A GLANCE AT CALIFORNIA.

Midst western lands, where broad Pacific roars,
Where sweep in awful grandeur foaming waves,
Where crested breakers thunder on the shores,
Then backward, trembling, seek their lowly caves:
Where sea-birds court repose from ocean’s strife,
And nestling in their rocky nests, they list
To nature’s music as it swells to life,
And floats upon the trembling air, which, kissed
By silv’ry notes, breaks forth and swells to storms
Sublime; then, falt’ring into milder song,
With ocean’s waves, it heav’nly music forms,
Awak’ning echoes as it floats along:
Where brightest sun marks out a golden way,—
His rays refulgent thrill the quiv’ring breeze;
Where silv’ry moon careers ’midst clouds that stray
Unfettered o’er the deep cerulean seas;
Where morning’s sun awakes to kiss the flow’rs
That, trembling, gently ope their petals rare;
Where plumed songsters chase the fleeting hours
And carol to the dying day a prayer;
Where morning’s sun awakes, to brightly shine
Upon a land by fates and fortune blessed,
A heav’nly land impressed with seal divine,
The Union’s glory and the world’s caressed,
Reposing grandly in Arcadian pride
'Midst vales sequestered, and 'midst rippling streams,
'Midst tow'ring mounts where snows for'er abide
And backward hurl the sun's serenest beams;
Where silv'ry threads wind down the mountains bleak
And dance along, or murmur as they flow
Or glide amidst some quite vale to seek
Repose 'neath willow's branches drooping low:
Where em'rald hills, enrobed with verdure, pour
Their sweetest perfumes on the breezes; while
The blooming valleys blush with richest store
And spreading fields in golden beauty smile:
Where yellow grain bows meekly to the wind,
Where rip'ning fruits, with blossom's brightest hue
Commingle breathing pictures, where to find
A Zeuxis' brush their beauties rare to woo:
Where bleating flocks and lowing herds appear
And wander 'midst the hills in green arrayed;
Where stately pines their lofty branches rear
'Neath which madroña seeks the peaceful shade:
By ocean's wave, where on the beach it sweeps
And hurls its echoes 'midst the cañons wide,
Where on the strand the red carnelian sleeps;
Where lustrous opal, waked by rising tide,
From flinty bed, peers out kissed by the sun,
Whose radiant beams dance on the wavelet's crest
That breaks in rippling threads which slowly run
Along the shore, recoil, then sink to rest:
Where roar in majesty the waters free,
Where blooms perpetual the blushing rose;
Where spreads the foliage of the redwood tree
That weaves a leafy canopy, and throws
A dismal, dreary shade, where sunniest rays
Ne'er enter, but where beauteous flow'rets bloom
And grow unnoticed in a darksome maze,
Resplendent life, shade of a living tomb:
'Midst orange groves, amidst the vineyards low,
Where liquid clusters droop, Pomona's horn
Gives forth the yellow pear; where peaches blow,
Their fragrance floating on the breath of morn;
Where China's shrubs Australia's flowers meet;
Where England's rose by France's lily lies;
Where Holland's tulips Greece's currants greet,
Italia's olives by acacias rise:
The western garden, where the nodding pinks
With purple pansies and the larkspurs dwell,
Where Philomela sweetest nectar drinks,
Where shake the honeysuckle’s golden bell;
Where columbine reveals its crimson head.
'Midst rocky haunts, deserted and alone,
Where queenly dahlias crimson glories shed
And mock the daisy by the cypress grown;
'Midst mammoth trees that stately tower on high,
Gigantic pillars torn from heav’nly wood,
Then, on the earth transfixed, they seem to try
To reach the clime where once they grandly stood;
How oft have ages sung their parting song
To these, the emblems of Almighty power!
Let fancy stray amidst tombs that belong
To buried cent’ries where the forest tower
First sprang to life, where kings Assyrian reigned,
When empires grew, then silent passed away;
Where neath its time-kissed branches, Art retained
Her sister Science, homage due to pay
To humble merit; when Columbus knelt
Upon America’s far reaching strand,
When nature’s wand’ring sons indignant felt
The magic power of civilization’s wand:
Where proud Yosemite’s snowy rockets dart,
Embrace, then fall like cascade plunging wild
Adown its rocky way, then swiftly start
'Midst wild, confused rocks, by nature piled;
Where tissued spray its snowy laces weaves
That like a veil of diamonds glitter bright;
Where silv’ry drap’ry, swung on rainbow, leaves
The surging torrent clothed in vestments white:
Where mighty granite walls like nature’s vast
Cathedrals rise, which the Great Architect,
With marv’lous wisdom, called from chaos past.
And wrapped in grandeur which the heavens reflect:
Where time has wrinkled nature’s rocky face,
Where deep’ning furrows wreathe the mountain’s brow,
Where roaring torrents foaming pathways trace
And ‘midst the foam-draped boulders onward plow:
There golden sunset gild’s calm nature’s rest,
The rising moon in trembling beauty glows;
There starlight silv’ry calms the torrent’s breast,
And spell-bound nature sinks in deep repose.
Where "Golden Gate,” by gurgling waters laved,
Like Hope's own beacon, scans the wat'ry waste,
Unshaken by the winds for ages braved,
Unterrified by storms for ages faced;
The fretful sea about its base may dash,
The blinding foam may sweep upon its sides,
The bellowing waves in fiercest anger lash
In vain to move this watcher o'er the tides:
Where white-winged messengers from many a land
Enriched with treasures gleaned from Trade's domain,
Where, borne by swelling winds at length they stand,
The brightest glories in the pageant train
That throng the court where reigns the Western Queen
On hills high-throned; where, at her footstool, sighs
The restless Bay, whose murmurings charm the scene
That grandly spreads beneath the arched skies:
The Western Star to guide her sister States
Amid the labyrinthine paths which lead
To glory and renown, her form dilates
In throned sublimity, from darkness freed.
Land of the West! the brightest star that gleams
Amid the gems emblazoned on our flag,
No flutt'ring fancy revels in your dreams,
But changeless truths revealed from vale to crag.
The Western Queen, that revels in her might,
Amid her blushing vales, her hoary mounts;
'Mid wondrous wonders wrapped in wild delight
And bathed in torrents, nature's foaming founts.
Home of the Free, ne'er curbed by foreign foe,
Where beams the sun of Freedom, at whose dawn,
The Union's flag burst forth in brightest glow
And mock'd the rainbow's heav'nly colors drawn
In all their splendor 'gainst the azure dome:
That flag that floated 'mid the thunder peal
Of angry cannons writhing mid the foam
Of surging blood, where clashed the crimsoned steel.
By shining Truth a heav'nly wreath is made
A fadeless crown is wreathed about thee now:
A crown eternal, gems that never fade,
Enfolds thy soul, reposes on thy brow.
Let vernal whisp'ring ever breathe thy name
Enthroned in glory midst the Stripes and Stars,
Transported Nature sing aloud thy fame,
Enriched by blissful peace, untouched by wars.
MEETING TO PROTEST AGAINST THE VIOLENT AFFILIATION
OF ROME TO THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

On the second of May, an assembly of the College, and a number
of citizens of Santa Clara and San José
was called to order in the Exhibition
Hall, for a purpose, than which, I
ween, one worthier or more calculated to unite
all minds into a unity
of sentiment and expression, could
hardly be discovered. As men wel­
come truth whenever she displays her
fair countenance, and joyfully gather
up the oracles which fall like pearls
of pure water from her lips, with the
same degree of passion they resent
the advent of error and falsehood, es­
pecially when beneath its breath they
see decay and drop the great moral
timbers to which they are moored,
by which alone they are preserved
from the wreck and collision of a
social storm. That right may be
sundered at the pleasure of force, is
not a saving doctrine in any known
code of morals, except the laws of
rapine; nor a principle very salutary
in its consequences if universally ad­
mitted among nations or individuals;
nor one which common sense can for
a moment tolerate. Here is a case
where bigotry is evidently most whole­
some and necessary. When in the
person of a gray-headed Pontiff, of an
ancient and high-descended line of
sovereigns, and in that of a people
born on the far banks of the Tiber
for unknown generations, an actual
application, a concreteness has been
given to this precept, it is the duty of
every free-minded man to condemn
both principle and act. Such were
the views of the participants in the
public protest last month.

