LEGENDS OF THE ROUND TABLE

As we closed rather abruptly in our last with the death of King Arthur, let us now resume, according to promise, and pass in review some of the notables of the good King's court, glancing hastily at a few of the romantic deeds and wild adventures which tradition has loved to attribute to those mythical heroes of the Round Table.

The King's Prime Minister and devoted follower was the famous magician Merlin. Merlin's magical skill, although potent enough when exercised in the service of another, seems to have failed miserably when called into play in his own behalf against the superior charms of a beautiful fay with whom he had chanced to fall in love. Otherwise his command over the spirits was supreme. Wishing to build a brazen wall around Carmarthen, he set the fairies to work at fabricating it in a hideous cave.

"Under a rock that lies a little space Where says Spenser in his Fairy Queen:

Under a rock that lies a little space
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains!
And then with cautious thou shalt rambling hear!
Which thousand spirits with long enduring pains
Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains!
And often times, loud strokes, ringing sounds
From under that deep rock, most horribly re
(bound).

Tis said through their dread of the power of Merlin, who, after enjoining upon them not to desist from their work until his return, was kidnapped by his fairy love, the poor little laps

May not their work forsake,
So greatly his commandment they fear,
But there do till and travail day and night
Until that brazen wall they up do rear."

One of Merlin's most happy inventions was the Round Table, which was made in that shape to prevent all disputes among the Knights sitting round it as to precedence. The seats were thirteen, in commemoration of the apostles, but the thirteenth, the seat of the traitor Judas, was known as the "seige perilous" and could not, without imminent peril, be occupied by any one save by him who was to restore the Holy Grail.

One day during a feast a young Knight called Sir Galahad, who was introduced by an old monk, to the utter astonishment of all, he took this seat without receiving harm. But, by the purity of his life, no one could have been more eminently qualified for such honor than Sir Galahad, if we may believe what he so frequently said of himself:

"All my heart is drawn above, My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine; I never felt the kiss of love, Nor maiden's hand in mine. More bounteous aspects on me beam, Me mightier transports move and thrill; So keep I fair, through faith and prayer, A virgin heart in work and will."

Since we have made mention of the Holy Grail it would be well perhaps to give some account of an object so celebrated in song and story. The Holy Grail is the cup out of which our Saviour drank at the last supper, and was entrusted by him to the guardianship of Joseph of Arimathaea and his descendants, to be preserved by them so long as the keeper should lead a life of purity in thought, word, and deed. Joseph brought the chalice, together with the spear which had pierced our Lord's side, to western Europe, where they were for a long time exposed to the veneration of pilgrims and shed innumerable blessings on the land. At length, he to whose guardianship these holy objects had descended so far forgot the sanctity of his obligations, as to look with unhallowed eyes on a young female pilgrim, whose robe had become accidentally unloosed while kneeling before him. At this instant the holy spear fell upon him, inflicting a deep, incurable wound, and ever after he was called the slayer kings (for king he was) and the sacred relic immediately disappeared from earth. The search instituted for the recovery of the Holy Grail was the last exploit in which the Knights of the Round Table engaged in one body, and only three of them survived the adventure: Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, and Sir Bohors, by whom the undertaking was finally accomplished, Arthur had loudly bewailed their resolve in setting out, and thus breaking up the fairest fellowship that was ever gathered in any realm of the world, and said that they would never meet again; too true, alas! proved his prophecy.

Among other notable Knights of the Round Table was one Tristram, whose lot, as his name would seem to indicate, was sad indeed: and who has not poured forth his heart in sorrow at the recital of the many misfortunes attending that youth's unhappy love? How much do we not feel bound to honor that Spartan virtue which forced him in the fulfillment of a rash oath to seek in marriage for another, her who was the idol of his own heart! With what strength of resolution did he not subdue the yearnings of affection, while seeking to beguile his soul from sadness in this touching lay:

"Sweet I sang in former days,
Kind love perfected all my lays,
Now my art alone displays,
The woes that on my being preyed.
Charming love, delicious power,
Worshipped from my earliest hour,
Thou, who live on all most shower,
Love, my life thou must devour.
In death's hour I beg of thee,
Smile, dearest enemy,
Thou who erst could kindle be,
When I'm gone, forget not me.
On my grave-stone passers by
Oft will be read, as low I lie,
Never wight in love will vie
With Tristram, yet she let him die."

