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Direct all communications to THE OWL, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.
TOBACCO.

(JULIEN BURLING, Mental Philosophy.)

"Sublime Tobacco! Which from East to West
Cheers the tar's labor, and the Turkman's rest."
BYRON.

MAN, during his brief sojourn
on this earth, has many
wants which are common to the race
in all ages, and which may be appro­
priately classified under the three
following heads.

Firstly, he wants those things
which are absolutely necessary for the
sustenance of his material nature.
We learn through chemico-physio­
logy that bread and beef contain the
requisites for the maintenance of life.
In them we have, the fibrin, gluten,
fats and starch, which play such pro­
minent parts in the great drama of
nature.
We see, by careful comparison
that all the various forms of ani­
mal or vegetable matter which dif­
terent nations adopt for food, con­
tain the same or very nearly the same
amount of fats, starch, etc.; and when
we realize the fact, we can scarcely
help wondering at the instinct, so to
speak, which, under so many differ­
ent conditions of climate and of na­
tural vegetation, leads man to adapt,
with such unerring precision, the
chemical constituents of the staple
forms of his food to the chemical
requirements of his body.

Secondly, he tries to drive away
cares and thoughts which make his
mind ill at ease.
This he does mainly by the aid of
fermented liquors.
In this case there are no excep­
tions. No matter to what race or
color he belongs, he has done so
from time immemorial, he does so
now, and he will do so for all time
to come. The lord and the beggar
are alike in this respect. The settled peasant, the wandering savage, the beggar,—all, all are given to this most pernicious of habits. Either one way or another they attain their end. The thing is done. All alike procure for themselves the pleasures and the miseries of intoxication. Be it from the juice of the sugar-cane, from the juice of the grape, from rye, from potatoes, or even from the milk of the Tartar mare, still, in some way or other, men will produce that subtle liquid, alcohol, which is the intoxicating principle of all liquors.

Thirdly, man desires to increase his enjoyments, both mental and physical, and, for a time at least, to raise them above their natural pitch. This desire is gratified by the use of narcotics.

Every nation on the face of the inhabited globe uses one or more of these substances; and always for the same end.

It would seem, from what we can glean here and there among the works of ancient writers, that substances containing more or less of the narcotic principle have been used from the remotest periods, for the purpose of banishing uneasy reflections and assuaging care.

Homer, who lived between the years 1044 and 907 B.C., speaks of the use of a substance which he calls the “Nepenthe” or sleep producing principle, of which mention has also been made by many other writers of a remote date.

The general effect of all the narcotics is the same; still each has some distinguishing characteristic, peculiar to itself, and productive of a special effect.

Of all the narcotics, tobacco is used over the greatest area, and among the greatest number of people. Opium, perhaps, comes next; and Indian hemp, or cannabis Indica, ranks third in the list.

It is with the first-named of the three that we have now to do.

Tobacco has been thought to be indigenous to the tropics; but it may be grown in a greater or less degree of perfection, between lat. 15° and 40°. There are many parts of America in which it is grown; among which are places as far apart as Canada, New Brunswick, Mexico, (and the Western Coast as far as 40° south latitude,) Brazil, Cuba, Trinidad and the West Indian Islands.

It is a very hardy plant, as it will grow and flourish both north and south of the equator, as far as 50° therefrom; though it attains perfection within 35° of latitude on either side of the equator. Very fine tobacco is raised between 15° and 35° or 40° north latitude, within which space are the celebrated Philippine Islands.

The history of tobacco is about as follows.

In 1492, when Columbus was on his voyage of discovery, he saw the chiefs of Cuba smoking what we now call cigars; and afterwards Cortez met with the same thing when he penetrated into Mexico. From America tobacco was introduced into Spain, though the date of such introduction is uncertain; and thence, in 1586; it was carried into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. It had already been introduced into France, by Jean
Nicot, in 1560. Mr. Lane fixes the date of its first use in Turkey and Arabia at the beginning of the seventeenth century, or thereabouts. And about the year 1600 it was carried into Java.

The plant was, as we have seen, unknown to Europeans until the discovery of America. It was first noticed by some sailors who were sent on shore by Columbus at the island of Cuba. They found the natives puffing smoke through their noses and mouths, and were greatly astonished at it, until they learned that it was produced by the combustion of the dried tobacco leaf.

Afterwards, as other portions of America were discovered, tobacco was found to be in general use in various ways, from the north west coast of Patagonia, upwards.

Garcilasso speaks of the ancient Peruvians using it, though only for medicinal purposes, in the form of snuff.

The Aztecs of Mexico, according to Bernal Diaz, used pipes of wood, varnished, and richly gilt; and mingled with the intoxicating tobacco the liquid amber and various aromatic herbs.

The use of the pulverized dry leaf, or snuff, was first noticed by Roman Pane, a friar, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage. The natives, he found, took it as a purgative medicine, snuffing it up through hollow canes.

Thus all the modes in which the tobacco plant is now used seem to have been familiar to the ancient American races: nay, its use in the New World has been traced back to still more remote periods, by means of the pipes found in mounds which were the burial places of unknown races, that inhabited the continent before the Indian tribes of the days of Columbus.

When tobacco was first introduced into England, King James I. imposed heavy duties upon those who were caught using it. Nay, what was even worse—for those who were obliged to read it—the royal pedant took up the cudgels himself, against all recalcitrant smokers, in a learned work which he styled "A Counterblast."

The Russian laws condemned those who used tobacco, for the first offence to the torture of the knout, and for the second to death.

Other governments also took measures more or less severe with the same object, but all in vain. All this opposition and persecution only tended to increase the consumption of the weed; for they had the very natural effect of exciting the people’s curiosity and thereby tempting them to try its effects. The Orientals were told by their priests that smoking was contrary to their religion; and yet we see that they have become the greatest smokers in the world. In India, Siam and Burmah, both sexes smoke; even, according to Mr. Crawford, children, no more than three years of age.

We will now examine into the use of tobacco.

Next to salt, tobacco is perhaps the most used of all the articles consumed by man. Its use has, indeed, become even more extensive than its cultivation. Tea may possibly com-
pete with it, as to which has the more extensive use; but nothing else can. Consider what an enormous quantity of it is consumed in the United States alone in the course of a single year, and then think what its consumption must be, when it is used as far north as civilization extends; and as far south, I might say, as humanity reaches.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the history of tobacco, is the rapidity with which its consumption has increased. In 1662, the quantity raised by Virginia, then the most productive country on the Atlantic shores, was 60,000 lbs; and the quantity exported from that country in 1689 was only 120,000 lbs. During the time that has elapsed between that period and the present, the produce of the Atlantic Coast has risen to twice as many millions of pounds.

The enormous rate at which the use of tobacco has increased in the British Islands, may be judged from the fact that while in the abovementioned year (1689) the total importation was 120,000 lbs. part of which quantity was reexported, the amount consumed annually in the United Kingdom alone, in 1853, was about 30,000,000 lbs.

On the authority of Mr. Johnson, I give the following figures, as representing in pounds, the amount of tobacco entered for home consumption in Great Britain and Ireland.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Years</th>
<th>Lbs.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1851</td>
<td>28,062,841</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1852</td>
<td>28,358,733</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1853</td>
<td>29,737,561</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And since then its consumption has been and is on the increase, and that very rapidly.

On the continent of Europe, as a general thing, its use is seriously restricted by the heavy duties imposed on it. And yet the quantity consumed in the United Kingdom is said to be less than in most other European nations, being at the present time about 19 oz. per head per annum; while in France it is about 19 or 20 oz., the greater part of which is used in the form of snuff. In Denmark it amounted, in 1848, to as much as 70 oz. or 4½ lbs per head. In Belgium it averages 7½ oz.; and so on in the other states of the Old World.

But in some of the states of North America the amount greatly exceeds those figures; and among the Eastern nations, where no duty is imposed on tobacco, its consumption is believed to be still greater.

The following figures are given on the authority of Mr. Crawford, who in making an average estimate of the consumption of tobacco by the whole human race, reckons their numbers at a thousand millions, the amount per head at 70 oz., and the total produce and consumption of this narcotic at two millions of tons, or four thousand four hundred and eighty millions of pounds!

Estimating the average yield at 800 lbs. per acre, the calculation would show that five and a half millions of acres of land have to be kept continually under cultivation, for tobacco alone. The people of the United States are by far the largest tobacco growers in the world; as is proved by the census returns for the two last decennial periods. The estimate
in 1840, was 219,163,319 lbs.,
in 1850, “ 299,752,546 lbs.,
which is about one-twentieth part of
the total produce of the globe.

The next point for consideration
will be the varieties of tobacco.

As many as forty different varieties
of this plant are known to botanists.
Tobacco is the common name of a
species of plant of the genus Nicotiana,
natural order, Solanaceae.

This order, it is well to remark
here, is very noticeable for the num­
ber of genera belonging to it, which
include plants possessing narcotic and
highly poisonous properties, and use­
ful edible plants. Of the former we
have the bella donna or deadly night­
shade, stramonium or thorn apple,
hyoscyamus or henbane, and many
others of the same nature. Of the
latter we have the tomato, lettuce and
potato; which last affords the poison­
ous principle solanine.

The derivation of the name tobacco,
is uncertain; some attributing its
origin to the Indian word tabacco
which was the name given by the
Caribs to the pipe in which they
smoked the weed; others deriving it
from Tabasco, a province in Mexico,
and others from yet other sources.
Be this however as it may, the title of
the genus to which it belongs is un­
doubtedly derived from the name of
a certain French Ambassador to Por­
tugal, called Jean Nicot, who brought
some tobacco from Lisbon into
France in the year 1560.

Of the Virginian tobacco (Nicotiana
Tabacum) at least eight varieties are
distinguished and named; and of the
common green tobacco (N. Rustica)
perhaps as many more.

The culture of tobacco is not an
easy task by any means; as there
are many circumstances which af­
fect the plant injuriously or other­
wise, as regards the properties for
which it is prized. The climate, the
soil, the mode of culture, the kind of
manure used, the period at which the
leaves are gathered, the manner in
which they are dried and cured, with
many minor circumstances, have
their influence on the quality of the
tobacco.

Moreover, a very marked differ­
ence in the quality of tobacco results
from the greater or less distance
whence it is carried to market.

