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# The Owl, vol. 8, no. 1

Santa Clara University student body

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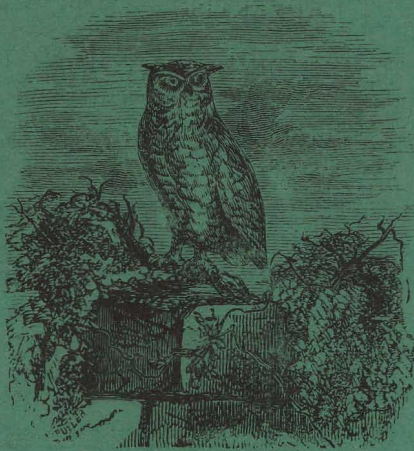
No. 1.

# THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

*EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.*



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PUBLISHED BY THE OWL ASSOCIATION AND PRINTED  
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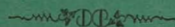
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# THE OWL.

Vol. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 1.

## SECULAR EDUCATION.

(D. O. FURLONG, 2d Rhetoric,—promoted to 1st.)

(An Oration delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the occasion of the Twenty-second Annual Commencement and Exhibition, June 2d, 1873.)

THE subject of education has always been considered one of paramount importance; and that with good reason: for the child of to-day will be the man of to-morrow: the grammar-boy of to-day will be, ere long, the father of a family, the lawyer, the judge, the statesman; and he will acquit himself of his duties as an adult according to the training he has received in his youth. Holy writ tells us that "a young man, even when he is old, will not depart from his ways." It is with this conviction that I invite your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to a few remarks which I intend to make to-night on "Secular Education."

I am aware that this system of instruction may be seen in practical operation around us, and consequently that any disparaging remarks upon it may seem invidious; but my pur-

pose is neither to censure existing institutions, nor to complain of the evils resulting therefrom. I shall deal only with the system itself and its natural consequences; leaving those acquainted with its workings to judge whether my ideas are borne out by the facts, or not.

Education, to be worthy of the name, must effect a *triple development*; that is, it must cultivate the body, the mind, and the heart. Neglect any one of these three, and you at once disturb the equilibrium of the whole. Educate the body at the expense of the mind and soul, and you have a mere animal; educate the intelligence at the expense of the moral and religious feelings, and you have a polished monster. You but store the arsenal of the mind with weapons which it will be tempted to use against the altar and the throne alike—wherewith it



may carry on war against the welfare, nay, the very existence of society.

Now this is precisely what mere secular education is, of itself, calculated to effect. Its object is to instil into the mind the principles of the various arts and sciences, to make men skilful mathematicians, subtle reasoners, shrewd business men ; but it omits those principles which alone will guide man safely through the perilous roads of life : that will fit him to meet, with unruffled brow, the frowns and scorn of an unfeeling world : that will enable him to bear up cheerfully against the reverses of fortune : that will make him battle manfully against crime : that will make him honest in all the avocations of life : that will point out to him a *hereafter* beyond and superior to anything which this material world can give.

And what are the natural consequences of this omission to the family and the state at large ? The child that has been trained up without moral and religious principles, will be apt to indulge his animal instincts ; will set at nought the laws of God ; will prove refractory to his parents ; and, having no control over his passions, will brook no contradiction. When put to the test of submission, his language and behaviour will be different indeed from what should be expected of a dutiful child towards those who gave him life, and who have bestowed on him so many cares and solitudes.

This much was well understood, even by pagan antiquity ; as its history attests. Dion, the philosopher, had administered sharp reproof to Dionysius the tyrant, on account of his

cruelty : Dionysius felt highly offended, and determined to revenge himself on Dion. Accordingly he had the son of Dion arrested, not—as might have been expected—for the purpose of putting him to death, but for that of giving him up *into the hands of a godless teacher* ! Dionysius knew that a child brought up without religious training would be a plague and curse to his parents all his life-time ; and this, the tyrant thought, was the greatest and most lasting revenge he could take on Dion for having censured his conduct.

And if these remarks apply to the ruder, they apply no less forcibly to the gentler sex. My convictions oblige me to point out that they too will feel, and feel acutely, the poisonous shafts of *secular education*. Human nature is the same in all ; and therefore it can be no wonder that woman when unrestrained by religious principles, should forget her proper sphere in society, should neglect the useful for the ornamental, devote her time to light reading, frequent the opera, be heard declaiming both from the rostrum and from the pulpit, and lastly should plunge heart and soul, into the filthy mire of the so-called “Women’s Rights” movement.

The most majestic kingdom, says a distinguished writer, in which woman can reign, is *home*. Woman nowhere looks more lovely, more truly great, than in her own house, and surrounded by her children. It is not in the court-room, in the pulpit, or in a political rostrum, but it is among those of her own household that woman’s influence can effect so much. Washington, in his farewell

address to the American people, told them that religion and morality were the props of society and the pillars of the State. But how can the State possess religion and morality if the members composing it have none? The State is made up of families, and if *they* have not been imbued with sound moral principles, whence can the State obtain such principles? If then the words of the "father of our country" are true, as they undoubtedly are, what becomes of the stability of our commonwealth? Should we encourage a system of instruction that tends to undermine the foundations of our republic? Is the government justified in levying taxes for the maintenance of an infidel system of instruction that is gnawing at the very vitals of its existence?

And let no one attempt to answer me by advancing the theory that parental instruction can impart what the State system lacks. I am dealing here with *the system itself*; and I find it deficient in what essentially constitutes a beneficial education. "Secular education" says Guizot, "to be truly great and socially useful, must be fundamentally religious." Besides, practically speaking, parents *cannot* adequately supply the deficiency.

They are the bread-winners or the household managers; and they have to work for their families. Besides which, they are, in most instances, unqualified for such an office.

"But the Sunday schools can do all that is required."—Yes! Use no salt with your food during the week; but take it all on Sunday!

"Religion," says Lord Derby with much truth, "is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system. It is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind."

We have seen, then, what is the nature of Secular Education, and what are the baneful consequences that naturally follow therefrom. And now, if I may venture,—and I trust I may, without offence—to bring these remarks to a practical conclusion, I will say plainly, that as things are in this our country, the only system of education calculated to stop the ever swelling flood of individual and social evil, is *the denominational system*. This, in my humble opinion, is the only system which deals out justice, even-handed, to all alike, and which will insure both the peace and happiness of families, and the stability and prosperity of our republic.



## THE ADVENTURES OF A STRONG-MINDED KITTEN ;

A STORY OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

CHAPTER I.—*The Republic of Three.*

ONCE upon a time there was a little kitten, who lived with her brothers and sisters and old mother Tabby in a roomy old barn redolent of hay.

They spent their time in catching the little mice that ran in and out of its dark corners ; but mother Tabby alone attacked the great fat rats, who always fought savagely, but in the end were sure to fall her victims.

This happy family caught rats and mice merely for sport ; for they were never stinted in milk or meat. Do you not think, then, that they ought to have been contented ?

But one of them, the youngest, was "strong-minded," and thought her lot in life too narrow. The barn, it is true, was large and lofty, and she was at liberty to range about it as much as she liked ; but she was only allowed outside of its protecting walls for a few hours every day, for the reason, as her mother said, that big, ugly creatures called *dogs* lived in the outer world, who ran about, open-mouthed, seeking whom they might devour. She must therefore stay at home till she was older, and could swiftly climb up trees whenever the dogs ran after her. This did not suit

Kitty, who, being a very conceited young puss, imagined she was quite capable of taking care of herself. So one day, when her mother was busily engaged in teaching some of the older ones to catch rats, she escaped from home and started in life on her own account.

She climbed fence after fence, got lost in innumerable corn-fields, and at length found herself out in the open prairie, where the bright flowers were nodding in the bright sun. "Ah," cried she as she gamboled about, "how beautiful is this glowing earth ! How very absurd of mother to keep us in ignorance of the exquisite loveliness of nature ! Heigh-ho ! What a delightful thing it is to be an emancipated kitten !" And in sheer light-heartedness she leaped into the air.

But as she descended, she was aware of a very curious creature, sitting up in the grass close by. She had never seen such an ugly, funny-looking thing before. It had the head of a rabbit, the tail of a squirrel, and the body of a large rat. So she felt quite frightened, and arching up her back, and swelling out her tail, made herself look as fierce as possi-

ble. The creature never moved, however. It only wagged its bushy tail, and cried, "Yapp! Yapp!" Which being interpreted, meant, "How odd you *can* make yourself look, to be sure!" Then Kitty, crouching down, tried to spring upon him; but he, evading her ran a little way off, turned head over heels, and then, sitting up again on his hind limbs, asked, how was that for high.

This made Kitty exceedingly angry. "I'll teach you," said she, "to laugh at your betters;" and she made one very big spring at him, but brought herself up all standing; for her enemy had totally disappeared.

Kitty rubbed her eyes. She thought she must be dreaming. But no! After she had rubbed them well, there was still the bright prairie with the bright flowers and the bright sun, as plain as ever.

Then she began looking all around for her enemy, and at length discovered a hole in the ground, which she thought must be his hall door. So, putting in one paw, and extending her claws, she discovered that there was plenty of room inside; and being a thoughtless and imprudent kitten, without more ado she crept in.

The first thing she saw, when her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, was a little fat bird, standing on one stumpy leg, fast asleep in a corner. Presently he opened his great round eyes, and looked at her; then put down his other foot, which had been nestling cosily under his wing, and hopped towards her with an air that plainly said, "who are you?" But being very near-sighted, he poked his Roman nose too close

to her face. So she boxed his ears. Whereupon he hopped back to his corner, stood on one foot and patted his boxed ear tenderly, while he gazed mournfully at Kitty. Our puss felt herself in a very awkward situation. If she turned round to go out of the hole, the small bird might possibly nip off her tail, in revenge for having his ears boxed. But while she was debating what to do next, there sounded in the distance a strange yapping,—“Yapp! Yapp!”—Now it was nearer. “Yapp! yapp! yapp!”—Now her little enemy *Waggle-tail* was sitting up before her, looking as impudent as ever.

“Well, I declare, Miss!” cried he, “this is pretty behaviour, following me home in this style, and paying court to my esteemed friend in my absence! Such conduct is positively shocking!” And Kitty thought the little fellow would kill himself with laughing.

“Things were different in my young days,” snorted the fat bird. “Then no young puss would have dared to box an old owl’s ears.”

“Not even when he poked his nose in her face?” asked Kitty.

