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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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THE OWL.


A REVERIE.

JOSEPH F. McQUADE.

BACKWARD, backward, strays my mem’ry
Through the labyrinthine past,
Floating ’mid the painted visions
Boyish dreams have ’fore me cast;
And I think, in silent sorrow,
O’er the vanished hopes of youth,
Often tempting, in their beauty,
Wav’ring hearts to stray from truth.

And I dwell on each sad moment
When the soul seemed lost for e’er,
And the heart nigh hushed its beatings
’Neath the weight of wrinkled care:
When the cold world gazed in mockery
On pale Virtue’s shiv’ring form
Bending ’neath the gale, yet breasting
Vice’s overwhelming storm.

Silently the veil has parted,
Silently the past appears,
With its dark and bloody pictures
Dim with sighs and wet with tears.
Distant, ’mid the ebon darkness,
Virtue’s struggling pale, pure light
Now beams softly, ’mid the wintry
Shadows dark of Vice’s night.
As I gaze upon the ruins,—
    Monuments of bloody war,—
Brightest Edens desolated
    By the sweep of battle's car,
Pallid plague with fatal terrors,
    Rushes wildly o'er the land;
Rich and lowly feel its anger,
    Fall before its ghastly hand.

And I see worn Famine, stalking
    'Mid the noon of Eastern day—
Ghostly, wasted, fatal figure—
    Stalking on his death-marked way.
On my sight, the blazing Fire-fiend
    Bursts with hot and searching breath:
Fire-paved is the awful pathway
    Of this courier of death.

Blooming hopes, enriched with Fancy's
    Dazzling pigments, bud and fall:
Hopes of honor, joy, and glory
    Vanish ever, one and all,
Chilled by terrors of the future,
    Ere they feel life's current warm;
Scattered by the wintry breathing
    That precedes the coming storm.

See I resolutions cherished
    While the mind with love was filled,
Warmly cherished, when the heart-strings
    With the new-born rapture thrilled,—
Resolutions quickly rising
    In a momentary glow,—
Falter, tremble, swiftly vanish,
    Buried in oblivion low.

Promises, that fondly given
    Seemed the promptings of a God,
Quickly given, soon forgotten,
    Crushed and trampled 'neath the sod.
Promises in truth oft' given,
   With clasped hands to seal their pow'r,—
Flit before me, foully broken,
   In a thoughtless, angry hour.

Rent are heav'nly aspirations,
   Banished thoughts of future bliss,
Tender hearts in sorrow sundered
   When they feel the Judas' kiss.
Plunged are youthful souls, and thoughtless,
   'Mid the whirl of Vice's stream,
Where the lost ones madly revel
   In their joys' fast-fleeting beam.

Saddening is the gloom that wraps me
   As it steals on mem'ry's sight;
Sick'ning to the heart, and chilling,
   As it bursts from Sorrow's night.
'Tis a gloom, aye linked with weeping,
   Shackling hearts from grief once free:
What is't thus betokening evil?
   What is't thus oppressing me?

Friendship's sacred ties—once holy—
   Binding heart to heart till death,
See I stained, dishonored, tainted
   By a passing angry breath;
Blindly severed when dark slander,
   Breathed by foul, dissembling tongue,
Finds a refuge 'mid suspicions
   In the heart's dim chambers hung.

Now I see Death's cold, dark mansions
   Line the paths of his domain,
Where repose those ashes sacred,
   Free from misery and pain:
Where a father dear reposes,
   Where a darling mother sleeps,
Where a sister, where a brother
   Lies, where Death his vigil keeps.
Stand I o'er the pale, cold palace,
Where a loved one finds repose,
Weeping, praying o'er the lowly—
Friends that sleep by sleeping foes:
Shook they off life's sombre foldings,
Pondering, stood upon the brink;
One last look, then all was ended,
Severed life's connecting link.

Wrinkled Sorrow ghost-like wanders
Through the highways of the dead,
Kneeling, downcast o'er the loved ones
Joyous hopes to life had wed;
Praying for the souls that struggled
Up Ambition's rocky height,
Souls that climbed to Fame's bright zenith,
Souls that long have fled our sight.

Shiv'ring sted I, heart appalled
'Mid the wid'ning shadows lost;
And my soul is vainly struggling
As 'twixt fear and hope 'tis tossed:
Darkness, darkness 'round me slumbers,
Shades of chaos haunt me round;—
Dark as when the infant sunlight
First a throne in heaven found.

Merciless, invidious Grave! Why
Sund'rest those whom love has wreathed,
Sympathy has knit together
In the whispers love has breathed?
Why dost blast bright hopes—pure wishes—
Dampen joy, and leave but fear?
Why hast called those dear ones from me?
Why hast left me lonely, here?

Sad I gaze on Sorrow faded,
Wand'ring pale where'er I turn;
Woeful Care, with haggard visage
Breathing truths 'twere well to learn;
Truths that wake the heart from slumber,
     Thrilling every trembling chord,
Truths that teach the soul to treasure
     Every kindly-spoken word.

Am I but for Sorrow living?
     Living but for anguish dread?
Am I but poor Chance's orphan,
     Born in fear—on pity fed?
Am I but a slave to Passion,
     Bound in Chance's mystic chain?
Substance thinking,—yet not destined
     To a fate untouched by pain?

Ah! I waken from my sorrow
     Heavenly music's numbers roll,
Sweetest echoes of the gladness
     Coursing through my wakening soul;
Strengthened with a heaven-born feeling
     Soars my soul beyond this scene,
Through the lowering mists of Passion,
     Safely midst Grief's arrows keen.

Breasts she bravely Chance's current,
     Braves she Pain's all-tossing tide,
Struggles up the steeps of Virtue,
     Battles gainst the waves of Pride:
Soars she upward, upward, onward
     To the all-inspiring goal;—
Reached, at last, the longed for kingdom,
     Shedding joy upon the soul.
I propose in this article to fulfil the promise I gave in my last, that I would in this month's number of the Owl, tell my readers something about the chief cities of New Zealand; but inasmuch as all colonial cities are very much alike, only differing a little in their size and surroundings, I fear the description of them will not be entertaining; and I shall therefore supplement it with an account of the Maories, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, who are fast dying out, although they have had fairer treatment, and a better chance of living side by side with the white race, than almost any other colored people.

Having now told my readers my plans, I will commence at once, with the description of Auckland, which was until recently the chief commercial and political city in the colony.

You will perceive, by looking at the map, how advantageously this city is situated for mercantile purposes, lying, as it does, on a narrow neck of land between two fine harbours, that of Auckland on one side, and Manuka on the other. Besides which it has on both sides of it, a good back country to support it. To the Northward lie the grazing and timber lands around the Raipara Harbour, and to the Southward the Waikato valley and the Thames gold fields, which are within a few hours' distance by steamboat. These diggings, being quartz reefs, necessitate the employment of a large amount of capital, and many laborers, in order to work the crushing machines. The quartz gold veins are thought to be inexhaustible, as, instead of becoming poorer, they are getting richer every day.

Now, as the gold has to come to Auckland to be shipped, and the diggers have also to come thither to supply their various wants, it stands to reason that Auckland should be, as it actually is, in a fairly prosperous condition. It would always, indeed, have been a moderately thriving place, even without the gold fields; because, the surrounding country, being un-
suitable for sheep farming, the only industry which absorbs great tracts of land, is broken up into small farms, the owners of which look upon Auckland as their market town. Formerly, however, being the seat of government, the city became inflated with a false prosperity, born of politics and fashion; and when the governing powers took up their abode in Wellington, Auckland nearly collapsed. Whole streets were tenantless, and land could be bought for a mere nothing.

In a year or two, the Thames gold fields were discovered; and Auckland, plucked up her spirits, to meet the tide of good fortune that was setting towards her.

The reason for removing the Government was this. The interior of the Northern Island was a sealed book to white settlers, being filled with disaffected natives; and there was no reaching the city but by sea. The time lost by this round-about mode of travel so seriously interfered with the interests of the Southern Islanders that they threatened to secede and form a separate colony, if the Northern Islanders would not move the government to some more accessible point; and after several years quarreling, both islands chose Wellington, the southernmost city of the Northern Island, as a convenient centre for the transaction of state affairs. Thus an incipient civil war, which would probably be one of very uncivil words, was crushed effectually, by wise compromise on both sides, and the North and South were reconciled.

Proceeding down the Eastern coast, we arrive at the Port of Napier, the only harbor between Auckland and Wellington, and one that is called so more by courtesy than anything else, since it can be hardly said to have an existence in fact, being open to every wind that blows; and when a northern gale springs up, any unfortunate vessel at anchor there is bound to go ashore and wreck itself on the rocky coast that lies so uninvitingly around.