Well packed tobacco (according to
Mr. Johnston), like some wines, im­
proves by a sea voyage; and in gen­
eral, all tobaccos, like good wine,
improve by age." In the former case
the tobacco undergoes a species of
fermentation by which its flavor is
mellowed; and in the latter case, as
we shall see presently, some of the
volatile oils which are contained in
the natural leaf are given off, and the
value of the tobacco thereby enhan­
ced.

As with tea and coffee so with the
tobacco plant, the places in which
the very finest qualities are raised are
very few.

Cuba heads the list, as the country
in which tobacco attains its greatest
perfection; then comes Luzon, one
of the Philippine Islands, from which
Manilla cheroots are exported. Ca­
doe, in Java, produces a fine but very
strong tobacco, which is raised with­
out manure, the crops being grown
alternately with those of rice. Fine
tobaccos are also grown in the differ-
Tobacco, in the districts of Hindostan. In Western Asia, the most highly prized tobaccos are those of Latakai, or Latakia, in Syria, and of Shiraz in Persia. The former (like the Chinese tobacco, which is a very mild and agreeable species) is the leaf of the *N. Rustica*, and the latter is that of the *N. Persica*.

From the preceding remarks it may be seen in how wide a range of latitude tobacco can be grown. Still, as I have already hinted, the districts where the best kinds are raised are both limited in extent and few in number.

Tobacco, to have a delicately flavored leaf, needs a warm summer for its production; for, though it is a hardy plant, it can be seen by a glance at the following table, how great an influence climate exerts on it. The following figures, which show the different prices in the English market, and consequently the difference in quality between the tobaccos of different countries, are given on the authority of Mr. Johnston.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Canada</td>
<td>4d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentucky</td>
<td>6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginian</td>
<td>7d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Domingo</td>
<td>8d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland</td>
<td>9d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkey</td>
<td>9d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbian</td>
<td>10d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuba</td>
<td>6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havanna</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In a certain valley in Holland called Guelderland, about two millions of pounds are annually raised. Of this one half is bought by the French government, and used for making cigars and snuff. The rest is sent to North America, and even, singularly enough, to Cuba itself. The leaf is very fine, containing none of those fibres by which other tobacco leaves are distinguished; and hence it is used to roll or form the outside covers of cigars. The chemical constitution of this leaf thus renders it independent of its market value.

Chinese tobacco, which is also very fine is used for the same purpose.

*(To be continued.)*
THE EAGLE AND THE OWL,

(BY A BIRD OF PEACE.)

Translated from La Fontaine, Book V., Fable XVIII.

The Eagle and the Owl, resolved to cease
Their war, embraced in pledge of future peace.
On faith of King, on faith of Owl, they swore
That they would eat each other’s chicks no more.

"But know you mine?" said Wisdom’s Bird.
"Not I, indeed," the Eagle cried.
"The worse for that," the Owl replied;
"I fear your oath’s a useless word:
I fear that you, as King, will not
Consider duly who or what.
You kings and gods, of what’s before ye
Are apt to make one category.
Adieu, my young, if you should meet them!"
"Describe them, then; or let me greet them;"
And on my life I will not eat them,
The Eagle said. The Owl replied,
"My little ones, I say with pride,
For grace of form cannot be matched,—
The prettiest birds that e’er were hatched.
By this you cannot fail to know them;
’Tis needless therefore that I show them.
Pray, don’t forget, but keep this mark in view,
Lest fate should curse my happy nest by you."
At length God gives the Owl a set of heirs,
And while at early eve abroad he fares,
In quest of birds and mice for food,
Our Eagle haply spies the brood,
As on some craggy rock they sprawl,
Or nestle in some ruined wall,
(But which it matters not at all.)
And thinks them ugly little frights,
Grim, sad, with voice like shrieking sprites.

"These chicks," said he, "with looks almost infernal,
Can't be the darlings of our friend nocturnal.
I'll sup off them." And so he did, not slightly:—
(He never sups, if he can help it, lightly).

The Owl returned:—and, sad, he found
Nought left but claws upon the ground.
He prayed the gods above and gods below
To smite the brigand who had caused his woe.
Quoth one, "On you alone the blame must fall;
Or rather on the law of nature,
Which wills that every earthly creature
Shall think its like the loveliest of all.
You told the Eagle of your young ones' graces;
You gave the picture of their faces.—
Had it of likeness any traces?
Bear, then, your fate, without grimaces."
Kitty did not long remain in the railroad camp.

There came, one day, to her master, an old Yankee farmer who lived down in the Sacramento Valley, and who wished to make arrangements about selling his fruit in the mountains, where he could get a better price for it.

Seeing Kitty, he was at once fascinated by her strange ugliness, and thought she would be a wonderful pet to present to his fun-loving little daughter at home. So he paid the railroad man five dollars for her, and took her away with him.

Now this man had seven sons, besides the little daughter above mentioned; and a Spanish wife (the mother of the family) who had brought these broad lands as her marriage portion to her husband.

The house was a low, white adobe one, built round two-thirds of a square, and surrounded by verandahs. Immediately in its neighborhood was a large green vineyard, the fruit of which was just turning purple; and beyond that was an orchard full of apples, pears, plums, peaches, in short almost every kind of fruit that grows upon trees; and then came a corn-field, with the dry yellow stalks, still standing, interspersed with melon and pumpkin vines, whose huge ripe fruit lay temptingly on the ground.

And all this lay at the base of the "foot-hills," which were teeming with California wild oats; and dotted here and there with the dark evergreen oak trees—a very pretty contrast—whose drooping heads all pointed one way from the force of the daily winds.

Kitty had never been in such a place before; but nevertheless she took very little notice of the surrounding scenery, having no eye for the beauties of nature, and not being engaged by any newspaper to write the place up.

She confined her present researches strictly to the woodshed, where her new master had deposited her before going in to his dinner.

Her eyes roamed around, with the
peculiar keenness of observation which characterises old travellers in pursuit of a square meal; and before long she discovered one entirely to her liking, in a corner of the shed. It consisted of a good allowance of milk and chicken fixings, to which she did full justice, and of which she had no sooner disposed than the proper owner appeared. A fierce fight now ensued; but the fat farm Tabby was no match for the sinewy young puss, the heroine of so many adventures; and she soon took ignominious refuge on the house-top.

Just then the noise of the battle reached Farmer John, who, jumping up from dinner, ran out to see what was the matter, and beheld Kitty in the act of signalizing her victory by turning head over heels.

"Come here, children!" shouted the ranchero, "and see the funniest sight in the world." And out they all rushed.

"Ho!—Haw!—Hi!—Ha!—Hoo!" laughed the whole party in rapid and variable succession; except, indeed, the little girl and the eldest boy (whose voices were cracked) and they shrieked "He! He! He!" fairly shrieking with delight when Pussy, feeling complimented by their applause, stood up on her hind limbs, and practising one of the tricks the Prairie Farmer had taught her, made them as neat a courtesy as her crooked legs would admit of.

But Signora Juanita, their mother, stood in the doorway, wearing a face of the greatest consternation; for she felt sure that no cat in her senses would behave so strangely, and therefore came to the conclusion that the body of Pussy was inhabited by a little devil, who made her play all these tricks. She remembered the demons who had a fancy for swine, in our Lord's time; and thought they might prefer cats, now-a-days, and she determined to try the effect of a little strychnine on the supposed fiend.

Before doing so, however, she concluded to ask the advice of her priest; with which object in view, she persuaded her husband to drive her into town next day. He, good man, thought she was going to confession. He did not believe in confessing sins, for his part,—nor, if truth must be told, in anything else. He was much too cute for that. He was much too cute for that. But if she liked it, well and good. "Women were queer creatures," he said, "and took their amusements altogether differently from men!"

When she told the good-hearted priest her errand, he could scarcely refrain from laughing. However, he managed to preserve a serious countenance, and informed this anxious inquirer that before pronouncing judgment on the cat it was necessary that he should see her; whereupon the signora invited him to dine with them at the rancho on the following Sunday.

Now the good father no sooner saw Pussy than he was fairly bewitched by her, and offered, with great promptitude to take her off the Signora's hands, and exorcise the devil out of her at his leisure. But this the farmer would not permit. He was afraid, he said, neither of God nor devil,—(see what a fine thing it is to be cute! )—and he meant to keep the
The Signora, too, seeing that Father O'Halloran thought well of the new favourite, came to the comforting conclusion that if there was a devil at all in Pussy it must be a very harmless one, and so took no further trouble about the matter.

Chapter XIV.—The Battle of Squirrel-knoll.

Kitty and the farmer's little girl soon became greatly attached to each other; but still our kitten often wandered about the rancho by herself, and many a strange sight did she see while doing so.

The fields around were inhabited by a great many ground-squirrels, who, like gophers, live in holes in the earth.

Now, at the beginning of the winter rains, a party of these little animals, who do not like damp lodgings, started off in a body to a neighboring hillock, led by an old fellow of great experience.

First came the biggest and strongest; then the mothers, with the baby-squirrels on their backs, and the other little ones by their sides; and the half-grown youngsters brought up the rear.

They went at a quick trot, which would have been a run, had they not, for the sake of the little, ones moderated their pace.

When, however, they arrived at the hillock, behold, it was occupied by another company who had got there before them.

Neither party would give way; so they prepared, on both sides, for battle. The mothers and young ones were placed at a safe distance; and then both armies, after praying fervently to the god of squirrels, just as if they had read all about the King of Prussia's piety in the late war, and wished to imitate him, went at each other, tooth and nail.

These heroic and pious little animals killed one another for some time, at a great rate; much to the delight of several huge eagles who were hovering over the battle field, and who volunteered their assistance in carrying off the wounded.

To their credit be it said, they acted quite impartially in this matter. The eagle indeed is a kind of lawyer-bird, who always helps both sides in a free fight, and who manages to secure pretty good pickings for himself wherever there is a bone of contention.

Finally the attacking party had to retreat, and to take up their abode on another knoll hard by, which was quite unoccupied, and which they could have had, all along, without any trouble.
One evening, towards twilight, in a field near home, Puss espied a little head sticking out of the ground.

She walked round it, and the head kept turning as it were on a pivot, so as to face her every way.

"Say, little friend," cried Puss, "you'll wring your head off, if you keep turning it round in that way. Come out of that hole and let me see what sort of a thing you are, or I'll pull you out."

