I know thou art gone to the home of the blest,
I know thou art gone where the weary ones rest,
Where love hath put off in the land of its birth
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the
In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I never look up with a vow to the sky
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply
And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
patch,
to which it was communicated by "B. T.
And hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Yet the grief of my bosom,—oh, call it not gloom—
G. K. Hervey, and stating that it was first pub-
lished about the year 1820, in the London

Wie ther e whom one side, the other,
and that, without further ado.
So, he is overcome, but not convinced;
and the hardship he has to suffer is like to that
which the poets assign to the damned, the sud-
den transition from heat to cold, from fire to
ice: and therefore this is something which should
come after, not before, this life is over.
Any one can experience for himself at this season
of the year how that when he puts his hand
out from under the covering, he finds every-
thing stone-cold; and the great difference is
farther apparent when he draws it back again.
Thomson the poet, who said in his Scasons:
"Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake,"
used to lie in bed half the day, because, he
said, there was no reason why he should get
up. He saw the good of rising; but he also
saw the good of staying in bed; and this line
of his had reference to a summer programme,
not a winter one. A proud man might say:
"What am I think of myself, if I stay in bed!"
But an humble man will be content to waive
such sentiments of self-esteem, out of respect
for his bed. Much more might be said on the
subject, but as this is my maiden contribution
to the Journal, I shall not try your readers by
continuing it further.

JUNIOR ATHLETIC SPORTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: While discussing the
most interesting part of a "store pie" on last
holiday-afternoon I was called up by my big
teacher of the large boys' side, to write out a
description of our "junior sports.” Now, in
writing an article, our teacher told us that three
things must be attended to; the exordium, the
peroration, and what Horace calls the
"medians res." The two former parts I humbly
leave to the lighter pens of Poets and Rheto-
ricians, while I will go in for the "medians res.”
Since this is my first effort—in spite of myself
though—to appear in print, I naturally feel
called upon to beg my readers' indulgence, un-
der the plea of a classic 24 Grammar quo-
tation "prophesia somal ten eikian." (Gr.)

Well, on Thursday the 12th Nov., at 2.30,
sharp, with "souls in arms and eager for the
fray," we made a regular run to the big boys' 
side, where nimble-fingered Jim, Dolan, with
the martial music of the drum, ushered in the
contest, and primed our hearts with double
determination. First came the running long
jump which was won by J. G. Johnson, succeeded by B. Bodisco and Louis Latourre. This youth, though last, was, by no means, the least conspicuous, for, everytime he jumped, he evinced a wonderful tendency to sit down, in fact he even lay down three times; thereby treating the spectators to an example of one of the most beautiful laws of nature—the attraction of gravitation; and when he picked himself up after each attempt, with a troubled look upon his face, and a nervous twitching of the fingers, his hands might have been observed gliding gently and quickly towards the vicinity of his coat-tails. These three comprised the first batch of jumpers, and the greatest distance made was seventeen feet. The second batch comprised G. Carvill, who reached fourteen feet, and won: E. Mulligan, Garesche, Monocal, and Julius Horne. Poor Julius was ruled out on account of his too bulky form; at the base-ball throwing, however, he made up for his ignominious failure by beating Walter Clarke, and thus carrying off the 1st prize. The “100 yards dash” came off in three heats,—the first easily won by W. Carvill; the second by W. Bodisco, who worked his slender legs to great advantage, and touched the goal only a second before his energetic opponent, Mexico's exiled heir, A. Iburube; then P. Thian, small and spry, led the third heat. To jump a rope only two feet high may seem very easy to an outsider, but just let him go in for it in a “Siamese hurdle-race,” and (credere experto) I promise him a stumbling block. This novel method of running came off in three heats: the two Bodiscos, (like Castor and Pollux) reaching the goal in brotherly union: the second heat was more amusing, owing to the number who were contumely tripping and falling, and, in their frantic endeavors to arise, kicking their unmanageable heels into the soft earth. Amongst the funny encounters it was fun to watch Ed. Sauvable and D. Donohue, who got completely stranded at the second hurdle, having each one leg over the rope in such sort that they could neither go ahead or retrace their steps until extricated by the steward of the course.