The beauteous Arthur's court was Sir Launcelot of the Lake, who, from all accounts, must have been, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, so general was the admiration he excited among the ladies. Of these the youthful lady of Shalott especially fell hopelessly in love with Launcelot. But the good knight, having given his heart to another, could not return her passion, and, too noble for deceit, did all in his power to discourage the unhappy flame. The despair of the broken-hearted maiden and her tragic death have furnished Tennyson with the subject of one of his most beautiful poems, and he has given us a striking description of the scene as her inanimate body came floating down the slow-moving waters.

"Under water and shadow, By garden, wall and gallery, A glowing shape she floated by, Dead pale, between the houses high.
Silent into Camelot,
Out upon the wall they came Knight and burger, lord and dame.
And round the prow they read her name, The lady of Shalott."
as the fatal day drew near, without his having found a satisfactory answer to the riddle, but finally an old crone agreed to solve it for him if he would promise one of his Knights as a husband.

He readily gave his word and receiving her reply went to his grim captor saying:

“This morn as I came over a moor,
I saw a lady set,
All clad in red scarlet.

Her eyes were black as sloe,

The tallest of the students was Carroll of

My present recollections extend back only to the years 1849-50, when the maternal apron-strings were splendid looking men. The Faculty of

Of course, with such a rich field before you, or rather behind you, you will have a department for historical sketches. When Father

As far as 1850, when the maternal apron-strings were splendid looking men. The Faculty of

After even thus meagerly acquainted ourselves with the wealth of poetry and facile contained in the chronicles of the times of Arthur alone, can we have the least hesitation in concluding that English Literature, if it does not surpass, at least equals that of any other country in its store of legendary and romantic fiction?

Did space permit us to do more than allude to the legends cited, there would be no need for further proof of our assertion; yet all who are led to investigate the subject of English legendary lore will find their time both pleasantly and profitably spent in its study.

J. E. W.
There was then no small boys' side, the south-east wing not yet having been built. The best runner, jumper and gymnast was Jules Esclava of Alabama, whom we called "Mon, key" in token of his remarkable agility. During the ten years of my stay at the College, though he was not there during all that time, "Monkey" never had a rival for feats of activity. The gatekeeper's lodge was then presided over by Brother McFadden, a venerable octogenarian, whom we called Jacky on account of his severe cut and Scotch precision. Brother Tooney presided over the musical and locksmith department, and Brother Johnny Cunningham, whose invariable prescription of Black Betty and salts and senna, all students of that and of later days will remember, over the In-

fermery. Of course, Father Curley (dacion et venerabile novum) was in the same old chair which I suppose he occupies to this day, that of Astronomy, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. Charley Bahan and his brother Alfred from La., were then my chums. The former is now Father Bahan, the latter I have not heard of since the war. "Crab" Bahan, as we used to call Charles, was a capital foot-ball player and jumper, unsurpassed save by "Monkey." Poor Bob Harper of Md., who was a toast with Faculty and students and who was killed at the head of his brigade on the Southern side, at Chickamauga, as gallant a general as ever flashed sword; Bob Ray of La., Dominick O'Byrne of Ga., John Hamilton of Washing-

ton, perhaps the brightest of them all, whose melancholy death a few years ago many will remember; Win. Smith, a dashing young man of fine parts from Pa.; Ludm Bargy, a man of fine parts from Pa; and Hugh Gaston, both dead, sons of the old Catholic family in lower Maryland. Their names ring the ten years of my stay at the College, and one of God's afflicted, still met with respect.

The Meeting here broke up. I had attended the few days among the mountains of Alleghany county, Maryland, when Sunday came on and with it the regular weekly meet-
ing of the Quakers. My landlady, herself one of the white-capped sisters, and as kind and genial a body as ever lived, anxious for my health, moral as well as physical, proposed that I should spend the Sabbath at meeting, in mediation and prayer. The suggestion was a novel one, and boylike, ready for anything new, I joined the good soul and in half-an-hour's walk reached the meeting-house.