"I'm not a bit afraid of you," screeched the creature, in a shrill voice, "and I challenge you to single combat. Come on if you dare!" And it hopped out of the hole in a very strong-minded manner.

"Why, you dear little quiz! You are so like my old friend, Sir Flyaway Owl, that I could kiss you," exclaimed Kitty in the greatest delight.

"I'll scratch your eyes out if you take such a liberty," replied the indignant bird; who, being middle-aged, was of course greatly enraged at being likened to and "old" friend of Kitty's. "Its only stupid love birds that kiss. My Roman nose would be sufficient of itself, to prevent my engaging in such a degrading occupation; even if my taste ran that way—which, I am happy to say, it doesn't."

"Oh, you cream of tartar!" cried Puss. "Pray tell me, are you the Duchess of Snatch-em-up-fast? or the Marchioness of Gobble-em-up-quick?"

"I am plain Miss Owl—Miss Screech Owl,— and I'll thank you to give me my proper title," hissed the little old maid.

"By all means, plain Miss Owl; for the name suits you exactly. But tell me, why you were poking your head out of that hole in such a curious manner?"

"I was looking for a friend of mine—a charming person—Mr. Underground Gopher. Perhaps you know him. The fact is, I am his housekeeper; and if he does not come home soon, I shall have no time to get my supper to-night; for I cannot go to market and leave the house empty. You see he has a great deal of pruning business on hand just now; and, O dear, he is such an industrious little gentleman! It is very easy work for me in this place; and he is so quiet in the house: no trouble at all. And he takes all his meals out of doors. You must know, too, that like all Californians, he professes two or three callings at once. He is as good a miner as he is a gardener. You should just see him at work! He excavates underground passages on the most scientific principles; and as for his pruning, why he cuts off the roots of fruit trees and vines so perfectly that, without the slightest difficulty, they topple over and fall
out of the ground."

"Let me see this piece of perfection," cried Puss, in a pretended rapture of admiration.

"Here I am!" cried Mr. Gopher, who had reached home by an underground passage, and came up to the surface with a cargo of loose earth, just in time to hear his own praises.

"I can't see you, with all that loose earth about you," cried Kitty, carefully scraping some of it away.

"Now can you see me?" asked the conceited old bachelor, putting his nose out. Whereupon Puss seized him by the head, pulled the shrieking victim out of his home, and instantly ate him up; while the disconsolate Miss Owl screeched out her dismay, and flapped her wings in the greatest agony of grief.

When Kitty had finished her supper, she thanked Miss Screech Owl for the good square meal with which she had furnished her, and wiping her mouth with her paws, said she looked upon the Gopher family as mere pests of society, and considered it a high moral duty on her part to eat them up whenever she had a chance; particularly when they happened to be nice and fat, as this one was.

"Oh you wicked, dreadful creature!" screamed the poor little mourner; "Get out of my sight, do!"

"Good bye, then, plain little Miss Screech Owl," exclaimed the mocking Puss; "and when you find another gopher, come and tell me; and I'll eat him, too!"

Chapter XVI.—"The Heathen Chinée."

Puss passed a year very satisfactorily at the ranch of Farmer John, till at length adverse fate deprived her of the congenial society of her young mistress, who at this juncture was sent by her mother to school at the convent of Notre Dame, San José.

For some little time Puss was greatly at a loss for an companion, but at last Signora Juanita, missing her daughter's help in household matters, persuaded her husband to get her a Chinese cook.

Here was a fresh fund of amusement for Kitty, a perfect mine of unexplored fun, to the development of which she at once devoted herself, with her accustomed energy. She made Yellow John's life a torment to him; for it was her constant aim to annoy him as much as possible; and had she been the most mischievous of boys, she could not have succeeded better. One of the tricks to which a conscientious sense of duty impelled her, was to trip him up when he was carrying a dish of hot mush to the dinner table. This she would effect by running unexpectedly between his feet, and suddenly embracing one of his ankles with her sharp claws, which.
she was the better able to do inasmuch as his low wooden shoes left that part of his person unprotected. Of course at such times the dish and its contents were alike deposited on the floor, and Puss herself only escaped scalding by turning an adroit summersault.

Yellow John endured this sort of treatment for a while; but when his first month's wages were paid to him, he said to the Signora, "Me go way! Me no likee Pussy-cat." And away he went. And singularly enough, away also, on the very same day, went "Pussy-cat," to the extreme surprise and grief of the whole family; who could not imagine what had become of her, and who raised a hue and cry all over that district on her account.

The neighbors also took a great interest in the search; for Kitty was such an uncommon creature that they all regretted her loss; but alas! all their explorations were to no purpose; and finally Farmer John composed the following advertisement, which he inserted somewhat unreflectingly in the *Anti-Monopoly* newspaper of the great city close at hand:

"Lost,—A crooked-limbed cat, of the usual color, with a scar on the side; stands on her head when she has a mind to, and turns head over heels under same impulse. Whoever will bring her to 'The Grange,' Sacramento, Cal., will be handsomely rewarded."

This, however, produced no other result than an intimation from the railroad king of that district, that "if the farmer advertised any more in that anti-railroad paper, he (the king) would cause his locomotives to set the farmer's grain-fields on fire, when passing through his lands!"

But this railroad allusion puts me in mind that I am off the track of my story, and have inadvertently got on a siding; and if I don't hurry up, and return the "right lines," *Editor Owl* will be calling me to order. So dear reader you and I will mount a special train provided for us by the printer, and follow at express speed our unfortunate heroine, who has been carried off by that wicked Chinese cook to San Francisco.

The train was very much crowded when John, bearing Puss in a closed basket, arrived at the depot; so he was given a seat in the baggage-car. John Chinaman was sitting on a trunk in the baggage-car looking at his basket as it jumped about on the floor in consequence of Kitty's frantic efforts to get out; when the conductor came along; who, seeing a basket dancing, thought it must be acting under some sort of spiritual influence, and asked John "if he was a medium?"

The Chinaman knew very little English, and thought the conductor took him for a mute.

"Me no dumb," he explained; "me tell you; he move about inside! he jamb up and down."

"Do you mean to say," inquired the conductor, eyeing the boy in a severe manner, "that the basket is intoxicated?"

Now the China boy had never heard that word before; therefore he answered as all the Chinese do, when they don't understand a question; and said, "Yes."

"Yes," said he, "him no restee
inside: him joomb and joomb, and never come stoppee!"

The conductor thought John was making fun of him, and being a true Californian, wasted no more word on the heathen, but promptly knocked him down, and returned to the baggage.

(To be continued.)

TWO CHARADES.

(By ΣΦΙΓΣ.)

[Answers in our next number.]

I.

My first is always found in a stable;
My second is set at the head of the table:
The rest you must be; or else you'll fail
To find in my whole a horse's tail.

II.

When my first is lying in church,
My next is already in hell:
My third you may have in your arms,
My fourth I can show, not tell.
For my last you should go to Rome,
For my whole sit quiet at home.
M ANY years ago I was residing in the city of New York, in the capacity of salesman in a large wholesale establishment on Broadway.

It was my custom, if time permitted, to drive, on Saturday afternoons, to the residence of a friend, who had a beautiful farm about twelve miles from the city, on the old Lakeport road; and I would generally remain his guest until the following (Sunday) evening, and occasionally till the Monday morning.

On the particular Saturday of which I am going to speak, I invited one of my fellow clerks, with whom I was on terms of friendly intimacy, to accompany me to the farm. Glad to exchange, even for a day, the noise and excitement of city life for the silence and tranquility of the country, he readily consented. Arriving at our destination, we were kindly welcomed by our friendly host and the various members of his family.

My companion was overjoyed at the change he immediately experienced, and was much impressed by the calm serenity of nature, at so short a distance from so much bustle. Poor young man! It was the first time, perhaps, for many years, that he had been able to make good his escape from the stifling city.

After dinner, a walk was proposed by him, in order, as he expressed it, that we might enjoy still more the wealth and beauty of the country.

We sauntered along, admiring the beauties of the landscape, silvered and adorned as it was, by the glorious full moon of that warm July evening.

The atmosphere was laden with the sweet perfume of the new-mown hay, and with the fragrance exhaled from the blooming orchards that surrounded us. The crystal streams sparkled in the light, and seemed to rouse the happy creatures beneath their waters to increased life and animation: for every moment a sudden splash would be heard, which would cause a ripple on the previously smooth surface, as the speckled trout would rise to obtain some coveted morsel.

On retracing our steps to the mansion, my companion complained of being fatigued by the length of the walk, and retired immediately.

Being in a somewhat contemplative mood, I determined to sit up for some time enjoying my thoughts and the fragrance of a fine "Havannah,"
before seeking my chamber. Accordingly, drawing a large arm chair to the verandah surrounding the house, and seating myself therein, I allowed my thoughts to drift whither they would.

Beneath me lay the garden, which was adorned with many trees of high ornamental beauty, and in which, too, were rare flowers and plants, that filled the air with the most delicious odor.

The moon was still careering uninterruptedly on her course, her light ever and anon obscured for a moment by some cloud, and then reappearing with even brighter lustre.

Thus I sat and mused for a considerable time; until, at length, I was admonished by the increasing cold, and by the perceptible dampness of the atmosphere, to retire to my chamber and seek repose.

But imagine my thoughts, when, on attempting to rise, I found myself unable to move a limb! All my muscles had become quite rigid; and what is more, my gaze could not be diverted from the moon, which had been my principal source of delight that evening, and on which my eyes had been fixed in admiration at the time when I first thought of going to my room.

The first idea that struck me was that I had become numb from the cold; but the notion was soon relinquished when I considered that a July evening in the state of New York never attained to such a degree of cold as to make that possible; and further, that even if such had been the case, my limbs would not have been rendered incapable of the slightest motion; and my eyes, at all events, would not be rivetted on the moon, as they now were.

In vain did I endeavor to rise, to move my hand, to divert my gaze from the silvery orb on high. Not a movement could I make.

As yet, I experienced no alarm. I trusted—nay was certain—that I should soon be released from this strange possession. Patiently therefore, I waited; when suddenly I conceived myself as laboring under a silly dream or nightmare, superinduced by my moonlight walk, and my admiration for the silvered landscape. A short time only elapsed before this idea was abandoned. No dream was ever so vivid to me before: everything savored too much of reality for me still to consider it a dream.