In the third heat, the victors were E. Mulligan and Thian.

Next came the Sack-race, in which the contestants expended their activity chiefly in bumbling the earth at every sixth yards, and rolling in one another's way. One fat youth might be seen coming down with a heavy third, and flopping about on his back like a helpless turtle, lying there in his bag of glory until picked up by a humane judge. The victors of this race were W. Carvill, Goddard, J. Willcox, and Donohue, who had to draw lots for the two prizes assigned. Then came the 300 yards dash, in three heats. 1st heat won by W. Carvill, closely pressed by B. Bodisco. 2d heat by G. Carvill; while the 3d was won by the smallest boy in the College, Daniel Morgan. The wheel-barrow race was run "blind," and won by E. Mulligan, D. Morgan, Evans, and Donohue, the two former being the prizemen. I will not dwell on the instinctive efforts displayed by many in wheeling, blindfolded, towards the kitchen, nor the suspicious inclinations exhibited by others who made a dead set for the town.

Now comes the list of Prizes. At the appointed time, Mr. Flatley assembled the boys in the Hall, and with dignified solemnity conducted the distribution of prizes. 1st event: Long Jump, 17 feet, 1st prize, a paint-box, J. Geo. Johnson. 2d event, Long Jump, 14 feet, 2d prize, Ivory-handled pen-knife, G. Carvill. Base Ball Throwing, 1st prize, a field-glass, Julius Horne. (Note. We hope to see Julius some starry night wandering round the yard and peeping poetically at the brilliant beauties of the firmament.) 2d prize, watch-guard, Walter S. Clarke. 100 yards dash, 1st prize, a toilet-case, W. Carvill, a "round-pie" to Boris Bodisco. 2d prize, a Russian-leather pocket-book, Waldemar Bodisco of Russia. 3d prize, a shell-handled pocket-knife, Prose. 1st prize, Indian hurdle-race, 1st event, a case of fancy note-paper, the two Bodiscos. 2d prize, two gold lockets, E. Mulligan and Thian. 300 yards hurdles, 1st prize, a gold handled pen-knife, W. Carvill. 2d prize, an opera glass, E. Rogers, (j.r. sculpt.) 3d prize, silver pencil-case, Thian. Sack-race, 1st prize, a Morocco-leather pocket-book, H. G. Goddard. 2d prize, bronze ink-stand, Jaa Wilcox. 300 yards dash, 1st prize, pocket-book, W. Carvill. 2d prize, silver handled knife, G. Carvill. 3d prize, a fancy watch guard, D. Morgan. Wheel barrow race, 1st prize, knife, D. Morgan. 2d prize, a lot of "round pies," E. Mulligan.

An spies, Junior.

Note. All small boys are not as ready with the pen as our correspondent: witness one who writes home as follows: (The spelling, &c., are his own). “We have a great deal of fun at our college we do not play base ball any more because it is too cold but we play shinny (shinny) maybe I did not spell this word right, but if you want to know the meaning of it here it is we have sticks with a curve at the end then we have a ball or a piece of wood and then we have sides and each try to knock it in each others gold (goal). A boy broke his collar bone about two weeks ago if you want to know how he broke here it is. We had Athletic sports and for this athletic sports we had a greased pig well be running after the pig with all the college boys and he got shone over and fell on his collar bone and broke it.”

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

Jottings, &c.