A committee had previously been
appointed from the Parthenian So­
ciety to conclude arrangements for
the meeting. The kind care of Mr.
A. Cialente, who possesses the rare
tact of giving "to airy nothings a lo­
cal habitation and a name," by pencil
and brush, had set off the stage with
scenic ornaments, and suspended
above them, under a canopy, a large,
strongly and truthfully drawn portrait
of our Holy Father, Pius the Ninth.
Both the brass band and the new
stringed orchestra were present, and
divided between themselves the excel­
ent music of the evening. Among
other pieces the band played Magga­
zari's hymn to Pope Pius IX. James
H. Campbell, chairman of the com­
mittee, called the assemblage to or­
der, stating the reasons of the meet­
ing. Hon. Mr. Ryland, of San José,
was then nominated, and unanimously
chosen, chairman. Speaking a few
words on his position and the meet-
ing, he announced the business in
order, to be the election of the remain-
ing officers. J. C. Johnson as secreta-
y, and Henry J. Harrison, treasurer,
were installed in their respective offi-
ces.

In the “Daily Alta” of April 23d,
an editorial article had appeared, en-
tirely misrepresenting the state of
Rome. Mr. Campbell and Stephen
S. White, each took a portion of this
article as subject of remarks. As
these two addresses were the longest
of the evening, and on a matter of
publicity, as the contents of the “Alta”
are, we have given preference to
them in the columns of the Owl, a
medium also, though unfortunately
considerably less extended, of con-
voyance to public sight.

Mr. J. C. Johnson, chairman of
sub-committee on the drafting of re-
solutions, next read a series of reso-
lutions, which were adopted one by
one, being seconded and remarked
upon at some length, respectively, by
Messrs. Wilcox, J. Ponjade, John T.
Malone, Edward White, Hermann
Peyton, James V. Coleman. When
the resolutions had been accepted,
Mr. Yoell of San José was called up-
on to assume the floor. In response,
he uttered, in wording graceful and
true to the heart, our own sentiments,
identical with those of our two hun-
dred million catholic brethren in faith.
It was then moved, seconded, and
carried to adjourn; but not until $—
were donated as a gift, a first fruit of-
fering of the spring time, to the Holy
Father, in the present reverses of the
Church.

ADDRESS TO THE POPE.
To our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX:

Most Holy Father: We, the stu-
dents of Santa Clara College, S. J., in
the Archdiocese of San Francisco,
desire to lay at the feet of your Holi-
ness, the expression of our love and
veneration.

In a country like ours, in which
every one makes his voice heard when
it so pleases him, and where, conse-
quently, voices are often raised in be-
half of that which is bad, there is, per-
haps, greater need than elsewhere that
even the young should speak out,
publicly, from time to time, in behalf
of truth and right.

We have, therefore, with the kind
sanction of the Reverend Father Presi-
dent, held a meeting in the College
Hall, at which we have passed unan-
imously sundry resolutions declaring
our sympathy with your Holiness in
your present afflictions, and our abhor-
rence of those principles of robbery
and spoliation which, under the false
title of patriotism, have worked such
infinite harm to Italy and to the
Church.

And we affectionately pray your
Holiness to accept, together with this
expression of our earnest and enthu-
siastic sympathy, the small pecuniary
offering herewith transmitted by us;
that so we may share with the rest of
the Catholic world, the high privilege
of ministering to the Vicar of our
Lord in his necessities, and may (as
we humbly hope) draw down upon
ourselves and upon this College, that
blessing which we entreat you, dear
and holy Father, to bestow upon us.
RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The Italian government, in violation of solemn treaties, and of the vested rights of the occupant of the most ancient and legitimate throne in Europe, has done grievous injury to all the Catholics of the world, in wresting from their Apostolic head the possession of the Eternal City and its surroundings;

AND, WHEREAS, we, the students of this College, recognize the duty of adding our voices to those which are everywhere raised in condemnation of such outrages; and, specifically, of protesting against the revolutionary action of last September, sanctioned as it was by a kingly magistrate, whose direct duty, as such, is to uphold rights and to protect their free exercise;

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our Holy Father in his present afflictions, and at once deplore and resent the indignity which has been offered to Almighty God by the seizure of that small spot of territory, which alone, out of the five continents of the world, He has reserved for His service:

Resolved, That we believe the political independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and his consequent freedom from the jurisdiction of other temporal princes, together with that sure and lasting revenue which accrues from personal sovereignty, to be necessary for his free and beneficial rule over the Catholic Church; and, consequently, that we consider the confiscation of his patrimony to have been a blow aimed at the Catholic religion:

Resolved, That we condemn as pernicious and detestable the principle, that, in the pursuit of national unity, robbery and spoliation are justifiable:

Resolved, That we bind ourselves to join the Crusade of Prayer, which has been inaugurated, assuming the cross in the firm hope and belief of victory:

Resolved, That we again lend active assistance to our Holy Father in his necessities, by subscribing a sum of money, to be so to him transmitted as the dutiful and affectionate offering of this meeting.

[From the Daily Alta, April 23rd, 1871.]

THE VOLUNTARY IMPRISONMENT OF THE POPE.

Pius the Ninth refuses to leave the Vatican, and declares himself a prisoner there. He considers it dangerous to his dignity, and inconsistent with the proprieties of his office, to go into the streets of the Eternal City while it is under the dominion of an unfriendly monarch and a hostile populace. The course that he should pursue under the circumstances is to a considerable extent, a matter of taste. He does not hurry Victor Emanuel, and it serves to excite the sympathy of ultramontane Catholics throughout the world; but will probably not lead to any change in the situation. No powerful nation has now either an ultramontane monarch or an ultramontane popular majority; and the administrations of Spain, France, and Austria, which have long been strong supports of the temporal power of the Papacy in one form or another, are all decidedly anti-papal in their policy.

If Victor Emanuel desired to satisfy the Pope, it would be difficult for him to do so. The King had far less than the people to do with the annexation of Rome. The popular will decreed the change which was no doubt very welcome to him; but if it had not been, and if he had resisted, he would have been sacrificed. Now that Rome is annexed, it follows as an unavoidable...
ble result that the Papal police and police regulations have lost their power. The prohibition of Protestant worship, the restrictions placed upon the residences and business of the Jews, the censorship of the press, the control of education and of marriages by the clergy, and the exclusive jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts over criminal and civil charges against priests have ceased. A number of buildings formerly used by monks and other ecclesiastics have been taken without compensation by the Government. The taxes which formerly went into the hands of the Pope are now collected by the King, and although Victor Emanuel allows him a salary, it is not equal to the amount of his former receipts, and besides he refuses to draw it.

The change in the Government has been followed by a great change in the conduct of the people. Now that they are free from the fear of punishment, a large majority of both the upper and lower classes show a bitter dislike for the temporal authority of the Popes by hooting the Jesuits and noted ultramontane cardinals, by cheering anti-Papal loud talkers in the streets and in public gatherings, and by buying caricatures of the Pope and the clergy. In proportion to size it is said that Rome is one of the most anti-Papal capitals of the Catholic nations. Seven or eight centuries since it was a common event for the Romans to rise in revolt against Popes, many of whom at different times were expelled from the city; though when driven off by foreign powers the people were generally glad to get them back again.

It is unfortunate that Pius could not finish his pontificate in peace. He has now occupied the papal office for a longer period than any of his predecessors since the days of St. Peter, and in June, his administration will have lasted a quarter of a century—a period which, according to a traditional prophecy, should not be completed by any bishop of Rome, save the first. The reign of Pius has been remarkable not only for its length, but also, its ecclesiastical misfortunes. The overthrow of the temporal power, the consequent change in the position of the Cardinal College, the decline in the Catholic powers of Austria and France as compared with Protestant Germany, and the adoption of an anti-ecclesiastical policy by France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Bavaria and the Spanish-American Republics, have all occurred since he was elected to the Holy See, in 1846. All that time Protestant worship was forbidden, and the Catholic clergy had almost exclusive control of education and marriage, in nations with an aggregate population of 80,000,000—nations which have since secularised the schools, declared marriage a civil contract, and established freedom of worship.

What influence will the voluntary imprisonment of Pius the Ninth have upon the future Popes? How far will they consider themselves bound by his course? That his reputation in the Church will be high we do not doubt; we should not be surprised if he should be canonized soon after death, and as the Church pays great regard to precedents and authorities, other Popes may feel bound either to imprison themselves in like style or to leave the city where they cannot enjoy as much liberty as they like. Something will depend upon the feeling among the people, and they will be influenced by the business of the city; if that improves by the establishment of the capital of the kingdom in Rome, they will be satisfied with matters as they are. If, on the other hand, the number of the inhabitants and of strangers should decline, the populace may think that they have made a bad bargain, and demand the restoration of the temporal sovereignty. The probabilities, however, are that, unless some power greater than that of man intervenes, no Pope will hereafter exercise civil dominion.

"THE POPE."

ADDRESS BY JAS. H. CAMPBELL.

