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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

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1874
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Direct all communications to THE OWL, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.
THE INVASION.

(YUCATAN is a land of romantic beauty. Those who have turned the pages of Stephen's book of the name, will have caught a fancy of the pleasures which delight the antiquary's eye in that land of ancient civilization; but such impression is scarcely more than a "first blush" of the satisfaction which the avaricious lover of ruined palaces and decaying legends there encounters.

Some half-dozen years since, leaving the dreary haze of Indian Summer in the North, a small party set forth to discover some spot where the hail of the coming winter should be transformed into softest rains, and the snows into carpets of grasses. As the bow of the yawl in which they made a landing grazed on the pebbled beach of Ascension Bay, it seemed that smoother sea, or deeper sky, or more luxuriant forest or foliage, never greeted the anxious eye of discoverer of old.

Directly against the landing-place, in the northern arm of the bay, and less than a league away, a bold range of mountains arose, scarred and torn into deep gulches and sharp peaks by the ploughs of volcanic force, their hard look subdued by a veil of mahogany and cedar forests and their rank undergrowth.

Here, in an old pile which was in a state of tolerable preservation, a wing of what was perhaps once another "palace of the Caesars," the party set up their establishment. Quaint, weird, old yet ever new, was the atmosphere in which they passed the winter. The natives of the land spoke an indifferent sort of Spanish; but, in time, communication with them became moderately easy; and the labor of learning the dialect was
burning fiercely like his heart, demoniac with glee that the foreign spoiler of his hopes was to die cruelly as they had perished, he ran out on the roof, and leaned over against the last of the urns. He saw Atlan slowly coming over the ledge. With what fiendish cunning was his plan prepared! He stood motionless as a bird of evil, outstretched in a sweltering sky, waiting until success should be within an arm's length of the walker. Then he sent forth a shout of alarm, like an infernal blast. He saw the king clutch the frail weeds in the wall's crevices for vain support; saw him, his nerves relaxed from their strain by the sudden alarm, topple like a mighty cedar on the edge of an eating torrent; saw him, at last, his every sinew stiffened with the strength of despair, by effort superhuman gain the edge of the ledge and the roof; and then felt himself seized and launched by those iron arms into space! Fearfully falling and struggling through the air, he struck the ground with a heavy thud, and died disowned upon the bosom of his mother earth.

"Dead upon the roof, from no man's hand; struck by the merciful breath of the Great Spirit; young Atlan lay!"

The old narrator invariably broke down at the catastrophe of his story. When he could resume, he would add, that, with their king, died forever, the spirit of the race; that the invading hosts, being a stern and poorly cultured people, suffered the fields to be overgrown by wild and headstrong plants, and the beauties of color and architecture to fade and drop into the dust; and that, consequently, for the many generations which have since followed, the greatness of that nation has existed only in the few relics of its masonry, and the memory of its descendants.
O NCE on a time a man of trade,
In Persia, with his neighbor made
Deposit, as he left the State,
Of iron—say a hundred-weight.

Returned, said he, "My iron, neighbor!"
"Your iron?—You have lost your labor;
I grieve to say it, 'pon my soul;
A rat has eaten up the whole.
My men were sharply scolded at,
And yet a hole, in spite of that,
Was left, as one is wont to be,
In every barn or granary,
By which crept in that rascal rat."

Admiring much the novel thief,
The man affected full belief.
Ere long his faithless neighbor's child
He stole away,—a merry lad,—
And then to supper bade the Dad,
Who mourned his loss in accents sad:—
"It was but yesterday I had
A boy as fine as ever smiled,
An only son, as dear as life,
The darling of myself and wife;
Alas, we have him now no more!
And every joy with us is o'er."
Replied the merchant, "Yesternight,
By evening's faint and dusky ray,
I saw a monstrous Owl alight,
And bear your darling son away
To yonder tottering ruin gray."

"Can I believe you, when you say
An Owl bore off so large a prey?
How could it be?" the father cried;
"The thing is surely quite absurd;
My son with ease had killed the bird."

"The how of it," the man replied,
"Is not my province to decide;
I know I saw your son arise,
Borne through the air before my eyes.
Why should it seem a strange affair,
Moreover—in a country where
A single rat contrives to eat
A hundred pounds of iron meat—
That Owls should be of strength to lift ye
A booby boy that weighs but fifty?"

The other plainly saw the trick,
Returned the iron very quick,
And got, with mingled shame and joy,
Possession of his kidnapped boy.
THE ADVENTURES OF A STRONG-MINDED KITTEN;

A STORY OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

(By J. P. Rowe.)

Chapter XVII.—Kitty Makes her Débüt in Public.

ARRIVED at San Francisco, Yellow John hastened to Chinatown, where he refreshed his cat with meat and milk, carefully concealing its accomplishments from his brethren, lest they should steal it.

He then carried it to the owner of a wild beast show, with whom he hoped to make a good bargain.

On being introduced into this gentleman's presence, he found him attempting to give a dose of medicine to a sick monkey.

The man, without his coat, and with his dirty-white shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, was beckoning to the monkey, who sat up on a high perch in the cage, making faces at him.

One of the man's hands was bare, and held some nuts invitingly towards the monkey, while the other hand was thickly gloved, and kept ready to seize her as soon as she came within reach.

The plan was judicious, for nuts were things which she never could very long resist: so she soon began to descend slowly towards the open door of the cage, on reaching which she clutched the nuts, but at the same time held on so tightly to the bars that the showman found it impossible to remove her.

She chattered and grinned horribly at him, while he vainly tried to loosen her hold; and finally she snatched off his gold-rimmed spectacles, and mounted with them to the top of the cage. There, putting them on, she proceeded to crack the nuts.

It did not matter to her that she could not see out of the glasses; for, like some other young monkeys whom I have met with, she always shut her eyes when she cracked a nut.

She now took no further notice of her master, who continued to make the most touching appeals to her better feelings, and to call her by the
most endearing names. Only, when
he spoke a little louder than usual,
she would look at him over the spec­
tacles, and make a face.

Then the man bethought himself
of the imitative faculties of monkeys,
and called for a goblet of wine, which
he drank, while he held out the gob­
let of medicine to the monkey.

Now the monkey had been taught
to drink wine, and dearly loved it ;
so she came down at once and drank
off the liquid handed to her, before
she was aware what it was; after
which feat, she looked so truly ridi­
culous, spluttering out her indigna­
tion at the deception, that her ma­
ster (as is the custom with all deceivers of
females) laughed heartily at her
misery.

Then hearing his laugh echoed
close by, he turned sharply round
and beheld John Chinaman, who
forthwith, with many bows and ges­
ticulations, began to describe the
merits of his cat. The language of
this heathen being, however, very
imperfect, the showman was at a loss
to know what he meant, till he saw
Puss looking out of one of his pockets.

"What do you want me to do with
that cat?" he asked, quite fiercely;
for the monkey episode had put him
out of sorts.

Then John put Puss through her
tricks; and the showman was fairly
delighted.

"How much do you want for her?"
he cried.

"$100," said John.

So the showman paid him $50,
and John thought he had made a
good bargain.

Puss was now installed as cat-in­
waiting to Miss Monkey, who, I am
sorry to say, treated her most unkind­
ly.

The monkey was an old resident
of the show, and seemed privileged
to do whatever she liked. Every
afternoon she partook of tea and but­
tered toast before a multitude of peo­
pie; and, seated in her chair, before
her tea-table, she looked a complete
parody on humanity.

"Sure she's as much a Christian
as any of us," said Pat O'Grady to his
bride, whom he had brought to see
the show.

"Is it Protestant or Catholic she is,
Pat?" inquired Biddy, anxiously.

"Divil a bit of a Catholic is she, at
all at all," replied Pat; "for just see
the faces she is making at his river­
ence there, who is offering her the
candy!"

Chapter XVIII.—A "Difficulty" About a Female.