I earnestly prayed for the dawn of the day; that my position might become known to some one, and I might, if possible, be released from my strange predicament.

Long I sat: hours and hours it seemed to me! My muscles had not changed since the first indication of their rigidity. My eyes were still directed upward, though not towards the moon, which had long since left its place in the heavens.

At length I was gladdened by the crowing of the cocks about the farm; and, soon after, I heard the step of my host in the hall.

Emerging on the verandah, he wished me good morning, and congratulated me on being such an early riser; thinking, perhaps, that I had risen before him, in order to enjoy in quietude the freshness of the morning air. Seeing that I did not move, he
came slowly towards me, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and again wished me "Good morning." Bending his eyes toward mine, he suddenly shrank back, with the affrighted exclamation, "Good God! Can it be that he is dead?" After feeling my wrist and being unable to detect any pulsation, he hastily summoned, first my companion, and then the members of his own family; and I was carefully conveyed to a room and laid upon a bed; my good friends all the while expressing sorrow at my sudden decease, which they attributed to heart disease, from which I was well known to be a sufferer.

Then it was that the fearful apprehension rushed upon my mind, that being considered as dead, a horrible and yet inevitable doom awaited me; a doom whose very mention causes the blood to start in horror; that of being buried alive.

I heard my host order the dispatch of a messenger for a physician and an undertaker. The former was wanted merely to give a formal certificate that my death was from heart disease; and since he was an acquaintance of mine, and therefore familiar with the fact that I was more or less subject to that complaint, he had no scruple in immediately certifying that it was the cause of my death.

How my heart kindled with hope, when I imagined he would be able to perceive my true situation! And how suddenly was that hope destroyed when I noticed the formal indifference with which he assented to the general view.

The undertaker provided me with a coffin and the necessary paraphernalia; and I was at once placed therein, nevermore, as it seemed to me, to rise.

Word was sent immediately to my family, who were then in a distant part of the State.

Friends and acquaintances came to view me, as I thus lay in my coffin, my hands devoutly clasped over my breast, and my eyes staring fixedly into vacancy. All who saw me commented upon the life-like appearance I presented; but found no difficulty in attributing it to the sudden and easy manner of my demise.

May no one ever be called upon to suffer the misery which I endured in my narrow coffin—a misery far worse than physical pain—the most fearful agony of mind! Notwithstanding this, however, there were times when I either slept, or at least was deprived of consciousness in some manner; though even then my misery did not cease.

In my dreams I imagined that my funeral had already taken place, and that I was already deposited in the dread and silent grave.

I felt the oppression of the damp clay and the stifling atmosphere.

I even felt the presence of the conqueror worm, and all the loathsome feelings consequent thereon.

On awaking again to consciousness after these lapses, and finding myself still in the room, still indeed, it is true, within the fatal coffin, but not yet an inhabitant of the tomb, I would raise my heart in prayer with renewed hope and fervor, and would endeavor, by means of some action, however slight, to acquaint my friends that life
remained within me. And then, after a hundred vain and futile endeavors, despair would seize me, my mind would sometimes become bereft of reason, and torments still more terrible than any I have enumerated would oppress me.

On the third day of my death (?) my parents arrived, and loud were their protestations of anguish, over my cold and rigid body. The lips of my disconsolate mother, and of my weeping sisters, were often pressed to mine, in excess of grief. Their sorrow was agonizing to me; and I now prayed, even for their sakes, to be enabled to rise up, and proclaim that I still remained to them. My youngest sister—a mere child, and the beloved of all—would not believe I was dead, but went on insisting in her childish manner, that I was but asleep.

Preparations had been made for my funeral, which was to take place on the morrow. Everything was in readiness. But one short night would elapse, and I was, inevitably, to be consigned to my doom. There were around me all those whom I most valued in the world. Their sorrows were rending my heart, and I was powerless to alleviate them; though but the slightest motion, the mere quivering of an eyelash, had I been capable of it, would have caused their anguish to be turned into the utmost happiness.

It was the evening before I was to be carried to the grave, and there interred with all my mental faculties in full vigor, as one really dead.

My mind was still agitated by the utmost terror and anguish. But yet, now and then, I would become perfectly resigned to my inevitable doom, and would reason with myself in a most logical manner, on the foolishness of racking my brain for a vain and hopeless object. Those moments of calm and relief would soon, however, be succeeded once more by the constantly recurring frenzy.

It was during one of these moments when calm and quiet pervaded my thoughts, that I overheard the voice of a young medical student, an intimate friend both of myself and of my family, request the withdrawal of everyone present for a few moments. Being alone with me, the young doctor advanced towards me; and standing immediately in front of me, gazed into my eyes as so many had before done since my death, (?) and soliloquized thus: "Poor fellow—but it will be no detriment to try." Pulling from his pocket a small case, he opened it, and drew forth a bright keen blade, and, after glancing at me, again spoke, "Why should I thus mutilate his body, in such a vain hope? His family would never forgive me." And then replacing the shining blade in the case, he approached the door. Oh God! the anguish, the despair, the fallen hope of that short moment! I thought that the incarnate fiends could not endure more torment.

But, again, I heard the step of my friend moving toward me! "I shall do it," I heard him say, "there can be no harm in the trial." The glittering instrument was again taken from its sheath; the young doctor moved to my left side, and placed his
hand upon my temple. Immediately thereafter I experienced an icy sensation—my limbs were freed from their rigidity, and after making one spasmodic movement, I became senseless.

On regaining my consciousness, I found myself, instead of being in a coffin beneath the damp ground, lying comfortably in my bed, surrounded by my family, who were then offering up their heartfelt thanks for my recovery.

My limbs were now altogether free from that unaccountable affliction; but owing to the shock experienced by my nature, and the mental anguish I had endured, it was some time before I was restored to my accustomed vigor.

It was not, indeed, until a great while after my recovery that I would venture to glance at the moon; as she careened in majesty and splendor amid the fleecy clouds, the delight of so many eyes. For me all her beauty had vanished, nor could I be prevailed upon even to listen to the conversation of the admirers of the silver queen.

Even to this day, on a night of more than usual splendor and brilliancy, my mind again reverts to that memorable night of my miraculous escape from a most loathsome death.

The young medico who had thus saved my life, explained that although no external sign of animation remained,—my body being cold, and my breathing and the beating of my heart imperceptible—the idea had entered his head that I was in a state somewhat like that produced by catalepsy, though with many distinct features. That he had come to this conclusion, partly from the fact of my life-like appearance, but more particularly from an expression which he had thought that he had once perceived in my eyes, as he was gazing into them. That this had induced him to perform upon me a very simple operation, viz., that of freeing the stagnant blood at the place of its greatest congealment, and thus allowing it to course again uninterruptedly through the veins, and restore the body to animation.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing tale was in type, a curious confirmation of the verisimilitude of the facts therein narrated has come to hand.

In a recent number of the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette, the details are given of a singular circumstance which occurred in the northern part of that city to the child of a carpenter. The family is French, and has been in this country only about eight years. One of the children, a fine little girl named Mary, is the subject of this remarkable story. The words of our Missourian contemporary are as follows:—

"The worst forebodings of the parents had been realized and they prepared the body for burial. No physician was called, as they supposed that death had already fallen upon their child. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the apparent death occurred. The body was kept till Sunday afternoon about four o'clock, nearly thirty hours, during which time no sign of returning life had been noticed. The final look at the remains was taken, the coffin was sealed up and placed in the hearse, and the little cortege started for the grave, the parents following the hearse in a carriage.

After proceeding some distance and coming down on Third street, the quick
ear of the saddened mother caught the echo of a familiar cry, and she gave expression to her suspicion that it came from the coffin of her child. Her suspicion was overruled, but in a few moments a second cry was heard, and in compliance with the wishes of the mother, the hearse was stopped and the coffin drawn out. The struggles of what was supposed to be the lifeless body could now be plainly heard. The coffin was quickly opened and the child found to be alive, to the amazement and unspeakable delight of the parents. In her struggles she had nearly torn from herself her death robes.

She was quickly taken from the coffin and carried into the house of a French lady at hand, where they bathed her in vinegar. She recovered her strength rapidly, and in a short time was taken to the house which she had left only a few hours before an apparent corpse. Since that time she has been as well for the last few months. Her parents make every effort to keep her mind from reverting to this terrible episode of her young life, fearing that there is a fearful fascination in it to her.

She says that while others thought her dead she could feel their touch and hear distinctly all that was said, and could not move a single muscle or make the slightest sign. She knew when they dressed her for the coffin, when she was laid in it, and heard the terrible lid fastened down, but could not make a motion, and was utterly powerless until the hearse had gone some distance, when the physical forces were probably set in motion again by the motion of the vehicle.

"She describes, with singular enthusiasm and power, for one so young; the beatific sights she saw while entranced, many different beings appearing to her in wonderful beauty.

As we stated, the family disliked the affair to become public, and have thus far endeavored to keep it secret, and it was only yesterday that it came to our ears."

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OUR NEWSPAPER.

(BY JAMES H. CLARK.)

It is a well known fact that, about Election times, patriots who would die for their country are as plentiful as bees in a hive. At these periods patriotism is profitable; and it was for this reason that myself and some friends started a newspaper a few days before the last Election. We longed to do something for the people whom we loved so well; and we therefore determined to give them a newspaper, which would defend their liberties, and at the same time fill our pockets with coin. Over the door of our Editorial Sanctum we placed these words, "Pay us liberally and we will defend you well." Our programme was as follows —

1stly—To defend the public schools against the attacks of their enemies. (We did this notwithstanding the fact that the entire Board of Education waited upon us, and begged us most earnestly to let the schools alone, assuring us that we would do more harm than good.) And

2ndly—To abuse, vilify and ridi-
cule the Jesuits to the very best of our power and ability.

Upon this point our worthy chief editor eloquently remarked—"In con­ducting this paper you must remem­ber that you are licensed to say "whatever you please against the "Jesuits. If anything goes wrong on "land or sea, if droughts affect the "country, if business is depressed, "the nation panic stricken, or Spain "warlike, be sure and lay it all to the "Jesuits."

In accordance with this mandate, I was ordered to write an article on the Jesuits for the first number of the paper.