It was an old square brick building of moderate size, like one of those we see used for barns on wealthy planter's estates. Four doors gave entrance to the interior, which was perfectly plain and unadorned. A low board division running down the middle of the room, separated the seats for the males from those for the females. On one side, as near as possible to the separating line, sat the young men, exchanging only glances with their fair friends on the other side, who, in spite of their demure looks and their equally demure raiment, seemed not averse to mutual salutations of friendship and regard.

For three quarters of an hour did this "still-born silence reign," and as I sat there with the fresh healthful faces around me, while through the open doors and windows came the sweet perfume of wild flowers and the varying shade from the waving branches of an old oak, there arose in my mind that passage of Charles Lamb's: "Impertinent silence is that which a man enjoyeth by himself, and nowhere is silence so perfect and absolute as in a Quaker's Meeting." Only at intervals would a stray insect buzz through the room and then all was still. But now a little old gentleman, who answered exactly to Irving's description of William the Testy, arose and proceeded to exhort the assembled brethren and sisters. He took for his theme the sins and follies of the world, the love of man for earthly things and above all man's callous indifference to his Creator. The speaker's style of elocution was some-what peculiar; now the fumble measure would prevail—then his voice would flow on in a mon-

tone that seemed attuned to the whir of a wasp wandering through the open door. And now the anaplectic metre would bear sway. The discourse was short and so far as I could see produced little impression.

An odd figure here worked its way through one of the doors and advanced into the aisle, and assuming a posture of humiliation and prayer, began to give utterance to a mournful plaint. "Round the neck of this person hung a noose of rope, which he said had been put there for his degradation. He assured us that Jesus himself had not suffered more cruel indignities than had fallen to his poor lot. Re-

jecting the advice of friends to absent himself from meeting, he had still come to challenge his enemies and bear his cross, panting for immolation;" he thus ran on for half-an-hour and then with scorn and indignation tore the rope from his neck and threw it on the floor to "serve for a relic." The poor man was insane, I was afterwards told, and had been excommunicated.

No speaker followed this one, who although one of God's afflicted, still met with respect. I was struck by the modest deference of the congregation towards this creature of a "weekend mind." No rustling of silks worn by fair ones turning insolently round to greet his appearance with a stare, no craning of necks to catch a sight of the show, and no general commotion and impatient shrugging of shoulders to hint at his ejection. All was re-

spect and due attention.

The meeting house was spacious. I had attended thinking merely of entertaining myself, and never expecting to receive spiritual instruction, but the quiet air and still aspect of the assem-

bly, together with the compassionate behavior of all in the presence of affliction and misfor-
tune, left an impression on my heart that will not soon be worn away.

I remain,

Yours.

FREE THINKING.

Quod pro Quo.

When we look about us and perceive how numerous are they, who, from ignorance or from a desire of being accounted wise, profess "liberal" opinions concerning even the best-established truths, and when we discover how few, even though liberal thought be allowable in matters about which there is doubt, really think for themselves; we become forcibly cognizant of the real weakness of the free-thinking body.

What does free-thinking mean? It must either bear upon things within or things bey-

ond the capacity of the human intellect. If upon things beyond the grasp of man's intelli-
gence, then some supernatural agency must come in aid of investigation by the natural
man. But this supernatural agency can be supplied by God alone. Hence the existence of God must be admitted, and if we admit a God, we need not also allow that he is infinitely wise, the source of all truth and the Eternal truth itself. But a free-thinker acknowledges no authority exterior to himself, and as he thus repudiates God's agency and God's infallible authority in matters that cannot be seized by the human intellect, it follows that his free thinking stands upon no basis, negotiable or real that entitles it to any respect or consideration on the part of his fellow-man.

In regard to matters that are within the reach of man's comprehension—as for instance, the doctrines of revealed religion—the free-thinkers deal with them as if they had never been revealed. That which has been accepted as divine truth by all races of men is flippantly denied, and a new standard is set up by which the truth is to be measured. This standard is the evidence of the mere senses. Thus, they deny the immortality of the soul because they think that facts in the physical order disprove it, and that the doctrine is untenable because it is contrary to the natural order of things. They profess themselves incapable of conceiving the soul as distinct from the body, as though the soul's immortality were patent to mere human perceptions. With them, the sublime doctrine that God created man for His own glory; that He is true and sovereign over every action of man, who is continually aspiring to something that entitles it to any respect or consideration on the part of his fellow-man.

