very respectable latitude, and is constantly on the increase.

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