Towards the close of the month just ended, the Daily Alta appeared with an editorial bearing this heading: "The voluntary imprisonment of the Pope," which is such a hideous conglomeration of falsehood, stupidity
and revolting sentiment, as it has seldom or never been my lot to meet with; such an article should not be permitted to be scattered broadcast over the country, without a voice being raised in condemnation; without an effort to stamp it with the stigma of opprobrium it merits; for, if allowed to pass unscathed, it cannot fail to make an impression on the weak-minded, though well-disposed persons, whose confidence in journalistic honesty is unwarrantably firm, and there are, I am sorry to say, very many such. When such opinions as are here recorded are thus paraded before the public eye, staunch advocates of right cannot be silent, for silence is then construed by their opponents as an implicit admission of the promulgated slanders. Justice, too, demands that the calumny be exposed, and, as it was public, let its exposure also be public, that truth may enter the lists with error and misrepresentation on equal grounds. The "Alta" begins by saying: "Pius the Ninth refuses to leave the Vatican, and declares himself a prisoner there. He considers it dangerous to his dignity, and inconsistent with the proprieties of his office, to go into the streets of the Eternal City, while it is under the dominion of an unfriendly monarch and a hostile populace. The course he should pursue under the circumstances, is, to a considerable extent, a matter of taste." Here the Pope is pictured to us as a man making great efforts to fancy himself a prisoner. The writer would doubtless be well pleased if the Pontiff would vacate his palace, in order that the spoliation might be consummated by the appropriation of this last remnant of his possessions. If the Pope thinks himself a prisoner, it is because he is really one, both morally and materially. Is he not a prisoner who has been robbed of his goods, and whose dwelling is surrounded by his sworn enemies? Do not the honor and dignity of the Pontiff, as the unaggressive and lawfully constituted head of the Roman States, require that he should, as a continual protest, shun all intercourse with those who have usurped his power, that he may not seem to sanction their robbery, or to yield up inalienable rights, lawfully acquired by his predecessors in the pontifical line, and consecrated by the happy and prosperous possession of centuries? There are moral chains which, to a man of noble and lofty sentiments, are far more galling than links of iron, of which the writer seems to have little idea; and we cannot wonder, since he finds so much difficulty in understanding how the Pope really suffers a material imprisonment. While the minions of Victor Emmanuel hold absolute sway in the Eternal City, the Pope cannot appear in the streets without exposing himself and his followers to mockery, insult and violence. The seclusion of his Holiness springs both from well-grounded fear and proper self-respect; but, according to the "Alta," his conduct is "only a matter of taste." If Victor Emanuel desired to satisfy the Pope, it would be difficult for him to do so. The king had far less than the people to do with the an-
The popular will decreed the change which was, no doubt, very welcome to him; but if it had not been, and he had resisted, he would have been sacrificed.” In these periods of the “Alta,” a miserable excuse is offered for the invasion of Rome by Victor Emmanuel; an invasion made without the shadow of a right, without any provocation on the part of the Pope, without even a declaration of war. While, however, the “Alta” sympathises with the powerful aggressor, small pity, indeed, has she for his victims. The noble king, Victor Emanuel, “even if he had desired to satisfy the Pope, (by leaving him in possession of his property) could not easily do so,” poor man, “he would have been sacrificed.” It is evident that the law of self-preservation is paramount to all others in the writer’s mind. He seems not to know that this law is always subordinate to the principles of justice and right, and when it comes in conflict with those principles, it is no longer binding. This is the Christian’s rule: “Thou shalt not do wrong, even to save thy life.” But the dull comprehension of this writer fails to grasp the nobility of this sublime, this God-given injunction of sacrificing one’s self rather than to do wrong to others. He seems, in fact, to admit the contrary principle, that we should sacrifice all rights of others, rather than to endanger ourselves for duty, right and justice. The king, therefore, according to the moral code of the “Alta,” was bound not to satisfy the rightful claims of the Pope, but to sacrifice him that he might incur no risk of being himself sacrificed. The “Alta” continues: “Now that Rome is annexed, papal police and police regulations have lost their power. The prohibition of Protestant worship, the restrictions placed on the residences and business of the Jews, the censorship of the press, the control of education and of marriages by the clergy, and the exclusive jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts over criminal and civil charges against priests have ceased.” Here are enumerated some of the most important consequences attending the annexation of Rome, and it is clear, both from the choice of these particular changes, and the manner in which they are pointed out, that the writer looks upon them as inestimable advantages, derived to the Roman people from the annexation. The narrow-mindedness of the “Alta,” her gross ignorance of what is a good and a blessing for a society, here appears in strong relief. Is the sudden overthrow of its administration, its rights, its customs, a blessing to a society? Is it a blessing to trample on its religious sentiment and to throw open the gates to that false freedom, which is only the freedom of Victor Emmanuel, the freedom to do evil and stifle good, which is, therefore, a social evil, not a social good. How the Roman people appreciate the social blessings so lavishly heaped upon them by the Italian government will be shown more fully by a succeeding speaker. If Victor Emmanuel has forcibly taken possession of Imperial Rome, reduced the Pope to his own rooms, taken from the clergy all control on education and marriage, and stripped them of the just privilege of ecclesiastical trial, it is not because he
Presents any blessing on the Roman people, but because he aims to destroy their religion, and to make the people as infidel as he is himself.

This infidel government and European free masonry have conspired to overthrow Christianity by first overthrowing Catholicity, which has ever been, and is now, its stronghold. This is the real motive of the war waged against the temporal power of the Pope, which is necessary (as his enemies are well aware) to the free exercise of his spiritual authority over the Catholic world. By destroying his temporal power, they hope to inflict a mortal wound on his spiritual power. This is not a mere assertion. That this is their commendable design has often times been confessed by the invaders themselves, and even publicly of late in the Italian chambers. Let the "Alta" sanction such a motive if it will, but let it be known that in so doing it sanctions the subversion of all religion, of all moral principle, of the very foundation of civilized society. Such, indeed, are the manifest tendencies of the changes wrought by the Florentine usurper in Rome. If the "Alta" regards these innovations as social blessings, if she hails them as indications of progress, she has lost the blessing of the intellect, and cannot understand that it is a return of highly civilized society to a state worse even than paganism itself.

The "Alta" evidently does not know that the greatest perfection of society consists in the union of all the members in the sound principles of truth and justice; that there are no principles of truth and justice other than those revealed to us by an omniscient God; that there are no means so powerful in uniting all intellects in practical adherence to those principles as the recognized and respected authority of the Christian religion under one head, who has been appointed by God its interpreter and the teacher of all nations; and that, therefore, the pacy is the most beneficial, as it is the most powerful of social institutions. To substantiate this statement would be to recount the history of Christianity in Europe. It is proved by the origin and progress of both moral and material civilization, which were drawn from the chaos of pagan and barbarian Europe by the powerful influence of the papacy. "When everything," says De Maistre, "has been well examined and weighed in the scales of the coldest and most impartial philosophy, it remains demonstrated that the Popes were the founders, the tutors, the saviors, and the real constituent minds of the social state of Europe."

"A number of buildings have been taken without compensation by the government. The taxes which formerly went into the hands of the Pope, are now collected by the king; and although Victor Emmanuel allows him a salary, it is not equal to the amount of his former receipts, and besides he refuses to draw it."

"A number of buildings have been taken without compensation. This is one of the most delicate ways of conveying the idea of a most flagitious robbery that could well be conceived. The highwayman, who, with his pistol at your head, forces from your reluctant hand your hard-earned purse, the
bank robber and the horse thief are also gentlemen who take property without compensation. Yet the "Alta" shows some knowledge of human nature; she knows that there are many who would be horrified at hearing of a great robbery, yet who will hear with indifference that the Italian government has taken a number of buildings without compensation. The "Alta" appears to rejoice at this private robbery added to the more extensive one made a few months ago by the aid of the cannon.