Thus it is that an ambition to be singular in opinion leads to a denial of God and all religion. Yet looseness and rashness of thought are the tendency of the age—an age that calls itself, in consequence, the liberal and enlightened age. And they who boast of these opinions are the men of this too-much vaunted 'Nineteenth Century,' who together with their compatriots the Internationalists and other secret societies, are to-day agitating society everywhere in Europe and abroad to disturb the social order of our own beloved country. They are spreading the poison of their doctrines everywhere, and many will even inoculate these doctrines into the innocent minds of their children. What then can we expect for the future?—a vast increase of immorality and crime, unless the all-powerful arm of Providence put a stop to their destructive career. Or if Providence, in furtherance of designs of its own, permits their success for a time, we may reasonably hope that a day of discomfort will overtake, sooner or later, these enemies of human society, who dare at the same time to bring their puny strength to bear against God himself.

E. J. G.

OBITUARY

Died, in the Rhetoric apartments, on the 5th of Feb., after a painful and lingering illness, our highly esteemed and much lamented friend Q. Horatii Flaccus.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of the 8th. Its pomp and splendor formed a pageant well worthy of an emperor's obsequies. The College Band, arrayed in the gorgeous uniform of the Rhetoric Class, preceded the procession, rendering the original 'Dead March in Saul' in its own inimitable style, and inspiring all hearers with the profundest melancholy. The Rhetoric Class, with whom through long months of constant association the deceased had become most intimate, followed, evincing at every step the emotion which they were so manfully struggling to subdue.

The corpse clad in the original leather dress the deceased always wore, was conveyed in a casket of papyrus, resting upon a metallic base said to be from Britannia, urn-like in shape, and borne upon a magnificent bier by four Rhetoricians, upon whose countenances marks of the most exquisite internal anguish were plainly visible. Upon the lid of the casket were inscribed the appropriate letters, R. I. P.

The students followed in rank, and the long and imposing cortege wept its melancholy way to the funeral pyre which had been erected at a convenient distance on the 'College Walks.' A more fitting spot could not have been selected, at the opening of a glade, dimly overshadowed by the leafless giants of the forest.

The ceremonies were performed wholly at the pyre, and were "grand, gloomy and peculiar" in the extreme.

Arriving at their destination, E. J. G., was the first to expiate upon the merits and virtues of the deceased, which he did in such a manner as to wring tears and doleful lamentations from all of his associates. W. H. D., next, in a poem elaborately prepared half an hour before, drew such a picture of the deceased's untimely fate, that the Spanish Rhetorician, E. De L., no longer able to restrain his feelings gave vent in prolonged and heartfelt wails. C. O'B. G., then stepped forward, and in a faltering voice, invited those present to join in a funeral hymn, lightened metre, which they did in a truly feeling manner, (another wail from E. De E.) C. C. L., Jr., gave many touching incidents in the life of the deceased, and T. A. S., and T. E. S., succeeded him with some opposite remarks. The ceremonies were concluded by the Sacerdos of the occasion, W. S. P., who, clad in an imposing costume, paid the last tribute to the excellencies of his deceased friend, and called attention to the fact, that to Horace we are indebted for that extensively used and highly prized article of apparel, the "swallow-tail." In support of this opinion, he quoted that line in the Hymn De Divinis, in which the poet says, 'I will return 'hirundine prima,'" which the speaker urged was a manifest proof that Horace was the first to introduce the article of dress referred to. The papyrus casket containing the body was then conveyed to Jim, the leather dress removed, to be consumed separately, and the defunct was solemnly committed to the fiery element.

During this interesting portion of the ceremony, many ejaculations of grief were audible, and even involuntary sobs were heard to proceed from the interior recesses of a sympathizing trombone. The wintry desolation around, and the over-cloaked forms seemed in sympathy with the occasion. There appeared to be some slight difference of opinion as to whether the soul of the departed had been wafted to Jove or to Pluto. However, after some discussion, it was concluded to allow the aforesaid soul to take its own course. In the curling smoke, the material embodiment followed the soul in its flight—owing to that little difference of opinion, it will be impossible to say where.