Mr. Editor: I have noticed in your Journal, that although you generally devote some space to “Jottings,” yet you do not enter into any detail, nor do you seem well posted as regards them. Now several causes, or, if it pleases you, excuses, may be assigned for this; namely, lack of information, want of space, and finally, as many may think,—perhaps yourself included,—no jottings to publish. But allow me to state that many little events are continually cropping about the yard, which although not important in themselves, yet are fully worthy of publication. I might also observe that if you had a column devoted to jokes, you would never be in want of matter, since we have several bright spirits who crack their jokes with as much regularity as well, as a certain fellow examines the thermometer every morning, at the "dawn's early light" on his journey from the wash-room to the study-hall, and who takes particular delight in adding an extra iciness to our already frozen state by reporting the result of his observations. Apropos to this matutinal scene, I might add that the hardest thing that one experiences in College life, is to get out of bed at six A. M., and cross the yard dark as Erebus, and with a wind sweeping over it such as only Georgetown Heights are noted for, chilling us to the very bone. However, as it is, at this writing, only two weeks until Christmas, as a certain Pittsburgher keeps us informed, one may bear it at such a season with more equanimity.

In a late issue of the New York Tablet, a reference was made to certain Athletic sports at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. The notice having by chance fallen under my observation, caused me considerable surprise, since I find the game an almost exact counterpart of our own which took place two or three weeks earlier. Whether the fame of ours had reached there, or whether it was a coincidence, I am not prepared to say; it seems very much like the former, but, however it was, they got ahead of us in a public notice, since our paper with our account in it, had not yet been published when the notice of theirs appeared. And I make this little observation in the interests of contemporary history.
by the students generally, are, I think, well merited, as it was the individual energy shown by those who took part in it that brought about their success. All present seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair, and the fine singing of Mr. Young and the members of the choir, helped to render it interesting. More I shall not say, as I might anticipate the notice of it.

During the past two or three weeks, we have been casually visited by an Italian trio, who fought contests, like the one of 2d inst. by those who took part in it that brought about merited, as it was the individual energy shown for that style of itinerant hurdy-gurdy. An Iowa woman went to church on Sunday and "experienced religion." Arriving home, she called her children about her and said: "I am pious now, and I am going to give you two dollars." She then gave one dollar to each of her children. She said: "I am going to give you two dollars." She then gave one dollar to each of her children.

Mr. Editor: Although I have no desire to appear in print or to enter into a controversy with your very intelligent and entertaining correspondent, W. D., I nevertheless cannot let his strictures in your last issue pass without some comment.

In the first place, so far as my observation goes, I do not think there is any occasion for his criticism upon the conduct of old Alumni of the College. I never meet any old student who does not, when the subject of Georgetown is mentioned, become quite animated, and eagerly inquire for the latest news from it. If the old students do not visit the College as often as they ought or as they would like, it arises, I assure you, not from any want of friendliness to it or its inmates, but because their business and residence call them elsewhere, and their time will not permit. And should some one of them, after a few years absence, return to the scenes of his College life, what awaits him? He finds that the faces familiar to his school days are gone, and that new and strange ones are in their stead. No one greets him or scarcely none, and thus he passes unnoticed and unknown amidst scenes in which, a few years ago, he played his part, gaining the esteem of his Professors and the adoration of his fellows. But such is life, and the student departs lone and sad from these hallowed haunts, wondering what has become of those who were his companions then, and wishing he could with them renew his youth and recount each almost forgotten link in the chain of the pleasures of those days.

Thus, although we cannot visit the "old place" it is not forgotten; for, do as we may, we can never banish the memory of those days.

A Graduate of 1872.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Editor: In reading your paper yesterday, I came across the article "De Quibusdam Rebus," by W. D., and as he asks for a reply, I will give it. In the course of his remarks, he says, "I allude to the coldness and want of friendship existing between the old students and the inmates of the College." W. D. is evidently laboring under a mistake. There is no coldness and no cause for any. How can there be? If there be, it is certainly not on our side, for we take interest in all the doings of the students and the welfare of the College. I was very much surprised at the terms used by Mr. What Do you call him. He asks, "Do you ever see old students entering the College yard?" Certainly: when ever I go up to the College I do see other old students there. He must remember that although there are a good number of them in Washington and Georgetown, they have their work to attend to, and the battle of life to fight and win. To do it they must be attentive to their business; hence one can see that they have other things to do besides going up to the College.