While Miss Monkey sat in her
cage, and took her tea like a prin­
cess, Pussy was made to go through
her tricks outside, urged on by the
ungentle persuasion of a stick.

Oh, how differently did these gro­
tesque tricks appear to her, now that
she no longer performed them for
her own amusement! Poor little
crooked-legged Puss! How heavy
was her heart, while her body jumped about lightly for the people's amusement! So things go in this world; and even you, my young readers, long before you are as old as I am, will have found out that it is not the merriest-hearted folks who cause the most laughter in the world.

Puss no longer roamed about at her own sweet will. She was kept locked up with the detestable monkey; who, among other acts of tyranny, made her eat the tea leaves when the company had gone.

One afternoon, as Pussy was performing, she saw among the crowd a tall red-faced man, with his hat on the back of his head, and a lump of tobacco in his cheek; and in a moment, for reasons best known to herself, Pussy forgot her tricks, jumped up on his shoulder, and rubbed her face against his, purring pleasantly all the time.

In another moment, the red-faced man had her in his arms, and was fondly stroking her fur!

"I'll trouble you for that cat!" cried the indignant keeper.

"Oh no, you won't!" exclaimed Kitty's old friend, Farmer John; and then turning to the crowd he told them how the cat had been stolen from his little daughter: whereupon the crowd at once sided with him, and dared the keeper of the cage to take her.

The keeper, finding himself in an awkward position, thought that the best thing he could do was to invite the farmer to retire with him to the Manager's office, there to settle the dispute; and thither they accordingly went.

The keeper, after introducing the farmer, with Pussy in his arms, to the manager, left them together; and then the farmer explained.

But the manager would not believe him.

"It's my cat, I tell you," cried he angrily.

"No! It's mine," shouted the farmer.

"It is not!" cried the manager.

"It is!" exclaimed the farmer.

The manager then attempted to seize the cat; but Farmer John, quick as lightning, pulled out his six-shooter and fired.

The manager, with equal promptness did the same; and, whether intentionally or otherwise, both fell.

Now just behind the manager, a trap door had been left open, which communicated with a cellar wherein were kept some of the appliances of the show; and through this aperture the unfortunate "boss" disappeared.

The farmer, who had only been "playing possum" and was quite unhurt, now crept up cautiously on his hands and knees, and peered into the hole through which his enemy had fallen, whom he soon discovered, reposing on some straw at the bottom of the cellar.

Just then, the door of the office burst open, and in rushed the keeper, who had heard the firing, and came to see what was going on.

"Where is the boss, you villain!" shouted he, shaking his fist at the kneeling farmer.

"Come and see," answered the latter; and then, as the keeper stooped to look into the hole, the farmer jumped up unexpectedly, and giving
him a sharp kick on that portion of his body which happened to be most prominent at the moment, sent him, in a flying leap, to join his boss.

Then without waiting for anything further, he and Kitty made the best of their way to the street-car.

CHAPTER XIX.—The "Difficulty" Settled.

Now in order to escape notice, the farmer had placed Puss in one of his back pockets; and when he entered the car, so confused was he that he sat down upon her, which caused her to utter a most frightful yell.

Upon this the distracted farmer, hardly knowing what he did, leaned with all his might on her, trying to stifle her cries; but she, in her despair, managing to get her claws through his clothes, caused him to spring up with such an exclamation of pain, that everybody in the car laughed; whereupon he pulled her out of his pocket in a rage, and threw her on the ground.

Seeing this, a kind lady who sat opposite, picked her up, and found, on examination, that the only straight leg poor Pussy had left, was broken!

Great was the sympathy evinced by the little children in the car for the poor cat; and the father of one of them, a kindly-natured man, invited Mr. Farmer to accompany him to his house; "for," said he, "I am a doctor, and if you will bring Pussy with you, I will mend her leg." So they all went together to the doctor's house; and there our Kitty had her leg done up in splints.

Then the farmer returned to the hotel, and placing Pussy gently on a nice soft pillow, gave her some milk to drink; after which he went out and bought a basket, wherein to carry her home.

But—alas that I should have to relate it!—she never reached home. For, as Farmer John was tucking her up, next morning, in that very identical basket, there came a knock at the door, and without further ceremony, Mr. Manager entered, accompanied by a very grave-looking lawyer, and a policeman.

The farmer, taking in the situation at a glance, caught up the basket and made for the door; but the policeman seized him with one hand, and his basket with the other, while the lawyer drew out Pussy, who squealed with all her might.

"Hard hearted villain!" cried the lawyer, shaking his head solemnly at the unhappy farmer; "not content with stealing a poor cat, you have also, to add to your crime, broken her leg. Policeman! Arrest that man, for assault, with intent to do grievous bodily harm!"

And the policeman, going behind the farmer, and throwing his arms
about him, told him to "consider himself within the arms of justice."

"But what will I do with him, yer honor?" asked the policeman; "for its making my arrums ache, and so it is, to hould him be his elbows."

You see the farmer was trying to shake off the policeman; and the lawyer, overcome with the gravity of the case, instead of helping him had sunk down upon a chair, and covered his face with his handkerchief. When he had somewhat recovered, he removed the handkerchief, and addressed the two claimants thus:—

"This is an affair, gentlemen, which had better be settled by arbitration; for, putting aside the scandal the thing would cause, should it come out in a court of justice, you must both of you be aware that this poor broken-legged creature can be of no use to either of you. For the sake of peace, therefore, I will take the cat myself, and will charge you no more than twenty dollars each, for settling the matter peacefully. Mr. Manager, you can pay me, off hand; but if you, Mr. Farmer, have not the money about you, I will take your note for it, with interest at three per cent. per month."

Now while he was speaking, Pussy went off into a bad fit (caused by the pain she was suffering) and stretched herself out, splints and all, as if she wanted to be measured for her coffin forthwith: so both Manager and Farmer, thinking there was an end of her, gave her up; and before they well knew what they were doing, the farmer had paid Mr. Lawyer $20 in gold, and the latter had written him a promissory note for the same amount.

Then the policeman walked off majestically, carrying Puss with him in the basket; and the dignified lawyer, after bowing in an equally gentlemanly manner to both disputants, followed him.

Upon this, the farmer and the manager, after scratching their heads and looking angrily at each other, agreed to do without lawyers, for the future, and went off to seal the compact at the hotel bar.

To be continued.)
I WILL now consider the chemical constituents of this widely diffused narcotic, after which I shall speak of its relation with the human body.

The chemical analysis of this substance, which in some respects is one of the most complex in existence, has been made by many different chemists of modern times. The earliest chemical investigation is that of Pospel and Reinmann, who found, in 1000 parts of tobacco:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Substance</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nicotine</td>
<td>0.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicotianine</td>
<td>0.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bitter Extractive</td>
<td>28.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resin</td>
<td>2.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albumen and Gluten</td>
<td>13.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gum</td>
<td>17.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malic Acid</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malates and Nitrates</td>
<td>9.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Potassium Salts</td>
<td>1.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phosphate of Calcium</td>
<td>1.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woody fibre, water &amp;c</td>
<td>924.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>1000.0</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to later investigations, the proportion of the poisonous alkaloid is much greater. It is found in different sorts of tobacco from 2 to 8 per cent. The milder and better varieties contain the smallest quantity of this principle of the tobacco.

This weed also contains a large amount of inorganic constituents, the dry leaf yielding as much as from 18 to 23 per cent. of ash.

The active principles of the plant reside in the Alcaloid Nicotine, Nicotia and Nicotianine. Here we see the principal products which are developed by the combustion.

First is a volatile oil;

Second—A volatile alkali, which exists in the natural leaf;

Third—An empyreumatic oil.