She tells us of the affair with a certain air of complacency. She cannot find it in her heart to utter the least word of disapproval; on the contrary she seems happy in saying "a number of buildings have been taken by the government without compensation." Is it a good or an evil for society to have papers that thus distort facts in a manner that only the grossest ignorance can excuse, and such ignorance in a newspaper is inexcusable. If we were to judge of the society by the "Alta," we would be forced to confess that if every sense of honesty has not died out in it, it is at least agonizing. Victor Emmanuel, as we learn from the "Alta," is becoming rich from the pontifical revenues, because the taxes that formerly went into the hands of the Pope are now collected by the king. The "Alta" is so blinded by inveterate prejudice as to rejoice at this action of the government, but seems greatly astonished that the Pope refuses the salary so generously tendered by the king. What! refuse a salary? the man must be crazed. Not so, irrational dame. He looks at things from a loftier standpoint than your sordid nature will ever allow you to reach, that is all. The Pope does not confine all his views, his hopes, his desires, his happiness, to the possession of dollars; but looks first to honesty and justice as the most efficient means of securing happiness both here and hereafter. He can only receive, therefore, the money that comes to him in a righteous way. He cannot share in the robber's booty. He cannot receive stolen goods, nor have any intercourse with the plunderers of his revenues. "It is unfortunate," continues the "Alta," "that Pius could not finish his pontificate in peace." Here the "Alta" suddenly assumes an air of compassion. She is ready to shed tears of commiseration over the woes of the dethroned pontiff. "It is unfortunate that Pius could not finish his pontificate in peace." We fear that the tears of the "Alta" are very much like those of the crocodile, which, after devouring a man with great gusto, is said to shed a flood of tears, as though most bitterly afflicted; the real reason being, however, that there is not a bit of his victim left. "What influence will the voluntary imprisonment of Pius IX have upon the future Popes?" The "Alta" now strives to elevate herself to some lofty position from whence it may foresee, by its piercing vision, the probable consequences of the voluntary imprisonment of the Pope. It is not surprising that the attempt has been a signal failure. How could it be otherwise? The "Alta" has not shown the smallest iota of that sound and clear judgment which enables one to foresee in the most simple principle, the whole
chain of consequences, and from present occurrences, to evolve the hidden germ of future events. Does the "Alta" show that she has any notion of what a Pope is, of the spirit which animates the pontiffs, of the principles by which their actions are regulated? She assuredly does not. What wonder, then, if she tells us, as the result of her scrutiny into the future, "that she should not wonder if he should be canonized soon after death," and "that other Popes may feel bound to imprison themselves in like style." Only the transcendant genius of the "Alta" could have conceived such grand nonsense.

The "Alta" kindly takes it on herself several times in this article, to weigh the possibility of the Popes ever gaining their civil dominions; and she feels strongly inclined to say that they have lost it forever. The policy of all the European powers which are, as she says, decidedly anti-papal, seems to confirm the old lady in this opinion. It is difficult to say whether this conclusion of the "Alta" proceeds from an utter ignorance of all history, past and present, or from blind prejudice and bad spirit against the papacy. Perhaps we will come near to the truth if we attribute it to both causes combined. If the "Alta" were somewhat more conversant with history, she would not need to be reminded that no anti-papal policy has ever succeeded in wresting their temporal authority from the Popes for any considerable period. She would know that the Roman Pontiffs have been seventy-one times stripped of their power by the force of anti-papal policy; but seventy-one times an invincible arm has scattered the forces of the anti-papal policy, and led the Pontiff back in triumph to the throne of Peter. Nay, the Divine Wisdom has oftentimes made these anti-papal nations the blind instruments of his will. We have a familiar instance of this even in the present century. In the Congress of Vienna, after the fall of Napoleon I., it was the most strongly anti-papal powers of Europe, England, Russia and Prussia, that, impelled by an unseen hand, reinstated the venerable Pontiff, Pius VII, in the sovereignty of the Eternal City in spite of the opposition of Catholic France and Catholic Austria. Well has that erudite protestant historian, M. Guizot, said, speaking of the de-thronement and restoration of the Popes, that the interposition of Providence in these restorations is as sensible as it is inscrutable and invisible. The "Alta" evinces a most lamentable ignorance of what is going on at present, or she would know that no European power has yet officially recognized the usurpation of Rome; that no ambassador in Rome recognizes any authority but that of the Pope; that the wonderful unanimity and zeal of Catholics throughout the world, and especially in Europe, in protesting publicly, in vast assemblies and in a myriad ways, has a great influence even on the actions of infidel governments in favor of the papacy.

The "Alta" should know that the Italian government itself is far from being at ease with regard to the usurpation of Rome. It has even been acknowledged in the Florentine Parliament that the invasion of Rome was a grand mistake, and that it
would be well to undo what has been done.

A better acquaintance with the present state of affairs in Italy, and with the feelings of European powers in regard to the papacy, might force the "Alta" to take a very different view concerning the probability of the Pope's restoration to civil dominion. But the decrepit old dame will not listen to anything that opposes her deeply-rooted sympathies and prejudices. She listens only to the promptings of her tender heart. Whatever is agreeable to her whimsical mind she clings to as unalterable truth. She takes her firm stand against all encroachments on, or in opposition to, her unchangeable opinions. She is governed by her feelings entirely, and never essays to judge by the objective reality of things.

THE ROMAN PEOPLE.
ADDRESS BY STEPHEN S. WHITE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The few minutes during which I shall address you, will be taken up in answering one of the many malicious and unwarranted articles against Pope Pius IX., which, unfortunately, every now and then, emanate from a certain portion of the press of this country. It is a glorious thing for us, who believe in right and despise hypocrisy, to be able to expose these pretended philanthropists, and hold up their villainy to the just odium of those they have sought to mislead. The article to which I allude, is the same one that has been dwelt upon by the gentleman who has preceded me. But the particular part of that article to which I refer, is that in which the "Alta" declares, in substance, that the popular voice of the people called Victor Emmanuel to Rome. If ever on the face of the earth an unpardonable untruth has been uttered by an evil tongue, it is surely the one which has been uttered by the "Alta" against the whole Roman people. It requires, indeed, a high degree of audacity in that sheet to think all the world is as ignorant as it is of the real state of affairs in Rome, or as blind to the widely-spread evidence of numberless striking facts, which prove to every unprejudiced mind that the Roman people are just the reverse of what this paper represents. "At Rome," says the "Alta," "the change of government has been followed by a great change in the conduct of the people." A great change has followed in the conduct of the people. But this change is far different from that which the "Alta" indicates in the following words: "Now that they are free from the fear of punishment, a large majority of both upper and lower classes, show a bitter dislike for the temporal authority of the Pope."

Our "old lady" was a little too fast in attributing to others the hatred she entertains and fosters in her tender breast. The Roman people know a little better than the "Alta" does what the temporal authority of the Pope is, and the dislike they have for it is, indeed, so great and apparent, that the Italian government, the Royal Lieutenant, Lamarmora, the Commissary, Gadda, and the Prince, Humbert, have not as yet been able to dis-
cover it, and despair of ever doing so. In fact, it has already been confessed in the Italian Chambers, by the Minister of State, "that very likely, their going to Rome has been a great mistake, that things there go on far worse than before, that the people are stubborn and thoroughly dissatisfied with the new state of things, and that there is no way of making them appreciate the great blessings bestowed upon them," viz.: increased taxation, forced conscription, etc., etc. The government of Victor Emmanuel, however, foreseeing what must come, acted wisely and succeeded in forming an artificial Roman people. For this purpose, convicts from all parts of Italy, to the number of several thousands, were ordered to be ready to enter Rome with the troops, and then, marching along as Romans, in the van of the invaders, they were to welcome them with loud acclamations, and embrace them most affectionately, as a token of their having delivered them from the yoke of oppression. All this was to be done just to start the enthusiasm of the Roman people, who the Italian government knew very well, would be rather slow to perceive it, unless something were done to enkindle it in their breasts. The same artificial Romans were to teach the real Romans how to illuminate the city, how to testify their gratitude for their deliverance, and in due time, to vote for the plebiscito. But, unhappily, it seems that the latter were so slow in learning the process, that in order to have it done in some way, recruits provided with free tickets, were sent over all the railroads of Italy to Rome, in order to assist the people in voting. The number of these assistant voters was so great that the cars were compelled to run at full speed, the whole day, for their special accommodation.

As a proof of the feeling entertained by the Roman people, towards the government officials, we have, that the general, Lamarmora, who has insisted so much on being removed from his high position, of both civil and military chief, could not, notwithstanding his frequent invitations, succeed, even once, in getting a single Roman noble or lady, to attend the evening parties in his palace; and so, finding himself excluded from the company of all decent Roman people and forced into that of foreigners, began to think that Rome was not his place, and determined to leave as soon as possible. Poor Royal Commissary Gadda finds himself in no better condition, and complains that everybody in Rome seems to be against him, and that he is actually despised and hated by all. Prince Humbert and his wife, upon coming to Rome, received a strong indication of the state of public feeling among the lower classes, in the following circumstance. They wished to live in the Quirinal (a palace of the Pope) but as the doors were locked and no key could be found, it was deemed necessary to get a blacksmith to open them. But it was not without spending much time and trouble that any one could be found willing to perform the task. The blacksmiths of Rome saw that the prince was a robber, and therefore did not wish to assist him. Prince Humbert goes very often
through the streets in an open carriage or on horseback, bowing most politely on all sides, but, except the artificial portion of the population, no one returns his salutations. The Romans, in their simple, good sense, look at him as at a highway robber and do not think him worthy of their notice. This may seem strange to our old lady, but so it is. The Romans perceive only one difference between the highwayman and the unjust invader of a city or kingdom, and the difference is this: that the former is a greater robber than the latter.

Do the Roman people think that national aspiration gives any more right than private aspiration does? Now, the most ardent desire I may have for your purse does not certainly give me any right to it; yet, if this desire for what belongs to another, proceeds from a nation, it is said to be transformed into a right. What, cannot a nation do wrong, or aspire to something which is wrong?