The ashes of the departed were then reverently gathered, and placed in the urn-like receptacle which when reversed, had borne the body itself. The procession re-formed, the band discoursed in less pathetic strains, and the participants returned home with a heavy heart. While the Rhetoricians exhibited a proud consciousness of having fulfilled a
This celebrated orator and noted lawyer of Philadelphia, has just left for his home after a short stay in Washington City. By special and urgent request, he kindly consented to repeat at our College, the lecture he had recently delivered in Washington on "Orators and Oratory."

On Wednesday morning the 12th inst., our commodious study-hall was filled with students from both sides of the house, prominent places being held by the Rev. Fathers, scholastics and prefects, connected with the College, while our invincible band lent its assistance, and entertained the audience during the considerable period that elapsed before the arrival of the party. At last, Father Early, our revered President, ushered in Mr. Dougherty and his amiable lady, for the latter of whom was reserved a front seat, and, as it happened, adjoining the desk of one of her sons.

After the applause at their entrance had subsided, and the band had ceased its welcoming notes, the speaker, who is a gentleman of fine physique, and entirely devoid of any assumption of manner, opened his address.

A peroration, characterized by great beauty and exquisite polish throughout, distinguish his utterance. What they owe besides to the graces of oratory and of person which distinguish the speaker, none but those who have heard Mr. Wallis can appreciate. There is something in words like these, to stir the blood of a Marylander: "Thus, then, to-day, sir, in the State of Maryland, with grateful reverence and pride, commemorates a life, than which few greater, and none loftier or purer, shall dignify the annals of our country. It was a life coeval with her own, and a part of her own, and she honors what she knew. It was a life of patriotism, of duty, and of sacrifice; a life whose aim and effort, altogether, were to be, and do, and hear, and not to see. The monument her people rear to it is scarcely her monument than his to whom it rises."

It is to be regretted that the world of letters loses in Mr. Wallis, one who but for his busy lawyer's life, could bring his practised pen and his accomplished scholarship to bear upon themes that are needed to our times; and that because, divorced from politics, the Senate of the U. S. should miss one who would have been an ornament to it even in its palmiest days—now past.

Other Acknowledgements. Speech in the Manufacturing Interests of Georgia, delivered before its legislature by Hon. Patrick Walsh, a student here in 1850-1.

First Annual Report of the Catholic Union, Circle of New York. Publications of the Bureau of Education. Speech of Col. J. Fairfax McLaughlin at the annual dinner of the Shoe and Leather Trade, Balto. Our friend represented Gov. Whyte in replying (eloquently of course) to the sentiment, "The State of Maryland." The reminiscences in this number are from his pen. Our acknowledgements are also due to our reporters, who furnish many interesting items. Old newspaper readers must make allowance for a little diffusiveness of style. It takes time to acquire the crisp and condensed style of practised reporters.

Washingston Agent of the College Journal.

Mr. John B. Motley, 934, F. St., whose card appears in our advertising columns, has kindly consented to act as agent in Washington for the College Journal. As his location is central, Washington advertisers and subscribers can easily find him, and save the delay of sending or writing to us here.

We beg at the same time to recommend Mr. Motley to our distant readers as a gentleman every way qualified by character and experience to do justice to those who may place their claims or other business in his hands. To those nearer home, he is too well known to need any commendation from us.

Subscribers who may fail to get their paper will please notify us. We find that an address given to them so near as Washington a paper may go astray.
During the past month Mr. Stanley, the great discoverer, paid a visit to Washington, and while he remained with us, was quite a hero in society. Wherever he visited, his quiet unassuming manner and interesting conversation made him a general favorite. Though he has been treated as a hero both in England and America, and though he fully appreciates his own achievement, he shows no vanity or self-conceit, but bears success and flattery as stoically as he did privations and hardships. And this is no small praise for one who, from being a mere newspaper correspondent, has been suddenly placed in a prominent position before the world, through an act of bravery, energy, and perseverance rarely surpassed.

Our readers are perhaps familiar with the details of his discovery through the columns of numerous other papers, yet it may not be uninteresting to some to hear a brief account of this great exploit, as it came from the lips of the man himself. We will endeavor to narrate plainly a few of his principal difficulties, as it is chiefly through the trials he underwent, that we estimate the greatness of the deed.