(1) The Volatile Oil.—When the leaves are mixed with water, and distilled, a volatile oil comes out, and floats on the surface of the water. It has the well known odor of tobacco, and is bitter to the taste. It affects
the mouth and the throat in the same way as tobacco smoke. When applied to the nose it induces a sneezing; and when taken internally it produces giddiness, nausea and vomiting. From these effects we see that it must be one of the active principles of the tobacco, to which its effects are due. It is nevertheless a remarkable fact that tobacco contains this oil in very minute quantities, as is shown by different analyses, from which it is clear that one pound of tobacco produces but two grains of this substance.

(2) The Volatile Alkali.—When tobacco-leaves are soaked in acidulated water, and then distilled with quicklime, there comes out an oily colorless liquid, heavier than water. To this the name of nicotine has been given; from Jean Nicot, who, as we have seen, introduced the "weed" into France.

It has an acrid and burning taste, and possesses narcotic and poisonous properties in a very high degree; being scarcely less poisonous than prussic acid. Its vapor attacks the throat and lungs; and it is with the greatest difficulty that a person can breathe in a room wherein a single drop has evaporated.

In the dried leaf the proportion of this substance varies with the different kinds of tobacco, from 2 to 8 per cent. Many experiments have been made with the view of ascertaining the amount per cent. contained in different varieties of the plant, and some of the results are as follows:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Variety</th>
<th>Proportion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Havana and Maryland</td>
<td>2 to 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentucky</td>
<td>6 to 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia, nearly</td>
<td>7 to 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France, from</td>
<td>6 to 8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is a rare occurrence, but yet it occasionally happens, that out of one hundred pounds of tobacco, seven pounds of nicotine can be extracted. "Thus, in smoking one quarter of an ounce of tobacco, a man may draw into his mouth two grains of one of the most deadly of known poisons." The boiling point is 482°, and it is volatilized at a temperature considerably below that which is necessary for the combustion of the tobacco. This poisonous substance is continually in the smoke of burning tobacco.

From the smoke of one hundred pounds of slowly burning tobacco, Melsen extracted nearly three quarters of a grain of nicotine; but the percentage will vary with the form of the pipe, its material, its stem, the rapidity of combustion, and several minor circumstances, which more or less impede the production of the alkaloid.

3) Lastly we have to consider the empyreumatic oil which is developed during the combustion of the leaf.

This oil can be obtained in various different ways, the easiest of which, namely, the smoking of a pipe, is an every day occurrence. The smoke, being drawn through the stem of the pipe, undergoes a diminution of temperature, and the grosser particles are deposited.

The oil has an acid and disagreeable taste and an unpleasant odor, possessing at the same time powerful narcotic and poisonous properties. One drop, applied to the tongue of a cat, produces instant convulsions; and death follows in a few minutes. It is related that the Hottentots kill
snakes with this oil, by putting a drop of it on the tongue of the reptile. It produces almost instant death in all animals subjected to its action, the effect being much the same as if they were struck by an electric discharge.

It contains at least two substances. If it is washed in vinegar it loses its poisonous properties: it contains, therefore a poisonous alkaline substance, with which the acetic acid in the vinegar combines, removing together therewith a harmless oil. The chemical constitution of this substance is as yet undetermined by science.

It is plain, then, from what has been said, that these three ingredients must combine, in variable proportions in the tobacco, in order to give it those remarkable effects which are experienced in smoking.

I have already made mention of the causes which modify the production of the alkaloid. The form of the pipe and the rapidity of the combustion, were, it will be remembered, two of those causes which in a measure impede the introduction into the system of the substances which are most injurious to it. In many cases, indeed, they hinder it from performing its functions; as will be seen when we discuss the physiological effects which are produced by the use of tobacco.

The Turks have a pipe which is the most healthy, if so it can be said. It consists of a pipe, the bowl of which is so formed as to allow the tobacco to burn slowly; and the smoke, before it enters the mouth, is made to bubble through water, which catches and holds the oils, etc., sending the smoke cool and sweet to the smoker.

The Germans have a pipe in which there is a receptacle to catch the grosser portions of the products of the combustion, and it is on this account that it is more healthy than the common short-stemmed pipes, which, when smoked, send the whole of the products of the combustion into the mouth, and there deposit them.

With the cigar, and the everlasting cigarette, so popular with all boys, it is the same.

Hence we see that the last mentioned implements are the most hurtful to man. Still more so if the smoke is inhaled. For then, not only is the poison taken into the mouth, but also into the lungs, and there deposited. Therefore we might as a natural consequence attribute three-fourths of all the affections of lungs at the present day, to the immoderate use of tobacco.

To get the good of the tobacco the saliva should be retained; and if retained, it introduces into the nervous system, the fullest effects of all these three narcotic principles. It is on this account that those who have been used to smoking strong cigars find a pipe so tame.

The chewer does not, so far as we can see, experience the effects of the empyreumatic oil, which is developed only during the burning of the leaf. The only substances which can act on him are the natural oil and the nicotine. These, from the quantity which is absorbed by the pores, or which he inadvertently swallows, gradually impair his appetite, and weake-
en his power of digestion; thus producing an aggravated form of the disease called dyspepsia.

These remarks apply also to the snuff taker; although his manner of using the weed is milder than either of those before mentioned, as will be made more evident when we shall describe the modern mode of preparing snuff. Of this hereafter.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S VALENTINE.

(PROFESSOR H. DANCE.)

IN former days
I used to praise
Blue eyes and golden hair, boys:
Eyes, black or blue,
I now pooh-pooh;
Give me my pipe and chair, boys!

Adversity
Has chastened me
With many a lusty stripe, boys:
'Twas woman still
That worked me ill,
And not my chair or pipe, boys.

In days less wise
Eve's treach'rous eyes
Brought Adam to destruction:
Alas poor lad!
No chair he had;
Nor yet a pipe whose suction
Might soothe his care
Till, puffing there,
He'd feel more independent:
So in that suit
About the fruit
He made a poor defendant.

On his mishap
Let each poor chap
That springs from Adam, ponder;
Nor from the state
Of celibate
Be fool enough to wander.

And yet—(no chaff!)—
I own I'm half
In love myself—with twins, boys!—
Two Valentines
My heart combines:—
Nay, let him laugh that wins, boys!

I want no wife
To plague my life:
(Foul fall the fickle fair, boys!)
Two Valentines
My heart combines;—
My Pipe and Easy Chair, boys.

'Mid clouds of smoke
That, sure, would choke
A woman, were she there, boys,
I—free from sighs—
Philosophize,
And bless my pipe and chair, boys.

I scorn ye, then,
O vain womën,
More poisonous than hen-bane!
Begone; for I
Your wits defy,
And brand ye all as men-bane.
THOSE who obtain money or other valuables, from persons on the highway, either by putting them in fear or by offering violence to them, for the particular reason of abstracting something of value, are highway robbers.

There is this difference between robbery and larceny: a robbery is committed when a person is obliged to yield something of value through fear or violence; but a larceny is committed when the abstractor comes unawares, and performs his nefarious operation without the knowledge of the owner.

Petty larceny is considered a minor offence; then comes grand larceny; finally robbery itself, which is punished with far more rigor than either of the minor crimes.

Some years ago the greater part of Europe was in so insecure a state that it was scarcely penetrable by travellers on account of the immense number of robbers who infested the thoroughfares, and relieved the passers-by of their money, and oftentimes even of life itself.

Who has not dwelt with horror upon the thrilling adventures of "Claude Duval," "Sixteen String Jack," "Dick Turpin," and last but not least, "Joaquin Murieta," the California brigand? These are men who have carved their names deeply on the great rock of ages; but alas! they have chosen rather to carve with the common cutlass, and on the inferior side of the massy monument; and hence their memories will excite mixed emotions partly of fear, and partly of disgust. Nor can any true man say that they deserve praise even for their most daring exploits, or for the occasional good which they did to the poor.