The despising looks of a great majority of the true Romans, have compelled both the Prince Humbert and his lady, to feel keenly that the position they occupy in Rome is, indeed, an unenviable one, and it is well known that they have sent several unsuccessful petitions to court, begging to be removed. These facts, which are familiar to all those who have endeavored to form an exact idea of what the real condition of affairs in Rome is, all these facts, I say, prove, at least according to the "Alta," that "now that the Romans are free from the fear of punishment, a large majority of both the upper and lower classes, show a bitter dislike for the temporal authority of the Pope."

The Italian government, before opening the unwilling gates of Rome with their cannon, did not succeed by any argument, either of money or number of skillful agents, in stirring up a revolution in Rome against the temporal power of the Pope.

"Well, it was only for fear of being punished by the Pope," I think I hear the "Alta" saying. But now, that the Pope has no power at all, and that that fear has vanished, now they show the most bitter dislike for his temporal authority, and they show it by abstaining from giving the least sign of rejoicing at his misfortunes, and by keeping as far as possible, from all those who have caused them.

But these are not the only ways by which the Romans manifest those bitter feelings of which our old lady, out of the plenitude of her heart, is so liberal. They are very ingenious in finding every day, new ways of giving vent to their hatred towards the Pope. So, for instance, shortly after the occupation of Rome, they agreed, out of sympathy for the imprisonment and other sufferings of the Pope, not to go to the theatres any more, and to forbear entirely from making any public demonstrations of joy, and so, when "carnival" came they left the whole business to the artificial Romans who had, consequently, to manage the affair as best they might, and play the part of public gaiety and merriment. Meanwhile, the real Romans either went away to some other place, as did a great number of
the nobles, or kept themselves as close and retired as though it was a time of fasting and penance. When the Italian government opened new schools in order to educate the rising generation according to the principles of Victor Emmanuel & Co., the Roman heads of families, to show their antipathy to the Papal schools, commanded their children not to receive instruction in those of the new government; and many of them went directly to the priests and monks and anxiously inquired if they could, in some way, continue to teach their sons privately, within the walls of their cloisters. To give a single example of the effect of this, several hundred pupils were admitted into one of the Jesuit houses in Rome. But, of course, this was soon stopped by the government, which, no doubt, was obliged to check the excesses caused by the bitter feelings against the Pope. Another manner found by the Romans to prove to the "Alta" how bitter are their feelings towards the temporal authority, is very curious indeed. It is this. They do not patronize or read any paper that speaks, either directly or indirectly, against the Sovereign Pontiff, or any of his predecessors; hence they do not give much encouragement to those who agree so well with them in denouncing the Pope. This is a fact, and a fact so well established, that it is quoted by the very newspapers that are the victims of it.

When the Italianissimi—that is, those who pretend to be more Italian than the Romans themselves, and therefore, entitled to give them laws—broke into Rome, they started a number of papers to teach the Roman people all sorts of useful things; how to think, how to direct their feelings, how to amuse themselves, etc. But, unhappily, they soon found that they were ignorant of what is far more important, viz.: how to devise any profit from their papers, or even how to keep them alive. So, after vain complaints, many of these papers dwindled away, and finally died of sheer starvation. Others became consumptive and were reduced from large, healthy-looking journals, to miserable little sheets, and the remainder all join in denouncing the Roman people for not subscribing to and assisting them. In fact, were it not that these newspapers are propped up by subsidies from the government, their unattended funerals would long since have taken place. The "Alta" must not deduce from this that the Romans do not appreciate newspapers. They appreciate and are willing to support newspapers that are good, and have some regard for the truth. And this, of course, precludes the possibility of their ever subscribing to the "Alta." Indeed, they, themselves, have established about ten newspapers, in comparison with which the revolutionary journals are but worthless trash. The Romans read these papers with great delight, and every one who can afford it, has several of them. And these last named papers have a very large circulation, even outside of Rome, which is proved by their present flourishing condition. Now, these journals, so cherished by the Romans, are just opposite to the others in principle and feelings, and undoubtedly, if they knew the false-
hoods that the "Alta" has fabricated about them and about the Pope, they would, as far as it lay in their power, apply the scourge to the old lady, and make her feel that she must, at least, tell some truth, when she wishes to gain a point that cannot be reached by telling it all.

It would be too long to indicate even the bare outlines of the many proofs given by the Romans, since the occupation of their city, of their feelings towards the Pope, all of which would show to the "Alta" how bitterly they hate him. Hence, I will confine myself to one more; but this is, as you will see, the most evident and direct of all, since it embraces both classes and demonstrates clearly what their opinions are on the subject. "Granny Alta," therefore, must know that it is a fact far more widely known than is her own existence, that the great majority, nay, the whole Roman people, have more than once solemnly protested before the world against the robbery of the Papal territory. These protestations have not been merely verbal, but they have been written, and the long lists of names attached to them show that they were not the expressed opinions of a few. These testimonies of their loyalty have been presented by the deputies of each class to the Pope, and have been afterwards printed in all parts of the civilized world, and nobody as yet, has dared to deny their authenticity. Now, add to this the important fact, that all these protestations have been accompanied by large sums of money; and this will seem much more remarkable when we consider the circumstances in which the Romans are placed. This money has been acknowledgedly presented to the Pope as a compensation for the loss of his temporal power. But we must not stop here. There is a large class of Roman citizens, whose fidelity and attachment to the successor of St. Peter, shine forth with a brilliancy far brighter, far more wonderful, than that of the greatest of history's heroes; a faithfulness and fidelity, in which no ruler in the world, save Pius IX., can glory. I speak of that numerous class of secular Romans, which was employed by the Pope in all the different branches of the civil and military government. Though tempted by all kinds of offerings and allurements, though solicited by the interests of gain and promotion; though often menaced by privation, and threatened with exclusion from all employment; the greatest part of that class, firmly and heroically, refused to serve the invaders. Some few, after obtaining the consent of their lawful sovereign, the Pope, continued in the exercise of their functions. But, when after a short time, they were requested to take the oath of fidelity to the new political order of the State, almost all preferred to be cast aside without means of living, rather than alter the sentiment of fidelity which they had expressed towards the Pope. In several branches of the administration, not a single one yielded at the trial of the test oath, and in other branches, in which there were several hundred officials, only a very few submitted to it.

The Pope having heard of these faithful subjects, and of the miseries in which many of their families had
been thrown, sent large amounts of money to them as testimonials of his sympathy and affection. But they, by a unanimous agreement, took a portion of it back to their benefactor as a present, declaring that they were ready to encounter every difficulty, and even death, rather than violate the trust reposed in them. These, ladies and gentlemen, are facts of which the history of no nation but that of Papal Rome can boast; and any one, who in the face of such evident and widely known proofs, comes out and informs the public that "the Romans, of both upper and lower classes show a bitter dislike for the temporal authority of the Pope," shows that he is either most shamefully ignorant of what he is talking about, or that he has attained the highest possible point which the impudence of man can reach. But of course, the "Alta" has very good reasons for attributing that "bitter dislike" to the Romans, who, it is said, gave strong evidence of their opinions by hooting at the Jesuits and noted ultramontane cardinals; also, by cheering anti-papal loud talkers in the streets, and in public gatherings, and by purchasing caricatures of the Pope and the clergy." That these events have taken place in Rome since the annexation, we do not deny; nay, we could add to them many more, but what we entirely and flatly deny is, that the Romans, as the "Alta" would have us believe, have participated in them. These disgraceful occurrences, detrimental alike to the interests of justice and morality, are not attributable to even a small minority of the Romans, but are due to those artificial Romans who entered Rome through the breach which the cannon of Victor Emmanuel had made, and who were partly composed, as we have seen, of returned convicts, obtained for the occasion, by throwing open all the prisons of the State. These were the men who performed those noble deeds, which the "Alta" appears to delight in relating. Well, as "Granny" is becoming old and decrepit, we may infer that her sight is very poor, and it is no wonder that she does not longer distinguish so well between those who are Romans and those who are not, especially as she is so far distant from Rome, and a nearer approach is prevented by her feeble condition. Hence, she judges more by her feelings than by a close examination of the subject, and when she concludes that "Rome, in proportion to its size, is one of the most anti-papal capitals of the catholic nations," we should, instead of censoring the untruth, pity the folly of her dogma.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, have we seen how groundless are the anti-papal assertions of the "Alta;" and in a similar manner and by a similar recital of facts, we may easily refute the arguments advanced by all those who are continually declaiming against the temporal power of Pius IX. But, unfortunately, there are many who gloat over the trials of the Sovereign Pontiff, and delight to honor the wretches who have despoiled him of his rights. Well, then, have we assembled here to raise our voices in behalf of truth. The "Alta" and her sister bigots may if they hear,
as I hope they will, of our proceed-
ings, swear at us and hold us up as
idiots. But we gather here, proudly
conscious that we are right, and not
the jeers of all the bigots, atheists
and tyrants that ever cursed the world
should or could, I trust, move us one
inch from the path of duty. Let us
then, every one of us, assist in every
way, this protestation against the
usurpation of Victor Emmanuel and
his fellow invaders. It is true that our
voice is feeble indeed, when compara-
ted with that of the millions who are
advocating the same cause that we
are. But that, ladies and gentlemen,
should urge us on to make greater
efforts, that our sentiments expressed
here to-day may, at least, be one blow
struck in defence of right—at least
one billow on the surface of that
mighty ocean of indignation that
rolls from the christian world, against
the throne of the usurper.