“Did he really do that?” inquired *Waggle-tail* of Kitty. “Fie, Sir Owl,” continued the incorrigible wee thing, putting up one paw before his ridiculous little face, and looking at the company through his claws, while he laughed and wagged his tail harder than ever. “But let us introduce ourselves. What may your name be, Miss?” remarked he, as he erected his ears and put his head on one side in order to listen better.

“Kitty,” said she.



"Now let me bring to your notice the gentleman you have been taking such liberties with. He is *Sir Fly-away Owl*, a most aristocratic person, who finding it rather dull in the upper regions, has joined our little co-operative union of three, and works for his living like the rest of us. As for me, I belong to the lower orders, who divide the day between work and play. I'm a member of the Jolly Dog Society, and my name is *Prairie Dog*. I always have my letters addressed, 'Prairie Dog, Esq., J. D. S.' I have, however, a variety of other names which my friends have given me, such as 'Impertinent Dog,' 'Lucky Dog,' 'Mischievous Dog,' etc.' etc."

"You are a very *conceited* dog, in my opinion," remarked Kitty.

"And I consider you a very silly puss," retorted Prairie Dog, indignantly.

"Now don't be calling each other names," said the wise Owl, "but go on with business."

"Well, then," continued Prairie Dog, "in that dark corner lies *Mr. Rattlesnake*, our sleeping-partner. He wakes up every now and then, and swallows the first thing that comes to hand,—a kitten, for instance;" (here he winked at the Owl) "and then he goes to sleep for another two months."

Kitty, who felt greatly alarmed at this account of the sleeping-partner, said she must be going, and rose to take leave; but Prairie Dog told her not to be in a hurry, that he and Sir Owl were in want of a little lively company and would be glad if she would stay and keep house for them.

"But how about Mr. Rattlesnake? Won't he eat me up?" inquired Kitty.

"Oh, he has just swallowed a prairie hen, and will not awake for the next two months," replied Prairie Dog.

"Before I agree to another person's boarding and lodging with us," snorted the Owl, "I must know what she eats."

"Rats and mice," answered Kitty.

"Oh, that's very convenient," continued the Owl, in a patronising tone; "for you and I can hunt together."

But Kitty, who felt riled at the high and mighty manner of Sir Owl—albeit the poor little bird never dreamt of giving offence—answered, hotly, that she would rather hunt with Prairie Dog, because he was more lively. Whereat Prairie Dog slapped one little front paw upon his little fat thigh, and tumbled head over heels with delight.

"Can you eat grass?" asked he, anxiously.

"No," said Kitty.

"Then we can't take our meals together," answered he mournfully. "But you can play all day with me, and hunt all night with Sir Owl."

"But then what time shall I have for sleeping?" inquired Kitty.

"Oh, I forgot about that!" answered Prairie Dog, scratching his head in a puzzled manner. "Well, suppose you sleep when you feel inclined?"

"Well; that will be *now!*" said Kitty, coiling herself up in one corner of the hole. And she was fast asleep before you could say "Jack Robinson."

CHAPTER II.—*A Narrow Escape.*

Kitty was awakened by a loud blowing and snorting. Listening attentively for some time, she concluded it came from the Owl's quarters.

"What's up?" cried Kitty, who was, I'm sorry to say, a little vulgar, and somewhat inclined to indulge in slang.

"*I'm up, Miss,*" answered the sedate Owl; and if you are coming out hunting with me, *you'd better be up also.*"

"But what are you making such a fuss about?" inquired Kitty, as she gaped and stretched herself preparatively to getting up

"I'm dressing myself; that is to say, I'm putting a top dressing on my feathers; for I expect there will be the Duchess of Gobble-em-up-quick, and the Marchioness of Snatch-em-up-fast, at the hunt to-night; and I like to make myself agreeable to the ladies."

"Where's Prairie Dog?" inquired Kitty.

"Oh, you silly puss!" cried the Owl, contemptuously, "don't you know that this is his sleeping time, and that it is only cats, owls, editors, and poor printers and their devils that work at night? When will you learn wisdom?"

"Never," answered Kitty. "Wisdom was never made for kittens, nor kittens for wisdom. A wise kitten would be simply ridiculous."

"More's the pity," replied the

Owl; and he tried to turn up his Roman nose, but could not do it.

"Now *git!*" cried Pussy, making as if she would box his ears. So he hopped quickly out of the hole, and Pussy sprang out after him.

"You don't know anything about hunting, I suppose?" inquired the owl loftily, flapping his wings as he spoke.

"Oh dear, no! I belong to the *Know-nothing* party," replied Kitty.

"Then I'll rise in the air; for that's where I see best; and when I catch sight of a mouse on the ground, I will call out 'whoop,' and then you've got to look out, you know."

"Go ahead!" said Kitty, and the Owl rose in the air.

"Whoop!"—and Kitty caught a mouse and swallowed it in a twinkling. "Whoop!"—and Kitty caught another.

"Say! An't you coming to have a bite?" cried she.

"I don't mind if I do," said the Owl, dropping down beside her. "But help yourself first." So Kitty, who was still very hungry, took the head piece, and left the tail end of the dinner for Sir Owl.

"Now," said he, wiping his bill on a blade of grass, "I'm off to join the nobility." And away he flew.

He was gone so long that Kitty, becoming tired of waiting for him, took to catching mice for amusement, and had quite a heap of victims



gathered before her, when her companion returned.

• “Why what a cunning little hunter you are!” he cried. “Who would have thought you could do so well after only one lesson?”

“Ah!” replied the incorrigible Puss, winking outrageously at Sir Owl, “kittens have more brains than some wise people give them credit for. I never saw a kitten yet that could not get her living if she was once shown how to do it.”

Just then there were heard some short, sharp barks, not very far off, for all the world as if some one was calling out “Where?” “Where?” “Where?” and some else was answering, “Here!” “Here!” “Here!”

“Those are Coyotes,” explained Sir Owl.

“What sort of creatures are they?” inquired Puss.

“Something between a wolf and a dog,” replied Sir Owl.

“I’d like to see one,” rejoined Puss, “so I think I’ll answer.”

“Don’t do any such thing,” said Sir Owl, “for a coyote would as soon eat you as look at you.”

“Yab!” cried Kitty, in a rage, spitting at the Owl, and grinning horribly, “I’ll sing if I like!” and she sang the following ditty —

“You! Sproul! Meul! Loul!

“Squeak!

“Bah! Ma-ah! Ya-ah! Mew!”

Poor Sir Owl was horrified! He covered up one ear with one foot, and would willingly have covered up the other one with the other foot; but this would have left him without a leg to stand upon.

“That’s not a pretty song!” he observed.

“Oh, you don’t understand music,” answered Kitty. “The air I’ve just sung, is out of a celebrated opera called the ‘Rendezvous dez Chats,’ and it is the tune known by the name of ‘The Song the Old Cow Died of.’ Coyote likes it. He stopped singing directly I began; and see! Here he comes to compliment me!”

Sir Owl turned his head quickly, and saw two great eyes coming along, Nothing was to be seen but these two great eyes moving through the grass.

“Hist! Run for your life!” shrieked the Owl, as he rose into the air; and Kitty bolted into the hole just in time to avoid being caught by Mr. Coyote.

“Why, what’s the matter?” cried Prairie Dog; for Kitty had tumbled over him in her fright. “Why, dear heart, you have the cold shivers! Don’t speak! You’ll bite your tongue if you do; your teeth are chattering so. Let me rub down your hair: it is all standing on end. Good gracious me! What can have happened? But here comes Sir Owl, who will explain everything.”

And the Owl explained.

“The Owl is the wisest of animals,” said Prairie Dog; for though I’ve the sharpest tongue, he has the biggest head.”

“Hist!” exclaimed the wise one, who had been standing near the entrance of the hole, with his head on one side, listening to some thing: “that dreadful Coyote is sniffing around our hole; and now he is digging us out.”

At this news poor Kitty gave a little mew of sorrow.

"Hush, if you value your life!" whispered Sir Owl, who had now joined them in the extremest corner of the hole, where they all clung together for mutual support.

Then there was a dead silence among the terror-stricken group; and nothing was to be heard but the scratching of the Coyote removing the earth.

Now, although Pussy was blessed with four legs, she could not manage her understanding at all; and so weak with fright was she that she fell, knocking over the little Owl on her way to the ground.

"Kitty," cried he snappishly, "if you can't manage to stand it, lie down, and don't knock me over any more: I don't like it." With that she crouched low on the earth, and Prairie Dog followed her example.

Sir Owl was the only upright one of the party; but then he was an aristocrat, you must remember, and so was always a person of some standing. But he usually stood on one foot; whereas at this juncture it took him all his time to stand on two; he was shaking so much with fear. Still the Coyote scratched on.

"Is there nothing we can do to save our lives?" inquired Prairie Dog of the wise Owl.

"Nothing; unless you and Kitty can dig into our next door neighbor's, where we could lodge for the present."

"That's it!" said Prairie Dog; "'tis my turn, now, to save the Republic of Three!—Kitty, lend a claw!" And the two went to work

with a will.

But presently Prairie Dog, who found it dull, working in silence, thought of something to say, and addressed the President of the Republic thus:—

"You, Sir Owl, are not called upon to labor with your claws; so see what you can do with your brains, to save us from this danger. Now is the time to give your wisdom an airing."

"Prairie Dog," answered the Owl gravely, "you talk too much. Shut up, and go to work."

Just then Coyote stopped scratching, and commenced afresh with his "Where? where? where?"

"It's lucky he's so fond of his own music," whispered the Owl: "it gives us a little longer time to live. But, Kitty, you must not sit listening to that song. You can sing as well as that yourself, any day. Pluck up your spirits and the earth together, if you would live." Whereupon Kitty went to work with all claws, so vigorously that the dust she kicked up nearly choked Prairie Dog.

"Say! Pussy! There's moderation in all things!" cried out the poor little coughing *bow-wow*. Just then, up hopped the Owl. "That dreadful brute is at work again," he exclaimed; and as he spoke, a blast of hot air came down the hole.

"Oh! he has his nose in our doorway," cried the Owl, "and is trying to find out how deep underground we are. But go ahead, children: we'll beat him yet!"

"What will Mr. Rattlesnake do?" inquired Pussy, who was fond of asking questions.



"We'll leave him to guard the entrance," replied the Owl; "and it is to be hoped that Coyote, when he scales our outworks, will bite Rattlesnake; for then Rattlesnake will bite Coyote, and Coyote will die. That is the plan of my campaign: but, in case it should fail, I want to secure admittance into my neighbor's territory. So work away, for Coyote is nearly through our ramparts."