The life of a highwayman is always in jeopardy, and he has no knowledge when or where he will die. And yet there seems to be a hidden veil of religious feeling still left in his mind; and he often wishes that his life had been always pure and holy—even as the infant, or the monk's—but alas! when a man so sins against both God and his neighbor, even our human nature revolts at the mention of his name; and certainly the angels in heaven can never cherish it. Of this he is fully conscious, and his life becomes apparently worthless, to himself.
Highway Robbers.

and to every one else, whether in this
world or in the next.

“Halt! Your money or your
life!”

Let us contemplate this command,
given in the usual sepulchral tone,
and let us try to paint for ourselves,
mentally, the extremes to which men
must be driven, before they can give
utterance to such an order.

Our money is dear to us, since, in
order to obtain it, we have been com­
pelled to go through much toil, and
receive slowly the pay therefor: and
when we have amassed enough to
begin traversing the continents of Eu­
rope or America, and have just start­
ed upon our travels, then, at one
such command, all must necessarily
be handed—with a sickly smile—to
the daring robber, who suddenly pre­
sents a pistol at our temple or a sword
at our throat, so that, if
we fail to
comply with his demand, he may
quickly deprive us of our existence.
which is certainly worth more, to our­
selves, than thrice the money.

Alas that men should be so lost to
their own higher nature, so degraded
from the lofty purpose of their crea­
tion, as to become inmates of the
horrible hovels to which this foul
throng resorts, and sworn mem be of
such a fearful society—a lot of
vagabonds, ruffians, thieves, murde­
rers and villains of the blackest dye!

God having placed us on this most
beautiful earth, for His own honor
and glory, ordered us to “do unto
others as we would have others do
unto us.” But, most assuredly we
should not rob any one, and wish him
to rob us in return. Nature herself
forbids such proceedings. And we
cannot, with consistency, violate the
laws of God and Nature.

The most terrible oaths bind these
base members together in one body;
and the initiative exercises are as
fearful as any of the subsequent
sufferings which await the highway­
man.

The Captain of a band of highway­
men has the power of life or death
over every member of his band; and
often, finding that some little act of
kindness has been extended to some
unfortunate victim, he compels the
compassionate highwayman who has
performed it, to suffer in the same
way as the poor victim whom he has
aided.

But though such captains as this are
not infrequent, yet there have been
many who, notwithstanding that they
were outlawed and driven from the
haunts of men, were of a finer nature
than most others.

Look, for instance, at the Thracian
robber who was taken by Alexander
the Great. He boldly accused that
mighty monarch of being a robber
also; and after he had argued the
point, Alexander could not but ac­
knowledge the cogency of the man’s
reasoning.

This king had subjected many
countries to his sway; every nation,
indeed, with which he had come in
contact, had bowed before him; and
yet he acknowledged the justice of
the Thracian’s words.

This Thracian robber demanded,
it is true, large sums of money and
other valuables from the rich; but
then he bestowed much of his gains
on the poor; while the Great Alexan­
der retained all for himself.
Once, while the notorious highwayman Joaquin Murieta was waiting alone for some travellers beneath the shade of the tall pines of the Sierra Madre, he beheld a lone wagon approaching, and prepared to do to these poor travellers as he had done to many such before, viz., kill the men and appropriate the property to his own use; but just as he was about to fire upon them, one of the yoked span of oxen, which drew the wagon began to reel from fatigue, and soon fell dead on the dry road. Then the highwayman, brave, but using his bravery in a bad cause, felt a strange sensation pass over his frame: he paused, looked for a while at the occupants of the wagon, as they hastened to the dead ox, and then struck his horse on the flank, with such force that he bounded off like an arrow, and soon stood by the side of the frightened strangers. Some few words of greeting passed between them; and when all of the travellers thought that they would be robbed, Joaquin offered them the use of his horse, to assist them to the nearest station, and told them where they could find him in case of further help being needed.

Again, one of England's greatest highwaymen, once stopped the coach of Lord C—— and demanded of the inmates their gold and diamonds; yet when he looked closer he saw that in the coach sat only Lady Belle, the youngest daughter of the Earl, very much frightened; and, both the coachman and footman having deserted their young mistress, he quietly mounted the box himself, and drove on to the castle of the lady's father, without offering her further molestation.

Seven years after, this brave man suffered death on the gallows at "Tyburn Tree," having been condemned by that very Lord C——, whose daughter he had returned in safety in former years, and whom circumstances had now made his judge.

Once, while Julius Caesar was travelling through Europe towards Asia, in his flight from the wrath of Sylla, he was taken by some highwaymen, and kept for thirty-seven days, until ransom could be raised among his friends; after which time he was liberated. He then pursued the banditti with a strong body of men. Having overtaken and captured them, he caused them all to be crucified. Here is a short example of a large number of men who had become robbers, and who cared for nothing in life.

Dangers, indeed, ever engulf the highwayman, who either forfeits his life on the scaffold or dies miserably on the road, with a bullet-hole through him, entirely through his own folly.

Thank God we are now unmolested by any of these notorious robbers. We do not desire their "patronage," and can dispense with their company most willingly—at present.
A TRIBUTE OF VENERATION

TO

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

JAMES T. WALSH, (2d Rhetoric.)

It has always been a custom with enlightened people, to honor public benefactors with some appropriate emblem of gratitude, and erect some lasting monument, by which their names and actions may be transmitted to posterity.

Even among the less civilized nations this custom has more or less prevailed; as we are enabled at the present time to prove by the history of these countries, which may frequently be traced through the rude carvings upon monuments and walls, which are constantly being brought to light.

The walls of most of the ancient cities were covered with these carvings; and each city had its own special monuments, built either in honor of the gods, or in order to commemorate the exploits of brave generals and worthy chiefs.

In Rome, immense sums of money were laid out, to erect statues and pillars, porticos and triumphal arches in honor of great conquerors, or in praise of heroic patriots, or public benefactors.

Most modern nations have also observed this custom; and even at the present time most cities are adorned by some monument to mark the birthplace or tomb of a great man, or the scene of some national achievement.

America has not been backward in this; for we have several monuments commemorating our nation's glory, besides numerous statues erected to the memory of our great men.

But for one, who is second to none in his good service to America, we have done comparatively little. While we have honored those that have enabled us to preserve our country, the one that first brought it within the reach of civilized man has passed away almost forgotten.

Monuments have been raised to men who have acquired little land at the expense of many lives. Columbus conquered a continent without shedding a drop of blood. What a vast difference! How immeasurably does the humble voyager, excel the proud vanquisher of armies! If the latter is worthy of the great honors he receives, then it can hardly be within the reach of man, to pay sufficient honor to the former.

To use the words of an old writer, "had he lived in the days of ancient Greece or Rome, he would have had statues raised and temples dedicated to him as to a divinity."

Seeing, then, in what high estimation his services would have been held by the ancients, can we be in the right who are actually reaping th
abundant harvest of his almost superhuman exertions, and yet scarcely vouchsafe to cast a glance upon the author of our happiness?

He did not undergo all these hardships for his own aggrandisement or good, but to benefit his ungrateful fellow-creatures. He it was who—indirectly—snatched our fathers from the cruel grasp of European tyrants, and the weight of political oppression, and placed us, their children, on a clear stage whereon to act the drama of our glory, American Independence!

How well his words express the meaning of his heart!—"I have opened the gates: now, let mankind enter at pleasure."

And what was beyond those gates? A land overflowing with wealth; everything that man could wish on earth!

Was not this a gift? Who else has done so much for poor humanity? In all history, there has been none to compare with him. What other man in the then known world would have sacrificed his life, his all, for the benefit of his kind? Who would have braved the perils of that vast waste of waters, and sailed to the place which superstition pointed out as occupied by demons and darkness? How steadfast was he in the cause of man, when in the face of a mutinous crew, and despite the danger he incurred of being hurled by them into the sea, his courage did not abate, nor his resolution fail!

Uppermost in his heart, all through, were our interests. When the water-logged and almost sinking hull of the Santa Maria was thought by those on board to be utterly incapa-
THE next morning the two pilgrims continued their journey, and after much trouble and fatigue arrived at Ancona. I can hardly express the pitiful state to which Chaumonot was now reduced. He was barefooted, his clothes were in rags; his head, which he had ceased to comb, had become covered with horrible sores which emitted an insufferable stench.