I informed the chief that I did not know the first thing about the society in question.

"That is nothing," was the reply; "you know as much about the subject as the rest of our writers. However, if you desire any information, you can apply to the man who cleans the printing machine: he is posted on the matter in question."

This gentleman was a colored indi­vidual, whose early education had been sadly neglected. He could neither read nor write. In fact, the first time he voted, he attempted to cast a restaurant bill of fare into the ballot box. Nevertheless, when I informed him of the object of my mission, he volunteered with the utmost promptitude to give me all the necessary information, which he did in the most pains-taking and elabo­rate manner.

The zeal with which he discharged this duty, may be estimated by its result, as seen in the following "slash­ing" article, which, shortly after, emanated from my editorial pen.

"The Jesuits," I said, "should be regarded as a dangerous element in the community. Their opposition to Sunday picnics, their frequent sermons against drunkenness, dancing, riotous amusements, etc., etc., show that they have not the happiness of the people at heart; and besides this, they are the foes of education, the enemies of science, and the haters of the human family.

"These assertions may seem strong, but can scarcely be erroneous; for they embody the opinion of all enlightened men.

"The Jesuits," (so, at least said the enlightened man from whom I derived my information,) "were found­ed some eighteen hundred years ago, by the Emperor Augustus, who was at that time the head of the Christian Church.

"Their whole history, from the moment when they first merged into public life, up to the present time, has been one long record of cruelty and wrong.

"It cannot be denied, even by their most ardent admirers, that they caused the downfall of the Roman Empire, that they were responsible for the raids which the barbarians made on Europe, and that they en­deavored to prevent the discovery of America. It was the Jesuits who in­cited the Indians to attack the Amer­ican colonists, they were the real cause of the late misunderstanding between the North and the South; they were the prime movers in the recent war between France and Ger­many; they were at the bottom of the late disastrous panic in New York;
and, if we are not much mistaken, they it was who caused the murder of the *Virginius*’ crew.

"In the physical world the Jesuits have also been at work.

"It is a somewhat remarkable fact that from the time at which Father Seechi, the great Jesuit astronomer, first pointed his telescope at the sun, neither in heaven or on earth has there been a day of peace. Earthquakes, unparalleled in the history of mankind, have convulsed the earth, and destroyed millions of lives; volcanoes have filled the valleys with ashes and lava; tidal waves of unequalled force have swept over the earth, washing cities and towns out of existence; the cholera, the small pox, fashionable balls and parties have scourged the human family; the epizootic has prostrated the dumb beast; famine has almost decimated Persia; and the very sun himself is showing the effects of Jesuit aggression by the black spots which dot his surface.

"We shall now proceed to give a short account of the evil results which the Jesuits have produced in the United States, our ever beloved and glorious country, and more particularly in California.

"When the Jesuits first landed on our shores, they beheld a land literally flowing with milk and honey. They saw the wonders of Yosemite; they beheld with enraptured amazement the beauties of Mariposa, the fertility of Santa Clara, and the wealth of Sonoma. In prophetic vision they saw our cities rise, and our golden harvests wave; they beheld in imagination our beautiful Bay, covered with the ships of every clime; they knew that our oak forests and groves would be the scenes of joyous festivity; that many picnic-parties would explore the beauties of our mountains; that happy excursionists would camp in our valleys; and they determined to destroy, so far as lay in their power, all this happiness, beauty and wealth.

"With this fiendish design, they immediately went to work and laid the foundation of one of the greatest evils that afflict this State. In plain American language, they planted *poison oak*! Yes, fellow citizens: this dreaded scourge we owe exclusively to the Jesuits!

"Nay, it is to them that we are indebted for almost *every* evil that afflicts us. They have built colleges in California, it is true; and they have literary and scientific societies in full blast, the most noxious of which is, perhaps, the well known *Philalethic Society* of Santa Clara. But that is only a blind! We are credibly informed that education is forbidden in their colleges; that the boys are kept in the grossest ignorance, never being allowed to learn more than thirteen letters of the alphabet; that *none* of the members of their literary or scientific societies can read either writing or small print; that *none* of them can peruse a newspaper article without spelling the words; and that *all* of them sign their names with a cross.

"To satisfy ourselves on these latter points, we recently paid a visit to the Jesuit establishment at Santa Clara; but we regret to state that we were unable to obtain the desired information."
"Will our honest Protestant readers credit us when we state the cause? It is, alas, too true that we had no sooner entered the College than a deliberate attempt was made to poison us.

"It was, doubtless, whispered among the Jesuits who we were; and their plans were at once laid. One of the professors smilingly approached, and invited us to enter the dining room; an invitation which it is needless to say we accepted; and he then, very cunningly, left us alone. Upon the table there were six bottles of wine, some or all of which we have good reason to believe were poisoned. We emptied the first four bottles without experiencing any unpleasant sensation; the fifth staggered us; after drinking the sixth, reason left us, and our noble intellect lay prostrate under the table. Fortunately, at this moment, the President of the College entered. He doubtless knew that if our dead body should be found in the Institution, the people, whose liberties we were defending, would demand a searching investigation; and that then the true cause of our martyrdom would be discovered. He therefore ordered the porters to raise our inanimate and almost martyred form, to carry it away, and to bathe it in a neighboring pond. After remaining in that cool place for some time, we recovered consciousness; the poison was driven from our system, as the astute priest foresaw would be the case, and we were politely requested to leave the Institution, which we did—a living proof to all the world of the deadly hatred which the Jesuits bear to newspapers.

"The introduction of unlimited hordes of coolies into California, can be traced entirely to the Jesuits. We stand ready to prove that Jesuits in China are shipping those creatures to our shores. They aim at nothing less than the complete destruction of this country. They will not be satisfied until they see the Goddess of Liberty buried out of sight, and the American Eagle made into mince pies.

"The following is their well arranged programme. They propose to introduce into the country three millions of coolie slaves, who will then hold the balance of power. By means of the immense wealth of the Order, they will engineer a Bill through Congress conferring the Ballot upon these creatures. A Chinese President and Congress will be elected; the people will be compelled to wear the Celestial garb, and to partake of rice and other Oriental delicacies. Our State Militia will be disbanded. Chinese will man our Navy. In a word, this great republic will become a coolie colony, under the control of his Majesty the Emperor of China; and the Jesuits will hold high carnival over our downfall!

"To bring about this result, every effort is to be made by the Jesuits on this coast. They have lately succeeded in making Congress pass a Bill giving the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company nearly fifty thousand dollars a trip. Not content with this, they have chartered the ships of England, France and Germany, and the Chinese are now fairly swarming upon us. We might continue longer upon this subject, but we must draw our article to a close.
"Before doing so, let us prove our fairness and impartiality by avowing that we do not charge the Jesuits with having caused the fires that destroyed Chicago, humbled Boston, and impoverished Portland. Still, in perusing the reports of these fires one thing has struck us as singular. Protestant Churches were destroyed; Catholic Cathedrals were laid in ashes; public schools fell before the devouring element; convents were burned to the ground; but in all the records of these fires, will any one show us a single instance where a Jesuit College was even slightly damaged? We make this remark boldly; fearless of the consequences; relying on our country and its constables for protection. Let the admirers of the Jesuits explain to us why their buildings escaped the fiery scourges which have tried our sister cities? The fact is, to say the least, suspicious; and we give it as our candid opinion, though we will not (as we have said before) embody it in the form of a distinct charge, that the Jesuits deliberately fired these cities, in order to destroy, if possible, republicanisn on this continent.

"We might continue in this strain until we filled the entire paper. We could show that previous to the arrival of the Jesuits in California, there were no droughts, no railroads, no supervisors; but we think we have said well nigh enough on the subject. One more remark and we have done. Among the evils which the Chinese have brought to our shores, may be included that of small-pox. To simple minded people this disease may appear but the work of nature. We see in it, however, the hand of the Jesuits; and in connexion therewith we detect a cunning attack upon that bulwark of our liberties, the Public School System. Within the last few months leading Jesuits have been observed visiting the State Schools; and there is a horrible suspicion abroad that they may have even conversed with the unsophisticated children. The members of this Society are now endeavoring to obtain permits for some of the China ships to enter our Bay, laden with small-pox-stricken coolies. They will visit these ships, deliberately catch the horrible malady, then visit the Public Schools, and so spread this fearful disease among the children. It is easy to imagine the consequences. A fearful pestilence will rage in our city, our population will decrease, and our glorious schools will be closed.

"Thus briefly have we sketched some of the more glaring misdemeanors of the Order known as the Jesuits. If we find this article pays, we shall continue the noble work which we have begun. For the present we shall content ourselves with earnestly begging our friends to do their utmost to increase our circulation. Let them remem ber that our motto is, Pay us liberally, and we will defend you well!"

* It would give us pleasure to insert an article from our esteemed contributor in favor of the godless-school system. We believe that he would do that system all the justice it deserves; and if his arguments should open the eyes of any benighted Jesuit to the advantages of a public school education, surely he would have his reward.—[Ed.]
Fifty-four Years among the Hurons.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AMONG THE HURONS;

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

THE LIFE OF FATHER PETER CHAUMONOT, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

(By W. B. Schofield, 4th English.)

CHAP. I.—Chaumonot's Youth.

PETER CHAUMONOT was born of poor parents somewhere near Chastillon, in 1611; and at the age of six he was put to study with his uncle.

He studied diligently, and had already become pretty well acquainted with the Latin language, when he was induced by some of his companions to run away from home. He pilfered five francs from his uncle, and off he went.

In a short time his money gave out, and he had no alternative but to beg. This at first he would not do, because he was ashamed; but at last he was forced to swallow his shame, to keep himself from starving.

After begging first at one town and then at another, he formed the idea of making a pilgrimage to Rome, in order to receive the "pardons" that were given there. His companions agreed, and so they set out together.

At Savoy they found a good priest, who took them into his house, and after giving them some refreshments, put them to bed in a room where his servant, who was then away, was accustomed to sleep; while the priest slept in a room above.

The next morning, he saw, at a short distance from the gate, a boat which was engaged in carrying vagabonds across the river Rhone, and he quickly made arrangements with the owner to be taken across for charity.

Landing on the opposite bank of the river, he soon fell in with a young man who had formed the same idea of going to Rome; and so they set out together.