In April 1871, Stanley left Zanzibar, with the intention of penetrating into the interior of Africa to learn the fate of Livingston. He took with him two white men, two fine horses and a number of blacks and Arabians. His course lay almost due west, and for some time was attended by but little difficulty or danger. It was not long, however, before one of his white companions perished, and shortly after both of his horses died also.

Passing through the country of Uogo he reached the city of Tabora, and finding the inhabitants at war he determined to join them. He hoped by this means to cut his way through the enemy’s country, and proceed direct to Ujiji. Success at first crowned his efforts, but disaster soon followed. Deserted by his troops and rescued from capture by the fidelity of his youthful attendant, Stanley was obliged to wander for two days through the jungle, before encountering his cowardly soldiers. The enemy were still in pursuit, and in a few hours they must either fly or prepare to fight. Stanley’s supplies and ammunition were stored in a large house in Kwhara, and on the manner in which he could defend this, all his future hopes of success depended. He caused the adjacent houses to be demolished, rifle-pits to be dug, and the walls to be pierced with musket-holes. The garrison was in readiness to receive the expected attack, but the hostile chiefman, perceiving on his approach the preparations the white man had made to receive him, prudently kept out of range. At Kwhara Stanley was smitten with fever, and only recovered after a long and hard struggle for existence. On preparing to renew the journey his remaining white comrade, Shaw, refused to accompany him. Force was absolutely necessary to make the miserable, spiritless fellow continue the march, and after several days, during which he showed himself an encumbrance rather than an auxiliary, Stanley at length consented to his return. Shaw’s departure severs the last tie that binds him to the world, breaks the last link that still connected him with home, and now he feels absolutely alone. Stanley’s account of this incident is one of the most affecting points in his narrative. It remained for him by his single strength and courage to keep under control his mutinous soldiers, and to guide them on a long, difficult and circuitous route through a wild and unknown region. To do this must have required great firmness of character, an inflexible will and dauntless courage and energy.

After eight months of trial, difficulty and danger; eight months of care and anxiety; after having been exposed to every kind of bodily fatigue and discomfort, and having undergone every species of mental solitude, he at last reached the long wished for shore of the Tanganyika. We could dwell with pleasure on his meeting with Livingstone, the months he spent at Ujiji, and their return together to Kwhara, but we would fail to give the simple and impressive language of Stanley, and the striking reality of the scenes he portrays. He possesses the happy faculty of sketching by a few quick strokes the objects worthy of notice, and so without effort places clearly before your eyes the event he is describing.

Cool blooded and cynical scientists may sneer at what they call his sensational stories, but the strange and unheard of project of a ‘News paper Expedition’ like this, will make it always memorable, and the courage, fortitude and resolution of the man who executed it, will make him ever—a hero.

OLD MEMORIES.

What a resource to the soul-tired denizens of earth are the memories of youth! They are the bridge which traverses the chasm, otherwise impassable, between youth and manhood—the youth with its gay visions of the future, its light cares, its hearty pleasures—and manhood with its burthens; its discouragements, and its precarious enjoyments. Over this pleasant highway, imagination with flying steps repairs to the dream-land of youth, and brings back visions of brightness to set among the sombre realities of life, as diamonds glitter on sober vesture, or as lights flash along the darkened pathway.

The pietistic biographic account of the capitalist childless his thrifty life, so do the treasures that lie in old memories rejoice the heart of the ordinary pilgrim of earth. What moral bankruptcy has he not already suffered, over whose youth no memories linger save those of pain and distress! Few, however, are so wretched as this. The childhood and youth that have passed away bequeath in general their happiest memories to the mature man, and even there are gilded by fancy far beyond their original brilliancy.

College life, abnormal as are its conditions, seems to many as full of these pleasant recollections as the life in the family; is as fruitful of agreeable associations as the well-remembered hearth-stone beneath the paternal roof. Where duty guided the footsteps, and manliness sustained the endeavor of those whose lot it was in youth to have spent some years in college, it is but natural that a retrospect should bring pleasing and grateful recollections. How many of our own predecessors and even former contemporaries experience this pleasure in looking back to the years spent in college!