W. D. speaks of the honorary members of the Philodemic Society never coming to the meetings. In the first place, when one has been working hard all day, he is not inclined to visit any debating Society. But, suppose that some Thursday evening, during one of your meetings, I should, as an honorary member, walk in upon you all, what would be the result? Why, knowing very few as I do of the members, I should feel myself out of place, and perhaps throw a damper upon the whole Society, notwithstanding the glowing terms in which W. D. has painted the warm reception I should receive.

I repeat, that there is no coldness between us, except perhaps in the mind of W. D., who has evidently over-exerted himself in this article and is under the influence of a heated brain.

The estrangement, if you can even call it such, is due to neither side, but is brought about by separation and time.

W. D. asks "what can mend this state of things?" The way to remedy it is for the students to stretch forth the hand of welcome and it will be readily grasped. You should have more public entertainments to which you should invite the graduates and old students.

Why, for instance, did you not celebrate St. Cecilia's day publicly, or at least send invitations to the old students? I did not hear of it until it was over, although I would have liked much to be present. Let some of the debates and declamations be public, or at least invite us; let the Philosophers ask us to some of their "Specimens" and by these means the state of things so sadly deplored by W. D. will be remedied. It is the only way, and to do it will promote the interests of the College; so should encourage such things.

W. D. must remember that the war has been the cause of so many of the Alumni never having been heard from; most of them were Southerners and many were either killed in the war or have been ruined by it. Admit that there are some old students who have entirely neglected their Alma Mater; still, to visit the faults of a few upon the whole body is an injustice. I will wager that I now have more love for old Georgetown College than W. D., if he be a scholar. Very often indeed can I be seen in the yard on a Sunday afternoon, taking a drink at the old pump, out of the same dipper (I hope), that many of my predecessors at College who are now no more, drank from.

D. W.
SKEPTICISM.

This is truly an age of skepticism. Its evil influence abounds on all sides, and few there who have entirely escaped it. Its numerous followers are not content with their own erroneous belief, or rather non-belief, but they strive to spread heresies throughout the land. It would seem that in this so-called enlightened age, when we are advancing in civilization and pride ourselves upon the perfection we have attained in the arts and sciences, we should also increase in the spirit of faith, and more ardently admire the wonderful providence of the Creator. As we read history and recognize the divine justice of God, exemplified in the fate of many people, who, by the disregard of all precepts of religion, incurred divine vengeance, it would appear that we ought to be inspired with the fear of falling into the same errors and calamities, and that consequently, we should guard ourselves strenuously against irreligious tendencies.

Notwithstanding, however, the many examples in history and Scripture of the fearful consequences of giving unbridled license to the vagaries of poor human reason alone, while rejecting truths that are taught by Scripture or have been handed down by tradition, but which our intellect is incapable of fully understanding,—yet, the fact cannot be denied that at the present day there are many engaged in propagating fallacies of the most heinous character, and totally at variance with the teachings of religion. In all ages Christianity has been obliged to contend with some form or other of skepticism, but since the time of Voltaire and writers of his school, she has found herself obliged to oppose those especially who, indigining in theories founded merely on human authority, have at last come to doubt even the existence of a God.

Skepticism appears in many cases to be one of the unfortunate results of mis-directed learning or education, for it is principally amongst the more cultivated classes that we find it prevalent. The lower classes of society have not yet arrived at that degree of egotism and conceit as to incline them to disregard the teachings of eighteen centuries, and to accept as alone true and orthodox the deductions of an unassisted human reason. Alas! how many of our great literary men have become a prey to this contagious disease of the mind! Of few of them could it be said that they possessed any religion: many,—in fact, we may say the majority,—have become atheists. It is indeed a sad subject of contemplation that the mind, the most glorious attribute of man, and which distinguishes him from the brute creation, should be misled by him to his own destruction, and be made the means of extending theories opposed to the truths which Christ had come on earth to teach.