The port of Napier goes by the name of "The Spit," and the place is as unpleasant as its name, being merely a shingly beach, something like a coral reef, with the sea on one side of it, and a lagoon on the other. But the lagoon has been deepened and surrounded by wooden wharves, which make it look something like a dock; and this goes by the elegant name of the "Iron Pot." The "Spit" is the business portion of Napier. Here are congregated the merchants' warehouses, to the owners of which, are consigned a few vessels every year, that come hither with wheat from Australia, and "Yankee Notions" from America, and dry goods from England. These vessels are re-laden with bales of wool, brought to "the Spit" from the interior by patient
teams of oxen; and are then despatched to England. They can not enter the "Iron Pot" on account of its shallowness; so they lie in the harbour, at the mercy of the weather.

But, every Sunday, the coasting steamers enter the "Iron Pot" and are laden with wild cattle for the mining market at the Thames.

It is a curious occupation for Sunday; and I've heard it accounted for in this way;—but mind you I only "tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

The manager of this steamboat company is a very pious man, and a strict sabbatarian. He does not live in the province of Hawkes Bay; but, finding it necessary that a steamer should be laden every Sunday, either at his own port or at that of Napier, instead of sharing such wickedness alternately with his Napier correspondents, he manages matters so that the Sabbath-breaking is all done by the latter; which leaves him at liberty to turn up his eyes in church, morning, noon and night, every Sunday; a very necessary thing for a person to do who has "got religion."

Be that as it may, the loading of the steamers is such a very funny operation that I cannot refrain from telling you how it is done.

The cattle, looking anything but wild, are brought in droves of from fifty to a hundred to the beach, where they stand in a puzzled and dejected attitude. One by one they are driven into the water, and compelled to swim to the ship's side, where some men in a boat are awaiting them; and while each poor beast is paddling helplessly about, they manage to pass a strong girdle around its body. This belt is attached to a derrick on board, and the animal is first hoisted high in the air; and then swung on to the deck; the look of helpless astonishment on its face being quite ludicrous. Sometimes it bellows out its woe in a most piteous tone of remonstrance, when it is being goaded into the water; and on such occasions, the poor brute always seemed to me to make a personal appeal to its driver, equivalent to "et tu, Brute."

"From "the Spit" a circuitous and hilly road, through a gully, leads us to the town of Napier, nearly two miles off, where dwell "the Spit" merchants, in pleasant cottages perched on hills and surrounded by sliding lawns and terrace gardens. The windows of these cottages overlook a rich plain of several thousand acres, intersected by rivers and lagoons and bordered on one side by the frowning Ruahine Mountains, and on the other by the blue bay, with its fringe of white foam.

Napier is not a place of much importance; only containing about 1,500 inhabitants. It is the capital of the small sheep-grazing province.
of Hawkes Bay.

There is no way of reaching the next New Zealand port, which is Wellington, except by sea; unless you like to undergo a five days' journey on horseback, along a bridle path that follows the coast line.

Twenty hours in a steamboat will bring you to Wellington; which, like Auckland, possesses a very fine harbour. The Wellington harbour vies with that of Auckland in beauty of scenery. Indeed, there is not a port in New Zealand that is wanting in beauty, however it may be as to water. The city of Wellington has the disadvantage of lying within that focus of the winds, Cooks Straits; but the harbor is landlocked, and resembles a large lake, being surrounded with hills which slope down to the water's edge.

Notwithstanding its attractive situation, Wellington is one of the most disagreeable cities in the world to live in; for all the year round, the wind and rain are fighting with each other for pre-eminence.

The large province of Wellington is merely a sheep and cattle country; and the present prosperity of its chief city is owing principally to its being the seat of government. A handsome Government House has recently been erected there; and the city possesses a very complete scientific museum. There are some fine spec-

imens of Maori wood-carving in this building, and of native weaving. It contains also a good collection of geological specimens, and skeletons of that gigantic bird the extinct Moa.

New Zealand, like Australia, is a zealous patroness of science.

Beyond the Government House, the Museum, and the fine Cemetery, Wellington has not much that is noteworthy. She possesses so little level land by natural gift, that they have been compelled to make some, just as San Francisco has done, in order to make room for warehouses and docks.

The Wellington merchants make plenty of money; and indeed this class of people is the best off in New Zealand; as their plan of business cannot fail to enrich them. The sheep farmers are dependent upon the merchants for every article of food and clothing, which they buy on credit, and pay for at the end of the year in wool; so that their income is often spent before it is realized, and when accounts are squared up they have frequently no money in hand, and are thus obliged to procure another year's credit from the importers. There are no manufactories in New Zealand, worth speaking of; and everything, except wool and meat, has consequently to be imported.

A steamer will take the traveller across Cook's Straits, and up Blind Bay, to Nelson, in the Southern Island.
Nelson is at once the prettiest and the least enterprising of the New Zealand towns. Even the winds,—which everywhere else are very rough,—do not disturb the tranquility of this *Sleepy Hollow*, surrounded as it is by high hills, and basking in sunshine nearly all the year round. There is a woollen manufactory at Nelson; but it is not a very money-making concern, and it is on a small scale.

Leaving Nelson, in the coasting steamer, the next place we come to is Port Lyttelton—the Port of Christchurch, in Canterbury. This place is beautifully situated, in a harbour as completely land-locked as that of Wellington, which, however, it exceeds both in beauty and depth of water.

The only railroad in New Zealand is that which connects Lyttelton with Christchurch; and it takes about an hour-and-a-half to go from the one town to the other, though the distance between them is but twenty or thirty miles. The railroad is managed on the English plan.

*Christchurch* is situated on the wind-swept “Canterbury plains;” where the land is so level that the rivers spread themselves out in the marshes around the town, in such a manner as to render the place subject to inundations.

Christchurch was a very flourishing town until the close of the American war, when the wool trade collapsed; since which it has lost all life and energy, and resembles a small English country town, both in the petty social distinctions that encumber it, and in the absence of all that gives zest to life.

The colony of Canterbury was the result of a curious experiment by a Mr. Wakefield, a talented idealist, who believed that if picked specimens of English classes could be imported simultaneously into a colony, they would immediately set about reproducing a miniature England. More fortunate than most theorists, he had an opportunity of carrying out his crotchet, and lived to see how impossible it is to organize society, in a new country, upon the basis of the old. No sooner had the squires, the yeomanry, and the laborers landed on the foreign shore, than they got mixed up unaccountably with each other, and some classes,—for instance the yeomanry,—disappeared altogether. All who had capital—both gentlemen and farmers—secured large tracts of land for sheep farming, and aimed at having as few neighbors as possible. The ploughmen had to turn shepherds; and a few took to market gardening. One man who was Mayor of Christchurch four years ago, had the name of “Cabbage” appended to his original surname; because it was by raising this useful vegetable that he made his fortune.

The feeling of caste is, however, still dominant in Christchurch;
where the aristocratic sheep-farmer turns up his nose at the shopkeeper, who in turn looks scornfully at the mechanic and all manual laborers. This feeling, which is more or less prevalent all over New Zealand, keeps the community in certain grooves, and is a great hindrance to the progress of the country.

The only public building of note in the place, is the Council Chamber of the Provincial Council. It is of Gothic architecture; and the interior is richly ornamented. Some of the rooms in the building are devoted to science, and contain a very creditable museum, in which is the largest skeleton yet found of the Moa.

The Acclimatization Society's Gardens are well worth a visit, being tastefully laid out, and possessing a very complete system of water works for rearing the salmon _ova_, which are brought from England in tanks. Both salmon and trout are raised in these gardens; and from them the Canterbury rivers are stocked with fish. Here the English song and game birds are also raised, and afterwards distributed over the province. These acclimatization societies have done a good work in New Zealand; for by their means the pheasant has become plentiful in Auckland, and there is reason to believe that the Scotch red deer is increasing also in that province, a few of these animals having strayed thence into the Province of Hawkes Bay.

The Canterbury Plains are poor in soil, and for the most part treeless. The Southern Alps bound them to the westward, and the rivers rising in these mountains wind their way lazily to the sea, between banks clothed with the indigenous flax bushes.

It takes about thirty hours to reach Dunedin from Port Lyttelton. At Port Chalmers one takes the little steamer and proceeds up the river-like harbour to the city. The hilly and well-wooded banks give beauty to the scenery; and after a couple of hours or so, one lands in Dunedin,—a large town containing about 40,000 inhabitants.

This is a lively, go-ahead place, having been made so by the Otago gold diggings. In this province farming is agricultural as well as pastoral; and there are better shops, larger stores, and finer buildings in Dunedin than in any other city in New Zealand. But there were no good hotels in this or any other town in the country, when I was there three years ago; and the inns were so "rowdy" that no lady could go to them, and gentlemen coming into town with their families, had either to take lodgings at private houses, or quarter themselves upon their friends.

Dunedin has not so many pretty private residences as Christchurch; nor are the people of the former place so refined and cultivated as those of the latter. The climate,
too, is vastly inferior; in fact it is
a fac-simile of that with which
Edinburgh is afflicted; and that
just suits its inhabitants, who have
named it Dunedin, precisely be­
because this was the ancient appella­
tion of Edinburgh.
I promised to give some ac­
count of the New Zealand na­
tives in this paper; but I have
managed to spin my article out to
such an unconceivable length that
I feel assured my readers must be
very much fatigued; so I will bid
them adieu for the present, and
remit the discussion of the Maori
question to a future number.