"Sir Owl," whispered Prairie Dog, "come away back here! We have only two more inches of work to do; and if you stay so near the entrance, you will be caught by Coyote."

"I'll just take one more observation, and then join you miners," replied the Owl, hopping away as he spoke. And then there arose a most awful hooting; and Prairie Dog sat up on his hind legs, letting his front paws hang down despondingly by his side; and while the tears coursed down his innocent nose, informed Pussy that he was sure Sir Owl was "gone up."

Now Kitty, not being a Californian cat, knew not the meaning of this mysterious expression, and asked Prairie Dog what it meant.

"I mean," said he, "that Sir Owl is gone down Coyote's throat, and that our Republic has lost its head. But the tail's left," he remarked, "and it will wiggle-waggle until the end." And animated with this bright

idea, he attacked the hole with fresh vigor.

At this juncture, however, Sir Owl, who was not dead at all, came hopping along gleefully. "Hoot! hoot!" he cried, "Give three cheers, children! We're saved! The red-skins are coming! Listen to their war-whoop!" And as he spoke, there came a rush of voices overhead, and a clattering of hoofs, and a whizzing of arrows; and Coyote, after once more crying out dismally, "Here! Here! Here!" collapsed.

"Hurry up," said Sir Owl, "and see the fun." And away he raced with Prairie Dog and Kitty after him, for the top of the hole. There in the moonlight lay the beast, pierced with arrows; and far away in the distance were the retreating red-skins: and all the settlement was turning out for a jubilee over the dead monster. There was quite a crowd of prairie dogs yapp-yapping, and of little owls hooting, and rattlesnakes hissing, for joy.

"It's as good as a play," cried Kitty, catching hold of her tail and waltzing around with it, in her delight; while Prairie Dog, as usual, tumbled head-over-heels with pleasure, and Sir Owl flapped his wings, hopped about awkwardly on one leg, and notwithstanding his melancholy cast of countenance looked ridiculously happy.

## THE "MONTH OF MARY" AT SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

THE interposition of the Long Vacation, between the respective issues of our last and our present numbers will have the effect, no doubt, of making the heading of this article seem somewhat out of date. But if our readers will kindly bear in mind that the month of May ended only two or three days before the Vacation commenced, it will be plain to them that comment on the way in which that month was passed at Santa Clara has been practically impossible until now.

Our Idle Notist, as will be seen, labors under the same difficulty with regard to his account of the Commencement Exercises; which took place just after our June number had been issued, but of which, nevertheless, it is highly desirable that he should give some account at this time; not merely in order that there may be a record of those exercises in the pages of the Owl, but that our numerous readers in distant parts may be duly posted as to all our sayings and doings.

And the same reasons apply to what we are writing now. For among the sayings and doings of Santa Clara, we cannot but think that what we say to the first of created beings—the Mother of God—and what we do, however unworthily, in

her honor, must hold a prominent place.

We wish then to tell our readers that, dear as is the blessed name of Mary to all Catholics, it is—or at least we hope it is—especially dear to the students of Santa Clara; and that we have been trying to show this by particular devotion to her, during her own month.

Common sense tells us (we say this for the benefit of our numerous non-Catholic friends) that if there be value in our own intercessory prayers one for another—as all Christians acknowledge that there is—there must, *à fortiori*, be much *more* value in the prayers of such a mother as Mary, offered up to such a son as Jesus. And if the prayers of our earthly mothers on our behalf are not regarded as any encroachment upon the mediatorial office of our Divine Lord, then neither—by parity of reasoning—can the prayers of Mary, our heavenly mother, the mother whom Jesus gave us from the Cross, be so regarded. The cases are perfectly parallel.

"But," some good Protestant will say, shifting his ground as good Protestants always do, "how do you know that Mary hears you, when you ask her for her prayers. May not all your trouble be thrown away?"



What? Has then the exercise of common sense but for a single minute, reduced the difference between Protestant and Catholic to *this*? It is even so!

Well: our good friends need not feel over anxious on this point. It must be conceded that *they* do *not* know that Mary hears them; though we think, even granting this, that they would do wisely to ask for her prayers, on the bare *chance* that she may do so. In *earthly* dangers and difficulties, people are ready enough to call for help on the chance that some one may hear them.

So far, however, as *we Catholics* are concerned, there is no chance about it. We are absolutely certain, with the certainty of divine faith, that Almighty God enables His blessed mother to hear our prayers. Catholics have sought the intercession of Mary from the olden days when she lived on earth among them, until this nineteenth century in which we of Santa Clara College seek it now. The invocation of Mary preceded the writing of the New Testament. Its originator was Jesus crucified: the place of its origination Calvary.

On the perfect subordination of this devotion to the *divine* worship addressed to our Blessed Lord Himself—on the self-evident fact that honor rendered to His mother *because* she is His mother, is neither more or less than honor rendered to Him—we need not dilate. We have said, even thus much, only because the OWL is read by many for whom, though they have not the

happiness of believing our holy Faith, we feel the greatest respect, and whose possible misapprehension of what follows we therefore desire to anticipate.

"*Beatam me dicent omnes generationes,*" are the words of the Blessed Virgin herself: and they were taken as a kind of text for the homilies, the hymns, and the addresses which follow, and which were hung up in the College Chapel in her honor. A handsome dossal of blue cloth, tastefully festooned, was first affixed to the wall; and then the papers, in the order in which they happened to be completed, were attached thereto. Above them all was visible the following placard, in polyglott; which affords to all readers a practical illustration of the truth of our Lady's prophecy that "all generations" should "call her Blessed."

The scroll which surrounds the legends represents a broad scroll, most artistically painted, the upper portion of which bears the characteristic legend, "*Beatam me dicent, etc.*" Our printer could not make his imitation perfect in this respect.

Many as are the languages of which specimens are given, there also exist many other languages in which Mary has been called "blessed," which have been omitted from this year's list, but which, or some of which may not improbably be supplied in that of the year to come. There was not time, this year, to make a list which should even *approach* completeness.

“Beatam Me Dicent Omnes Generationes.”

Hebrew.

ברוכה את בנשים

Greek.

Ἐυλογημένη σὺ ἐν γυναιξίν.

Latin

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

French.

Vous êtes bénie entre toutes les femmes.

Italian.

Benedetta sei tu tra tutte le donne.

Spanish.

Bendita tu eres entre todas las mujeres.

Portnguese.

Tu es bemaventurada entre as mulheres.

German.

Du bist gebenedeit untes den weibern.

English.

Blessed art thou among women.

Irish.

'S beanigh thu eidear na mhri.

Illyrian.

Blasena ti medju zenami.

Kafir.

In kooloo umphaas i yam.

Flat-head

Ku-szenknem tel esia tel pelpilgui.

Chinook

Mank tlush maika kopa kanewe tluchemen.

Tahitian.

Hāamea oe i ropu i toa te man vahine.

Uvia.

Ke manuia koe i te fafine fuape.



Before giving the various papers, we may remark that it has seemed better to us, for reasons which will be obvious, to refrain from mentioning the names of the writers.

The first on our selected list—for we have selected a limited number only out of very many which lie before us—runs thus :—

## I.

## HYMN IN HONOR OF THE B. V. M.

THE Month of May  
Is here to-day ;  
The month that gladdens every heart ;  
And birds shall sing,  
And flowers upspring,  
Their perfume to impart.

But flowerets fair  
Or things of air,  
Shall they alone praise her above,  
Who to the call  
Of one and all  
Responds with tender love ?

Nay, let *us* raise  
Our songs of praise  
From valleys fair, from mountain peaks,  
For her sweet aid,  
The Mother maid,  
Who after sinners seeks.

Still at our sides,  
The best of guides,  
She keeps us in the path of peace ;  
And when we fear  
The foul fiend near,  
Her prayers our strength increase.

O Queen all fair,  
Thy heart can ne'er  
The tears and sighs of him withstand  
Who kneels in grief  
To seek relief  
At thy right royal hand !

In the fell strife :  
 "Twixt death and life,  
 Be thou, sweet Mother, at my side :  
 From off my soul  
 The dark mists roll;  
 And with thee let me bide.

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 II.

## MARY IS OUR MOTHER.

THIS is a most sweet devotion, because it is a devotion to our Mother: the sweetest, the purest, the greatest of creatures. We speak to her as her loving children; and she lends a mother's ear to our prayers.

Jesus gave her to us. She was His last legacy before He expired on the cross. St. John loved her, served her, and venerated her as his mother; and she, in turn, cherished him with a wonderful love.

Jesus spoke from the cross to St. John, telling him to love Mary as his own mother; not, it seems to me, because He thought St. John or any other of His disciples would forget to honor or venerate the Blessed Virgin; but because He wished to show every generation that He desired Christians to honor and venerate His virgin mother as their true mother, and that He wished her honored in the ho-

liest, sweetest manner, even as He himself had honored and obeyed her. He expressed this in that one word: "Son, behold thy mother. Act towards her as a son, a faithful son." And in order to impress Mary's love and mercy upon our minds in a like public and solemn manner, He said to her, "Behold thy son! Do not forget my little ones when I am gone. Do not think only of me, thy Divine Son; but also love and cherish my adopted brothers who mourn and weep in this valley of sorrow. Be a mother to them for love of Me."

Let us then love our Mother: let us defend her honor: let us glory in being her children; and let us prove ourselves worthy of such an Immaculate Mother by the purity of our lives.

Away, sin! We are Mary's children!

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## III.

## MOTHER OF MERCY, PRAY FOR US.

NO ONE ever asked the Blessed Virgin for anything without receiving it. If any person came to her little house at Nazareth, she always gave him what she had; and it is said she distributed thus all the presents given her by the three Wise Men.

Her charity knew no bounds. The sight of the poor and needy moved her loving heart to compassion; but the spiritual miseries of men caused her real anguish; and she always relieved those who approached her.

She prayed to her Son for them; and He always healed them both in body and in soul

Mary is still the same; her charity is none the less because she is now Queen of Heaven. She is still the mother of all, and especially the gentle mother of all repenting sinners.

To thee, O Mother, I consecrate myself; and I beg thee not to let me perish. Pray for and protect me in life, and assist me at the hour of my death.