It is moreover not only when we come to discuss points of religion, but it is in the encounters of every day life, that we discover the skeptic, from his utterances. And it is but too often that we do so. Judging the world and human nature from a prejudiced point of view, he is unwilling to recognize good in anything. In fact, skepticism, which is synonymous with narrow-mindedness, is becoming a fashionable characteristic, and is frequently assumed, especially by young men, college students, simply because it is a trait of the age. This class of persons are ever abusing fortune and are rarely contented with their lot; their existence is aimless; they are unwilling to admit the existence of virtues qualities in any, but constantly defame the good name of their neighbors, by attributing base motives to the most noble actions; and finally they lead a life as unhappy and unprofitable to themselves, as it is annoying to those around them. Judging others by their own degenerate standard, they suppose them to be influenced by the same motives that incite them to action. The sceptic will deride the idea of duty, and fairly laugh at the idea of any one's shaping his actions according to the dictates of conscience. He himself follows no such guide, and he cannot, or at least is not willing, to conceive how others should act differently.

There is still another class of persons who at heart are not so corrupted as those we have just mentioned, but yet have become so contaminated by associating with them that through a fear of being considered superstitious, they become almost as skeptical as their worldly preceptors. However, it is principally in religious discussions that the skeptic discovers himself in his true character. The most solemn truths which can be verified by Scripture, the best of authority, are by him despised. Proofs are scoffed at, and the obstinacy with which he refuses to be convinced reminds one of the old adage that "you can bring a horse to water, but cannot make him drink."

Some have striven to show that the advancement of science tends to foster and increase the present state of skepticism, but they have been signally unsuccessful in their efforts to convince the thinking portion of mankind. On the contrary, the knowledge of the sciences is in itself, as all must admit, productive of great good; it is only the perverse use that is sometimes made of this knowledge that leads men to error. Science, like every thing else good in itself, can, by being perverted from its proper sphere, become an instrument of mischief. It has been constantly asserted that religion is opposed to science, and endeavors to curb its progress. The falsity of this proposition has however been fully proven by some of our most distinguished literary geniuses.

The true origin and fountain-head of skepticism is in ourselves: it is we who are its originators as well as its promoters. Rash self-reliance on our own abilities, distrust of others, and too great confidence of solving all difficulties by means of our own unaided intellect, may be classed as a few of the characteristics of the skeptic. He is found in almost every state of life; in fact, free-thinking principles are becoming so prevalent, that it would be difficult to say where skepticism is not to be met with. The rising generation is fast becoming infected with some of its errors, and many young men rather glory in their perfect indifference to all religions. O Reason! what crimes are committed in thy name! To what ignoble use are thy noble gifts frequently diverted! In this degenerate age a belief in the very existence of truth is scorned, and its attributes are alike disregarded. Doubt holds dominion over many minds; it enfeebles the will; corrupts the heart; and renders man unfit for serious thought or action.

It must be a source of grief to all Christians that so many of the young men who are now pursuing their studies and who in a few years will be called upon to take their part in the busy world, are growing up without a settled religion of any kind, being unable to extricate themselves from the labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty they have built up around them. Most of our Colleges and Universities in this country graduate a class of young men who have a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek, a smattering of the modern languages, and are well versed in the polite arts and sciences, but who unfortunately have no fixed religions convictions nor any preference for one religion more than another. This state of affairs is certainly not at all likely to promote either the happiness or prosperity of society. It is to be hoped, however, that a change will soon take place in the manner of instruction which prevails in many of our institutions of learning, and that skepticism, as an infectious plant, will be weeded from the land ere its foothold grows too strong, or its noxious seeds have overspread it.