THE SUPREME RULE OF MORALITY

J. T. MALONE (Ethics.)

"Pshaw!" my reader will say
as he turns over the pages
of this magazine, and meets the
above imposing title face to face—
"Pshaw! he is going to preach us
a sermon! Couldn’t he find some­
thing more interesting than that
to write about?" My gentle and
indulgent reader, I rise to explain.
I do not wish to bore you. If I
thought that such would be the
only effect of this paper, I would
unhesitatingly pitch it into the fire
which blazes in the grate, yonder.
But I hope to have it produce a
different result. Be sure, if I had
the least suspicion that what I
write would tire your patient
mind, I would break my pen and
toss my inkstand out of the win­
dow, before I would scribble an­
other syllable. Will you listen to
me then for a few moments; and
please do not hurl my friend, the
Owl, into the corner or the fire, as
soon as you have read the ponden-
rous handle which attaches itself to my essay.

Let us begin, then, sans more ado.

Have you ever reflected upon the origin of your ideas of good and bad?

You have, I am sure.

I dare say, recollections of childhood often bring up the memory of frequent direcction of infantile duties, and the terrible vision of the avenging parent armed with the threatening rod, is often reproduced in the mature mind. Does not the remembrance of some wilful infringement of the domestic discipline, bring forcibly before the eyes, a vision of a trembling perpendicular position upon the floor, suddenly and violently changed to an exeruciating horizontal across the paternal knee?

Well, we will not attempt to unveil these arcana sacra, if so you choose; but we will take it for granted, that you know the good and the bad by this time.

But another point:—How are good and bad distinguished? What is the rule by which we may know the morality of our actions?

In childhood, the authority of our parents was our rule. We knew it was good to ask God to bless mamma and papa, and uncle and aunt; because mamma and papa had told us it was. We knew that to tell lies were bad actions; because we were taught so. But now, in the full maturity of our mind we seek the ultimate and philosophic reason for the distinction of good and bad actions.

Thus, then, we are lead by force, as it were, to seek an ultimate rule of morality. Upon this subject four principal opinions have been advanced by different moralists.

The celebrated English philosopher, Locke, upheld the belief that the “Supreme Rule of Morality” was contained in the opinions and laws of men.

The free will of God was ascribed by Pufendorf.

Sensual or bodily pleasure was the rule of the Epicureans and of Helvetius.

A certain sect, denominated the Utilitarians, advanced the idea that the happiness of this life was the only measure of good and evil.

Truly, you would say, in this array of opinions the true one must be found. But we must say that all these opinions are wrong; for none of them can bear the test which the true rule of morality demands.

Let us take them up in the order we have mentioned.

The first is that of Locke, to which we answer, that intrinsic distinction of moral good and evil does not depend upon the opinions and laws of men.

It cannot depend, in the first place, upon the opinions of men; for, as man is a rational creature, his opinions must be grounded upon some certain and sufficient reasons.
Hence, in the supposition that an act is good or bad in a man's opinion, he must first have had some reason to judge the act so—that is, he must have referred the act to some other rule out of his mere opinion. That to which he thus refers the act then, in order to discover its morality, is the proper rule, and not his opinion.

In the second place, it cannot depend upon the laws of men; for human laws, as men themselves, are fallible. Some laws may be just and others unjust. It is absurd to say that a law is just from the bare fact of its being a law. There must, therefore, be some principle, some superior rule, according to which the laws themselves are ruled.

Who would say, for instance, that it was only because the law of the State forbade it that murder was an evil and a crime? Besides, the laws being made by men, there must have been a time when there was no human law; and, therefore, the first law-givers must have referred the acts which they judged unlawful and worthy to be denounced and punished, to some other rule than human law. Thus proving that Mr. Locke is wrong in his opinion, we come to the second, upon which we also make a negation.

The free will of God cannot be the supreme rule of morality: For God can either forbid what He now commands, or command what He now forbids. If He cannot, then the morality of action does not depend upon His free will. If He can, then God, the Infinitely Good and Perfect, can command us to love, as good, what He now hates and abhors as evil:—to delight to murder and blaspheme, to hate Him, to dishonor our parents, and to repay our benefactors with ingratitude.

But all this is evidently against the natural law imprinted upon every heart, and bears within itself its own contradiction, and therefore it is evidently absurd to say that the supreme rule of morality is the free will of God.

Equally so is the idea that sensual pleasure is the supreme rule of morality: that is, that all acts must be referred, for their morality, to the bodily pleasure or pain which they bring to the agent.

To show the perfect absurdity of this hypothesis, let me ask what reference have scientific erudition and the moral virtues which all admit as preëminent goods, to the pain or pleasure of the body. It cannot be pretended by any one who lays any claim to sanity of mind, that the goods derived from knowledge have their speciality of morality from the degree of bodily pleasure which they are capable of affording. Regard that enthusiastic student who, night after night burns the "oil of midnight" in pursuit of knowledge, does he consult his bodily pleasure in so doing?
Besides, if we admit this hypothesis, we place the senses superior to the reason, the governor inferior to the governed, which is most absurd.

But there remains one more opinion in this category:

The Utilitarians tell us that the good and evil of our acts are distinguished by referring them to the amount of usefulness they bear in advancing the felicity of this life. You can tell the Utilitarian, when you meet him,—and you will know by his rhetorical language, his sesquipedalia verba and his endless prate about “the beautiful world made for man’s enjoyment,” that his principles are all a sham. For, according to him, every man should consider everything else in the world as made for man’s enjoyment only. Therefore, everything in the world is only a means to his felicity and he is the last end of every other man. In this there is evident contradiction, for every man cannot be a means to the perfection of every other man, any more than a horse can be a horse and a monkey at the same time. Besides, admit the principle of the Utilitarians, and the ruin of society is done. The only right will be might, the only virtue, cunning, and the only crime, honesty.

We have shown now, or endeavoured to show, the falseness of the above cited opinions. We will now state to what the morality of human acts is truly referred as a Supreme Rule:

It is the order which arises from the essential relations of man to other beings, and therefore it is founded on the essence of God.

Before entering upon our proof of this proposition, let us explain what we mean by “the order arising from the essential relations of man to other beings.”

Every being possesses some certain attributes which are peculiarly its own, and by which it is distinguished from all other beings. Now, it is plain that all beings cannot have the same attributes, else there would be no distinction of being. The attributes of beings must therefore differ either in number or in perfection. In both cases an order of being is established—a relation of essence; for the better is naturally superior to the worse and the more perfect to the less perfect. But more attributes or more perfections in a being constitute a superior essence to that which consists of less. Hence, when we consider several beings, a certain relation exists between their essential perfections, and there is thus necessarily constituted a certain order in which each being occupies a fixed degree, according to the perfection of its essence.

Man is a being holding a place in the immense order of Creation. He is inferior to God and the Angels, equal in nature to his fellow men, and superior to the brute.
He differs also from the unreasonable beings, in knowing his place in the order of beings. Considered as a son or as a subject he also occupies a place in a certain order. As a son, he must be obedient to his parents; and as a subject, to the State. Even within himself there is an order of parts: as the relation of the soul to the body, the faculties of the mind to the senses. All these taken together, constitute the essential relation of man to other beings.

We come now to the proof of our proposition: Since actions depend for their morality upon their relation to their proper rule, the rule of morality necessarily establishes an ordination. Hence, the supreme rule of morality, is a rule of ordination. But the supreme rule of ordination must bear such a character that its keeping will always constitute an orderly disposition of things, and its infringement will always render that disposition disorderly. But the human will acting according to its freedom of preference establishes by its election a certain ordination. If this ordination be always concordant with man's essential relation to other beings, it will be always orderly. For it will be grounded on and agreeing with the very nature of things—the reason which determines the rank and place of every being in the order of Creation. In the contrary supposition, this ordination will be disorderly, and the things ordinated will not hold the place due to them in the order of nature. Therefore, it is only when the elections of the will agree with the essential relations of man to other beings, that an orderly ordination is established. Hence, the essential relations of man to other beings constitute the only rule of ordination; hence it is the supreme rule of morality.

Moreover, we may argue thus: The supreme rule is that which reason, strengthened by evidence, approves, and establishes to be kept. For reason, when it is determined by evidence—that is, when it has ample evidence to convince it that it is right—cannot be wrong.

But under these circumstances, reason points out, as a rule of morality, the essential relations of man; for reason, as soon as she perceives these relations, makes an ordination of love. For as the more perfect being has more perfection than the less perfect, and as the being must be preferred to the nothing, so the more perfect is preferred, and must be preferred to the less perfect being. Hence, the will, acting under this ordination of reason, must prefer the more perfect to the less perfect—that is, it must follow the essential relations of man. Acting against this ordination it must act against the relations of man. Hence, to act orderly, is to follow the essential relations of man, and to act disorderly
is to act against them. Hence we conclude, finally, that the Supreme rule of Morality is founded on the essential relations of man to other beings, and as these relations depend upon the essences of things, which in their turn are themselves dependent upon the essence of God, from whom they derive their necessity and reality, we say, in a word, that the Supreme rule of morality is ultimately dependant on the essence of God.