## IV.

## AD MARIAM DEI MATREM.

AVE, O MARIA, DEI MATER! Te petimus ut voces nostras benigne exaudias. De hoc certam spem habemus, quia ex imo corde nostra desideria procedunt. Notum tibi est, optima matrum, quod sicut flores veris eundem non retinent colorem, nec luna eodem semper micat splendore, ita nunc ætas pede veloci labitur et nos simul cum ipsa. Tu ergo mortalium felicissima, dum ævum sempiternum degis in paradisi gloria,

oculos tuos ad nos clementer converte, tot tantisque malis oppressos. Hoc poscimus, Mater, ut tu gressus nostros in viam salutis dirigas, et sis nobis, ut bonus pastor, qui gregem suum ad amœna prata ducit ad pascendum. Fac, ut nos tui nunquam obliviscamur tuumque exemplum sequamur; ut sic nos eidem ac tu Domino servientes, eo pervenire possimus, ubi tu cum Filio tuo regnas.

## V.

## ΠΕΛΕΙΑ ΤΙΣ ΔΙΑΚΟΝΟΥΣΑ ΤΗ ΑΓΙΟΤΑΤΗ ΠΑΡΘΕΝΩ.

Καλὴν πότ' εἶδον ἐγώ  
 Πέλειαν ὀυρανόνδε  
 Ποταμένην, καὶ εἶπον  
 Ἐρασίμη πέλεια,  
 Πόθεν, πόθεν πετᾶσαι;  
 Τίς εἶ; τί σοι μέλει δέ;  
 Διακονῶ Μαρία,  
 Καὶ ὡς ὄρας ἐκείνη  
 Ὑμετέρων μαθητῶν  
 Ἄγαλμα νῦν κομίζω·  
 Τί σοι δέλεις ποιήσω;  
 Θέλω λέγειν σε Μητρί  
 Ὅτι κῆν δὴ ἀφῆ με  
 Δούλος μενῶ παρ' αὐτῆ·  
 Καὶ ὡς δέλω Μιν ἄδειν,  
 Τὸ βάρβιτον δὲ χορδαῖς  
 Μαρίαν μούνον ἤχειν·  
 Καὶ διάπρασσε δ' ὥστε  
 Μὲ τὴν Ἀναχθ' εἰ αὐτῆς  
 Πτεροῖσι συσκιάζειν,  
 Κοιμώμενον δ' ἐπ' αὐτῆ  
 Ἀνίεναι τὸ πνεῦμα·  
 Ἐχεις ἅπαντ'. Ἀπελθε.

## VI.

## HAIL, FULL OF GRACE.

WHAT can a little boy say about  
 Mary? I should like to say some-  
 thing; but Mary is so great and so  
 pure that I dare not try to praise her:  
 my words would be too cold. Yet I  
 pray and hope that others will sing  
 her praises; and I wish I had ten

thousand tongues to sing her glories!  
 Sweet mother accept my wish! I  
 beseech all the angels to praise you  
 for me. I give you all I have; I put  
 my soul, my life, into your hands.  
 Help me, bless me, and pray to Jesus  
 to pardon me.



## VII.

## THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THERE lived in Nazareth a poor, yet very holy couple, Joachim and Anne. Every kind of temporal calamity seemed to visit them; but they bore up with great humility and patience against these worldly grievances; and God, who is never overcome in bounty, amply rewarded them, even in this world, by making them the parents of the noblest and the holiest of creatures—of that Virgin Mother who was to crush the serpent's head.

What must have been the joy of St. Anne, when she conceived in her womb that child of benediction! Rejoice, happy mother; for that child of thine is the delight of the Most Holy Trinity, the object of His complacency.

Thou art all fair, beautiful child; and there is not a spot in thee! How many were the sighs that for thousands of years the prophets sent after thee! Men, buried in the darkness which covered the whole earth, were longing after that glorious day, which was to bring forth the Sun of Justice; and thy Immaculate Conception was the dawn of that happy day. If we are filled with gladness at the appearance of the dawn when we anxiously await an *ordinary* day, what must be our delight at the dawn of *such* a day!

The Eternal Father, Who had done

so much for Eve, through whom came sin, could do no less for the future mother of Him who was to wash away that sin. The Eternal Son, Who chose to be "flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone," wished her to be worthy of Him, and consequently spotless. And the Eternal Spirit would not allow a single stain of sin to rest on this His dearest spouse. Thus was she exempt from original as well as actual sin. Her soul was flooded with graces, which she was afterwards to bestow with so bountiful a hand on all who should seek her aid. Angels surrounded her, singing her praises, and ready to do any and every thing which might tend to increase her honor and glory. They saw her future dignity, and sanctity, and venerated her as their Queen.

Yet, equal to the love of the Angels for her, was the hate of the devils. They could not rejoice over her. Nay, they had been crushed by that little child; and they gave full vent to their anger and fury.

O glorious child, thou art our joy and our hope! Obtain for us that those very devils whose power thou didst break in thy Immaculate Conception, may never prevail against us; and grant that one day, we may unite our voices with those of the angels in hailing thee—"full of grace."

## VIII.

## DEATH OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

AS THE rumor was circulated among the faithful of Jerusalem, that the Mother of God was about to leave them, and was going to take possession of that glorious throne which her beloved Son had prepared for her in the Celestial Jerusalem, contrary feelings of joy and pain, which it is not easy to express, filled every one's heart. On the one hand, men grieved at the thought of separation from their beloved Mother, who was all their protection and consolation; while on the other they could not help rejoicing, because she was going to unite herself with her beloved Son in heaven, where she would be their advocate with God. From every part the faithful flocked to her house, to receive her last words and blessing; and she, from her humble couch, consoled them, adding new vigor to their faith and exhorting them to persevere. Meanwhile the Apostles, who were scattered all over the world, were, by the ministry of the Angels, transported in a cloud to her chamber.

And now the time was come for her to depart. Our Saviour, accompanied by all the choirs of Angels, came down to receive her holy spirit. At this sight her soul was rapt into an ecstasy of love, and was filled with so vehement and burning a desire of being united with her God, that it was severed at once from her body and placed in the arms of her Redeemer; while the Angels greeted her saying, "Hail Mary full of grace, the

Lord is with thee!" At the same time the whole room was filled with a glittering light, more brilliant than the sun. That soul so pure—purer than all the Angels and Saints together—was elevated to the throne of the Sovereign Lord of the universe; far above all the celestial intelligences.

The faithful who were in Jerusalem and the neighborhood, assembled to venerate and give burial to that sacred body,—the sanctuary of the Divine Word, and the ark of the New Testament. All that were diseased and were presented before it were healed. After every one had satisfied his devotion, the holy body was conveyed to the place where it was to be buried. This was in Gethsemani, three hundred paces from Jerusalem. The blessed Apostles carried the coffin, and the rest of the faithful followed with lighted candles. The sacred body was deposited with great respect in the sepulchre that was prepared for it; and this was shut with a large stone. The Apostles as well as the faithful passed whole days and night at the sepulchre, uniting their voices with those of the angels, whose heavenly songs continued for three days. On the third day the Apostles opened the sepulchre, but were greatly surprised when they found nothing but the linens and garments with which the sacred body had been shrouded, and from which exhaled an exquisite fragrance.



## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

(ALFREDO O. ARGUELLO, Mental Philosophy.)

(Delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the occasion of the Twenty-second Annual Commencement and Exhibition, June 3d, 1873.)

*Most Reverend Archbishop,  
Reverend Fathers, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen.*

AMONG the many trials which man has to endure in the course of his life, there is one which, common as it is, must be allowed to be peculiarly mournful. I refer to the separation of friend from friend.

In the case of myself and fellow-graduates, this separation presents itself in a form, which causes our hearts, as yet unused to endure such trials, to realize its sorrow to the full. We are about to speak the parting words to our kind preceptors, to bid farewell to our Alma Mater, and to forsake these old walls, within which we have learned so much that is wise and good, and which have been the silent spectators of so many "golden times."

Yes! Our college course is ended; and we are about "to cross the Rubicon of life." Hitherto our days have been passed in the ease and comfort of a college home: now begins our strife with a hard and selfish world. On all sides we are surrounded by

enemies. The muddy tide of infidelity flows beneath our feet; and the foul breath of an almost pagan corruption taints the air.

To bid farewell then to our Alma Mater, to exchange the tranquility and comparative goodness of college life, for the ceaseless anxieties and troubles of the outer world, may well give us the keenest pain.

To picture before one's mental gaze the dim and far off future, with its endless train of vicissitudes,—that future which may either reward us with the palm of victory, or conceal our defeat and disgrace beneath the dark robe of adversity,—is a task under which the troubled fancy breaks down. Soon enough, no doubt, that future will unfurl itself: At present, Most Reverend Archbishop and Reverend Fathers, the mournful duty devolves upon me of bidding you farewell; and that not in my own name only, but on behalf of all my fellow-graduates.

As a tender child owes to its mother the greatest love and gratitude for the affectionate watchfulness which she has exercised over its infant life ; so we, who were rocked in the cradle of knowledge by *your* kind hands, confess gladly the debt of filial affection which we owe you. For the fatherly kindness which you have ever shown us, for the many personal sacrifices you have made in thus placing us in the way of truth and virtue, we now tender you in *words* that gratitude which we have ever felt in our *hearts*.

And we solemnly promise to cling firmly to those great fundamental principles of Christian faith and morals which you have here instilled into our youthful minds, and which, by God's help, we will never be ashamed openly to profess. Although at times we may be brought face to face with doctrines, which, in spite of their falsehood, present a specious appearance, and exercise a subtle power over the mind of man, we shall be able, I trust, to resist their influence ; knowing as we do from what *you* have taught us, that truth is one, eternal and unchangeable, "fixed as the firmament of Heaven."

Reverend Fathers, we are about to separate ! The peaceful days passed under the shadow of our Alma Mater have ended, and our warfare on the field of life is about to commence. And in bidding you adieu, we earnestly implore you to efface from your memories the transgressions of which we may have been guilty during our College course. In themselves, perhaps, some of them may appear trifling : yet when view-

ed as breaches of that discipline and order, which are so important in an educational institution, even these, if uneffaced, would cast a gloom over our college recollections. Therefore we trust that they may be forgiven and forgotten ; and that in the future, through the mercy of Divine Providence, we may have fewer occasions of regret than in the past.

With these sentiments, dear and reverend Fathers, we bid you farewell ! Farewell, in the first place, to our fatherly President, who has watched so incessantly over us, and cared so anxiously for our good ; who oftentimes, as we have reason to know, has robbed himself of necessary slumber, in order to think of and provide against the dangers that might befall *us* ; and who, throughout his Presidency, has not only won the respect and love of all within these walls, but has spread the fame of our Alma Mater far and wide.