Notwithstanding all this, so great was his faith that on approaching the Holy House of Loreto, he at once took courage. "May be," he said, "the Blessed Virgin who works so many wonders in that holy house, will take pity on my misery."

His confidence was not in vain.

"As I came out of the holy house of Mary,"—so he himself relates in his autobiography—"a youth, most probably an angel in human form, came up to me and said, with an air and in words full of compassion, 'My child, you must suffer much in your head; come, follow me, and I will try to cure you.'

"I followed," continues Chaumonot, "and he led me from the church to a place far out of the way. There he bade me sit down and take off my hat. I obeyed. He then took a pair of scissors, cut off all my hair, and rubbed my poor head with a white cloth so gently that I did not feel any pain. Having thus relieved me of all the sores, and of the vermin with which they were covered, he replaced the hat on my head. I thanked him humbly for his charity; he left me; and I could never since find who that excellent doctor was."

Having remained three days at Loreto to satisfy their devotion, the pilgrims resumed their journey to Rome, and soon reached Terni.

Here, while begging from door to door, Chaumonot met an old lawyer who offered him a place as a servant in his house. Chaumonot gladly accepted the offer, for he thought that any thing was better than the humiliations and privations he had just gone through. The two friends were thus separated.
There was in Terni a college of the Society of Jesus, and Chaumonot soon became acquainted with one of the Fathers, to whom, as he did not know enough of Italian, he made confession in Latin. He then betook himself to the reading of good books, especially the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, which so stirred up his fervor that he determined to leave the house at once, continue his pilgrimage to Rome, and on his return to France hide himself in some desert to lead the life of a hermit.

Full of these ideas he left the house.

When he had walked a distance of about three miles he felt a little hungry, and thinking himself almost a hermit already, he picked a few ears of corn from a field by the road, and chewed them up, but finding that he could not swallow them, he resolved to ask alms.

His calling was not to the hermitage. God, by wonderful ways, was guiding him to the Society of Jesus, wherein, on his return from Rome, he was received at Terni, on the 18th of May, 1632, he being then twenty-one years of age.

CHAUMONOT being now free from the world's troubles and anxieties, enjoyed indescribable peace of conscience and tranquility of mind. His only thought and care were to advance in the way of perfection.

Moved by a fervent zeal for the salvation of souls, and a great desire for sufferings, he applied (1637) for the mission in Canada, to Father Mutius Vitelleschi, then general of the Society, and obtained his request.

Towards the beginning of May, 1637, he started for the New World; and after a troublesome voyage of three months, reached Quebec.

Two days after, he set out for the country of the Hurons; and having penetrated forests, and crossed rivers and lakes, he reached, on the 10th of September of the same year, the shores of lake Tsicage.

Before proceeding further, it will be good to give an account of some of the most prominent traits in the Huron character.

In hatred against the enemies of their nation they were unparalleled, as well as in the cruelty with which they treated their prisoners of war. One of their enemies having fallen into their hands, they first cut off his fingers; and then after having well scored his shoulders and back with a knife, they bound him with strong cords, and amidst the wildest war songs led him into their village, tormenting him all the time, and adding insults to the torments. They bade one of the villagers, who had lost a
son in war, to adopt him. This done, the sham father caressed his adopted son in the following manner. He took an iron collar, heated it, and then presented it to the captive, saying, “Take it, my son; you wish, I think, to make a fine appearance; put then this collar on your neck.” The tortures then increased. Burning coals, hot ashes, pointed pieces of iron and sharp thorns were the instruments used to harass the poor sufferer. In the midst of their barbarity he was invited to sing, and (strange to say) he would sing, in order that he might not seem a coward. When he was about finishing, they gave him food, and then carried him around over braziers full of burning coals. At last they took him out of the village and scalped him. After his death they cut his body into several parts, which were distributed among the principal personages of the village; and these in their turn made presents of them to their friends, who used them to season their food.

Their love for each other was very great, and indeed unsurpassed. A young Huron was traveling through the snow with his sister; and seeing her ready to drop with cold, he took off a large skin which he wore, and wrapt it around her. Then covering himself with her scanty garment, he told her to hasten to the next village while he remained there and perished in the snow.

Another instance of their self-sacrificing love, is also worth relating. A boy about eight years old, who was playing on the ice, slipped through a hole into the water; upon which his brother, a lad of about the same age, plunged in through the same hole, caught his brother, and swimming under the ice to another opening far distant from the first, saved his life.

Their patriotic feeling was extraordinary. On one occasion the Hurons, while at war with another nation, were surprised by the enemy who had been waiting for them in ambush. It was impossible for them to defend themselves. The old warriors then turning to their young comrades said to them, “You are young and able to render many and great services to our nation in the future; betake yourselves therefore to flight. We will remain here to receive the enemy.” The young warriors were all saved, while all the old ones were taken prisoners, cruelly tormented, roasted and devoured.

Let us now return to Father Chaumontot.

On arriving among the Hurons he at once devoted himself to the study of their language, in which he soon became so proficient, that the savages acknowledged him to be superior to themselves.

He composed for them, in their own language, prayers, sermons and precepts which were afterwards of much use to the poor savages, as well as to the missionaries themselves.

In the winter of the following year (1640) a pestilence broke out among the savages, one of the peculiarities of which was, that it did not affect the French missionaries. The Indians attributed their immunity to sorcery or witchcraft; and they even went so far as to hide their children, that they might not be baptized, while the
adults stopped their ears that they might not hear what the missionaries preached to them.

It happened one day that a young Huron met one of Father Chaumonot's companions, and seeing upon his person a crucifix with a skull at its foot, ran towards him and wrested the crucifix from him, saying that it was the cause of the pestilence then prevalent. Father Chaumonot strove to get back the crucifix, and grappled with the savage in hopes of wrestling it from him; whereupon the Huron picked up a hatchet and raised it above the head of the Father, who stood ready to receive the blow. At this juncture an Indian woman rushed forward and snatched the weapon from the Huron's hand, thus saving the life of Father Chaumonot.

The sufferings and hardships endured by the French missionaries, are indeed almost incredible. In cold weather the only means by which they could keep themselves from freezing, was to lay their heads in opposite directions and insert their feet in each other's arm-pits.

The savages held many councils in order to devise a scheme for getting rid of the missionaries; and most of the chiefs demanded their death.

In the year 1642, Father Chaumonot was sent, in company with Father De Brebeuf, to another tribe of Hurons, called "Neurtres," who occupied the land enclosed by Lakes Erie, Ontario and Huron.

They were favorably received, owing to their knowledge of writing.

Father Chaumonot told the savages that by that means they could know what was going on in distant places: whereupon—wishing to test the truth of his assertions—they assembled in large numbers around the missionaries. Father De Brebeuf then went off to a distance, and a young savage told Father Chaumonot to write the following words:—"I go hunting, I see a deer, I take an arrow from my quiver, I pull my bowstring and my prey falls, I place it upon my shoulders, take it to my cabin and make a banquet with my friends,"

When this was written, Father De Brebeuf was called, and the paper given to him to read. All listened with profound attention, as he pronounced the exact words of the young brave; and when he had finished reading, they gave vent to their feelings by a shout of admiration. They then took the paper, examined it carefully, and asked each other, "Where is the picture of the hunter, of the deer, the cabin, and the cauldron? Such things cannot be seen here; and yet the writing told it to Hechom." (This was the name by which Father De Brebeuf was known among the Neurtres.)

From this the missionaries took occasion to convince the savages of those truths which were transmitted to us in like manner from our ancestors.

(To be continued.)
College Literature.

Not merely in numbers, but, beyond all doubt, in character also is the College Press rapidly improving.