TO MY BROKEN MEERSCHAUM.

JOSEPH F. McQUADE.

Fare thee well! The spell is broken—
Sweetest spell that charmed my soul;
Fare thee well! my pale companion;
Fare thee well! my meerschaum bowl.

Once I held thy stem so tender,
Gazed in rapturous delight
On thy pallid form and beauteous,
As thy smoke wreathed 'fore my sight.

Often have I known thy friendship
As thy breathings 'round me rolled;
Anxiously I watched thy color
As it changed from white to gold.
Often pond'ring in my chamber
Sadd'ning thoughts would weigh my heart,
But I've felt my soul grow stronger
As thy smoke would upwards start.

Cruel Fate has closed my heaven,
Sorrow's sword now pierces me,
Fare thee well! my own French meerschaum;
Hard it is to part with thee!

Fare thee well! thy stem is broken
With its amber-covered end;
Fare thee well! my darling meerschaum!
Fare thee well! my pretty friend.

Fare thee well! 'tis oft' I'll miss thee
As I seek my ev'ning rest,
Wak'ning from my morning slumbers,
Empty find thy chamois nest.

Fare thee well! my pretty meerschaum!
Sad it is thy life is o'er
Ne'er again I'll smoke thee, darling,
Fare thee well! for ever more.
PAT MURPHY'S FORTUNE,

A VERACIOUS LEGEND.

BY J. P. O.

THERE was a man lived in County Cork, named Pat Murphy. He worked for many years for sixpence a day, and saved nothing except a wife and six childer. Says he, one night, to his wife Joan, as they lay awake from hunger on a heap of straw, in a corner of the cabin,—“Joanie, I've been honest and hard working more than twenty year, and made nothing by it; begorra! I'll try what being dishonest will do for me. And tomorrow I'll steal the Master’s fine horse that's going to be run at the next steeple chase!”

“Honesty is the best policy, Pat,” says Joan; but all to no purpose; for, next morning, he steals the Master’s horse, and ties him to a tree in the middle of a thick wood where nobody was likely to look for him; and, scraping some bark off the tree, goes home.

Soon, there was a hue and cry all over the county; and twenty pounds reward was offered for the Master's horse. Then Pat went up to the big house. “Sure, yer honor,” says he, “havin’ I lived wid ye for twenty year, an ye niver found me out tellin’ a lie, or dooin’ a dishonest thing, yit?”

“Pat,” says the Master, “I believe ye’re as honest a poor divil as ever lived.”

“Then, yer honor,” says Pat, “I'm a believer in dhreams; and I believe, now, if me and my family had a good dinner, and if my stomach was full, and my wife's stomach was full, and my six childer's stomachs was full, and if, with my mind and body thus at ease, I'd lie down in the barn and dhream, I think I'd dhream where the horse was!” So the Master ordered a meat dinner for the family in the barn; and after they had eaten as much as they could, Pat lay down and “dhreamed.” He snored for an hour, and then, getting up, led his master into the wood. “See, yer honor,” says he, “see how hungry the poor thing is! It has eaten the bark off the tree!”

So the Master told all the neighbors of the wonderful dhreaming powers of Pat Murphy.

“Oh! you big fool!” said one of
the neighbors to the gentleman, "Sure 'twas himself that stole the horse!"

"Not a bit of it," said the Master. "He's lived with me, man and boy, for twenty years; and niver did a dishonest thing yet."

"Now I'll bet you one thousand pounds," said Mr. Ford, "he can't tell me where my wife's diamond ring is that was stolen yesterday." The two of them then went to Pat; and "Pat," said they, "look here! If you don't tell us where Mrs. Ford's diamond ring is, we won't believe in you at all, at all; but we'll have you taken up for stealing that horse, and it's swinging you'll be, backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock, before long."

"Well," sighed Pat, "Ye must cook me three big pots o' meat, to-morrow; and when me and my family have got our stomachs full may be I can tell ye."

"Pat," says Joan, that night, as they lay on the heap of straw that served them as a bed, "did'n't I tell ye honesty was the best policy?"

"Och! Niver mind, Joanie darlin! If they hang me, sure there's the twenty pound for you and the childer, anyhow."

Next morning, the family went to Mr. Ford's barn; and, as the serving-man brought in the first dish of smoking victuals, Pat, looking ruefully at it, said to his wife, "Joanie, there's one of them!"—meaning one of the three dishes which formed his last meal before going to prison. But the servant was greatly agitated, and, putting down the dish, rushed out to tell his friends that he had been discovered.

"Now then, says his friend, the other serving-man, "I'll carry in the second dish, and hear what he's got to say to me."

"Joanie," says Pat, "There's two of them!" And out rushed the man exclaiming that he was undone.

Whereupon the lady's maid who had stolen the ring from the mistress's toilet table, and was going to share the profits of its sale with her fellow servants, volunteered to take in the last dish; and, as she was bringing it in, "Joanie," says Pat, "there's three of them!"

"Whisht!" said the maid in a whisper, "Here's the ring for ye! But don't ye let on who stole it."

"Now then," says Pat, "tell the Master its going to sleep I am; and, in an hour's time I'll find the ring for him."

In an hour's time up jumped Pat, and commenced digging a big hole before the drawing room window of the big house, where the quality were all assembled to look at him; and drawing the ring out of the hole, he gave it to Mr. Ford.

So Pat's Master won the bet, and got £1,000; and Pat got £100 from his Master.

But O'Connor, of Castle Connor,
gave a great dinner to the hunting gentry of the county, soon after Mrs. Ford's ring was found. And Pat's power of second sight was much talked of by the quality at the table.

"Divil a bit do I believe in him," said O'Connor; who was a great man entirely. "And since Pat is so fond of eating, I'll cook him a dinner; and if he tells me what it is made of, he shall have my castle!" Whereupon he boils a fox in a caldron, with a lot of raisins, and invites Pat and his wife to partake of it, declaring that if Pat doesn't tell him what are the contents of the dish, he will have him hung for an impostor. Pat thought his last hour had arrived; and remembering his wife's words, that honesty was the best policy, he turned to her, saying, "Joanie, me darling! Sure every fox is caught at last; and there's reason in that."

"Be dad!" says the gentleman-cook, "you're right; and I've lost my castle!"

Here ends the tale; which I relate as it was told to me by "me friend, Jim O'Brine;" who further remarked "that there never was a knavish trick performed, for which a fool could not be blamed; and in fact," said he, "there could be no knaves in the world, if there were no fools for them to prey upon."
THE HERO'S VISION.

J. POUJADE, (1st Rhetoric.)

*(Delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the occasion of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d, 1872.)*

The hoar-frost o'er tent and o'er soldier was falling;  
The stars through the frosty air shone clear and bright:  
And shrill in the midnight, the night owl was calling;  
And pale, over all, gleamed the moon's silver light.

On soldierly couch the great hero was sleeping;  
Around him America's patriots lay;  
The men at their pickets their watches were keeping,  
As grimly they waited the dawn of the day.

Our Washington's slumber is childlike and calm;  
Unsullied his heart, for he gives it to God:  
And sleep makes thrice sweeter her heaven-sent balm,  
To heroes that fight for their dear native sod.

Beside him, at rest in its scabbard, is lying—  
Fair Freedom's defender,—his glittering sword:  
Full oft has its flash sent the hireling flying;  
'Tis keen—as his eye; and 'tis true—as his word.

But see! 'tis a vision as fair as the morn,—  
As spring's rosy morn,—that is dazzling his sight:  
A maid whom the roses of beauty adorn,  
Whose temples are crowned with a diadem bright.

Loose float her dark locks on the winterly breeze;  
Majestic her figure; her aspect most sweet:  
A smile bright and kind sets the hero at ease;  
He springs from his pallet, to kneel at her feet.
To kneel at her fair feet he instantly sprang:
He knew by her face, and the garb that she wore,
That here was the goddess the old poets sang,
Fair Freedom, whose standard he lovingly bore!

She bids him arise; waves her hand in the air;
The tent folds roll back to the left and the right:
A picture appears, as by magic made there:
_The future Columbia he sees_, in her might.

A picture of plenty and happiness _then_;
For o'er his fair country no tyrant sought sway:
The angel of peace seemed to dwell among men;
The bright sun of Liberty shone all the day.

But see! a black cloud has come out of the east,
And broods o'er the South of the land of his love.
At first 'twas a speck; but its size has increased—
It hides from the people the heavens above.

Now war and dissension are borne on the blast;
Rebellion his banner of hatred flings forth:
And blood-thirsty legions are gathering fast,—
The North to the South;—and the South to the North.