To every member of our respected Faculty we also bid farewell !

To the College Societies, the Parthenian, Philalethic and Philhistorian ; to the Cecilian ; to the Senior and Junior Dramatic ; to the Sodalities ; to the Owl Association ; and last, not least, to the Base-ball Clubs, we address our heartfelt words of separation. May all these Associations ever flourish, as they *have* flourished thus far ! May they ever keep alive in the College the love of religious, literary, scientific, musical and *muscular* attainments ! May each one of them be guided by the laws of truth and honor ; and, with these principles in common, may they join not only hand with hand, but heart with



heart!

And to you too, fellow-students, I must stretch forth the parting hand! The bond of close intercourse in which we have hitherto been united, must now be severed; but the ties of friendship will remain, I hope, as firmly knit as ever. Separation *lengthens*, it is true, the chain of sympathy which connects man with man; but the *links* of that chain it can never break. On the contrary, the recollections of former days become oftentimes even more deeply imprinted in our memories. Thus may it be with *our* separation!

There are some among you, no doubt, who will not return; and to these I wish a happy and fortunate career. To those, however, who intend still to follow the quiet routine of college studies, I must say that I cannot but envy their return to the shelter of these walls. For although I may have oftentimes complained of the restrictions and privations imposed upon me, and given vent to expressions of discontent at the monotony of college life, still I must now confess, in parting, that whatever trials I may have endured were for my own good, and have conduced to my own personal advantage. This, fellow-students is the experience of an old collegian; a word from whom, on such a subject, is surely not without weight.

I venture then to advise those who propose to defer the termination of their college career until the end of the coming session, to employ every moment of their priceless time in

steady preparation for it; and that not only, nor even chiefly, *intellectual* preparation. Glorious as the cultivation of the intellect may be, there is something higher at which the students of a Catholic college ought to aim, and which is never forgotten by those who guide our studies at Santa Clara: *the acquirement of sound, moral and religious principles, and the formation of habits based upon such principles.* Thus and thus only shall we be able to use our secular knowledge aright. Thus and thus only will it be possible for *all* our faculties, physical, mental and moral, to combine in promoting God's glory, and our own salvation.

These are the heart-felt sentiments of an old departing friend, who now bids you a last, long, sad farewell!

And may Almighty God—with whom the issue of all mortal undertakings rest—protect our Alma Mater against those storms of adversity which have prostrated so many noble colleges of the same Order in various parts of the world! May He protect our kind preceptors, who have abandoned, for our sakes, the pleasures of the world, and who are ready to sacrifice even life itself in order to uphold the sacred cause of truth! May He direct them in their perilous voyage through life! May He prosper them, now and evermore, in their noble efforts to make Santa Clara College—in the future as in the past,—the chosen home of piety and of learning!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE WINE KING.

SAN JOSE, MAY 21, 1873.

DEAR OWL:—A young lumber-merchant of San Jose came into my office Monday afternoon, and interrupted my labors at the desk, by asking "would I not like to take a short trip to Sainsevain's?" Half after four by the clock, and the proposed excursion to be two miles into the country. It was the aptest conclusion for the day; so, adopting it, I mounted his buggy, and forthwith we were running along the artery-street of the city; then down the right to the river Los Gatos; rattling over the bridge; trotting under the shade of the lofty poplars; meandering through the pleasant by-streets that would be lanes; and across a second bridge emerging into the open fields, so quickly one scarcely had the opportunity to take in the beauties of the Spring day. Here were the "fields of waving corn;" on the right the white walls of the Agricultural Society's grounds, within which "Mayo," "Longfellow" and "Defiance" have lost and won their laurels of the turf.

Straight our beast heads for the bold abutting hills of Almaden, and swiftly behind us fly the bits of gravel, until we swing in towards a gate, and rolling it back, pass up to the residence of Mr. Sainsevain through an up-land, hay-cock covered field; such a one as in our boyish tumbling days we would not have exchanged

even for the Plutonian meads where the good kings "exercent membra."

We draw up on the shady side of the dwelling, and leaving our faithful horse to amuse himself as best he can with only the cool trees for company, we wander along a grass-bordered path to the engine house, where we can perceive a large pump at work, resembling the walking-beam of a *China* or *Japan*; and presently meet the pleasant host of this delightful, sunny, breezy, homelike spot. In a garden of fruitful vines, we are the recipients, first, of his salutations, and next, of those of the son of the master.

When the admirable arrangements of the engine rooms, the tanks and general water accommodations, and the many burdens which the briskly toiling engine bears are at our leisure viewed, with the young gentleman we walk down the aisles of the vineyard. These are lovelier than the halls of Odin; because not wassail gods, but the mild eyed spirits of the grape will here assemble. The cluster which in the late summer will be a purple weight of sweets, is now more tender than the first-born of the young mother. They shall be carefully tended, these embryo fruits of the glorious *pampinac*—so called of old as a title of nobility and superiority over the common plants which



bear the name of vine.

Hence to the cool, comfortable house we passed, where I fear we interrupted the owner of this domain in his reading; and after some pleasant general conversation, and an explanation of the extensive culture of hops on the same farm, the first exhibition of the processes connected with the champagne department was given by a practical experiment. What a breezy, delicious draught—"seven times sweeter than honey;" more delightful than the golden bowlful of Ganymede. While the young gentleman talked of business, I suppose, Mr. Sainsevain junior kindly led me to the chambers and cellars, where the sparkling champagne is inaugurated into being. Here in two well ventilated rooms are the pipes which contain the lambent flames that are to fire men's souls to words and deeds of eloquence and gallantry; and stacks of empty bottles, to hold the same compressed and sealed, like the Genius in his jar.

Here sugar is added to the wine (as yet untouched) in the form of syrup; and being bottled, the predestined wine for two weeks is subjected to an even heat of 70° Fahrenheit. Then "crack," "pop," are heard on every side, "blood bursts and smokes around," and in two hours the last bottle must be down two flights of stairs, deep in the bowels of the earth, and drenched with ice-water, or its sides will have split, and its fate be *unsealed* forever. A week they lie in this dungeon of cold-ribbed ice, when they are brought up stairs to the

middle quarter, where every day they are turned and slightly shaken, until finally the meagre settlings are ready to be expelled; and a little boiled syrup being added, each quart or pint as the case may be, is closely corked and tightly wired, and deposited in a rack for the buyer's eye to rest lovingly upon.

As my guide was concluding an explanation of one of the machines, a terrific racket filled the place, and there in the gangway where the ladder descended, was to be seen our lumber-merchant, hanging as best he could, and swinging in every direction which seemed to his distracted eye to promise a descent on anything but bottles. He had misplaced the ladder in his mind's eye, and like some schools of philosophers, had planted the foundation of his system on very uncertainty and nothingness.

Mr. S informed us that he had contemplated manufacturing a small quantity of red champagne as an experiment. With a delicate flush tint, its beauty would be incomparable—lovelier than the rosy fingers of Aurora. So strange a wine would be dubious of success in the market; where whim, and not the taste of the manufacturer, must be the rule.

The shades of early evening were falling; and with regret in leaving so much that is fair and enchanting, mingled with the greatest pleasure, which the reflection of our kind reception gave us, we turned our animal homeward, and with waving of hands, set forth through the fields towards the setting sun.

Your old friend and fellow-worker,

C. F. WILCOX.

## "THE COMMENCEMENT," AT SANTA CLARA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

*St. Clara Academy, Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., July 25, 1873.*

DEAR OWL.—Now that you have folded your sable wings for a short repose, may we day-birds venture to intrude upon your solemnity? For we, like you, are reposing upon our laurels, and are in a most amicable mood towards all humanity—fitting preparation for that happy interchange of thought with your wise self which those enjoy, on whom you bestow a blink of your Pallas-like orbs.

In truth, dear OWL we are so happy that we know not how to dispose of the exuberance of our joy; for (and hereon we claim your congratulations) the dreaded "Commencement Day" has passed, without a cloud, or even a smoke-wreath; and we can fold our hands in blissful self-laudation, at the thought that our long year's labor has not been thrown away—that we have not been found wanting, even weighed in that much dreaded balance, which, after all, like all other mundane things, is so uncertain. I will not moralize, however; for we did earn all our laurels honestly. EXAMINATION preceded all that glitter:—awful word, before which pale even the horrors of that Dominican Inquisition, in which *some* of us once so innocently and unquestioningly believed.

Imagine the Study Hall revolutionized out of its ancient order, turned round completely like our terrified heads,—the row of seats set apart for the doomed victims aspiring to the possession of the "parchment." Fancy us listening in an agony of sus-

pense, to the roll of the carriages that convey the dreaded visitors—the *servants* of the neighboring cities. Then behold them enter, black coated, stately; each countenance, to our excited imaginations, evincing a cruel determination to brow-beat and harass us to the last extremity. Think what it is for us to sit helplessly, and watch our teachers, the Sisters, from whom, during the whole year, we have claimed and received sympathy and protection on all possible and impossible occasions;—to watch them I say, coolly and smilingly deliver up the full contro! of us for the time to utter strangers, and sit, with serenely folded hands, looking on our desolation. Ah, that seemed the unkindest cut of all! The writer speaks from pure sympathy;—*her* trial-time has not yet come.

Only two aspired to the highest honors. First the terrors of Geometry were brought to bear upon them; and the circles that their trembling hands essayed to perform would have astonished Euclid: but as modesty and *mauvaise honte* are *not* synonymous in their vocabulary, they quietly persevered till, under the skilful yet searching battery of cross-questions, they found themselves actually answering correctly, yet living!

Then color returned to their pale cheeks, and they faced Chemistry, Geology, and that terrible Logic, with equanimity, and conquered. Last came the Virgil class; and they emerged triumphant.



I hope you are not among the number of the "shocked," O sapient Owl, to hear of girls studying Latin. We have heard that sentiment expressed, sometimes; but, being convinced that those who endorsed it, could not read Latin themselves, we forgave and pitied them; and learned our next lesson better! We humbly venture to believe that we appreciate it at least as highly as your intelligent owlets.

The *eclat* that surrounds Exhibition Day, gilds its trials, I suppose; so that they appear less appalling than they otherwise might. At an early hour carriages began to throng up the avenue, bearing proud and anxious parents to witness the "inevitable" success of their daughters. This time, however, success in truth did attend every one. There was not one drawback.

First the scholars entered, arrayed in uniform, and marching to the music of a grand march performed on six pianos and harps by nineteen of the young ladies. "The Salutatory" was then delivered by a wee *Minim*, one of the smallest specimens of humanity ever seen on such a stage.