But the modus vivendi in a college like this is peculiarly adapted to foster associations of an agreeable character. Isolated from the exterior world, living permanently under one roof, constantly attended by those whose duties place them thus near us, whose love are regulated by no mercenary considerations, and who are our companions and friends and even playmates, as well as our preceptors, with hours of recreation and hours of study nicely adjusted to our capabilities and requirements, there is a resemblance, rude perhaps, but still a resemblance in our surrounding to home and a home circle.

So, when years have separated the student from his Alma Mater, he feels himself a boy again when he returns, and greets the well-remembered faces of old friends with the light joy of a child returned to its parent’s roof. If he does not revisit it, he does not forget it—unless it were better forgotten—but loves to hear of all that goes on at “Old Georgetown,” and even the minutest particulars will interest him.

The correspondence old students have had with us since our paper came into being, strikingly exemplifies this, and they on the spot who have been instrumental in originating the paper can hardly realize what a mine of pleasure they have opened to their predecessors, or at least to those whose maturity is the harmonious development of an unselfish boy.
POETRY.

THE HARMONIES OF NATURE.

In the cool and shady valley,
Where the sun-ray lightly steals,
Where the ground with moss-grown cover,
Seduce human footstep feels,
All is peaceful as the murmurs
Of the ever running rill.
Making music o’er the pebbles
As it ripples down the hill.
All the vale is rich with perfume,
Rising from its flowery sides,
Leaping on the rippling streamlet
With its fragrance as it glides,
And the sapphire’s gentle whisper
Through the valley softly floats,
Like the music of the organ
When it sounds its sweetest notes.
On the streamlet’s bosom nestling
Floats the daisy from its bed,
Severed by the tiny ripples
As it dipped its lily head.
Louder, stronger grows the music
As it joins the many rills,
Hastening to the distant ocean
Onward through the green-clad hills.
Sweet the music of the murmurs
As the sea its rocky barrier
Lands by the many thousand throats
As they sing their joyous notes.
By the many thousand throats
As the sea its rocky barrier
Lands by the many thousand throats
As they sing their joyous notes.

MAYBE.
part, strikingly adapted to the temperament of each reader among the young ladies, and, considering the disadvantages under which ladies labor when reading, they were well delivered. Not the least interesting feature of the evening's entertainment, was the reading of Mume Yuda, a Japanese princess, who has been sent to this country to be educated. She is small, peculiarly Japanese-looking, and might be considered pretty.

After the regular exercises of the evening, the Professor of Music favored the guests with several French ballads, which were warmly received, both on account of their intrinsic merit and his own superior mastery of them.

A delightful reception followed, in which the young ladies received the congratulations of their friends.

Operé d'Africè.

One of our editorial corps was present, the first week in February, at a spectacle such as the world had never witnessed, the performance of an opera—the Doctor of Alcina—by a troupe composed entirely of colored singers. They are amateurs, and are all, with one exception, members of the choir of St. Martin's (colored) Catholic Church, Washington. The performance, the proceeds of which were for a charitable object, was given twice to full houses at Lincoln Hall, 9th and D. Colored people and white, and the "first circles" among us, that we can hardly realize we shall ever see. The Washington newspapers have given high praise to the performance, to individuals for their skill and dramatic talent, and to the chorus for its efficiency. The latter is said to surpass in accuracy and in volume any operatic chorus that has been heard in Washington. Prof. Esputa has been their instructor. "Carlos" was somewhat angular in his movements, and, as to voice, without the qualifications his conspicuous part demanded, but the others did admirably, as every body acknowledges. Could not portions of the opera, including the chorus be given in costume at Forest Hall, Georgetown, with the floor accessible (as is quite proper under the circumstances) to both colors?

Errata.

"Lyric Poetry" in our last should have been signed J. D. A. On page 25 of No. 3, for "dimensions," read "denizens of that establishment." A paragraph on Page 10 of No. 2, should read as follows: "Still, it shall be our intention, should he improve, of applying him to the usual course of Philosophy and Theology. For a time he seemed to rally, and gave himself to study with passionate ardor. But as the winter set in, it became painfully evident that the end was not far. Though ardent and hopeful in his nature, he soon recognized, himself, that the summons indeed had come. And he met it with perfect composure, his patience, his deep and unaffected piety, his singular candor, his gaiety, even to the last moment, and his hope, "full of immortality," throw a halo around about that dear memory, which will not perish with the years. It is of such as he that the Psalmist declares, "The just shall be in everlasting remembrance."
Our items of College news are crowded out; also obituary notices of Col. M. F. Maury, A. M. of Georgetown College, James Ord, Dr. V. B. Bills, and S. L. France, former students. Also a description of the "Woman's Rights Convention" in Washington.