The son by his war-heated father is cursed;
The weeping wife torn from her husband's embrace;
And brothers,—the dear bond of brotherhood burst,—
Fly one from the other, in war's savage chase.

The stars on the flag of his country grow dim;
Its pure streaks of sunlight with crimson are dyed;
That banner so cherished by us and by him
Is torn by rebellion in rents long and wide.
But soon the black thunder-cloud’s fury is spent,
   The red scroll of war once again is rolled up:
Again is united that country so rent—
   For drained are the dregs of curs’d Slavery’s cup!

The legions roll back to their homes, North and South;
   The sword reaps the corn-field that lately was crushed;
No thunder now peals from the cannon’s red mouth;
   The wail dies away; and the war-cry is hushed.

The folds are entire of the flag that was torn:
   Its stars, once so dim, are resplendent and bright;
The sunshine of Freedom has brought a new morn,
   And Slavery’s darkness has gone with the night!

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

O Banner,—empurpled in patriot blood,—
   Thy texture was woven by Liberty’s hand!
O terror of tyrants!—O shield of the good—
   By God thou wert given to this chosen land.

O! float, in thy pride, till the end of the world,
   For-ever protecting thine own native sod;
And then, when all else into chaos is hurled,
   May angels return thee, triumphant, to God!
A MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW STORM.

(By a "Small boy.")

IT was night-fall, when from a small village which lies at the foot of Mt. St. Bernard, Maritana, a poor peasant girl started, on foot, to reach the home of her father on the brow of an adjoining hill.

It was not without anxiety that she noticed the darkness increase as she ascended the barren path which led to the mount; but resolved not to yield to fear, she kept prattling, in the fond and childish language of a mother, to the babe which she bore in her arms.

She soon discovered, however, that darkness was, after all, the least formidable of the enemies she had to fear: for she felt the keen breath of the south wind scattering her hair, and saw the huge piles of clouds collecting upon the mountain top; and well she knew what dread omens were these. Finally she hurried forward, pressing her child closer to her bosom, to shelter it from the chilling blast and the heavy scattering drops of rain that were now beginning to fall.

The darkness was now complete. Afar in the distance she heard the barking of the frightened dogs, interrupted at times by the tempest of falling snow, or by the distant muttering voice ever breaking from the gathered clouds that hung like dark and wrathful demons over the mountain.

Terrified, she paused: she looked through the dark gloom for some light, some beacon to direct her steps; but all was pitchy dark. With intent ear she listened, hoping that some distant warning voice might guide her through the night; but even the barking of the Monastery dogs had ceased; instinct had taught them to shun the wrath of Nature. She pressed her babe more fondly to her breast; she sheltered it more closely from the tempest, and strove to hope, though reason bade her despair, that even yet she might find some shelter from the falling snow.

With feverish anxiety she groped about. Might she not find some tree beneath which to shelter at least her babe? Fruitless search! The red lightning that, like a coiling serpent, twisted along the mountain top, showed her the bare and treeless state of the declivity.
Before her rose a steep and disorderly mass of rocks, that seemed the ruins of some decayed temple crowned with snow.

She strove yet to hope, but she strove in vain, and like a condemned martyr, sank down to await her doom.

But her child? Where was he? She could not see him.

But she did see him! Cannot a mother's eyes pierce even the thickest darkness? She approached her lips to his; he breathed as regularly as when, each night, she opened the little blue curtains of his cradle to give him the last kiss of each day.

Poor child! He slept. What cared he for the convulsions of nature—the thunder's voice, the lightning's flash? What, to him, were the fears or anxiety of his mother? He rested upon the bosom of that mother, and was safe.

Poor babe! This might be the prelude of death. That thought struck the hapless mother; and she almost sank beneath it.

With the energy of despair she clasped the infant to her breast. Madly she kissed its burning cheeks. "No, great God," she exclaimed, "he cannot die! Will the thunder strike the lamb—strike him when he sleeps? No! raging Nature will protect him. Strike, God, this breast; because I have sinned!—But my child! he has never offended Thee. O sweet Jesus, spare him! Thou once hast seen the anguish of Thy virgin Mother. By the pangs of her grief shelter mine. Mary, consolation of the afflicted, protect him! Thou knowest a mother's grief;—but thy son—he was to live again. If I loose mine, never, never! O spare him!"

She tore from her shoulders the light shawl which sheltered them, and having wrapped her babe in it, laid him beneath a jutting rock, whilst she herself awaited death.

And death soon came.

Her mind was powerless as her limbs; and sinking into sleep, she died.

Morning dawned. Nature, like many an angry mother, stifling her former wrath, welcomed with a smile the orb of day.

A monk passed by the spot where poor Maritana lay. He saw the corpse, and with an anxious heart, searched for signs of life; but charity herself could not have recalled Maritana from the grave.

A piece of a garment peeped from the snow. He took it up, opened the protecting shawl, and beheld the warm, rosy face of the child.

Poor babe! He smiled!—smiled like the cemetery rose that opens its rosy lips over the form of her whose hand has planted and nursed it!

The infant lived;—but he lived an orphan.
It is a remarkable fact that the Chinese, whom we, Caucasians, in this self-satisfied age of ours, consider so much "behind the times," preceded us, by a long time, in the publication of newspapers. This is the more singular because we are accustomed to regard newspapers as one of the greatest means of civilization and refinement. The fact is, however, that a sort of court newspaper has existed in China, for centuries; and has been, as it is now, the principal means by which the Chinese people learn the events of the day.

In Belgium, newspapers were established before they were known in Great Britain or France. The earliest was the Nieuwe Tydinghen, established at Antwerp by Abraham Verhoeven, in 1605. A still older paper is mentioned, however, as having been printed at Vienna in 1524.

The first English daily newspaper was commenced on the 11th of March, 1702, in London, by E. Mallet. It was named the Daily Courant. It was a single page of two columns containing five paragraphs of matter translated from foreign journals. The first weekly English newspaper, however, was published some time previously to this. Mr. Knight Hunt, in the Fourth Estate, says:—"There is now no reason to doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriad broad sheets of our time was published in 1622, and that the most prominent of the ingenious speculators who offered the novelty to the world was Nathaniel Butter. * * * What appears to be the earliest sheet bears the date of the 23d of May, 1622." It was called the Weekly News.

One of the first newspapers, if not the very first, in Russia, had the honor of being edited and corrected by Peter the Great; who may, not improbably, have set up the types for it. Some of the proof sheets are still extant with Peter's corrections in the margin. And, although history tells us very little on the subject, we must say that we think this one of his greatest actions.

The first newspaper in the United States was published at Boston in the year 1690. This sheet was immediately suppressed, however, by the Colonial Legislature, for containing "reflections of a very
high nature." There is now only one copy known to be in existence, It is in the State Paper Office in London, and consists of four quarto pages, one of which is blank.

The progress of newspapers was for a long time rather slow.

In Queen Anne's time it was the custom of lords, squires, and men of official importance to receive regularly their news sheets from the metropolis.

Even as late as 1814 the average circulation of papers was but a few hundred. One or two indeed reached into the thousands; but to circulate more than two or three thousand copies was a physical impossibility: because the manner of working off the paper was so slow that, by the time, say ten thousand copies were printed, the news would be old, and the public would be clamoring for another paper.

In 1814, however, a mighty impulse was given to journalism through the instrumentality of the manager of the Times, who introduced the novelty of printing newspapers by steam. It was only after a great deal of care and trouble that he was able to print in this way without risk of violence from the old pressmen, who feared that the introduction of steam would altogether stop their employment. He had to make use of a stratagem in order to print the first copy without their knowledge; and after he had succeeded in effecting the change, he paid the old hands regularly, until suitable employment was found for them. Even then, the number of copies printed was only eleven hundred per hour; but this was a great improvement on the old system.

From that time until the present day, inventions and improvements have been constantly coming into use.

The large printing offices in New York and London, which use machines which seem almost to have intelligence,—so beautifully and so accurately do they perform their multifarious operations,—print papers, such as the N. Y. Sun, London Times, etc., at the rate of 30,000 per hour, which is equal to 500 per minute, or $\frac{1}{4}$ per second—an amount of work which it is really wonderful to contemplate.

As a natural consequence of the progress made in printing, the number of writers had to be increased. And, now, there are papers printed all over the world, and in almost every living tongue.

At San Francisco, we have a Hebrew paper. At Constantinople there is a paper in the Turkish language; and a modern Syrian newspaper is published by missionary enterprise at Ooroomiah. It has existed since 1850.

There are modern Greek papers published in Greece, the most prominent of which are the 'Ελληνική Ημηροθήκη ("Hope") and Αλήθεια ("Age") published in Athens. A modern Greek newspaper was also published a
few years ago in London, by an enterprising Greek merchant, M. Stephanos Xenos, which far surpassed anything else of the kind in that language. It was of the same size and general appearance as the Illustrated London News, and, like it, was interspersed with numerous and finely executed wood-cuts. Though called the British Star, (Ο Βρεττανικός Αστέρι), and published in London, its design was mainly to spread enlightened ideas among the natives of Greece and of the Greek-speaking provinces of Turkey; and this drew down upon it the hostility of the Ottoman Government, to an extent, which necessitated its premature extinction. A volume of this handsome paper is in the possession of one of our Professors, and is quite a literary curiosity.