I will not try your patience, long enduring as I know you to be, and chivalrous withal, by enumerating particulars. What reporters considered the gems, were "Mignon," "Selections from Martha," "Tarentelle," and the song "Vieni al Mar."

At one o'clock the premiums were distributed, and the long-coveted diplomas awarded: after which the happy girls trooped out of the great Hall, leaving the immense throng of audi-

tors to follow at their leisure. Every inch of space had been occupied, and yet the crowd had remained motionless for three long hours,—a sure proof that they were *interested*, at least.

The Work Room next drew attention, filled as it was with the careful handiwork of our young crafts-women. Due meed of praise was given to the needlework; but the paintings pleased most. Of these there were many which, if critics may be relied upon, were really well executed.

We wished often that day, dear OWL, that a friendly western wind could have borne you hither—you or one of your wise couriers. We were indeed very proud, and we know we had good reason: for we had neglected nothing to insure success, and we were sure of your appreciation of our efforts. If ever your sober musings incline you to travel, remember that Sinsinawa, the "Home of the Young Eagle," is high and broad and grand enough to satisfy the desires of even a more restless bird.

We are enjoying the Vacation; yet our *Alma Mater* is not inclined to indulge us as we would wish. A devoted few, whom distance will not permit to enjoy the delights of home, we are forced to keep our faculties from rusting, by employing them three hours daily at least in hard study; but after that, how we enjoy our freedom! yea, and use it too, to its utmost limits!

Well, dear OWL; perchance in our new-found freedom, we have forgotten the consideration that is your due, by virtue of your patience and wisdom. If so, we beg pardon for our thoughtlessness, and wish your flock a bright and happy vacation, and yourself all the success that your ardor, polish and courage deserve.

Your sincere well-wisher,  
A PUPIL OF THE ACADEMY.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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### THE OWLETS TAKE A FLIGHT.

(JOHN WARD, DE WOODY JONES, C. MOORE, EDWARD AUZERAIS,

FIFTH ENGLISH.)

THE eagle is called "King of Birds," and his effigy is placed above the standards of the proudest and greatest nations; his piercing eye gazes fixedly at the blazing noon-day sun; and his wings never tire in their heavenward flight.

We hear many such phrases about this lordly bird; and in the great generosity of our hearts we are pleased, and we willingly allow him all just praise. Still we *do* think that there are other feathered heroes who deserve notice; and, moreover, we venture to say that the panegyrists of the eagle are not always just.

He may be king of the *day birds*; but he can not justly claim any superiority over those of the *night*. His eagle glance would serve him little at night, in the mellow light of the twinkling stars. If he were to venture forth he would fly against a barn, even while the glorious moon shed her silvery rays upon a resting world.

Yes, Sir Eagle; you are a very small bird by night, and by no means are you able to dispute the sovereignty of the glorious realms of darkness

with the wisest of birds. You must yield that to the Owl, who floats majestically upon the quiet air, and soars aloft amid the stars; and whose wondrous orbs pierce the thickest darkness.

We are owlets: and we feel proud of the glory of our fathers, and impatiently await the day when we shall be able to imitate their actions.

Not long since a number of the Owlets of the "Fifth English" met in council at No. 58. Many nice things were said and many salutary resolutions passed. We shall now speak of one only.

A little one said: "There exists *in scientific circles*, as they say, much ignorance about our great luminary, the moon. I have heard much said upon the subject; but I am persuaded that few know anything about it."

"How can they?" said another; "for while she rides in the heavens, most of the foolish beings shut themselves up and go to sleep. Now this is wrong; and we are unworthy of the name of owlets if we do not solve the mystery that surrounds our Queen."



"Hear, hear!" was the echo from every bush and twig in the grand council.

"I move, then, that we all take a trip to the moon; that each owlet go alone; and that each one give to the wide world the result of his explorations."

"Agreed!" every owlet fairly screamed. And then away they flew in every direction.

O happy age, in which *such* a wondrous expedition was planned! Away with your lying telescopes! The owlets' wings shall speed to the stars; for it is the owlets' eyes alone which can penetrate the wonders hidden there.

It is certainly a great pity that we cannot relate here, all of the observations taken by the owlets; but for the benefit of science, if not for your edification, kind reader, we are determined to give *several* of the papers written by these benefactors of the human race, these lovers of progress.

As Owlet *John Ward* flew away, merrily hooting as he went, he saw a rider rushing furiously up a mountain side.

Good reader, what do you think this poor fellow was after? Why, nothing less than the moon!

He thought he might catch it, as it arose from behind the mountain; in which case he would have placed it on exhibition in the City Gardens, or elsewhere; and certainly, if he had succeeded in his attempt, his fortune would have been made. But before he had reached the summit, the said moon arose in such splendor that it arrested his attention; and as he fixed his eyes on the beautiful orb, he

was "moon-struck;" and, letting go the reins, he fell heavily to the ground.

The owlet waited just long enough to ascertain that the man was not dead, and then he sped upwards; though not before he heard the horseman say that he intended to prosecute the man in the moon. The owlet, on reaching his destination, told the man in the moon of this; who smiled blandly, and said nothing. But the owlet surmises that, if prosecuted, the man in the moon will plead lunacy; and he facetiously adds that, "he hopes this case will appear; as it will afford the said man an excellent opportunity of visiting his numerous relatives here below, most of whom seem to be continually falling into the clutches of the law, though they invariably manage to escape some way or another."

This owlet underwent many hardships before he reached the moon; and if his account is at variance with the received notions of the heavenly bodies, that circumstance is owing, no doubt, to the infant state of the study of astronomy, with regard to which we have yet to unlearn many things.

We trust his paper will find a place in every astronomer's library. Hear him.

"On my way up," says he, "I passed by the Great Bear, who set up such a howling that I was awfully frightened, and flew over, in a panic, to Mars, begging him to save me.

"He received me very kindly, and having calmed my fears, asked me to take a rest. He pointed out the Milky Way and said, 'There I keep my cows; and if you are thirsty, pray do me the honor of tasting the milk of these starry realms. You may use

the Great Dipper to drink with.\*

"I thankfully accepted his kind offer, and flew over to that royal pasturage, to slake my thirst with that delicious milk. Again I thanked the noble Mars, and proceeded on my way.

"I sped along so softly, so noiselessly, and yet so swiftly past star after star, that I found myself in the cold region of the Moon, when I thought I was hardly half way.

"The Man in the Moon was only too glad to see me; and as he was about to dine, he invited me to go with him. I could not refuse; but as we proceeded, I was startled by a dreadful noise, and I feared that Jupiter had sent a thunderbolt after me.

"My host laughed at my consternation, and said, 'Be calm! That was only my cook, poking up the fire.'

"A thought flashed across my mind, which I hasten to commit to paper. Here is the true cause of thunder; and those streaks of lightning which so terrify sublunary mortals are only the flames escaping now and then from these furnaces. And I am sure that for a trifle, (say \$10,000 a day) a committee might arrange matters with the Man in the Moon, so that all these thunder-claps might be checked. It would not take the committee above ten years—that is, supposing we pay up promptly—to settle everything to their own satisfaction.

"But let me return to my narrative. I did not feel altogether easy, notwithstanding my host's reassuring words; and I heartily wished myself back again in Room No. 58. However, I put on a bold face.

\* We always hesitate to tamper in any way with a scientific paper entrusted to our editorial care, and therefore we do not venture to excise this statement; though—the Great Bear and the Great Dipper being identical—we think there must be a screw loose *somewhere*. Not in the Owlet's head, of course.—[Ed.]

"After the meal, he proposed to take me to the sun; but I declined, because he said we should be drawn thither by two Bald-headed Eagles. Owlet as I am, I could not countenance any such degradation to that noble bird of Free America. He therefore caught two swans, and put a chariot of ice on each. He mounted one, and made me perch myself upon the other. My swan having the lightest load, was soon far ahead of that of my companion. In a short time I could no longer see him.

"But alas! the rays of the sun became so scorching, that they melted my chariot, and the light so intense that I could no longer see: so I folded my wings and let myself go whithersoever I might; and in a short time I found myself once more upon my dear native earth."

Another benefactor of science, Owlet *De Woody Jones*, writes thus:

"I wanted to go to the Moon. But I had no balloon, neither did I know how to make one; nor had I money enough to buy one. *Could I then go to the Moon?*"

"Ah yes! I had a goose—a noble goose, which might weigh 1,000 lbs., more or less. If you do not believe this, come and weigh him.

"I put a bridle on this goose; and having mounted him, I turned his head towards the Moon; upon which he flew away so fast that I could hardly catch my breath; and I was forced to check his speed by pulling on the bridle.

"We soon reached the Moon; but what was my surprise at finding a Man there, over two thousand feet high!

"He is always watching the stars, and eats only green cheese and sugar.

\* We presume this Owlet must have sprained one of his wings, though he does not refer to any such accident himself.—[Ed.]



“He has a huge cat, which tried to kill my goose. The monster made a jump for him; but he flew quickly away, and brought me back to earth again.”

Another Owlet, *C. Moore*, has written a highly interesting description of his voyage to the Moon; but it is too long for insertion. He describes the process of kindling a fire there; and it is identical with that of the American Indians. Here is a fine chance for match vendors!

He also describes the people as giants, and declares that the whole surface of the Moon is covered with diamonds, whence comes the light which she sheds on us. He did not see any Chinese in the Moon; and hence the owlets conclude that the moon-eyed nation are only admirers of the queen of night.

Owlet *Edward Auzerais* has at length solved that much controverted question: “Is the Moon made of green cheese?”

This grand discovery—which seems to be corroborated by the observations of Owlet Jones as to the giant lunatic’s diet—will undoubtedly immortalize his name. See how easily and simply he cuts the Gordian Knot!

“We were afraid of running into the Moon; yet we were going so fast that we found ourselves unable to stop before we ran right into it. The shock was so great that we broke through the crust, and found ourselves inside of *an immense globe of green cheese!* We tried to cut off a piece; but it was frozen so hard that we were unable to do so; and, as we began to be chilled, we hastily made our way out; and fled as quickly as possible from that inhospitable and mysterious region.”

Any further information about the Moon may be had by applying to any of the Owlets who roost in Room No. 58; in which apartment also, be it remembered, any one who may wish to *weigh a goose* will be sure to find the animal.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON resuming our pen after a two months' vacation, we find our table piled with a variety of Exchanges, of which we can notice but few; our editorial space, this month, being greatly compressed by the abundance of other matter.