We have for some time past hesitated to decide on this latter point; for undoubtedly there are plenty of stupid things to be found in college magazines and journals; nor do we presume to hope that we ourselves are not among the number of those who have contributed to swell their list. We are no nearer perfection than our neighbors; nay, by no means as near it as some of them.

And yet, taking College Literature as a whole, and making all due allowance for their and our shortcomings, we see it not only making progress but gaining influence every day. There are ways, no doubt, in which that influence works harm; but we are happy to think that it is proving itself to be productive, in the long run, of more good than evil.

One thing has been especially noticeable during the past year. In whatever ways it may have affected the action of the various colleges subjected to its influence, they have certainly not copied each others bad points. On the contrary, certain objectionable occurrences which have taken place in one or more of them, have undoubtedly acted as warnings and not as examples to the rest. They have all been spurred up to a greater or less degree of emulation; and that emulation has, we think, been, in nearly all cases, an emulation in good. Will any one say, then, that the College Press is useless?

The last feature of its action which attracts our attention is the desire which it seems to have created in almost every quarter, for intercollegiate intercourse of some kind. So many particulars are read in the various exchanges about the interior life of other and very distant institutions, that each finds itself growing anxious to make its mental (if not bodily) communication with the
rest still closer. There is arising in short in every quarter a great desire of, so to speak, “comparing notes.”

The athletic contests which so frequently take place between the various Eastern colleges do much to intensify this feeling. A great amount of inter-collegiate comparison is actually made in the matters of boating and base-ball; and the question is now arising whether such comparison might not be equally advantageous in many other matters. Notwithstanding all the boasting of our Western colleges—from which absurdity, we beg to remind our readers, THE OWL has always carefully stood aloof—there can be no doubt whatever of the great educational superiority of the East. And yet we think our Eastern friends might find it worth their while to study the great West a little more closely. The difference of our circumstances and of the conditions of our collegiate life could not but produce, and actually has produced, among us new modes of grappling with some of the educational difficulties of the day.

Now in order to make the literary and educational rivalry of the various colleges of our country in some degree equal to their rivalry in matters athletic, an intercollegiate literary association is proposed.

The plan of action suggested for it, seems to be, so far as we can gather, that of the establishment of literary prizes to be competed for by the students of the various colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land, the judges being men of “national celebrity.” We think there is some doubt of the successful working of this scheme, which we hardly incline to favor; but it is at least a tribute to the power of the College Press, which has been creating far and wide this desire for literary and educational rivalry—a desire which, whether gratified or not, cannot but help forward the cause of education.

The Virginia University Magazine suggests “intercollegiate competitive examinations.” But this would surely be a very long stride in the direction of a national university, which very few people seem to want, and which Catholics want least of all.

Whether or not anything could be done which would be free from objection we know not. The thing may after all resolve itself into a mere increase of literary and journalistic activity, which will, of itself, go far towards accomplishing the end desired.

“The War of the Eucalyptuses.”

We have often remarked,—as who has not?—the singular coincidences which attend the acquisition of new ideas on any subject. It seems the rarest thing in the world for a new idea, or even the new application of an old one, to strike one person only. So soon as No. 1 receives an inspiration, No 2 springs up to dispute its priority to his own, which is either precisely the same, or so like it as to be practically indistinguishable. And then comes on the scene No. 3, whose imposing gravity of demeanor carries with it a more than ordinary degree of influence over the idiotic, and who
solemnly reprimands both the previous claimants, assuring them that he is the "genuine and only Jarley," and his version of the idea in question, the only true and correct one.

Something like this is occurring just now with regard to the blue gum-trees, the planting of which on the Alameda we suggested in our last number. Paragraphs innumerable, bearing more or less of a family likeness one to another are going the rounds of the local and even the general press; and all concur, we are happy to say, in recommending the planting of the trees alluding to, not specially on the Alameda—which is the point we made—but throughout the country. And it seems to be pretty clearly shewn that, owing to their extremely rapid growth, the plan would be a paying one. We do not care much what rival claimants may say on the question of originality. In the "War of the Eucalyptuses," as a contemporary styles it, we break no lance. Any one that pleases, and is competent to sustain his part in the fight, may win the crown without any molestation from us. What we do care for is that the beauty of our Alameda may be augmented and perpetuated by the planting of these noble trees whenever and wherever opportunity offers; and we are glad to think there is a fair chance that this may be done.

The beneficial effect of these trees in Algeria, where the French have planted them with great success, has been made a great deal of; and in connexion with this point we may observe that it was a French gentleman who suggested the idea to us, and one moreover who is a great authority on such matters. We regret that he persists in withholding his name from the public.

The Siamese Twins.

Every one, young or old, will have read, with a twinge of the heart, the recent somewhat meagre announcement, from the East, of the death of our old friends the Siamese Twins. Old people can remember seeing or hearing of the Twins in their young days, and young ones can at least remember to have heard them mentioned, from the very earliest period to which their memory can carry them back. More than forty years ago the late Lord Lytton, at that time Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, wrote a long poem upon these twins, who were then the topic of the day; and they have been more or less before the public ever since. We shall scarcely, we suppose, have any of the details before it will be necessary to go to press: but we must confess to present disappointment at being told no more than the bare fact of our old friends' death. Every one, we believe, in the civilized world, and more particularly Americans, in whose country they have taken up their abode, will feel regret at their death, and anxiety to hear its precise cause and manner, and indeed every other particular respecting it. To medical students especially this topic must be most interesting, if only on scientific grounds. And we are therefore glad to know that competent medical men are to make an autopsy of the corpses, the result of which will afterwards be published.
Notes on Exchanges.

In the December number of Acta Colombiana, (which is really a great improvement on the old “Cap and Gown”) there is an extremely amusing account of a visit paid by some Columbia students to Vassar College, and of the joy with which they received, from the hands of Mr. Vassar himself, the “pass” which was to act as their open sesame, and on which was inscribed the brief but pregnant sentence, “Betsey, admit the gentlemen.” This memorable document the writer tells us is still “cherished” at Columbia. We cannot wonder at it. We only wonder whether it has been framed and glazed in a style consonant with its rarity and value.

Under the head of “Exchange Notes” the Acta notices The Owl “which is,” it says, “in many respects a credit to the Pacific Slope and to the institution which it represents, Santa Clara College, Cal.” and commends what it is pleased to call our “liberality, and genuine Christian spirit.” Now inasmuch as it has been and will be our constant aim to maintain such a spirit, the importance of which (in magazines as in individuals) can scarcely be overestimated, we are proportionately gratified at this evidence that we have not been wholly unsuccessful. And all the more because the good opinion of Columbia is, as all will allow, worth having.

The Virginia University Magazine, another of our best exchanges, also mentions us, and that in a friendly spirit. But it tells us that it “thinks religious controversies out of place in college journalism,” as though it were under the impression that we did not think so too: whereas that is the very thing we said and say.

We are happy to receive the first number of the new journal of the University of California, The Berkeleyan, the typographical appearance of which is neat and attractive, and the contents readable and appropriate. “We hope,” say the Editors, in their “Notes on Exchanges,” “that our criticisms will be regarded as mere friendly expressions of opinion, and not as a desire to pick quarrels with other journals.” The sentiment of the above is better than the English in which it is expressed. We assure the Berkeleyan that it will always give us pleasure to treat its criticisms as “friendly expressions of opinion,” and that we will never, under any circumstances, regard them “as a desire” of any kind.

The charming “entente cordiale” which exists between the University Missourian and the Stephens College Chaplet (both of Columbia, Mo.) has attracted our admiring notice. We gladly welcome them to our exchange list; especially—(we are sure the Missourian will pardon us for the preference)—the Chaplet. Any one can see at a glance that a “chaplet” is likely to be woven by fair hands. And this Chaplet is.
Want of space prevents our noticing more of our exchanges this month. We regret it; especially for the sake of the *Alumni Journal,* (Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.) which "runs a muck" against Popery as furiously as the veriest Malay, and to which, consequently, we had wished to say a kind word.