The only means of communication between the two rooms was a trap-door, to which the worthy man ascended by means of a ladder. During the night, a cat, while chasing her prey, knocked down the trap-door; which so frightened his reverence that, thinking his guests were robbers, he shouted "Murder!" Chaumonot, though himself a little frightened, at once climbed the ladder, and soon succeeded in soothing the fears of his good host, and convincing him of their innocence.
Morning came, and they resumed their pilgrimage.

On their way through the Valetine, they came to a town where they found a French garrison which, owing to various circumstances, was greatly reduced in numbers; and the officers therefore pressed the two young men to enlist as soldiers. Chau‐
omonot would have done so, but his companion would not consent. However, as they were very hungry—in fact almost starving—they were easily prevailed upon to stay until the commissary should come. In the mean time the officer, on the pretence that he wished to see how the young men would look in soldiers' clothes; dressed them in the uniform of the regiment; but Chau‐monot being rather small, made such a shabby appearance that the officer at once put him to bed, lest the commissary, on seeing the bad figure he made, should refuse to enlist him.

In the mean time the two companions changed their minds, left the place before the commissary arrived, and continued their journey.

Hardly had they gone half a mile, when they were pursued and seized by a party of soldiers, who had orders to arrest all deserters and take them to their officers. Upon this Chaumo‐not said, "Do you think I look like a soldier?" That was quite enough. They let him go.

Late in the evening of that same day, they put up at a roadside inn. Here they proposed to spend the night. The poor creatures, however, had scarcely swallowed a scanty supper, which cost them almost all the little money they had procured by begging, when they were turned out of doors. They then begged to be allowed at least to sleep in the stable; but in rain. Even this they would not have minded, had it been a clear summer night; but, as it was, they found themselves in great straits; for the sky was cloudy, and the rain began to pour down in torrents. It was so dark, too, that at every step they took, they stumbled; for the road was full of holes.

Wet to the skin, and freezing with cold, they now resolved to take shelter in a hay-stack which they saw at a short distance. No sooner had they made a hole in the hay-stack and got themselves comfortably arranged, than two large dogs came up, and began barking and biting at them. The noise of the dogs brought to the spot the owner of the place, who picked up stones to throw at the two young men. In this dilemma they did not know what course to take, for if they came out, the dogs would tear them to pieces, and if they stood where they were they would be stoned to death. Scarcely conscious, in his fright, what he did, Chaumonot sang out in Latin, "Sumus pauperes peregrini!" (We are poor pilgrims). This word "peregrini," to which the Italian word "pellegrini" closely corresponds, gave the man to understand that they were pilgrims. He consequently took pity on them, called away the dogs, and let them sleep quietly for the night.

(To be continued.)
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In sending forth the first number of The Owl for the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy Four, we cannot but express our hearty gratitude to our numerous kind friends and supporters, for their continued interest in our labors.

We are not conceited enough to suppose that a Students' Magazine can make its way in the literary world solely by its own merits. Periodicals of which the main object is the entertainment of their readers, and which, aiming as they do at an immense circulation, spare not to expend large sums in the purchase of articles written expressly for their pages by the first authors of the day, cannot but be vastly more attractive to the general reader than anything which emanates from Santa Clara or any other College. Still we think we may reasonably assert that College Magazines have a special interest of their own, which the ordinary periodicals of the day do not possess; and if their reading public be smaller in number, it is at any rate more appreciative. There can be no doubt that the generality of the subscribers to The Owl, are persons who take a particular interest in the cause of education, and who are therefore glad to know something of the interior life of a College like ours; and we think it may be regarded as equally certain that they like to peruse the literary productions of the young men of the present day, even though those productions may be occasionally somewhat crude and unpolished. Knowing therefore the select "public" for which we write, we feel satisfied that our efforts at "mental improvement" will meet with friendly recognition and generous appreciation; and that our numerous patrons will wish The Owl—as its Editorial Board wishes them—a happy and a prosperous New Year!

May we also say a word of greeting to our numerous College Exchanges? We may; and we will. And that all the more because those exchanges are becoming daily more numerous the more rapidly College Journalism ex-
tends itself. It is indeed a real matter of wonder to us, to notice the rate at which the issue of amateur publications from the various Colleges of the Union, is increasing. Ere long, if matters go on as at present, there will be scarcely a college in America without its magazine or journal; and our already large list of exchanges will have reached unmanageable proportions.

American colleges are certainly, to use the slang of the present day, "alive." God grant that their life may be a real, and a wholesome and a profitable life; such a life as may be pleasing to the Author and Giver of life: else death were better. Momentous issues hang upon the education to be imparted by the American colleges of the nineteenth century. Our country is advancing at railroad speed in the path of material civilization—which some people seem to consider everything;—but is it advancing as fast, or indeed at all, in moral civilization; in that civilization the importance of which must be regarded by every true Christian as paramount? We should like to answer that question in the affirmative; but can it be so answered with truth? All depends upon the work now doing at the homes of those various college journals which it affords us such pleasure to read, and to which we now extend the hand of cordial fellowship, as we wish them, in all sincerity, "a Happy New Year."

Nor, in hinting at the responsibilities which attach to American colleges and their journals, do we mean, for a single moment, to imply that the considerations which we suggest to the minds of others, are not equally imperative upon ourselves.

We have no fear whatever as regards our College. It has the good fortune to be a "Jesuit College;" and that is a term which signifies much. It signifies, inter alia, that firm, clear and definite Christianity, unbending morals, and sound political principles—such as make and keep men good citizens—will always be inculcated within these walls. Never, so long as the Fathers of the Company of Jesus rule the College, will there be any variation in these respects. As to Santa Clara College therefore, our minds are perfectly at ease.

But how about ourselves? Shall we who conduct the students' magazine be always conscious of and equal to our responsibilities? And will the Editorial Boards of years to come be equal to the requirements of the future? "Ay, there's the rub!" We certainly cannot speak of the future of The Owl with the same confidence as of that of the College; but it may be modestly hoped that neither the present nor the future students of Santa Clara will fail to profit by the wise and kind teaching of our learned Fathers: and should that hope be realized, all will be well.

After a copious and magnificent rainfall—such as will suffice, we hope, to secure good crops to our farmers in the coming harvest—we are now enjoying splendid weather; sunshiny and agreeable during the day, though with a fair amount of frost at night. The mysterious official styled "'The Clerk of the Weather," is certainly doing his best for us. Even farmers, who are proverbially hard to please in these matters, seem to grant this. Never, at
any time of the year, was out-of-door exercise more pleasant than now. No
dust to annoy the pedestrian; and the mud drying up daily under the combin­
ed influence of Sol and AEolus. This cheerful aspect of things out-of-doors,
gives us pleasant anticipations of the coming spring, when the shade-trees that
line our noble Alameda will be gay with foliage. Few indeed are the towns
which can boast, as we can, of an avenue three miles long, with another
cheerful town—(we crave pardon we should have said city)—at the further end
of it. Surely, then, we ought to make the most of this avenue, and do our
best to keep it in good order, and well supplied with young trees to fill
the places of those which die off. It may not be specially incumbent upon us
to bring the matter forward; but we have at least as much right to care for it
as others have; and we find upon our editorial table a suggestion from a gen­
tleman of much experience in gardening and planting, which—though ob­
vious enough—has either never been made before, or at least never acted on.
Why should not the many gaps in our glorious avenue be filled up with the
eucalyptus globulus, or blue-gum tree? Plenty of such trees may be seen
around us, in all directions. Young ones, suitable for planting, may be pur­
blished at from thirty to fifty cents each. The tree is desirable on sanitary
grounds, no less than for its beauty; for it is a noted destroyer of miasma and
banisher of fevers, which invariably disappear from places where it has been
planted. Moreover, it grows with almost unparalleled rapidity, and is a fine
evergreen. We hope our colleagues of the local press will ventilate this sub­
ject. Now is the time.

We have not noticed the Yale Courant since the change in its editorship;
and we desire, now, to congratulate it thereupon. True, almost any change
from the absurd superciliousness of tone which characterized it under its for­
mer management, would have been for the better; but in the present instance
there is all the more ground for congratulation, because the change is so tho­
rough and complete in every respect. Although its typographical appearance
now is more common place than formerly, there is no other respect in which
it has not changed for the better. It is practically a new paper; and as such it
has our cordial and appreciative greeting.

Our worthy though very Protestant contemporary, the Tyro, published at
the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, Ontario, says a few pleasant and
friendly words of and to us. It is a good thing when magazines whose reli­
gious differences are so wide as The Tyro's and The Owl's, can exchange a
friendly greeting.

We can assure The Tyro that we fully appreciate the earnest religious tone
by which it is pervaded. With its opening article on the Pater noster, we
entirely sympathize. In more than one of those which follow, however, its
Protestant delusions make themselves evident. We should like to "lighten
its darkness” a little, on the subject of Popery; but we remember that controversy is not our province, and (speaking, as we do, to men who recognise the efficacy of prayer) we content ourselves with reminding our good friends that sincere prayer for guidance into the truth is never thrown away.

By the way, it refers to our notice, in a former number, of the unhappy Italian usurper, Victor Emmanuel, whom it says the Owl “regards as a compound of villainy and hypocrisy.” This was not quite what we said. Hypocrisy if you please, gentlemen, and as much as you please; but “villany” seems too determined a word to apply to the conduct of a wretched man who has still the Faith in his heart, but who suffers worldly considerations to prevail against the dictates of his conscience. There is certainly a sense in which even the word “villany” may be truly applied to Victor Emmanuel’s conduct; but we did not so apply it.

“Villy Vite and Vife vent on a voyage to Vest Vinson and Vest Vindham, von Vitsun Wednesday.” The above is a specimen of cockney English, supplied by our contemporary the New York Albion. Will some member of the First Rhetoric Class, furnish us with a translation?

It is a good sign that so many of our College Magazines are awake to the political requirements of the country. We quoted in our last issue some thoughtful remarks on this subject from the Yale Lit. and the Brunonian; and now the Union College Magazine (of Union University, Schenectady, N. Y.), which we welcome for the first time to our table, follows in the same track.