Rev. P. P. Kroes, S. J., late pastor at Alexandria, died at the College, Feb. 28th, aged 88. Boys, patronize those who advertise in your paper. They expect it of you and they deserve it. Only first-class people advertise in the College Journal. Our readers in general will please take note of this.

Some of our friends have not yet paid their dues. Subscribers must make up their mind either to part with their dollar or part with their paper.

VIENNA EXPOSITION.—A circular from Col. Thos. B. Van Buren, U. S. Com'r Gen'l to the College, invites us to send a copy of the College Journal, and says, "It is proposed that through and by the Periodical Press of this country, our system of Common School Education be thoroughly represented both in its aim and its results," and closes as follows: "If this is done, the result is certain to gratify an honorable ambition, by placing before the eyes of the world the strongest evidence of that triumphant success of our system of Public Instruction." We are at a loss to see the point, so far as the Journal published at this College is concerned.

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In addition to the Exchanges previously received and noted in our No. 2, we have the following:


REVISIONS.

Boston, Mass., see advertisement. Carlisle, Pa. We endorse for ourselves a notice we find in the pages of the latter. Leonard town, Md. Dickinsonian, Carlisle, Pa., published at the Western University of Pennsylvania. See our Press notices. All four of the papers previously adopted by any other paper, and benefit of the students themselves: sec.

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The following schedule of the places of residence of students of last year, will serve to show the cosmopolitan character of our little community.

Of the States and Territories of the Union, the District of Columbia sent 29, Maryland 26, Pennsylvania 20, Louisiana 15, Virginia 13, Georgia 11, Ohio and Missouri, each 6, Indiana 5, New York and Tennessee, each 4, Massachusetts, North Carolina, New Mexico, Texas and Mississippi, each 3, West Virginia, Alabama, and Minnesota, each 2, and Michigan, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine and Arkansas, each.

Of other countries, we had from Nicaragua 4, Cuba 4, Mexico 2, Columbia, South America, Argentine Confederation (Buenos Ayres) 2, and Ireland 1.

Total, 180, of whom 150 were in attendance at the close of the year. Of these 150, 102 have returned for the present year, besides three students of former years.

Statistics of 1872-3.
Since the table of classes, published in another column, was made up, some new arrivals bring the number of students up to 190. Fifty-five of these are new-comers. It may be interesting to some of our readers at a distance to know that these numbers include the sons of three members of the U. S. Senate, of a former President U. S., the General of the army, four members of the House of Representatives, and two ex-members of the same.

Senior Sodality of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.
Director, Rev. Geo. J. Strong, S. J.; Prefect, James F. Tracey; Assistant, John G. Agar; Second Assistant, Clem. Manly; Secretary, John B. Ward; Librarian, Benj. F. Dorety, John M. Frbst; Censor, Chas. C. Lancaster, Jr.; Sacristans, Wm. J. Wilcox, John P. Farrelly; Consultors, Jno. S. lollingsworth, Chas. O'B Cowardin, Ed. X. Fink.

Junior Sodality.
Director, Mr. Jerome Dougherty, S. J.; Prefect, Patrick H. Lynch; Assistant, Jas. A. Healey; Secretary, Jos. G. Dawson; Treasurer, Frank J. Ives; Librarian, John Arringdale; Sacristan, Chas. R. Newman; Assist, Librarian, Andrew J. Shipman; Assist, Sacristan, Jno. M. Griffin.

The annual feast of the Sodalities took place on the first Sunday of December, and was held in the College Refectory instead of the domestic Refectory as heretofore,—both Sodalities meeting together, instead of each on separate days, as on former occasions. Sixty of the senior and thirty of the junior Sodality, with the guests from the rest of the house, made a numerous company. The clatter of knives and forks, the louder clatter of many tongues in motion, and the destruction dealt upon turkey, oysters, &c., gave evidence that moroseness or indigestion are not characteristics of the piety of Georgetown Sodalists.

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