REPORTING, REPORTERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

IT used to be said of other times
than ours, that when a man failed
in every other kind of business, he
turned his attention to school-teach-
ing! If he hadn't capacity for any
other sort of a calling he had, at least,
for a school-master! The world,
however, is growing out of that con-
celit in relation to school-teaching,
and gradually coming to a sense of the
fact that teaching is a calling which
must be learned like other professions
—that teachers must be made—that
they do not grow spontaneously. But,
that superstition, if I may so call it,
stills hangs around the calling of a re-
porter.

Any body can invest a dollar or
two in some be-puffed pamphlet on
short-hand, study it for a couple of
months, and set up for a "short-hand
reporter." This is the common opin-
ion. I have had all sorts of persons,
from hod-carriers and table-waiters
to medical doctors and heavenly-
gifted (?) parsons come to me for ad-
vice and assistance in relation to the
acquisition of the coveted art of short-
hand reporting. The common in-
quity is, "How long will it take me
to learn to be a reporter?" My an-
swer has always been, "that depends
upon your natural capacity to learn,
the time and attention you want to
bestow on it, and the degree of pro-
ficiency you desire to attain." To
make a first-class reporter requires,
to begin with, a constitutional fitness.
A person of sluggish temperament
would never make a first-class report-
er. I have known men of thirty
years' practice as reporters who could
never rise above mediocrity in their
profession, while I have known others
to attain the very top round of the ladder in four or five years.

The mere manual dexterity to take short-hand notes, is the smallest part of a reporter's education. He needs, besides being able to write from one hundred and eighty to two hundred words a minute, to be a sort of universal scholar. If he reports a law case, he must be something of a lawyer; if he reports a political speaker, he must be "at home" in the philosophy of history and of government; while, if he reports a scientific lecture he must be somewhat of a scientist. In short, he must understand thoroughly what the speaker is talking about, else he will never be able to make head or tail of his notes. The reason of this is clear when the nature of short-hand is understood. In all systems of short-hand, legibility must be sacrificed to brevity, in order that the hand shall be able to keep pace with the tongue. The fastest long-hand writer cannot write more than from twenty-five to thirty-five words per minute, while the rate of public speaking is usually from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty words per minute, and in reading extracts from books, papers, &c., the speaker often runs up to two hundred and two hundred and twenty-five words per minute; and all this the reporter must have the manual dexterity to take down verbatim, for, if he lose one word, the whole chain is broken—everything is a wreck, like a locomotive thrown off its iron track. The very first principle, therefore, of shorthand, is, that, in writing it, all the vowels of words are left out, taking nothing but the consonant outlines. Several other principles of contraction and expedients for enabling the writer to keep up with the speaker, are had recourse to; but this is the principal one. There are so many words that have the same consonant outlines—as, for instance, b-d will stand for bad, bed, bide, abide, abode, body, bud, &c., that, in transcribing our short-hand notes into long hand, we must determine from the context, which word it is. And if we do not understand what the speaker is talking about, although we may have taken every word he has uttered, we will be unable to determine what one half of our indefinite consonant outlines mean. Hence it is, that so many of our public speakers complain (and with just cause too) of the way in which they are so often reported. I have in my mind this minute an instance, where an able and eloquent State Senator delivered one of the most instructive addresses I had ever listened to, on the necessity of continuing the appropriation for the State Geological Survey, yet it was so miserably reported in the leading papers at the State Capital, as to have scarcely a recognizable feature left. No wonder the poor Senator felt, next morning, when the thing appeared in print, to use his own words, "as if he had been passed through a flattering mill!" "I don't object, said he, "Mr. ——, to being misrepresented occasionally, or even not to be reported at all; what I do object to, is to having the life and soul taken out of what I say—to be passed through a flattering mill."

And yet, the young man who reported him was a good note taker, and did the best he knew how for the
honorable Senator's speech. But he was "at sea," without compass or rudder," on the subject of geology, and though he had taken full notes of the speech—though all the consonant outlines were in his note book—he was not sufficiently "up" in the subject to be able to make sense out of them.

And the same remarks will hold good in regard to legal and political reporting. I once took a first-class law reporter around to assist me in reporting Senator Casserly—that is, we both took "check-notes" together, intending that each should transcribe into long-hand half of the speech, but my distinguished legal friend turned out like the young Scotsman who was sent to take a first turn in parliamentary reporting for the London 'Times,' being unable to make sense out of the "spider's legs" that he had got down, he flung the note-book into the Thames and reported at the office that he had lost it. My assistant (?) after splitting his brains for a couple of hours over the undecipherable hieroglyphics, put the book in the stove, swearing that political reporting was as great a humbug as the politicians themselves.

Some reporters, who do not use short-hand at all, make excellent abstract reports, but then the language in such cases, is nearly all that of the reporter, not of the speaker; and about the mind of every person there is, so to speak, an individuality—fully as much so as there is about faces—that can only be preserved by giving the ipsissima verba of what he says. For legal purposes abstract reporting is of no value whatever except for the newspaper, being too inaccurate to be relied on for official purposes. Abstract reporters, however, sometimes, make much better speeches for public men than they do themselves. Their uncouth phrases are licked into shape, their turgidity is made clear—for a good reporter can nearly always tell a speaker's meaning by his thumping—they are boiled down two hundred, and improved five hundred per cent., by passing through the alembic of the reporter's hand and brain. We make other men and never make ourselves. To attain the first rank in the reportorial profession requires as much toil and study as to attain eminence in law, medicine or divinity, and yet, its rewards are by no means commensurate. The ability to write short-hand and to report well is a very useful adjunct to some other profession, but is a poor dependence by itself. To the lawyer it is of the utmost advantage, and to any person who has to make memoranda, it is an intellectual railroad. The life of a professional reporter, however, is the life of a galley-slave, and it is as thankless as it is hard, yet it is not without its compensations. The very thought that we can make or mar men—and we sometimes make very great men out of very poor wood—has its own fascination. Newspaper reporters generally, have in view the gratification of their readers, and that consideration alone induces them to put the harangues of most speakers into readable shape. Sometimes it gratifies our own vanity to put ideas and language into the mouth of a speaker, which he is entirely incapable of, just to let him know what we
can do, although he always fathers the bantling before the public; and would cheat the reporter out of his own child if he claimed it at any future time. They scarcely ever have even the gratitude to acknowledge, or thank the reporter for the favor done them. I could name half a dozen senators, congressmen and governors on this coast, the foundations of whose political fortunes have been laid in that way, who, doubtless imagine, today, that they thought out and uttered, the ideas and language which others coined for them.

A brother reporter, with whom I was long associated, tell ones of his "experiences" in point. A few years back, he went on to Washington from San Francisco, to press a claim against the Government for services in reporting the celebrated New Almaden Quicksilver mine case, tried in 1858, or 1859, when Judah P. Benjamin and Reverdy Johnson came on here to attend to it. While my friend was in Washington, a noted San Francisco politician was there pressing his claim for the position of Collector of Customs at the "Bay City." My friend had occasion to call on Judge Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, and, in the course of conversation, the Judge inquired about Mr. ---'s fitness for the position of Collector, and also as to what special service he had rendered the Republican party to entitle him to so fat a berth. My friend did not speak very flatteringly of Mr. ---'s intellectual gifts, it seems, for the Judge became the office-seeker's champion; and, in the course of doing so, pulled out and exhibited a pamphlet speech made by the said Mr. --- at a political gathering in San Francisco some time before. "You may," said my reportorial friend, "judge of my astonishment when Judge Chase handed me the very speech that I had myself reported and made for the blockhead only a month or two before in San Francisco." Some very funny mistakes sometimes happen even where the reporter is entirely qualified, and is as careful as possible; but in most instances these arise from not hearing distinctly what is said. I recollect one very laughable one that I made myself. In the spring of 1864, I reported the celebrated case of Clarke vs. Fremont, in the Twelfth District Court of this State. It was a suit brought by a man named Clarke against Gen. John C. Fremont for fifty thousand dollars, for delivering to Fremont the possession of the Mariposa property. Mr. Mark B., a noted banker of San Francisco, was on the stand, and was testifying as to a conversation that he had had with Fremont about the matter. The substance of his testimony was, that Fremont had acknowledged to him that he had promised to give Clarke the amount sued for for the consideration named, viz: the quiet and peaceable possession of the property. The witness was asked if Fremont had given him any reason why he did not give his written obligation to Clarke for the amount, and answered that he had; that he said he was engaged in large speculations, and if he gave his note to Clarke for so large an amount, he was afraid Clarke would "put it on the market," and thereby damage his credit. To make
security doubly sure, as lawyers sometimes do, they asked the question half a dozen times, and it was answered in the same way, "for fear he'd put it on the market." At last, the witness, getting tired of answering, lowered his voice, as witnesses invariably do under such circumstances, and just at that instant a heavily-loaded truck passed under the window of the court room, making a great noise, so that the witness was almost inaudible at the reporter's desk, and I thought the witness said "for fear he'd buck it off at monte," and so wrote it and so transcribed it into long hand.