There are also several Kanaka newspapers published in the Sandwich Islands, the names of which, —with the exception of one called the Kuokoa, or "Independent"— we do not now call to mind. Finally, there are numerous newspapers published in the native Indian tongues at Calcutta, and other cities of British India.

That newspapers, taken as a whole, have a good effect, is, we think, beyond question. But it is certain, also, that the Press teems with papers which have a decidedly bad effect. Among such are the so-called "sensational" papers. Their sole object seems to be to excite the passions; in other words, "to create a sensation;" and they are generally unscrupulous as to the means they use. There are also many papers which seem to delight in literary and other squabbles, and which will seize upon the slightest excuse to begin a controversy which, once begun, is almost interminable. The editors of these petty sheets are constantly hunting up matter on which to found some article of a personal nature; though very often the result is unfavorable to themselves even in a physical sense.

In some cases, also, the would be potentates of the Press allow their prejudices to run away with their good sense, and now and then, give a sort of mean, underhand stroke at religion; but for the most part they show their ignorance so conspicuously, that they excite in us nothing but pity.

There is another point which, though of not much importance, to morality, is of the greatest consequence to literature; and that is the style in which newspapers are written. It is a real disgrace to the Press in general, that so many incompetent men should be allowed to creep into the ranks of its supporters. It has been jocularly suggested by a prominent paper, that all editors of papers should be obliged to pass an examination before government authorities appointed for that purpose. No doubt mistakes will creep into a paper.
Newspapers.

now and then; it would be almost impossible to keep them out: but some of our journals frequently contain paragraphs which prove their writers to be actually unacquainted with the common rules of English grammar. Besides which there is a sort of newspaper slang, the vocabulary of which appears to be growing larger every day. This is very injurious to our language; because there are many young persons with minds not yet fully formed, who read these papers, and thereby imbibe a style which leads, in some cases, to the habitual and "ruthless murder of the Queen's English."

Still, it is really pleasant for us to know that the above remarks are applicable only to a part of the Press. For the truth is that many of our most distinguished writers have been schooled in newspaper offices. As a bad newspaper is one of the worst things in the world, so a good one is one of the best.

What, in fact, would the present age be without newspapers? If money be the "sinews of war," newspapers are the "nerves of the state," transmitting intelligence directly to every member of it, and thus giving the people other means than the speeches of political stump orators by which to direct their course with regard to the affairs of their country.

America is blessed with more newspapers than any other nation on the globe. It has papers large, papers small; weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly and daily papers; morning papers, and evening papers; agricultural papers, and sporting papers; scientific papers, and comic papers; religious papers, and political papers; Sunday-school papers, and police-court papers;—in short the whole country is flooded with papers of all sizes, and of every imaginable kind.

But who reads all these papers? There are half a dozen of my fellow students sitting around me now, who have newspapers in their pockets. Watch the working man at noon and you will see him reading a paper. Watch the professor who has patiently labored all day in the class-room, or worried for hours over incorrectly written themes; and when his day's toil is over, you will see him take up a newspaper to rest his fatigued mind. The merchant reads them; the mechanic reads them; the schoolboy reads them just as much as the politician; the cloistered nun and the lady of fashion read them; the priest of God and the man of the world read them; the idle and the most industrious read them:—in short, the nation reads them. Newspapers are the mental balm of the million; they are the links of that moral chain which connects every household in America, and which thus binds the nation more gently, yet far more strongly than bars of iron.
BASE BALL is commencing to look up again, and recreation time does not hang so heavily upon the students. Now they are beginning to forsake the benches by the old dormitory, and no longer seek those spots upon which the sun shines most brightly. A new and strong impulse seems to have taken possession of our base-ballers, and from present appearances we may safely predict a lively time during the coming ball season. Our leading clubs have taken the initiatory step and have applied for admission into the Pacific Base Ball Convention. We are glad to record this, for base ball is a promoter of good health, and it keeps the boys out of mischief.

A short time ago a new club was organized in the College, under the name of "Independent." The members are mostly novices at the game; but, if we may judge from the vim and spirit with which they play, they will shortly become quite expert at "tossing the sphere." A few days ago the 2d nine of this club engaged in quite a lively contest with the "Young Originals" of the second division. Victory perched upon the standard of the "Youngsters," and the "Independents" retired, discomfited, from the field.

Some of our student still have "skating-on-the-brain," and are consequently feeling considerably rejoiced over the rumor which now flies around; viz: that we are to have a skating rink in the College.

We are exceedingly glad to note the re-organization of the Philhistorian Debating Society. Some time ago it was disbanded, and all hopes of its revival seemed gone; but it has again arisen from its sleep with new vigor and brighter expectations. We heartily wish the Philhistorian Society success. At a meeting held Jan. 24th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President—Rev. J. Pinasco, S.J.; Vice-President—Jas. B. Smith; Treasurer—Wm. Hereford; Rec. Secretary—Jas. J. Kennedy; Cor. Secretary—H. B. Peyton; Censor—F. McCusker; Librarian—M. J. Walsh;
Assistant Librarian—A. Saufrignon.

On Wednesday, Jan. 31st, we had the regular monthly distribution of tickets. Mr. Robert Bowie distinguished himself in the second Latin Class, and the class of the 2d year of Chemistry won new laurels.

The poor Japanese, after being toadied to death, have left San Francisco. Verily we are a great nation, and our name is "Toady."

Why is it that so much mention is made of the gentler sex in the magazines of some of our Eastern Colleges? Some of the students of those colleges seem to forsake study, almost entirely, that they may have more time to win the favor of the "feminine gender." One poor youth, after vainly endeavoring to produce a favorable impression on the minds of some young damsels, gave the matter up in despair, and eased his mind with the exclamation, that "one might as well attempt to plough the Rocky Mountains with a yearling heifer hitched to a clapboard, as to make a favorable impression upon the hearts of the young ladies of Lebanon." Now if that sorrowful youth had the faith that some of our students have in that old and wise motto, "Perseverantiaomnia vincit," he would never give up, but would try, and try again. May be he did not wear the right kind of collar; perhaps his coat was of a style antique; perhaps his pantaloons were not of the contracted style of architecture, or they may have looked like Corinthian columns, minus the base. Young man, take counsel. Look to thy wardrobe; see that thy hat hath a rope-yard round it, for such seemeth the style to be; let thy neck-cloth be such as to suit the delicate tint of thy complexion; let thy coat fit well thy symmetrical form, nor round it too much at the tail; and then— who knows—all may yet be well.

Notwithstanding that the punishment for smoking has been increased, some of our students will continue to enjoy the weed. Every corner, every hidden spot is filled with smokers who indulge in their cigaretas whenever the Prefects are out of sight. The boys, in short, will smoke, even though they may have to suffer for it. It is a luxury to some of them and they consequently will have it. Much has been said about smoking in general. Many uphold it, others cry it down and say it is unhealthy. A few days ago an old lady died in the East at the age of one hundred and ten or fifteen, who had smoked and chewed for about one hundred years. Here is a case of the lamentable effects of tobacco. Why, if she had not smoked she might have lived a few years more.
She was hardened, and would not give up smoking; and so her love of the weed cut her off in the prime of life and consigned her to a premature grave. Notwithstanding this sad case, however, we uphold that a smoke once in a while is very pleasant and not injurious. Many say that smokers are slowly poisoning themselves, as they are every day imbibing the oil of tobacco and nicotine; and this they say just because these substances, when concentrated, and taken in large doses are poisonous. Now we well know that the same agent, when administered in different quantities, produces effects different in degree and kind. It is unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that smokers are slowly poisoning themselves; for these small amounts of nicotine will not remain in the system and accumulate and have the effect of one large dose. We suppose that many of our students look at smoking in a physical light, and we presume that they well know, that when physically exhausted, a smoke strengthens them; that a smoke steadies an overwork ed brain; that it is conducive to clear thought; that it soothes a ruffled temper; that it helps to digest one’s food, etc. We say, we suppose our smokers look at smoking in this light, and that such are some of the reasons why they smoke, smoke, smoke.

The newly elected officers of the Santa Clara College Dramatic Society, are as follows: President—Rev. J. Pinsaco, S.J.; Vice President—J. T. Malone; Secretary—J. Poulage; Treasurer—D. G. Sullivan; Censor—A. E. Arguello; Stage Manager—Mr. Sasía, S. J.; Costumer—J. A. Waddell; Prompter—J. C. Johnson.

Messrs. F. McCusker, J. Poulage and D. G. Sullivan were appointed as the “Committee on Plays.”

Messrs. J. T. Malone, J. A. Waddell, J. F. McQuade, A. I. Kelly, and J. C. Johnson were appointed as the “Committee on Assignment of Parts.”