Ladies first, however, O Vassar! And well, as a rule, do you deserve this or any other pre-eminence; though we cannot quite approve of you this month. You will set it down, of course, to our Popish prejudices; but allow us to say that when those prejudices run in favor of such things as fidelity to one's plighted word, abstention from wholesale thievery, dislike of hypocrisy, meanness, and humbug, commonly decent morals, and so on, and so forth, we stand upon ground which ought to be taken by every respectable man and woman in the country, whether Papist or Protestant. In the *abstract*, we do not expect such "prejudices" to meet with condemnation even from the talented young ladies of Vassar. But when one descends to the *concrete Victor Emmanuel*—the faithless, thieving, mean, hypocritical, and notoriously immoral "Suppressed Prince" of whom, notwithstanding all his misdemeanors, the *Vassar Miscellany* speaks with such enthusiastic praise—"O what a falling-off is there" from those high and virtuous principles which, notwithstanding their somewhat Popish savour, we doubt not that Vassar upholds!

Beware young ladies! We give you every credit for the sound ideas which, for the most part, your elegant compositions evince; but there is such a thing as touching pitch and being defiled therewith; and certainly no one can try to manufacture a hero out of such foul material as that unhappy Savoyard, without subjecting his reputation to a certain amount of risk.

THE *Packer Quarterly* for July contains a well-written article on an interesting subject, about which much more might be said—"Life and Mythology in the Northland." It shows care and study.

FROM the heading of our article on "The Month of Mary at Santa Clara College," the name of the writer, Professor H. Dance, has been inadvertently omitted.



WE are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. Pardow, S. J., of the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, for a handsomely printed Catalogue of that institution. Its perusal has tended to raise our already high opinion of our sister College; our sentiments respecting which are best illustrated by the motto which appears on its thirtieth page,—“*Cor unum et anima una.*”

THE *University Echo* and *Neolan Review* for July and August, both from the University of California, are before us. They *both* contain, *inter alia*, a poem on “The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis,” by Everet B. Pomroy, of that University; which instead of being in rhyme, or in the ordinary kind of blank verse, is a heart-breaking attempt at the metre of the Latin Hexameter.

It was a rash thing to venture on such a task. Even Longfellow, whom no one admires more than does the present writer, failed, when he tried it in “*Evangeline.*” All literary men know well that it is one of the hardest things in the world to force the English language into a metre so uncongenial to its structure; and the more familiar a man is with Latin versification the more strongly does he realize the truth of this. The thing *may be done*, we admit; but there is almost a moral certainty that it cannot be done by a tyro: and it *is not* done by Mr. Pomroy. The lines are not hexameters at all: neither are they anything else. We pity the man that has to read them aloud. So few and far between, indeed are the *correct* lines, that it is quite hard to pick them out. Here is one, which is *perfectly* right:

“Blithe was | she, and as | fair || as the | lilies that | grow in the | Summer.”

And here is another, which would be quite right but for the absence of a *cæsura*—in our opinion a very annoying fault, though older versifiers than Mr. Pomroy often make light of it:—

“Thus spake the | God in his | anger, but | softened he | later his | sentence.”

Substitute “wrath” for “anger,” and the fault disappears.

Most of the lines, however, defy all attempt at scanning.

If a poem in hexameters, on Peleus and Thetis, was absolutely necessary, it would certainly have been much easier for a young man who has studied Latin, to write it in that language. And a young man who has *not* studied Latin, should not attempt to write in hexameters at all.

THE *Echo* for July, notices an inadvertency of which we were guilty in a circular issued by the Owl Association last Session. “The OWL,” says our contemporary, “claims in its prospectus the honor of being the pioneer of “college literature on the Pacific. While we readily acknowledge that it is a “fine magazine, we are compelled to dispute this point. The *College Echo*, “of which the *University Echo* is a continuation, was first published in “Jan., 1868, a short time before the OWL was thought of.” We are pleased to have the good opinion of our contemporary; and we acknowledge that he is literally correct in what he says. We forgot for the moment the little unpretending paper which appeared at the date he mentions, and from which it seems, the *University Echo* has developed. We should have been right, however, if we had spoken of the OWL as the first *college magazine* on this coast, and (notwithstanding the existence of the little *College Echo*) the first college publication of *any* kind, to attract much attention.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is, as usual, creditably written. No one can be more ready than we to acknowledge the very great "Indebtedness of English Literature to the Bible"—especially (be it honestly avowed) the Protestant version thereof. But still, on a careful comparison of the "Clark Prize Oration" on that subject with another article, further on in the Magazine, entitled "That Hash we Have for Dinner," we feel bound to give the preference to the latter, which, unlike the "Prize Oration," contains nothing repugnant to our religious convictions, but much, on the contrary, with which we, in common with many of our fellow-countrymen can sympathize. We clip two characteristic stanzas from the middle of the poem:—

"I don't know what it's made of; and I seriously doubt  
Whether any human being is able to find out.  
It's a thing alike of mystery to veteran and beginner;  
And its anything but toothsome—that hash we have for dinner.

"I look with vague misgivings, on every dog I meet,  
And vex myself with wondering what part of him I'll eat.  
Will it be his shank or shoulder, his outer side or inner—  
Or yet his tail—that seasons that hash we have for dinner.

WE venture to think that age has not affected our personal appearance; except indeed by increasing our beauty. We present the present number of the OWL to our readers, as we promised last Session, in an entirely new dress; we print it on fine tinted paper; and we transmit it postage-paid. Our friends and supporters are reminded that all this involves a large outlay, and that we look to them to increase our subscription-list by new names. We believe that we shall not look in vain.

WE beg our Exchanges to take notice that in consequence of the recent postal alterations, we purpose for the future to prepay all copies of the OWL sent to them; and that we consequently look for reciprocal action on their part. We must reduce our Exchange-list *somewhat*; but we shall always wish to continue exchanging with the magazines and journals published at other Colleges.

WE give credit to the Editors of the *Targum*, of Rutgers' College, N. J., for having produced a very pleasant and readable journal, which they seem to conduct without any of that bitterness by which sectarian publications are so often characterized. We have to apologize to our contemporary for an odd transmogrification of his name, of which we were guilty in our last number. The classical instincts (we presume) of our printer or his devil turned "Targum," into "Tarquin;" whether "Superbus" or "Priscus," it did not appear. In either case we fear our contemporary's republican feelings must have been somewhat hurt. May we venture, without offence, to ask him what connexion there can be between himself and the old Chaldee paraphrase on the Pentateuch to which the name of *Targum* has hitherto been confined? No wonder our Printer couldn't believe in such a name for a College journal.

WHILST on the subject of errata, we may as well call our readers' attention to another erratum in our June number, by which the meaning of a quotation is affected. We refer to the word "common-place" on page 388, (Editor's Table) 2d line from the bottom, which ought to read "common-sense."



WE have much pleasure in inserting, under the head of "Correspondence," a communication from our old friend Mr. C. F. Wilcox, to whose exertions when on the editorial staff of the OWL, so much of our early success was due. We hope that Mr. Wilcox, having thus broken the ice, will favor us with more contributions. His letter reached us towards the end of last session, too late for insertion in our June number, in which it should naturally have appeared.

Our fair correspondent at "Santa Clara of the Mississippi," will accept our best acknowledgements, not merely for her letter itself, but also and especially for that tone of warm and friendly interest which marks it. That any concurrence of circumstances, however fortunate, will lead us to the "Home of the Young Eagle," is more than we have any reason to expect; but we are none the less grateful for the prospective welcome so kindly held out to us.

IN a new book of verses by Edward Lear, the author of the celebrated "Book of Nonsense," we find the following; in which, as one of the parties therein referred to, we, the Owl himself, naturally feel some interest, and which is so good that no apology is needful for giving it. The writer of our new serial story will take notice that the connexion of Owls with Pussy-cats cannot be monopolized. Great minds *will* sometimes concur in the same thought, even without intercommunication.

#### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
 In a beautiful pea green boat;  
 They took some honey and plenty of money  
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,  
 And he sang to a small guitar;  
 "Oh, lovely Pussy, oh, Pussy my love,  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
   You are,  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are."

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
 How wonderful sweet you sing;  
 Oh, let us get married, too long have we tarried,  
 But what shall we do for a ring?"  
 So they sailed away for a year and a day,  
 To the land where the Bong-tree grows,  
 And there in the wood, a Piggy-wig stood,  
 With a ring in the end of his nose,  
   His nose,  
 With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
 So they took it away, and were married next day  
 By the Turkey that lives on the hill.  
 They dined on mince and slices of quince,  
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
 They danced by the light of the moon,  
   The moon,  
 They danced by the light of the moon.

## IDLE NOTES.

WE begin to feel ourselves genuine "Owls" once more, now that we are sitting in our sanctum, after the varied excitements of Vacation, busily preparing matter for our September issue. Everything looks bright and cheerful this Session. The College has within its walls nearly all the students it can accommodate ; every one is studying hard ; and what we consider the best of all is, that not a single long face—albeit "long faces" are usually regarded as inevitable during the first few weeks after Vacation—is to be seen in the yard. The OWL also is happy. It takes its flight this month, as our kind subscribers will perceive, in a bran new dress ; and we have every reason to hope that, handsome as its appearance will henceforth be, its beauty will not exceed its wisdom.

THE Commencement Exercises of this College, were held on the 2d and 3d of June last. Monday, June 2d. the first night, was devoted to the Literary Entertainment. The doors were opened at an early hour to a large crowd without ; and, immediately, a rush ensued ; each person striving to obtain one of the foremost seats, whence a good view could be obtained of the stage. Others followed close upon the heels of this crowd, so that the ushers had plenty to do ; and it was not long before they announced that the Hall was comfortably filled.