“It is very evident,” says the U. C. M., in an article entitled “The Duty of the Hour,” “that great efforts are required to maintain the ascendancy of mind over matter. The accumulation of wealth is the object which absorbs the attention of all classes of the community. Mammon is the God of the country. The attainment of wealth is pursued not as a means but as an end. Our Government does not employ the abundant resources of the nation in extending the boundaries of science and of civilization, but rather in the purchase of more land. But wealth, with all its concomitants and adjuncts will not save us. It is the extension of the empire of the mind which is needed. It is the cultivation of the domestic graces and accomplishments, it is intellectual and moral glory after which we must aspire. We must attain the enviable honor of being an intellectual and a religious nation. In renouncing the crowns and coronets of the old world, let us not devote ourselves to that which is infinitely more sordid.” Our contemporary speaks well and to the point; yet a sensation of unreality is conveyed to the mind by the perusal of his remarks. Why is this? It is because he writes as though he thought people would act upon such sentiments; whereas it must be patent to every body, himself included, that they will not.

There is another essay in the same magazine, “The Influence of Wealth
Editor's Table.

upon Nations,” which is of a similar character, and the author of which grows quite Cassandra-like, at last, in his prophecies of the evil that is to come. In making which remark, we do not forget that Cassandra spoke the truth.

The remaining articles in this number of the U. C. Magazine are also more or less creditable to it. It is decidedly pleasant reading.

We had thought that the Seminary Budget was as far ahead of all our other exchanges in size, as it is of some of them in other and more important respects; but you must give in, young ladies: you are fairly beaten by the University Press, of Madison, Wis., which measures no less than 19 inches in length and 12½ inches in width, and is very entertaining to boot. There is a capital “communique” in the last number, entitled “A Short Visit to Long Branch,” which we should certainly extract entire if we could comprise it—which we cannot—in half a dozen lines. The only remedy we can suggest to our readers for disappointing them in this matter is that they should write to Wisconsin and subscribe for the University Press.

The Lehigh Journal, from Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., is—as compared with the University Press—a dwarf by the side of a giant; but there is something about its tone which impresses us favorably, and the article in its December number on “The Study of the Physical Sciences,” is sensibly written. Gentlemen, you have our sincere good wishes for your prosperity!

A writer in our resolutely funny little friend, the Geyser, of Wabash Coll., Ind., is in great confusion of mind on the subject of waltzing. He says he can’t make out wherein it essentially differs from any other kind of “hugging.” “You had your arms around her,” said he to the chum who accompanied him to his first ball; “what was that?” “We were only waltzing,” replied the chum, as he went off to waltz again. “But there was a technicality here,” continues the Geyser’s puzzled contributor, “which I could not understand:—why hugging to music was justifiable, while without music, and in a quiet corner, it was culpable.” And he advises for some one to teach him to “do the whirling,” to which he is at present “constitutionally but not conscientiously opposed,” feeling confident that he can do “the other part,” even without instruction, as well as any one. Well; we must acknowledge that there is some difficulty in drawing a clear moral distinction between the two kinds of “hugging.” But we offer the Geyser a suggestion, which it is at full liberty to impart to its perplexed contributor. Let said contributor, when perfected in the art of whirling, waltz; and in waltzing, “hug” to his heart’s content. But in order to be on the safe side, let him go through this saltatory exercise with male fellow-students only. He can have no idea how charming that kind of thing is, if he has not tried it.
The Harvard Advocate of Dec. 12, has an amusing extract from the Corinth Daily Herald, a newspaper published at the city just named, in the 5th century, B.C., which, in referring to "the Isthmian games concluded on Saturday last," mentions that they ended with "a grand base-ball match between the celebrated Solon Nine of Athens, and the equally famous Lyceurgus Club of Lacedaemon, the contest being for the championship of all Greece." "The Lacedaemonian Nine," continues our Corinthian contemporary—"we mean predecessor—was composed of the following sterling players: Archidamus, Captain and pitcher; Lysander, H.; Gylippus, S.; Pausanias, A.; Calliratidas, B.; Agesilaus, C.; Clearchus, R.; Agis, M.; Proxenus L.

"To oppose them, the Athenians exhibited a brilliant array of talent, consisting of Socrates, P.; Pericles, Captain and catcher; Alcibiades, S.; Cimon, A.; Xenophon, B.; Plato, C.; with Themistocles, Aristides. and Æschylus as right, centre, and left field respectively. The Lacedaemonians, it will be seen, were strong at the bat, but somewhat weak in the field; while the contrary proved true of the Athenians.

"At precisely quarter of three P.M., a telegraphic dispatch was sent to the Pythoness at Delphi, to enquire of the Oracle as to the probable result of the game. A prompt and satisfactory reply was soon received, which stated that the Oracle thought it quite possible that the Athenians the Spartans would conquer. Elated by this bit of intelligence, both Nines sacrificed; and each obtained favorable omens. An obolus was then elevated by the Umpire, M. P. Cato, Esq., of the Virtus Club, Rome, Italy; and the Lyceurgus having won the toss, sent the Solons to the bat." Our readers, and more especially those of base-ball celebrity, may imagine the interest with which we perused this archaeological curiosity of literature, so skilfully unearthed by our learned contemporary of Harvard. The interest taken by the assembled Greeks in the game is most fully and skilfully described in the concluding portion of the article, which does the Corinthian reporter much credit, but for which, we regret to say, we have no space.

In the Chronicle (Univ. Michigan) of December 13, we find an article entitled "Small Colleges," which we think deserves notice; if only because, from its perusal the real difficulty underlying all American education becomes so clearly evident. The Chronicle doesn't like small colleges. [Is the college from which itself emanates, anything else?] And it proceeds to give sundry good reasons against them, the force of which it thinks "few will venture to deny." Well: we are not going to deny it. They have much force. But hear what the Chronicle desires in place of these "little one-horse Western colleges." "What we need," it says, "is not a college in every county, but one or two universities in every State. We would like to see less encouragement given to small and sectarian institutions, and fewer of them founded and patronized; so that the people may concentrate their attentions and benefactions upon a very few universities worthy of the name." Now, we will pass by the con-
fusion of mind which is evident in the above sentence as to the difference between a college and a university, and will go straight to the point, which is this, that institutions which the writer calls "sectarian"—that is, possessing any definite religion—should not receive encouragement; but that "State Universities" of the ordinary godless type, should everywhere predominate, Now what is this but to bring up the old and well worn public-school controversy over again?  

The fact is that from the colleges of the country no less than from its elementary schools, the devil is trying his best to exclude God; and never did he hit upon a smarter device for his purpose than this "unsectarian" cry. He began more than three hundred years ago, by creating the sects; and now he uses the fact of their existence as an argument against the teaching of any religion anywhere. Poor Satan! His conscience is so tender that it would really be too bad to force anything like a definite religion upon him. You may talk about religion as much as you like; but pray be careful not to mix it up in any way with the education of the young. It is so important (thinks Satan and the Chronicle) to keep their youthful minds free from all religious prejudices; so desirable that they should be left at liberty to choose their creed for themselves when they start in life; so essential therefore, that all the influences surrounding them should be "unsectarian." But Satan sees clearly enough what we are sure our friends of the Chronicle do not,—that this is the plain and direct road to sheer infidelity. Few, except Catholics, appear to realize this; but it is "as plain as a pike staff" nevertheless. No, gentlemen of the University of Michigan (and of other "State Universities") it won’t do! Condemn small colleges if you like: we will go with you there, to some extent: but don’t try to cram what you call "unsectarian" education down our Christian throats. What is to be done then? you will ask: how is the evil to be remedied? Well, if we were called upon to make a suggestion, we should say that a few great denominational universities—Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and so forth—would be far better substitutes for the small colleges, than unsectarian State Universities of the type which the Chronicle advocates. And here, in a few words, we anticipate the objection which we see rising to your lips. Our plan, you say, would confirm and intensify existing prejudices. But remember, gentlemen, that what you (and His Satanic Majesty) call "prejudice," we call Faith.
THE December Examinations having been held, most of the students left upon the afternoon of the 22d ult., for their respective homes, to spend the Xmas holidays with their parents and friends.

Those who remained, as many did, on account of the distance of their homes from the College, were amply provided by the Fathers with everything that might serve to pass the time pleasantly. On Christmas Day a large tree was set up in the Refectory, from whose stout limbs hung a goodly array of presents which were distributed during the evening.

But the holidays have now passed, and the students have once more left behind them the pleasures and comforts of home, in order to return to the bosom of their Alma Mater. The yard, which during the vacation looked dreary and lonesome enough, has renounced this gloomy aspect, and reassumed its usual cheerful look. And as our eyes glance over the play-ground and see that it is unchanged, we almost begin to doubt if we have left it; and then we feel at home, as a matter of course.

THE Dramatic Society has elected the following officers for the ensuing half session:—Hermann B. Peyton, Vice President; Alcide L. Veuve, Secretary; Jas. F. Dunne, Treasurer; Julien Burling, Prompter; N. F. Brisac, Censor. Committee on Cast of Characters—Messrs. W. P. Veuve, H. B. Peyton, L. C. Winston, N. F. Brisac and P. Mallon. Committee on Selection of Plays—Messrs A. L. Veuve, J. F. Dunne and Julien Burling.

The Society has suffered a severe loss by the departure of some of its best speakers from the College; but we think that the remaining members will make up by increased energy, for their deficiency in numbers.

The weather (time-honored topic for those who have nothing else to speak about!) is, though fine, intensely cold, especially at early morning, and is consequently the cause of much complaining on the part of those students who are accustomed to late rising in winter. It is beginning to be a noted fact, we think, that the weather is getting colder and colder every year; so that, perhaps, we shall soon revel in the pleasures of an Eastern winter. We hope, however, that our summers will not increase proportionately in warmth; for we have no tastes for the sunstrokes of New York.
We are glad to record, from time to time, the gifts which are constantly being received by the College from various sources. Visitors, on first entering the “Fathers’ Garden” cannot help admiring the many rare plants and flowers which adorn it, the orange and lemon trees laden with their golden fruit, and last, but not least, the number and variety of the feathered race, that charm our senses by their beauty of plumage and sweetness of song. To these latter a handsome addition has been made in the shape of a fine Mocking-Bird (Mimus Polyglottus) presented by our fellow-student Francis Cavagnaro. The specimen, though too young to sing at present, will soon be able to add his mimicking tones to those of his fellow-songsters that enhance and enliven the beauty of our pleasant College Garden.