Rain! rain! rain! Will it never stop raining? is the question that goes the rounds of the College. A few days ago, old Sol shone in all his brightness, and it seemed as though the “clerk of the weather” had granted us a lease of pleasant, sunny days. However, the lease has quite run out, and as we have not repaid the obliging “clerk” with due gratitude, he has quickly mortgaged our happiness.

On Thursday, February 22d, we had quite a hail-storm. Dark clouds sailed over our valley, and poured forth their contents on the vale beneath. Far, far away, the sun struggled through the clouds and tinged the distant mountains with a golden shade. A beauteous rainbow arched the skies, and brightly glowed the “bow of promise” in all its heavenly beauty.
On the evening of the 22d Feb., the College Hall was thrown open to all who wished to be present at an entertainment. Soon the Hall was crowded with a large and appreciative audience.

The introductory address was delivered by Master V. McClatchy, in a style which reflected considerable credit on our young student. Next in order came Mr. Alcide Veuve who delivered an original discourse on "True Patriotism." It was full of good points, and these linked with a good delivery, rendered the discourse most pleasing to the audience. Master Wm. Furman followed, and gave an address entitled "Washington's Resignation." This young gentleman somewhat surprised us. Owing to his youth, and never having appeared before an audience, we expected a childish recitation; but instead, our ears were pleased with a clear and distinctly spoken address. "The Foreign Policy of Washington," delivered by Mr. J. Raleigh, was full of sound, good sense, and notwithstanding Mr. Raleigh has not the advantage of a good voice, still his speech was well delivered and the telling parts were brought out with very good effect. Mr. J. Poujade came next on the programme with an original poem entitled, "The Hero's Vision." Mr. Poujade, it seems, has quite a facility for writing poetry, and his soft, flowing lines, well chosen rhymes, his imagery and delicate word-painting were well shown in his "Hero's Vision."

"The School of Democracy," by Mr. J. T. Malone, was delivered by that gentleman with his accustomed eloquence. We need say no more; his name is well known.

Next came the farce, entitled "The Ghost." This was the offspring of the brain of Sophocles' "immediate ancestor," and notwithstanding that this author never voted for Booth, his production is not the less meritorious. Messrs. J. B. Smith, J. L. Carrigan, and J. F. McQuade appeared in the farce, and the first two gentlemen acquitted themselves most creditably, frequently bringing down the house. We do not know well the other gentleman who played in the farce, but as we do know that his bump of modesty is greatly developed, we refrain from saying anything of him.

Altogether, our entertainment seemed a success, and the audience departed in good spirits.

As usual the College Band played most brilliantly.

Want of space prevents us from writing a more elaborate criticism, for which our readers, we hope, will pardon us.
OWING to the Eastern trains being blocked by snow, we have been unable to receive many of our exchanges.

An orator of McKendree's College proposes to grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and, with them, weave a shroud in which to wrap a whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of the Western prairies.—Hamilton Lit. Now that poor fellow "has it bad;"—as bad as the love-sick swain upon whose every globule of blood about his heart, the image of his Tarquinia was engraved. That McKendree orator would do well to take another trip, to the Eastern gates, and steal the "cradle of the day," snatch a couple of rainbows from the deep cerulean, and with the beams of Sirius, nail these rainbow rockers to the cradle of the day, and cast therein a "Woman Suffragist." Tis well!

It seems that hazing is just as common as ever in some of the Eastern Colleges. Harvard and Yale head the list, and have become quite renowned for hazing and rows. Six students belonging to the Annapolis Military Academy were expelled a short time ago for indulging in that detestable pastime.

We are in receipt of the Overland Monthly for February. As usual, it contains many fine articles. Prominent among these we note "Will the ballot elevate or degrade woman?" It is a finely written article, showing a deep-insight into the present all-absorbing question of "Woman Suffrage." The writer shows very clearly that in case the ballot should be given to woman, that gift would tend to degrade her; and politics would still preserve the usual standard and would not be elevated in the least. Many advance the argument that female suffrage would deal the death blow to the now rampant social evil. But the writer in the Overland plainly refutes this argument, by showing that the ballot, in the hand of woman, would not have this effect; for we must look to something higher, something more powerful than the ballot to crush the monster "social evil;" we must look
to a moral, a religious potency in woman; and that is the Hercules who alone can cope with the monster.

We would fain make mention of several other articles, but space forbids. Let it suffice to say that this number of the Overland fully sustains the wide-spread fame of our "California Blackwood."

Prof. Heney, of the Smithsonian Institute, says, that twenty years of careful observation have failed to indicate any influence upon the amount of rainfall, resulting from the destruction of forests, or the cultivation of the soil.—Collegian.

The Professor of Geology has struck on the question: "Were there bugs in the carboniferous beds?"—Lafayette Monthly.

We would advise a certain Cadet of the Kentucky Military Institute to take a dose of that great catholicon, rhubarb; for that alone can cure the malady which threatens to shorten his stay in this world. We can judge of his deplorable state when we know that his disease so prostrated him a few days ago, that he rubbed all the skin from his nose in fondly endeavoring to kiss his fair one's shadow as it fell upon a stone wall near by. Rhubarb! my boy, rhubarb!

From the Lafayette Monthly we learn that the exercise of a club in Lafayette College last year, consisted in electing a committee to steal turkeys. The proper ones were elected, and the committee did their work bravely. We ought to elect a committee to wait upon our College baker. But we are afraid that the committee would give it up as a bad job for the reason, that as it is such a round-about to the cake receptacle, their appetites would be gone ere they could arrive at the forbidden place.

The Atlanta Sun waxeth funny. It says that the arrest of Brigham Young was a "harem-scarem" sort of an affair.
A Newspaper Puff.—"It was a grand scene:—the orator standing on the platform talking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats, others crying like a child at some of his jokes,—and when he announced that he could never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening."—Ringtail Aurora.

Independence.—The proverbial independence of the Yankee has never been better illustrated, than by the action of a particularly acute "Young American" who left his home and native parish at the age of fifteen months because he was given to understand that his parents intended to call him Caleb.

A complicated case was rather nicely met by an American preacher who owned half of a negro slave; and who used in his prayers to supplicate the blessings of heaven on his house, his family, his lands, and his half of Pompey.

A Melancholy Case.—A man committed suicide near Milpitas, the future capital of the United States, last Sunday. The following schedule of misfortunes was found in the victim's left sock:—

P.S.—I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother; because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son,—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife,—i.e., my step-daughter, had also a son: he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grand-mother is his grand-father, I was my own grand-father.

How young men can consent to loaf about the corners as they do when a good dose of strychnine can be bought for sixpence is really surprising.
The Blacksmith of Glamis describes Metaphysics:—"Twa folk disputin' thegither; he that's listenin' disna ken what he that's speakin' means; and he that's speakin' disna ken what he means himself:—that's Metaphysics."

A countrywoman was carrying on a very simple process against a neighbor in one of the small courts in Germany. The attorney of the opponent pestered her with so much of chicanery and legal subtleties that she lost all patience and interrupted him thus:

"My lord, the case is simply this: I bespoke of my opponent, the carpet-maker, a carpet, with figures which were to be as handsome as my lord the judge, and he wants me now to take one with horrible caricatures, uglier, even than his attorney! Was I not right in breaking off the bargain?"

The court laughed at the comparison; the attorney was stupefied; and the woman won her suit.

In reply to another paper which recommends that the candidates for office should be men of tried integrity, a New York paper says:—"That has been done here. One of the candidates for assembly has been up four times—three times for swindling and once for bigamy." New York still continues to try her officials.

Cool.—Railway Official—You'd better not smoke, sir.

Traveler—That's exactly what my friends say.

Railway Official — But you mustn't smoke, sir.

Traveler—So my doctor tells me.

Railway Official (indignantly)—But you shan't smoke, sir.

Traveler—Ah! just what my wife says.

Notice to Nimrods.—Never shoot at a bumble-bee on the wing; but wait till he settles, and then "blaze away."
# TABLE OF HONOR

**Credits for the month of January, as read on Wednesday February 7th, 1872.**

**CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.**

1st Class—J. Burling, 95; G. Bull, 90; W. Den, 80; J. Dunn, 98; S. Fellom, 100; F. Kellogg, 95; L. Palmer, 95; J. Poujade, 95; A. Raleigh, 70; J. Radovich, 90; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100.

2d Class—P. De Celis, 95; A. Den, 70; R. Del Valle, 100; P. Donahue, 75; J. Kennedy, 70; V. McClatchy, 90; T. Morrison, 98; G. Pacheco, 90; N. Robles, 90; R. Soto, 100; L. Wolter, 100; P. Yrigoyen, 90.

3d Class—R. Brenham, 100; R. Calvar, 100; M. Del Valle, 100; A. Gaddi, 100; J. Nichol, 90; A. Pierotich, 100; P. Sansevain, 100; G. Seifert, 100; E. Sheridan, 100; J. Sheridan, 100; P. Soto, 100; R. Wallace, 100; J. Sax, 100; J. Wolter, 70; J. McCarthy, 100.