Milo.

*We take it for granted the writer does not refer to his own College, as instances of this kind of apathy in religious matters are extremely rare among Georgetown students. Ed.

Medicai Department.

At a meeting of the graduating class of the Medical Department of Georgetown University, held Dec. 13th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: L. A. Bradebury of Ohio, President; E. Carroll Morgan of Washington, son of our friend, Dr. J. E. Morgan, Vice President; Jas. L. Martin, Jr., of Philadelphia, Secretary; W. P. C. Hazen of U. S. Navy Hospital, Treasurer.

Messrs. Herran, Alexander, and Turner, left, from weak eyes.
FIRE AND WATER AS PHYSICAL AGENTS.

The strange and magnificent operations of the material world are truly a subject of profound interest. The vast changes that have taken place in nature, caused by volcanic eruptions and invading oceans, excite our admiration and surprise. The continual struggle of fire and water, so admirably equalized, evinces a power consistent with that of a supreme God alone. When we gaze far back into the remote history of the world, when we carefully examine the mighty remains of other ages, when we trace step by step, the different stages of creation, we are filled with astonishment at the many revolutions which the world has experienced. To fire and water, the two great contending forces in nature, are these changes to be attributed. They stand like immense giants, ever striving to gain the mastery, endeavoring ever to destroy one another, and struggling with a might, which, were it not regulated by an all-provident God, would surely spread desolation on every side.

In the very beginning we may see the effect produced by these forces; the history of the first few days of the world is told in the following words: “The earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep; but the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;” the earth lay hidden beneath the waters of the deep that everywhere extended in undisputed power, until God infused into the buried mass a fire which immediately caused it to spring from its deep, dark prison, and restore order to the world. Thus was earth rescued from the dominion of ocean, until again submerged by the great universal deluge.

And how great was the power of that flood, which covered the globe and changed completely the face of nature! We have only to examine the remains which Science has brought to light, to understand the effects of that divine catastrophe, the monuments of whose might are scattered over the whole world. On plains that lie extended on the summit of lofty hills, are found, firmly imbedded in the soil, the skeletons of fishes, remains of coral insects, and shells of every description; while, rooted fast to the bed of mighty lakes, are found the petrified trunks of giant trees, and the bones of animals that could have lived only on the land. We may judge, how terrific was that struggle of fire and water, since, it caused, in some places, the bottom of the sea to rise into elevated hills, and in others, the lofty heights to become the ocean’s bed.

But perhaps the most striking effect of the deluge was the change of climate which it undoubtedly wrought; a change which caused lands, that must at one time have been as warm as the tropics are now, to become subject to the most intense cold. The proofs of this are undeniable. At Kirkdale, in Yorkshire, England, a cave has recently been discovered which contained the bones of animals of at least twenty-three species; hyenas, elephants, tigers, and among others a species of deer not now in existence. From this it is evident that the climate of England was once as warm as that of the southern zone, in which alone these beasts are now found. Again, far up in the polar regions, where groves of pine trees, such as do exist only in much warmer climates, have been found imbedded in huge strata of ice, in a perfect state of preservation; and the remains of numerous elephants and other like beasts have been discovered in the extreme northern parts of Asia.

(J. McE.)

DECLAMATION AND READINGS.

III.