*Clippings from Contemporaries.*

We have offered our readers little or nothing in this line hitherto; our extracts having been limited to articles on which we have had comments to offer. Our course in this respect has been dictated by a fear of reproducing stale witticisms, etc., with which we are often bored by our contemporaries themselves. However, we have reflected that the greater number of the readers of *The Owl* are unlikely to see many college publications, and may consequently not find such extracts stale; and moreover we shall endeavor to include many things which do not go the rounds of the College Press.

**SOUPIR.**

A watery waste where the wind is blowing;  
A cold wind, blowing in sobs and sighs;  
A strip of sand with dry grass growing,—  
Above, night falling from leaden skies.

Two, but two, on the sand strip straying,  
Pacing its limits up and down;  
Loath to linger, but still delaying,  
Dreading return to the fading town.

One last kiss of the lips that never,  
Never shall touch each other more;  
One hand-pressure,—the last for ever!—  
Empty and lone is the sandy shore.

A wealth of waves in the sunshine dancing;  
A wind that ripples their tops to foam;  
A strip of sand in the bright light glancing,—  
Above, blue skies where the white clouds roam.

A ship sails out of the harbor slowly,  
With a silent watcher standing astern;  
A kerchief waves from a cottage lowly,—  
Ah, God! the lessons we all must learn!

—*Harvard Advocate.*

The teacher in modern history asked a class what name was applied to French Protestants? One scholar over anxious to answer immediately, replied —Hottentots.—*Mills Quarterly.*
Ruskin says, in his last essay, that we might sufficiently represent the general manner of conclusion in the Darwinian system by the statement that, "if you fasten a hair brush to a mill wheel, with the handle forward, so as to develop itself into a neck by moving always in the same direction, and within continual hearing of a steam-whistle, after a certain number of revolutions the hairbrush will fall in love with the whistle, they will marry, and the product will be a nightingale." —Mills Quarterly.

A TRIBUTE.

An earnest life in patient labor spent,
A mind for research and a heart that felt,
A sage who dare not scoff, but humbly knelt
Before the shrine of Nature, reverent,
And ne'er the sanction of his science lent
To those who, impious, sought to trample down
Beneath their feet, the sceptre and the crown
Of Deity, or who, with rude hands, rent
The seamless robe. He owned the sacred spell,
Loosed from his feet the sandals ere he trod
A holier place than where the prophet fell
And worshipped prostrate on the hallowed sod;
In the weird legend of the rock and shell
Saw, through Creation, the Creator, God.

—Magenta.

Scene in the hall at Packer. (Student in geometry hastening to her first recitation, anxiously to her companion.) Oh! dear! a parallelogram's a quadrilateral with opposite sides parallel,—trapezoid, two sides parallel. Oh dear! what is a quadrilateral with one side parallel?—Packer Quarterly.

Extract from the examination-book of a candidate (unsuccessful) for admission into one of our American colleges. Question (in history)—"Give a brief sketch of Oliver Cromwell." Answer.—"Cromwell was a wicked man, and led a very wicked life. But on his death-bed he repented, and his last words were, 'Oh, would I had served my God as I have served my King.'"

—Harvard Advocate.

My Chum.—Never mind his name now, for you will hear of him in his own way before long. Chum is remarkable for two things—quick wit and absent-mindedness. Of the two the latter is rather his strong point. His wit helps him out of many a corner in which his absent-mindedness would otherwise surrender him to ridicule.

One day at the depot, he stood before the ticket office, whistling furiously. The ticket clerk, who was talking with a friend, turned and asked, "Whose dog are you calling?" "Well," returned chum, "I don't care which of you come."—Targum.

To grow rich, earn money fairly, spend less than you earn, and hold on to the difference. The first takes muscle; the second self-control; the third, brains.—Heald's College Journal.
Brignoli's atrocious English is well known. On one occasion, while stopping at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, his hairbrush was stolen from his room. The infuriated Italian rushed down to the office, and propounded the following question to one of the clerks:—"Clerruck! clerruck! Yesterday I was one hairbrush; to-day, what am I!"—Notre Dame Scholastic.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel towards the house, if you please."—Id.

PERSONALS.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS COLUMN ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Auctus est filia. R. M. Wright of '71. 9½ lbs.

—Chronicle.

The professor of Greek in the course of his comments upon a passage of Demosthenes the other day came upon the passage beginning: èv μεν τοῖνυν, etc., when in his usual lively and enthusiastic way he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, let me call your attention to the peculiar character of this hen (ἐν)." Perhaps it is needless to say that the intended disclosure in regard to the fowl was not made.—Id.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Were love but the prompter of all that is sent
We might graciously frame some excuse;
But if "only for fun" are your pennies thus spent,
Be ye maiden or boy, you're a goose.

—Lehigh Journal.

A junior in Virgil is winning golden opinions for his fluent and graceful translations.

He was called upon the other day to translate the following: "Imperium Dido Tyria regit urba profecta Germanum fugiens; and thus rendered it: "Dido, the flying Dutchman, held sway, etc.—Index Niagarensis.
It may be interesting to some of our old students to hear of the changes which have lately been made in the old rules.

Under the new regime, the lugubrious apartment known as "Letter A," where the offender is obliged, as before, to learn and recite his penal lines, is only open upon Thursday and Sunday afternoons. And no one is dispensed from attendance, even to go out on "First Thursday." Alas! "There's the rub."

Night prayers are said in the chapel, instead of the study hall as formerly. The washroom is open for one hour only, besides the usual times; and at the expiration of said hour, all must leave; "even if they have only one side of the face shaved," as it was expressed to us. How Demosthenic!

We have received a communication from the Secretary of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, giving us the following list of officers, elected at a meeting held on the 25th of January:

Rev. Fr. Kelly, S.J., President; Louis Palmer, Vice President; Jas Smith, 1st. Assistant; Chas. Ebner, 2d Assistant; E. Auzerais, Censor; S. Sheridan, Treasurer; A. Pierotich, Secretary; V. Vidauretta, Sacristan.

It is with great pleasure that we insert this list, recognizing, as we do, the great advantages with which such a society—whose sole aim is to train the youthful mind to the practice of morality and religion—is fraught. Its influence, too, is necessarily great; since it claims as its members the majority of the students of the Junior Division. We wish you success, good Sodalists, in your noble undertaking.

Through inadvertence we omitted to mention, in the list of officers of the Rough and Ready B.B.C., the name of its Secretary, Master A. Pierotich.

One afternoon, not long ago, the students had a pleasant diversion from study by the exhibition of Professor Faber's Talking Machine. The effectiveness of the machine consisted in the accurate imitation of the action and form of the various organs of speech. It had lips, tongue, palate and lungs, (a pair...
of bellows,) to which action was imparted by means of a complicated series of levers, the *modus operandi* being very similar to that of a player on the piano. "I am a little talking machine," it began; and a wonderful one it was, too: for it could speak in any language, from English and German all the way to French and Greek. For speaking French it had a peculiar adjustment consisting of a gutta-percha pipe, to conduct the sound to the *nose of the mask*, in order to give the nasal sound so frequent in that language. Truly the machine was a wonder; and it must have taken years of labor and study to bring it to its present effective, though still somewhat imperfect, state. For several days it formed an interesting topic of conversation in the yard; and we were often amused by some of the students trying to imitate its distinct though laboured accents. But however nearly art could imitate nature, nature could not imitate art—except at a vast distance—in the present case.

**Preparations** are being made for the proper celebration of the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, which is to be held on the evening of the 23d.—the 22d falling on a Sunday. The exercises will be literary, musical and dramatic; and we have no doubt but that they will equal if not surpass those of previous years.