First on the programme of the evening, came a "Selection from Tancredi," by the College Band, which was listened to with attention and warmly applauded. Master Cary Friedlander was then introduced ; who delivered the "Introductory Address," with a clear voice and in a pleasing manner. This was followed by a very well rendered duet on the piano forte, by Masters R. and H. Bowie. Mr. Franklin McCusker next discoursed at some length, yet in a sensible style, upon the rather dry subject of "Religious Education." Mr. J. L. Carrigan came next, with a charming fantasia upon the violin. The style in which he played showed that he possessed talent of a high order as a violinist ; for his performance was far above the ordinary mark, and reflected great credit not only upon himself but upon his instructor, Professor E. Gramm. It was followed by an ably written poem, by Mr. James Coddington, entitled "The Dying Soldier," which was delivered with much feeling by Master Jas. Walsh. Then came some piano music—a terzetto, by Messrs. B. P. Smith, A. O. Arguello, and A. Den. A dialogue came next, entitled, "The Modern Lawyer's Plea," which was much too farcical to suit our taste ; though it seemed to create great amusement among the small boys. Mr. D. O. Furlong was next introduced, and delivered an oration upon "Secular Education." This gentleman has both a fine voice and a good delivery, and did full justice to an oration which, though on a dry subject was



well and ably written. The literary part of the Entertainment then concluded with a Dialogue entitled "The Old and New," written by Mr. Hermann B. Peyton, and spoken by Masters V. McClatchy, J. F. Smith, W. T. Davis and L. Palmer. The dialogue was well written; the ideas being both good in themselves and well expressed in smoothly flowing verse. There was, however, one objection to it: it was too long; and the interest which it excited in the beginning, began to flag long before the end. Though all the speakers in this dialogue did very well, Master V. McClatchy is especially deserving of credit for his clear and forcible elocution. The evening then closed with the grand chorus and solo of Lambillotte's "Magnificat," rendered by the students, accompanied by the String Band.

The next morning was not marked by anything worthy of note. As the hour of noon approached, however, we observed many of the students casting long and wistful glances at the doors of the refectory, within which the tables were fast being loaded with delicacies calculated to tickle the palate of the most fastidious gourmand. It was a goodly sight to see the invited guests and the long line of students filing into the spacious hall, with smiling faces and hungry looks, charitably bent on relieving the groaning tables of their heavy load; and well, I ween, was this self-imposed task performed. A pleasant feature of the banquet was the sweet music which the band "discoursed" *from the outside*, so that its charming strains might be mellowed by distance, and might not disturb the conversation of the banqueters.

The afternoon was spent in pleasant colloquies between the various guests, the Fathers and the students: and after the evening collation, all adjourned to the huge Exhibition Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity by the elite of San Francisco, San Jose, and their respective vicinities. It must have been a gratifying sight to the good Fathers, to glance back upon that vast assemblage of the friends of the College, gathered there to show their appreciation of the good work which is being done within these walls.

One principal feature of the evening was the presence of His Grace, the Archbishop; the sight of whose white cassock in the central chair, sent a thrill of joy and pride through every Catholic heart.

The exercises began with the "Overture from Semiramis," by the College Brass Band. The piece, though a difficult one, was very beautiful; and was rendered by the band in its usual excellent style.

The chief part of the evening's entertainment, was the scientific lecture on "Spectrum Analysis, and the Constitution of the Universe,"—in two parts—by Messrs. H. B. Peyton and A. L. Veuve, assisted by Messrs. M. J. Walsh and F. McCusker. Natural science is generally known to be the strong point of this College; though, most assuredly, no other branch of education is neglected for its sake. And it is not only from the excellence of its Professors, but also to some extent from the very valuable and complete philosophical apparatus which it possesses—quite unmatched on the Pacific Coast—that Santa Clara College has gained this reputation.

In the first part of the Lecture, Mr. Peyton explained, at length, the youthful science of Spectrum Analysis, from the fundamental experiment of Newton by which a ray of white light is decomposed into its constituent rays, up to the latest discoveries made by the eminent scientists of our own time. The gentleman was most lucid in all his explanations, and performed his difficult task to admiration. And at its conclusion, he made the very apposite remark that the results already obtained in this science, were but "the baby figure of the great mass of things to come." Mr. M. J. Walsh was also deserving of much praise, for the skill he showed in managing the electric

light, and projecting the delicate and beautiful spectra, not only of the more familiar metals, such as zinc, copper and iron, but also of some of those rarer metals which have been discovered by spectrum analysis, such as calcium, rubidium, indium, and thallium

The second part of the lecture illustrated the application of these principles to the investigation of the Nature and Constitution of the Universe.

The Conferring of Degrees came next. The Archbishop, seated in the centre of the stage and supported on either side by the Faculty, gave the following degrees:—to Mr. M. J. Walsh, A.B., the degree of Master of Arts; and the degree of Bachelor of Science to Messrs. A. O. Arguello, J. L. Carrigan, F. McCusker, and R. F. del Valle.

Mr. A. O. Arguello, then came forward and delivered the Valedictory Address, which both in substance and in style redounded greatly to his credit. It will be found on another page.

This was followed by an elegant oration addressed to the new Graduates, by Dr. J. C. Shorb, of San Francisco. Speaking as a man of the world, and at the same time as a Christian and a Catholic, he gave them sound counsel and advice as to their future lives. No doubt the young gentlemen to whom he spoke will long keep fresh in their memories his eloquent and impressive admonitions, which seemed to come right from his heart and to go straight into theirs.

The only ceremony remaining was the Announcement of Awards; an interesting feature to those concerned, though not perhaps to the majority of the audience, which now began to thin rapidly. We have not space to give the entire list of prizes, but the extra ones were as follows:—

To Wm. H. Hereford, for the best essay on the question:—"Was the Suppression of the Knights Templars justifiable?"—a gold medal, the gift of A. Waldteufel, Esq., of San Jose. Competitors deserving mention—V. S. McClatchy and R. Bowie.

To Wm. T. Gray, for the best solution of problems in Algebra and Geometry, a gold medal, the gift of Hon. C. T. Ryland, of San Jose. Competitors deserving mention—C. Friedlander and B. P. Smith.

To R. F. del Valle, for the best assay of silver ore by three different processes, a gold medal, the gift of Hon. C. T. Ryland. Competitors deserving mention—A. L. Veuve, H. B. Peyton and J. L. Carrigan.

To Geo. H. Roundey, for the best solution of problems in higher Arithmetic, a gold medal the gift of Hon. C. T. Ryland. Competitors deserving mention—J. Callaghan and T. Durbin.

To M. J. Walsh, for the best essay on the question:—"Magnetic Force and its Applications;"—a gold medal, the gift of A. Waldteufel, Esq. Competitor deserving mention—F. McCusker.

The next morning, farewells were said, and the students departed to their respective homes, followed by the good wishes of the Fathers that their vacation might be pleasant and profitable.

GLANCING round the playground and the Study Hall on our return, we cannot but mourn the absence of many familiar faces. If their owners should ever read these pages, let them be assured of our kind remembrance of them, and our sincere wishes for their prosperity. But we will say no more, lest the Idle Notist should be accused of waxing pathetic. Only let us exhort our students to continue as they have begun, and then all will run on as smoothly and as merrily as they could wish.



ON August 23d, was held the Annual Meeting of the Owl Association; the President of the College in the chair. The following gentlemen were appointed to constitute the Board of Editors for the present Session:—Professor H. Dance, (President), Hermann B. Peyton, Alcide A. Veuve, Julien Burling, and William S. Hereford.

THE following Societies have reorganized. We append such lists of officers as have been handed us by the respective Secretaries.

THE Sodality of the Immaculate Conception reorganized on the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, with the following officers:—A. L. Veuve, Prefect; D. O. Furlong, 1st Assistant; T. Morrison, 2d Assistant; R. Soto, Secretary; S. J. Fellom, Treasurer; J. Machado, Sacristan.

THE officers of the Parthenian Dialectic Society are:—Rev. A. Varsi, S. J., President, A. L. Veuve, Vice President; R. Soto, Secretary; S. J. Fellom Treasurer; D. O. Furlong, Censor.

THE Philalethic Literary Society has reorganized. The following is the list of officers:—Professor H. Dance, President, (reëlected unanimously); D. O. Furlong, Vice President; A. L. Veuve, Rec. Sec., (reëlected); Julien Burling, Cor. Sec.; W. S. Hereford, Censor; B. Smith, Treasurer; S. Fellom, Librarian; J. T. Walsh, Assistant Librarian.

THE Philhistorian Debating Society, has also reorganized. The list of officers stands as follows:—Rev. J. Pinasco, S. J., President; R. Soto, Vice President; G. Roundey, Rec. Sec.; A. McCone, Censor; J. Machado, Librarian; J. Callaghan, Cor. Sec.; A. Bell, Treasurer.

THE Cecilian Society has reorganized, with the following list of officers:—Rev. J. Caredda, S. J., President; A. F. Sauffrignon, S. B., Vice President; L. M. Pinard, Secretary; H. B. Peyton, Treasurer; C. Georget, Censor; S. Fellom, Music Keeper.

THE Senior Dramatic Society held its first meeting on Saturday evening, August 11th, on which occasion the following officers were elected:—Rev. J. Pinasco, S. J., President; H. B. Peyton, Vice President; A. L. Veuve, Rec. Secretary (reëlected); J. F. Dunne, Treasurer; D. O. Furlong, Censor; Julien Burling, Prompter.

THE Junior Dramatic Society, at its first regular meeting, elected the following officers:—Mr. R. Kenna, S. J., President; V. S. McClatchy, Vice President; L. Palmer, Rec. Sec., (reëlected); W. S. Davis, Treasurer, (reëlected); A. J. McCone, Censor; J. D. Harvey, Prompter.

THE Sanctuary Society reorganized, August 10th, 1873. The officers are as follows:—Mr. B. Calzia, S. J., Director; L. Palmer, President; J. F. Smith, Secretary; A. Pierotich, Treasurer; C. Ebner, Censor.

THE Ætna B. B. C. has elected the following officers:—Mr. B. Calzia, S. J., President; Jas. F. Dunne, Vice President; L. C. Winston, Rec. Sec.; D. O. Furlong, Cor. Sec.; T. Durbin, Treasurer; G. Hopkins, Censor; A. L. Veuve, Captain 1st Nine, (reëlected).



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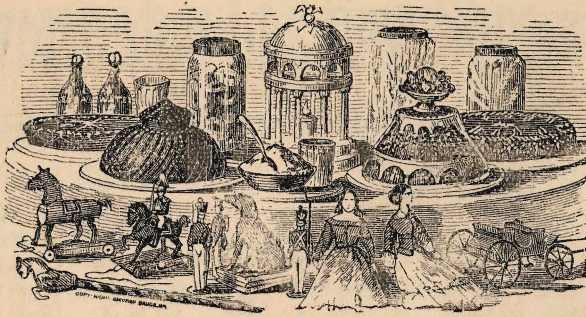
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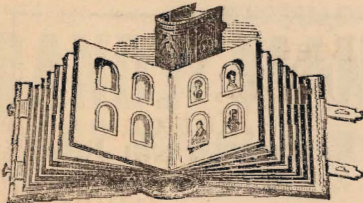


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