Now, the case was "a court case," that is, a case tried without a jury, and in all such cases, Judge P. took the reporter's traces, crept home to his chambers, and based his judgment upon what he found there written. Saturdays, then, were "law days," or the days on which judgments were announced, and on such days almost the entire Bar of San Francisco were present to hear the decision of their cases. Imagine, then, the scene in that court room when his Honor came to announce the judgment of the court in Clarke vs. Fremont, and to read that portion of the testimony on which his judgment was founded, that the judgment should be in favor of Clarke, because Fremont had acknowledged to the witness (Mark B.) that he was indebted to Clarke in the amount named, and was deterred from giving his written obligation for it, only by the fear that he (Clarke) would "buck it off at monte." A universal guffaw rang through that court room, and waggish barristers will insist to this day that the joke had a point, although arising from a mistake on the part of the reporter. At any rate, Clarke got after us on the street "with a sharp stick," for having unwittingly made him appear as a combatant of the tiger. So far, however, as the merits of the case were concerned, it made no difference—Clarke got his case.

I recollect a young sprig of English nobility, who was a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, and who, in testifying, stated that his father was a partner in the "Low Moor Iron Works." You may judge of his indignation next day on finding his evidence printed and laid on the desks of the members to the effect that he had testified before the committee that his father was "a pauper in the Low Moor workhouse,"

Yet the reporter who made that mistake was one of the staff of Messrs. Guerney, in whose family the official reporting of Parliament has been for nearly a century and a half. Where a reporter is qualified, however, and mistakes occur in his report, the speaker is nearly always to blame in not uttering his words so as to be distinctly heard; others speak too fast, for there is a limit even to what shorthand can do; and others, again, speak so confusedly that their meaning cannot be made out. The terror of the reporters is the confused speaker. A person who has got something to say, and says it, can be reported, no matter how rapid his utterances; but a speaker from whose lips comes flying not a single thought—not a single grain of wheat, but words, words; mere husks and chaff; how
can he be reported? And yet, that
sort are always the most anxious to
"see themselves in print."

The qualifications for a good re-
porter are a lively imagination, a
quick hand, good hearing and plenty
of knowledge on all subjects. No sort
of information comes amiss to a re-
porter. "Knowledge," as Dr. John-
son says, "is of two kinds: that which
we know, and that which we know
where to find." A reporter must ei-
ther know what a speaker is talking
about, or he must know where to find
information upon it. And the fact
that so many persons who attempt
short hand fail to make anything out
of it is owing to themselves, not to
the system of short hand.

"It is not in their stars, but in themselves
—-That they are underlings."

To learning of any sort "there is
no royal road;" but this remark is
more particularly true when applied
to the reporter's art than to any other
branch of study that we know of.

THE students and many of the
teachers were absent on a pic-
nic excursion on Thursday, the fifth
of May. They went to Belmont,
where there are very attractive picnic
grounds. The college band accom-
panied them and enlivened the way
with strains of "linked sweetness,
long drawn out." There is a com-
modious dancing pavilion on the
ground, and, as a quadrille band was
in attendance, the votaries of Terpsi-
chore "tripped the light fantastic toe"
till their heart was content. The day
was windy and disagreeable, but eve-
ry one made the best of the situa-
tion, and enjoyed himself as well as the
circumstances would permit. At
noon a plentiful lunch was spread
out, and the rapidity of its disappear-
ance gave evidence of appetites more
hearty than delicate. At four in the
afternoon the pleasers turned their
faces homeward, where they arrived
about half past five.

The prize debate of the Philhisto-
rian Literary Society is over. It took
place on the first of May. The mem-
bers of the Philalethic Literary Soci-
ety and the Parthenian Dialectic So-
 ciety, besides quite a number of pro-
fessors and invited guests, were pres-
ent. The society was called to order
at seven p.m., and the debate was
commenced without delay. Mr. John
Raleigh opened the discussion for the
affirmative, and was followed by Mr.
Wm. Newhall on the negative. Mr.
Raleigh was supported by Mr. D. G. Sullivan and Mr. J. Marshall; Mr. Newhall by Mr. Henry Bowles. The efforts of the young gentlemen were considerably better than we expected. Mr. Raleigh's speech was elaborately prepared, though the gentleman's evident embarrassment detracted much from his delivery. Mr. Sullivan, in his remarks, gave evidence of laborious research, and was, perhaps, more strongly argumentative than any of his competitors. Mr. Newhall, who had prepared himself on short notice, made a very neat speech of fifteen or twenty minutes. Mr. Bowles, without attempting to construct any new theory of his own on the subject, passed in review the arguments of his adversaries in an entertaining and forcible manner in a speech of about forty-five minutes. Mr. Sullivan made the longest speech—it was at least an hour in length. The judges appointed to award the prize, a $40 medal were Rev. A. Varsi, Prof. Dance, Mr. A. Waldteufel (one of the donors), and Rev. M. Accolti. The result will not be announced till the close of the session.

A great deal of "fuss" has been made lately over the productions of Mr. Frank Bret Harte, especially since his engagement with Fields, Osgood & Co. (at $15,000 per year) Many of the papers have hailed all his effusions with indiscriminate praise. Many others have heaped odium on the very efforts on which all his reputation rests; a few have been found who have separated the chaff and pointed out the clear kernel. His Californian sketches, such as "Luck of Roaring Camp," "Miggles," "The Gentleman from Reno," have come particularly under notice. We have read the three above mentioned, and are compelled to dissent from the loud condemnation proclaimed by some of our exchanges against at least the first-named. That the beginning of the story is somewhat indecent we readily allow, but we are not prepared to denounce it as "indecent and immoral," since it is evident to any careful reader that the author was far from intending anything against propriety. The California tales are imitable, simply because they furnish a true picture of the different phases of California life, especially as it was eight or ten years ago in the mining settlements in the northern sections of the State. Bret Harte is a poet as well as a tale writer, and many of his poems give evidence of uncommon abilities in this line. We do not place the "Heathen Chinee" among those of which he may be proud. We regard this poem as of very common merit; it is only the quaintness of its style that attracts our eastern brethren, and the style is not at all quaint to Californians.

The members of the Junior sodality had a picnic on the twelfth of May, to which we were so fortunate as to receive an invitation. The place selected was the college "villa," some miles off, near Stevenson Creek. It is a wild, romantic-looking region, as yet almost untouched by the hand of man; a portion of it is now being reduced to a state of cultivation. A small vineyard has been set out, but thus far it has certainly not prospered.
A few men are constantly employed in clearing up new tracts. The morning passed away very pleasantly, and at half past one we were summoned to partake of a bountiful meal spread out on a large table in the open air, under the trees. Brother — officiated as cook on this occasion, and he discharged his functions in a manner that would have done honor to the most accomplished knight of the kitchen. All had excellent appetites and the enticing viands were summarily disposed of. Early in the afternoon we came away, well satisfied with the agreeable manner in which we had spent the day.

The annual banquet and reunion of the members of the Philalethic Literary Society, took place on Wednesday, May 11th. The viands that crowded the tables reflected credit on our commissary committee, and the manner in which they were served did honor to our cook. When the appetites of the gourmands began, from severe and long continued exertion, to fail, toasts became in order, and the usual toasts, the President of the College, the President of the Philalethic Society, the Philhisctor Society, and "the Invited Guests," were successively and briefly responded to. The presence of the founder of the Society, Rev. M. Accolti, gave occasion for an additional toast, replied to shortly by the reverend gentleman himself, who thanked the members for the compliment paid him, gave them some good advice, and, having excused himself for the fewness of his remarks by the infirmity of his health, expressed a wish that he might have the opportunity of speaking to them more at length.