**Travelling shows,** as a general thing, are rightly classed under the genus humbug, being calculated to screw the greatest possible amount of hard cash out of the pockets of the public, without giving an equivalent in return. We are glad to state, however, that we have discovered an exception to this rule, in the panorama of a certain Mr. Towl, an Oregonian gentleman, which was exhibited in the College some few nights since. It consists of a series of thirty-two large paintings, representing some of the principal features of the highly picturesque and often sublime scenery for which the State of Oregon is so justly celebrated. Some of the pictures were exceedingly interesting, not only on account of the grandeur of the scenes represented, but also from the artistic power displayed in them. Others were somewhat inferior; but there were none which were wholly devoid of merit. The grandest among them represented various majestic spots on the banks of the great river of the North, the celebrated Columbia. These were really fine, and were looked upon by all with lively sentiments of pleasure. It struck us as something remarkable that what we consider the most difficult thing in landscape painting, viz., the sky, had been rendered in a really admirable manner. Some of the sunsets, in particular, were strikingly beautiful, the artist having succeeded in placing upon his canvas that rich and mellow glow, so essential to the proper representation of the sinking sun, and yet at the same time so difficult of achievement. He cannot, we think, be too highly complimented for his success in this department. We cannot, however bestow as much praise on the lecture which Mr. Towl delivered in explanation of his pictures, as upon the
pictures themselves. It was an excessively flowery oration, replete, indeed, with all the figures of rhetoric, which, produced as they were in almost every other sentence, entirely lost their effect, and reminded one, as Mr. Blair says, of superfluous shreds of purple attached to a garment, and fulfilling no office, other than to tire the eye. A little more simplicity and nature in your lecture, Mr. Towl, would, we think, have improved it greatly. We left the Hall, however, much pleased with the entertainment; and probably more than one sentimental young gentleman dreamt, that night, of the grand old Columbia, and the eternal snows of Hood and Shasta.

Apropos of pictures, we dropped into the Drawing Room the other day, and spent some time most pleasantly in viewing the art-productions of our students. The class is evidently progressing famously, if we may judge from its works, and there are several of its members who bid fair to excel in their respective departments, and that at no very distant day. We noticed some particularly fine studies of heads and animals from the crayon of Mr. Remus, and in the linear department we must compliment our old friend, Mr. Mallon, on the skill which he displays. Persevere, you worshipers of the beautiful, and who knows whether we shall not some day point to the statue of a Remus or a Mallon, and say, "There is the second Michael Angelo, the second Raphael!"

The "Blessed Berchman's Sanctuary Society" have elected their officers for the ensuing half-session as follows:—Louis Palmer, Vice-President; Charles Ebner, Secretary; Jas. Smith, Treasurer; A. Pierotich, Censor; V. Vidauretta, Sacristan.

We understand that a class in vocal music has been instituted at the wish of several of our students, which is to be under the direction of Prof. Schemmel. The class is fortunate in being provided with so thoroughly competent and experienced a teacher; and we hope soon to have them assisting at some of our public entertainments.

Many of the students are actively training themselves in jumping, racing, etc., in anticipation of the coming celebration of Rev. Father Varsi's birthday. The happy recollections of last year's festivities are stirring them up to yet greater exertions for this year. Prizes will be given in all the athletic sports and the greased pig and pole, the wheel-barrow race, and the sack race will again create their side-splitting fun for the spectators. It will be the great event of this year, as it was of last, and as we hope it will continue to be of years to come.

Erratum.—On page 216, second line from the bottom, for "Your wits defy," read "Your aris defy."
Jimmie Judd of '70, is at work in San Francisco. It is not Jimmie's fault, however, that we are able to give this piece of information about him, for his letters and communications to us may be summed up in that expressive figure 0. We suppose he has no time now to trouble himself about Alma Mater; but still we cannot help thinking that it is his duty, as well as the duty of every other "old boy," to let us know something of his whereabouts. It must certainly be a great pleasure to their old preceptors to know the happy fates of the tender owlets whom they fostered to maturity beneath their paternal wings, of the young knights—now knights-errant—whom they clothed in the panoply of faith and knowledge, and then sent forth to battle with the world. This consideration alone, we think, should prompt all our old companions to write. We hope the effect of this lecture will be such a deluge of letters from our numerous alumni, that the personal-item man will have to swim therein for his life.

James Coddington of '73, has bidden farewell to the classic shades of Angels' Camp, and the grassless hills of Calaveras, to come and grasp the goddess Fortune by the hand in San Francisco. We have not heard the nature of Jim's business, but if we may hazard an opinion as to what he is doing, we will say that he is riding Pegasus. Such at least should be his occupation, as any one will be willing to vouch, who has read his immortal epic entitled "The Fire." Had we the good fortune to fill the exalted position of literary critic to this magazine, we would not fail to present our readers with a glowing account of Mr. Coddington's sublime production. Unfortunately, however, it is out of our power to do so. We must therefore beg our readers to bear up against this disappointment, until this great poem shall appear in print, when their enthusiasm will, we doubt not, be so great, that they will crown our friend with laurel. Drink deep, O bard, of the crystal spring of Parnassus! Steer thy bark out boldly into the magic sea of imagination! Let thy ambition be pentameters, thy companion Walker's Rhyming Dictionary; and if thou fail, it will be the fault of the age, not thine.
Personal Items.

John Acheson of '70, is in Nevada, and we are pleased to hear that he is doing very well. We entertain vivid recollections of John, as the champion of the "Little Yard" at marbles; and can bear witness that he was both willing and able to beat any boy of twice his size at big-ring, or Boston, even when he laboured under the mighty excitement produced in the schoolboy's mind by "agates up."

Frank Eharhorn of '69, who went by the name of "the Fat Boy," here a college, and who was celebrated for his apparent want of nervous sensibility, inasmuch as he would suffer any amount of slaps and pinching without "squinching," is in San Francisco. Since he left college he has made "the grand tour," and according to his own assertion has established for himself a terrible reputation in Europe, slaying with the short sword sundry counts, and slapping the faces of various dukes and princess. Verily, Frank, you are a terrible fellow!
### RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION

**Given by the Students of Santa Clara College.**

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* Names marked thus * were absent or came too late to compete in most of the classes.
BOYS CLOTHING,
BOYS BOOTS,
BOYS HATS,
In short, everything pertaining to Boys' wear.
Where to buy them at a reasonable price:
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either at Santa Clara or San Jose.

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Shaving,
Shampooing
and Hair Dying.

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Gents & Boys Boots made to order.
No fit, no Pay!

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exchange, or purchased at regular
Market Rates.

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Santa Clara St., San Jose.

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Office, Balbach’s Building.
No. 284, Santa Clara St., San Jose.

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(Next door to Post Office)
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F. B. KINGTON.
Turner & Kington’s
Santa Clara Cracker Manufactory,
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MARIPOSA STORE
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Importers, Booksellers, Stationers
and Publishers,
620 & 622 Washington-street.
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Fancy Pastry and Confectionery made to
order on the shortest notice.
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FROM THE
Leading Manufacturers of the East and Europe
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This grand Stock consists in part of French Beavers and Cassimeres, Scotch and English Vestings, French Velvets and Valencia Vestings, etc.

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Gents’ and Childrens’ Clothing,
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
etc.,
etc., etc.,
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CONSOLIDATED BANK (Limited.), London.
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Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co’s Express office, for any
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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Are now in receipt of a fine and well selected stock of
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Having bought from first hands, we guarantee to save to our customers
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A Liberal Discount made to Tailors.
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THEY ARE BOUGHT FOR CASH,
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Bargains are Spring & Co's speciality.
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The Course of Instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough Education.

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

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

To place the benefits of this Institution within the reach of the greater number, the charge will only be **$16 PER MONTH**, payable in advance. There is also a Young Ladies' Day School.

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PHILOSOPHY, MATHEMATICS, ORATORY,
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(By Teachers native to the several languages)

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Diplomas given in two departments the Classic and Scientific.

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For full details, see Catalogue of 1873, which may be had by addressing the President,

REV. A. VARSI, S. J.

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