In the Philalethic Literary Society, Mr. W. B. Howard has been elected Treasurer, Mr. L. C. Winston, Censor, and Mr. Walsh, Librarian; to fill the vacancies caused by the departure of Messrs. B. P. Smith, S. J. Fellom, and V. McClatchy from the College.

Those long faces of gloomy melancholy, of which specimens are always on hand at this season, are few and far between; for home-sickness, the usual consequent of a happy vacation, is not by any means so prevalent now as we have seen it in former times.

Students, The Owl sends you greeting, and his best wishes for your success during the coming half-session! And he hopes that you will not be forgetful of him, but will brighten his solemn face now and then by showing him your interest in his welfare.

On last “First Wednesday” we were pleased at having an opportunity to listen to some good elocution from the members of the First Rhetoric Class. The young gentlemen all spoke well, and evinced great taste in this branch of study. The names of the gentlemen who entertained us so pleasantly are Messrs. D. O. Furlong, T. Morrison, L. C. Winston, W. Cardwell, S. J. Fellom and C. Ebner.

The Philhistorian Debating Society has reorganized, with the following list of officers, with which we have been furnished by the Recording Secretary:—Jno. M. Callaghan, Vice President; C. McClatchy, Recording Secretary; R. M. Soto, Corresponding Secretary; C. A. Roundey, Treasurer; T. Tully, Censor; A. Martin, Librarian; Jas. Smith, Assistant Librarian. We are glad to hear that this Society is “up and doing,” and we wish it every success.
We miss some "old familiar forms" both from the yard and from the classroom. And as for those who have left us, to begin their journey through this life, let them be assured that our warmest sympathies are with them, and that in whatever field they may choose to encounter life's struggles, we shall ever wish them all manner of prosperity. And moreover, we think, old friends, that Father Owl would be glad to hear from you sometimes, especially if you would enclose him some literary or scientific contribution wherewith to fill his pages. However, if your cares and responsibilities should preclude the possibility of your engaging in literary pursuits, we do not know, indeed but that he would be thankful if you could find a minute's time to drop him a little (gold) note that would secure for you a year's subscription to his magazine. A Happy New Year!

The Junior Dramatic Society has reorganized, and has elected the following officers:—L. Palmer, Vice President; Jas. Smith, Secretary; A. McConic, Treasurer; W. Schofield, Censor; G. H. Roundey, Stage Manager, (reelected); W. Davis, Costumer; C. McClatchy, Prompter, (reelected).

It is with great pleasure that we give a place to this report, for we have not only been much pleased at witnessing the efforts of these young amateurs but have been truly astonished at the great taste which they have evinced for dramatic speaking. Hitherto their efforts have been confined to private entertainments in the College, but we think that the time has now arrived when they might throw open the doors to the public without much apprehension. We are much mistaken if they would not meet with as favourable a reception in such an event, as has frequently been the lot of the senior students. We hope that their improvement may continue to be as rapid as it has been heretofore, and that their success may be commensurate therewith.

We have received notice of the organization of a base-ball club among the students of the Junior Division, to be called the "Roug~and Ready B.B.C." The officers are—Mr. R. Kenna, S.J., President; C. Arguello, Vice President; G. Norris, Treasurer; J. B. Chretien, Censor; J. De la Cruz, Captain 1st Nine. As a matter of course this notice came from the "small boys," but in this, we think our juvenile friends show themselves wiser than their older companions; for they are evidently aware of the importance of the physical part of education, which the boys of the First Division seem to have forgotten.
# Table of Honor

Credits for the month of November as read on Wednesday, December 1st 1873.

## Christian Doctrine


3d Class—C. Arguello 80, E. Anzerais 85, J. Anzerais 70, G. Barron 85, A. Bowie 100, F. Cavagnaro 70, J. Cavagnaro 100, J. Chretien 70, J. Ciina 70, J. De la Cruz 90, A. Dinklage 80, T. Dowell 100, T. Elner 100, A. Garasche 100, D. Harvey 90, E. Holden 90, J. Hopkins 90, C. Moore 100, J. Meyers 80, J. Miles 100, A. Muller 100, J. Murphy 100, P. Murphy 70, J. Olcese 70, A. Pacheco 70, E. Piersen 95, W. Schofield 95, A. Spence 79, V. Versakovich 100, W. Proctor 100.

## Spanish Christian Doctrine

G. Loweree 80, J. Wolter 70, Aug. Den 70, F. Chavez 70.

## Mental Philosophy

W. Veuve 75, A. Veuve 70, W. Herford 79.

## Natural Philosophy

N. F. Brisac 70, J. Dunne 76, T. Morrison 72, B. Smith 70, J. Walsh 72, L. C. Winston 70.

## Elementary Chemistry

A. Bell 78, T. Morrison 75, J. Walsh 70, W. Howard 75, T. Tully 71, T. Durbin 70.

## Analytical Chemistry

L. Pinard 80, B. Smith 82, N. F. Brisac 82.

## Mathematics

1st Class—C. Ebner 75, J. Cardwell 75.

2d Class—A. Bell 80, N. F. Brisac 100, J. Boring 80, J. Dunne 75, S. Fellem 72, W. Gray 100, W. Herford 100, W. Howard 100, T. Morrison 100, H. B. Peyton 100, B. Smith 90, T. Tully 75, J. Walsh 100, L. C. Winston 100.

3d Class—D. Berta 90, V. Clement 98, J. Herman 96, L. Partridge 95, G. Roundey 98, R. Soto 100, B. Yorba 97.

## Greek

2d Class—W. Gray 85, H. Peyton 80, W. Veuve 85.

3d Class—J. Walsh 71, L. C. Winston 74.

4th Class—C. Ebner 90, R. Soto 90, B. Yorba 74.

5th Class—J. Callaghan 85, M. Donahue 70, J. Elner 70, J. Herman 100, L. Partridge 80, C. Quilty 94, J. Smith 90, T. Tully 70.

## Latin

2d Class—W. Gray 80, T. Morrison 75, H. Peyton 75, W. Veuve 80, L. Winston 75.

3d Class—W. Herford 70, R. Soto 90, J. Walsh 77.

4th Class—J. Herman 85, B. Yorba 80.

Table of Honor.

RHE TORIC.

2d Class—A. Bandini 72, W. Gray 90, L. Partridge 70, R. Soto 84, T. Tully 70, J. Walsh 87, B. Yorba 70.

GRAMMAR.
1st Class—J. Aguirre 80, V. Clement 72, W. Davis 96, J. Enright 75, G. Gray 90, G. Norris 70, J. Smith 98, W. Smith 70.


3d Class—E. Auzerais 90, G. Barron 75, D. Berta 82, H. Dinklage 75, J. Harvey 70, J. Meyers 70, C. Moore 30, A. Müller 80, P. Murphy 70, E. Pierson 80, W. Proctor 90, W. Randall 70, L. Vella 80, V. Versalovich 80, J. Wolter 70, J. Bonnet 70, J. Domah 75.

FRENCH.
2d Class—A. Bandini 80, J. Bernal 79, F. Chavez 74, W. Schofield 71, R. Spence 79, R. Soto 100.

3d Class—R. Arguello 90, J. Callaghan 92, W. Davis 90, R. De la Vega 80, T. Dowell 100, G. Gray 73, W. Gray 98, J. Harvey 75, V. Vidauretta 75.

SPANISH.
1st Class—J. Herman 75.

2d Class—C. McClatchy 70.

3d Class—C. George 75, G. Hopkins 70, J. Hudner 75, A. Pacheco 70, L. Partridge 90, E. Stanton 70, C. Stonesifer 90.

GERMAN.

ARITHMETIC.


3d Class—J. Auzerais 70, A. Arriola 75, G. Barron 70, R. Brenham 70, C. Cleaves, 70, H. Dinklage 70, J. Donahue 75, F. Ebner 100, J. Hanek 70, C. Miles 70, P. Murphy 80, A. Müller 70, J. Oceese 90, E. Pierson 85, G. Proctor 85, G. Seifert 80, L. Vella 75, V. Versalovich 85, C. Welti 70, A. Young 70.

BOOK-KEEPING.
1st Class—A. Bell 100, H. Bowie 96, J. Cavagnaro 75, P. Colombet 92, T. Durbin 90, C. Ebner 95, T. Morrison 100, A. Mc Cone 98, A. Pierotich 80, G. H. Roundey 100, B. Yorba 100.


3d Class—T. Dowell 80, F. Ebner 70, H. Freudenthal 100, W. Harrison 80, C. Hoffman 75, J. Hudner 90, J. C. Moss 93, E. Pierson 73, W. Randall 72, W. Sears 80, S. Sheridan 90, E. Stanton 89, G. Loweree 94, C. Quilty 100.

READING AND SPELLING.
Table of Honor


4th Class—M. Donahue 76, T. Dowell 86, C. Quilty 76, W. Schofield 76, C. Welti 70.

5th Class—G. Barron 75, J. Harvey 75, J. Hopkins 70, D. Jones 70, G. Markham 75, A. Muller 75, J. Olcese 80, J. Pierson 70, R. Remus 70, L. Vella 76, J. Donahue 70.

ELOCUTION

1st Class—D. Furlong 80, T. Morrison 70, L. C. Winston 70.

2d Class—A. Beil 70, J. Hermann 70, J. Callaghan 75, L. Palmer 75, C. Stonesifer 70, J. Walsh 70.


DRAWING

A. Arriola 85, J. Auzenais 75, D. Berta 80, A. Bowie 75, F. Burling 70, B. Briscac 76, V. Clement 80, C. McClatchey 75, L. Partridge 75, A. Pierotich 75, R. Remus 90, J. Sanroman 90, G. Seifert 70, M. Donahue 75, P. Mallon 75, H. Marting 70.

PIANO


VIOLIN

J. Davis 80, R. Enright 90, G. Gray 90, W. Sears 90, J. Cima 70, M. Donahue 75, A. Spence 85, L. Palmer 75, J. Pulsifer 70, T. Morrison 90, J. Burling 95, P. Mallon 70.

VOCAL MUSIC—E. Holden 75, A. Muller 70, V. Vidaurreta 75.

CORNET—N. Briscac 75.

FLUTE—A. Bandini 87.

GUITAR—T. Dowell 77, F. Ebner 75, N. Robles 75.

[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]

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