The proceedings were varied by a vegetable toast (beats), to which Mr. James V. Coleman responded in the following strains:

You may talk of your roses and flowers of May,  
Of the dewdrops that flirt with the pure light of day;  
You may marshal ideas, you may coin a long word  
To echo the praise of the light humming-bird;  
You may fall into fits of ecstatic delight  
O'er the eagle, high soaring in royalty's might;  
You may linger all day by a bright, purling brook,  
Entrapping the trout on the end of a hook,  
And calling it sport if perchance you get stuck  
In the mud, and go home with a fisherman's luck;  
You may ogle a mountain with connoisseur's eye,  
And think, in your innocence, it's all very high.  
You may murmur of plains; and of woods Oriental,  
But I tell you now plainly, they're not worth a cent—all;  
And all the old fogies who wrote of such trash.  
Who, ashamed of their epics, have since gone to smash,  
Such as Virgil, and Horace, and Homer, and Æschylus,  
And the Celt who indited an ode to a pesky louse,
Are paying the penalty now for misdeeds
In a place where the denizens don’t say their beads.
You may search through the world for a sensible theme;
You may waste in the searching, sir, ream upon ream;
You may mount upon Pegasus’ back, if you choose,
And go out for a ride with your favorite muse;
You’ll sure come to grief, and be dashed from your seats,
If you haven’t paid court to the protean beats.

The protean beats, who have peopled the world
Since the time when from heaven old Vulcan was hurled,
To this very day, when a play or burlesque,
Be it tragic or comic, or be it grotesque,
Collapses insensibly under their frown,
Or wins its reward, journalistic renown.
How know them, you ask? Where find them, you say?
In America, Europe, or fertile Cathay?
My very dear sir, their name it is Legion,
By birth they’re not Southern, nor are they Norwegian;
In the tropics they lounge and recline at their ease,
At the poles, ’mid the icebergs, they willingly freeze.
In high life or low life, in cold or in heat,
He’s always at home, sir, your sleek, happy beat.

But it takes a keen eye, and a changeable wit,
To discover this master of artful deceit,
For he apes the appearance of all honest men.
"But how,” you observe, "will you cope with him then?
"For just when you think that you really have got him,
"You’re surprised, after all, to find out that it’s not him.”
Then lend me your ears, and I’ll tell you the way;
So hold in your aces, and keep back your play.
If you find yourself idle some Opera night,
And ready for anything, friendship or fight,
Just take my advice and invest in a ticket
For pit or dress circle, or—confound it! stick it!
I can’t get a rhyme that will answer the sense,
So I’ll—well, let it go—now let’s recommence.
Scan well all the faces that enter therein;
The pompous, the humble, the fat and the thin;
Perhaps you will notice by more than one sign
The man who reports for penny a line.
His gay “tout ensemble” is radiant with style,
With just a slight hint that he wears all his pile.
But then what of that? What is money to him?
What odds does it make if his income is slim?
 He has a free pass to the theatres all,
 And his weight to the world is in no manner small;
 For the gay sons of Thespis he bends to his will
 By a slight drop of ink from his critical quill;
 And if a proprietor chance to offend him,
 A summary vengeance will speedily mend him.
 And hence this high potentate's favor is courted
 By cigars, and cognac and fine wines, all imported.
 A ride to the Cliff is a powerful bait
 To ensure his regard, or to soften his hate.
 The world, the whole world, bend under the feet
 Of your impudent, brazen-faced, vulgar "dead beat."

Now enter a bar-room, it matters not where,
 And take a good view of the occupants there.
 Take a seat, read a paper, or do what you choose,
 Very soon you'll be asked if you have any news.
 Regard well the asker; his manner and face,
 Which latter he twists in a horrid grimace,
 As he places your button hole round his forefinger,
 Preparing (I pity you,) near you to linger
 Until you invite him to join in a drink,
 Which he quickly accepts with a leer and a wink.
 Labyrinthian veins are spread over his phiz,
 And red as the hide of a boiled lobster is
 His nose. What? His nose? Can you call that a nose
 Which resembles so closely a withered red rose?
 His eyes are expressionless, glassy and soiled,
 And look very much as if they had been boiled,
 His clothes are suggestive of needle and pin;
 His hat—there's no telling what that might have been,
 There's a shadowy presence of feverish heat
 Surrounding the form of your drunken red beat.

Now leave him, if possible, stroll for a while
 On the thoroughfare, searching for—ah! note that smile
 That flits like a nightmare—I would have said, dream,
 Directly in front of you—again see it beam—
 And again! Oh, alas! for thy innocent heart,
 Young lady, depart from his wiles, Oh, depart!
 How can you withstand that goatee, that moustache,
 That faultless physique—Oh, do not be rash!
 For when he obtains thy confiding young love,
 He'll wear it as wears he a neat fitting glove;
EDITOR'S TABLE.

Just as soon as the charm and the novelty fade,
He'll discard you, and call you a foolish young jade.
In politeness and counterfeit wisdom complete,
A detestable fraud is your gay sugar beat.

But hold, you are tired. I've been indiscreet!
So grave Philalethics, I'll beat a retreat.

After satisfying the inner man, the company adjourned to a neighboring apartment, where some hours were spent pleasantly in dancing, singing and speech-making. At a late hour they adjourned.

EDITOR'S TABLE.


It is noticeable how many men are now associated with our leading colleges, whose faculties may now show comparison with those of Cambridge and Oxford. The names of Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, Asa Gray, Whitney, Guyot, Newbery, White, Elliott, Draper, Dana, and Fiske, may be fairly mentioned with those of Maurice, Max Muller, Fawcett, Mathew Arnold, Bain, Masson, and other leading English Professors.—Cornell Era.

When Miss Evans wrote "Adam Bede," being then only partially known to fame, she sold it unreservedly to the Blackwoods for about £300; but such was its success that her publishers afterwards presented her with a check for £1,500.
Some time since the students of Princeton College, New Jersey, were granted three weeks absence on account of the appearance of small pox at that institution.

The library of North Western University, Evanston, Illinois, has received a noble addition, having become possessed of the library of the late Dr. John Schultz of Berlin, amounting to 20,000 volumes.

The Congressional Library at Washington, contains 197,688 volumes.

The Cincinnati University is to commence with an endowment of $1,737,000.

The books of the British Museum occupy twelve miles of shelving.

The people of the United States spend, annually, $600,000 for tobacco.

The "McKendree Repository," gives an account of the new solar engine, invented by Ericsson: The motor is sunlight concentrated by a series of reflectors on a heating apparatus or boiler. The steam thus generated moves the engine in the ordinary method. The model is represented as moving with great celerity and smoothness. Having no fuel but sunbeams, its furnace is never clogged by cinders or clinker. It gives forth no foul cloud of smoke or soot. It has no unsightly chimney or smokestack. It might do its work in a parlor without damaging the furniture or disturbing the inmates with its clatter: Its convenience is unquestionable and in an economical point of view it distances all competition as it wants only water and sunbeams.

A journalist of a statistical turn of mind, has discovered that in the last three years, the London newspapers have contained no less than 178 obituaries of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, any of which is good enough for a man really dead.

Yale College Library recently received from Lieut. H. B. Robeson, U. S. N., a valuable collection of Chinese and Japanese coins, some of them dating as early as 178 B.C.
MR. MACREADY was never popular with stock actors. He annoyed them exceedingly at rehearsals by giving every man his particular place on the stage, so that in the picture presented he should be the centre. This actor must stand here, and this actor there—it was his will. On one of the nights of an engagement in New Orleans, when he was to play *Hamlet*, he was very particular at rehearsal in the disposition of characters at the fall of the curtain. He had selected the most commanding place on the stage, well down to the lights, and declared that there he intended to die. It so happened that as the fatal moment was approaching, just after *Hamlet* had stabbed the king, his majesty took it into his head to die on the spot selected by the philosophic Dane. The poison was burning in *Hamlet*'s veins; he was in the agonies of death; but still he found time to say, *sotto voce*, to his stepfather, "Back, back!—I'm going to die there." The blood of outraged royalty was up, and the stabbed monarch replied, "I'm king, and I'll die where I please—pick out a place for yourself!" And *Hamlet* was compelled to let his soul out further up the stage.

Lord Bacon had often music played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bouvardoue or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to a pitch preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries on the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all its faculties for the cunning emergencies of the bar.

A Mormon is a living paradox. He says grace before a cotillion, swears in his sermons, selects his texts indifferently from the Bible, the books of Mormon, an almanac, or the President's Message, and is perpetually quarrelling for the sake of peace. His religion is a joke, and he makes the best story-teller a chief of quorum. He assumes dignities, but has not the slightest respect for them; and the effect of his piety is to put him on a level with the greatest reprobate of the time. In short, he is the Latter-Day Saint; or, in other words, the last one you would think of calling a saint.
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