**ETHICS.**

J. T. Malone, 80; A. I. Kelly, 70.

**LOGIC.**

J. C. Johnson, 90; A. Sauffrignon, 70; M. J. Walsh, 100; M. Wilson, 90.

**NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.**

J. Poujade, 75; M. Walsh, 85.

**CHEMISTRY.—2nd year.**

J. C. Johnson, 96; M. Walsh, 92; Ham. Bowie, 92; D. G. Sullivan, 90; M. Wilson, 90; A. Sauffrignon, 90; J. Poujade, 70.

**CHEMISTRY.—1st year.**

A. Veuve, 85.

**MATHEMATICS**

1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 71; J. T. Malone, 70; M. Wilson, 71.

2d Class—A. Veuve, 100; A. Sauffrignon, 100; J. Poujade, 90; J. Raleigh, 83; J. Chretien, 75; D. G. Sullivan, 70; P. Yrigoyen, 70; A. Arguello, 70.

3d Class—G. Bull, 75; R. Del Valle, 95; C. Ebner, 75; J. Kennedy, 70; V. McClatchy, 100; F. McCusker, 100; J. Smith, 75.

**GREEK.**


**LATIN.**

2d Class—R. Bowie, 80.

3d Class—M. Walsh, 95; R. Del Valle, 71; E. B. Rogers, 70.

4th Class—R. Soto, 78.

5th Class—J. Coddington, 75; V. McClatchy, 90; J. Poujade, 75; L. Palmer, 75; P. Soto, 80.
### Table of Honor

#### Rhetoric Class

English Oration, History and Geography—H. Peyton, 74; J. Poujade, 80; J. Raleigh, 74; M. Walsh, 100.

#### Poetry Class

English Composition, History and Geography—J. Judd, 80; J. Kennedy, 82; V. McClatchy, 88; J. Radovich, 80; A. Raleigh, 85; A. Veuve, 95; W. Marshall, 80.

1st Grammar Class

Composition, History and Geography—A. Bandini, 70; G. Bull, 70; P. DeCelis, 85; S. Fellom, 73; F. Kellogg, 70; T. Morrison, 85; L. Palmer, 75; R. Smith, 75; P. Soto, 78; R. Soto, 85; B. Tunnell, 95; L. Wolter, 85; P. Yrigoyen, 75; G. Pacheco, 70.

2nd Grammar Class

N. Camarillo, 80; Alph. Den, 70; J. Goetz, 70; G. Flavel, 72; H. Martin, 70; J. Nichol, 70; N. Robles, 75; J. Sheridan, 79; R. Wallace, 75.

3rd Grammar Class

J. Barrenchea, 70; R. Brenham, 80; M. Chevalier, 70; W. Davis, 100; M. Donahue, 83; J. Enright, 78; R. Enright, 80; W. Furman, 70; W. Geggus, 76; E. Hall, 70; G. Norris, 72; C. Petersen, 90; A. Pierotich, 70; R. Spence, 72; J. Sax, 70; J. Thompson, 90; J. Perrier, 70.

#### French

1st Class—R. Del Valle, 100; C. Georget, 80.
2nd Class—J. Radovich, 95; G. Bull, 90; T. Morrison, 71; H. Martin, 70.
3rd Class—P. Sansevain, 90; G. Videau, 90; J. Auzerais, 70; J. Perrier, 76; G. Norris, 70.

#### Spanish

2nd Class—N. Camarillo, 85; J. Coddington, 70; S. Fellom, 85; J. Judd, 70; G. Pacheco, 90; R. Soto, 90.
3rd Class—L. Camarillo, 70; L. Palmer, 75; P. Soto, 80.

#### German

V. McClatchy, 80; H. Pfister, 75.

#### Italian

J. Bisagno, 70.

#### Arithmetic

1st Class—S. Fellom, 70; T. Godfrey, 90; W. Hereford, 90; F. Kellogg, 90; G. Pacheco, 70; L. Palmer, 70; A. Raleigh, 78; R. Soto, 98; B. Tunnell, 99; W. Marshall, 80.
2nd Class—A. Bandini, 80; W. Cole, 80; T. Durbin, 82; W. Davis, 60; D. Furlong, 76; Jos. Goetz, 78; H. Hubbard, 74; A. McConne, 72; J. Sheridan, 80; P. Sansevain, 70; R. Wallace, 82; L. Wolter, 76.
3rd Class—R. Brenham, 70; J. Day, 75; Alfred Den, 70; Alphon. Den, 90; M. Donahue, 70; W. Geggus, 90; D. Kidd, 85; W. Mosson, 75; J. Nichol, 78; G. Norris, 77; C. Petersen, 79; E. Petersen, 83; A. Pierotich, 75; J. Sanroman, 70; C. Stonessifer, 75; J. Sax, 90.

#### Book-keeping

1st Class—R. Soto, 100; B. Burling, 100; F. McCusker, 90; J. Radovich, 80.
2nd Class—J. Bisagno, 90; A. Bandini, 85; N. Camarillo, 95; W. Den, 75; S. Fellom, 90; Wm. Hereford, 70; W. H. Locke, 70; V. McClatchy, 100; P. Soto, 90; L. Wolter, 90.
3rd Class—T. Durbin, 100; C. Ebner, 85; T. Godfrey, 80; J. Goetz, 80; T. Morrison, 90; W. Mosson, 70; J. Nichol, 75; L. Palmer, 80; E. Peterson, 75; N. Robles, 70; J. Sheridan, 100.
Table of Honor.

READING AND SPELLING.

1st Class, 1st Divis.—L. Broder, 90; J. Day, 90; D. Egan, 80; S. Fellom, 85; T. Godfrey, 70; F. Kellogg, 98; G. Pacheco, 81; F. Tremblay, 75; Jas. Thompson, 91.
2d Divis.—P. Donahue, 70; C. Ebner, 95; T. Morrison, 90; L. Palmer, 85; P. Soto, 80; R. Soto, 85.
2nd Class—P. De Celis, 74; J. Goetz, 82; H. Martin, 74; A. Pierotich, 72; L. Wolter, 78.
3d Class—F. Burling, 70; W. Davis, 94; E. Hall, 76; F. Murphy, 70; P. McGovern, 70; G. Norris, 78; J. Sax, 70; J. Sanroman, 70; G. Shafer, 70; J. Wolter, 85.

ELOCUTION.

1st Class—H. Peyton, 73; J. Poujade, 76; J. Raleigh 70.
2d Class—J. Kennedy, 70; V. McClatchy, 85; J. Radovich, 71; A. Veuve, 85; W. Marshall, 96.
3d Class—S. Fellom, 80; D. Furlong, 90; L. Wolter, 70.
4th Class—J. Day, 75; D. Egan, 78.

PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—A. Bandini, 72; N. Camarillo, 83; A. W. Den, 82; S. Fellom, 75; J. Judd, 72; F. Kellogg, 80; T. Morrison, 85; G. Pacheco, 78; R. Soto, 82; P. Soto, 80; R. Smith, 70; J. Thompson, 71; L. Wolter, 78.
2d Class—G. Norris, 72; L. Palmer, 71; A. Pierotich, 75; E. Petersen, 72; R. Thorn, 75; G. Videau, 74.
3d Class—A. J. McCone, 72; F. Murphy, 71; E. Sheridan, 71; C. Stonesifer, 70.

LINEAR DRAWING.

A. Arguello, 80; V. McClatchy, 90; P. Donahue, 70; M. Donahue, 70; P. Sansevain, 75; G. Seifert, 70; J. Redondo, 70; G. Videau, 70.

FIGURE DRAWING.

J. Sanroman, 75; H. Päster, 70; J. Fallom, 70; B. Tunnell, 70.

PIANO.

1st Class—C. Ebner, 70; R. Bowie, 75; N. Camarillo, 70
2d Class—H. Christin, 90; T. Vidaurreta, 80.

FLUTE.

R. Smith, 90; J. Bisagno, 80; A. Campbell, 70.

VIOLIN.

J. Burling, 75.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

C. Georgot, 70.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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<th>Item</th>
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<td>Entrance to be paid but once</td>
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<td>Board and Tuition, per quarter</td>
<td>$62.50</td>
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<td>Washing, per quarter</td>
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<td>Physicians’ fees unless it may be preferred to pay the bill in case of sickness, per quarter</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
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<td>Primary</td>
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**EXTRA:**—French and Spanish Languages per Month. $1.00

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<th>Level</th>
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<td>Plain vocal Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vocal Music of a higher degree</td>
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GUSTAVE TOUCHARD.
JOS. A. DONAHOE,

PETER DONOHUE.

Treasurer. .......................................................... EDWARD MARTIN
Attorney. .......................................................... RICHARD TOBIN

Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office, or any reliable Banking House; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. A paper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits Received from $2.50 and upwards.

Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.