Our observant and pains-taking reporter, "Maro," gives us a full account of the Declamations and Readings which occupied the morning of Dec. 11th; the session being held in the students refectory, as usual, and attended by the whole College. We were not able to be present, but tell that the criticism was more than usually lively, and that there was some brisk sparring between members of the Poetry, Rhetoric, and Philosophy classes, in the review of the merits of their respective orators. The space at our disposal in this number is evidently going to be too much in demand, that we shall have to content ourselves with a mere abstract of "Maro's" report, subjoining however his more prominent remarks. The speakers were Martin J. Condon, Charles Heller, William Buckley, James H. Sloan, John O'B. Sawyer, George Flournoy, William J. Agar, Thomas F. Casey, Thomas P. Biggins, Franklin Roberts. Charles De Courcy, B. Campbell McMeel, (“fine talents for speaking”), and Arthur Hood, Jr. Besides these, Louis G. Johnson and Patrick H. Lynch are said to have done well, but to have lacked distinctness; Harry C. Walsh, as he warmed up, delivered "Lord Ullan’s Daughter" very creditably; S. Carroll Chancellor declaimed "The Sailor Boy’s Dream" in a graceful manner, but was bald and monotous in parts; Eugene C. Morley, though suffering from a bad cold, read creditably the "Pilot" by T. H. Bayly. Edson Briggs, in delivering "The River Saso" by Hunter, was somewhat timid, but improved after one of those famous drills by the President: John N. Fleetwood's declamation of "Furl that banner" was well done, notwithstanding a somewhat too close attention to the metre; Frank P. McManus was very fine in "The Two Roads," by Rector, but was lacking in gesture; G. Carroll Horsey also, notwithstanding some minor defects, recited well Byron's description of the ball at Brussels, on the eve of Waterloo: Eugene S. Ives in Scott's "Helvellyn," did himself equal credit, though a little monotonous in parts: James E. McClellan, in Byron's "Address to the Greeks," and Frank De Sales Jenkins in Grattan's "Declaration of Rights," are likewise commended, though noted as not managing their eyes effectively. Bell W. Etheridge declaimed Wirt’s Defence of Bivennerasset "in splendid style," and John G. Agar concluded the contest,—for such it really is,—with the recitation, in his usual meritorious manner, of "Gualberto’s Victory" by Miss E. C. Donnelly.

Washington Seminary and Gonzaga College Association.

In our last, we gave an account of the reunion of the "old Seminary boys," and of their action in the matter of an organization. The committee appointed to frame a constitution, reported at an adjourned meeting held at the old Seminary building, F. near Ninth Street, on the evening of October 25th, Mr. Joseph H. Smith in the chair, with Mr. Frank Galt, secretary. We take the remainder of the proceedings from the National Republican of the following day, merely promising that the title given in our heading is that adopted for the association: thus, the students of Gonzaga College, which is only the new name of the old Seminary, are not excluded, though we believe none are admitted who were not students prior to 1865.

After the transaction of routine business the association proceeded to the election of permanent officers with the following result: President, Allison Nailor, Jr., vice president, Joseph H. Smith; secretary, Frank Galt; treasurer, Daniel E. Cahill; executive committee, Allison Nailor, Jr., John B. McCarthy, C. P. Gautier, Daniel W. Davis, John O'Meara, Frank Galt, and Joseph H. Smith. On motion of Mr. Gaultier, the secretary was directed to communicate with Rev. Father Cleary, of Georgetown College, and Rev. Peter Fitzpatrick, and invite them to be present at the next meeting of the association.

After interesting remarks by Capt. Thos. Lay, United States navy, on the reminiscences of school-boy days, that gentleman, together with Mr. Cahill, was appointed a committee to conduct the president-elect to the chair. On taking the chair, Mr. Nailor, after speaking of the happy hours of school-boy life in a few neat and appropriate remarks, thanked the association for the honor they had conferred upon him by electing him their presiding officer.

Adjourned.

MARRIED.

At the St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans, on Wednesday, December 1, 1875, by the Rev. Father Rouxel, Chas. B. Ray, (A. B. 1872) of Monroe, La., to Miss Marie M. Kenison, only child of Capt. M. Kenison, of New Orleans, La.
THE GEORGETOWN
COLLEGE JOURNAL
ESTABLISHED 1872.
A TWELVE PAGE QUARTO PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE TEN MONTHS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

TERMS:—One dollar a year in advance.
Single copies, ten cents. Business cards (one inch) inserted for $5 a year, including a copy of the paper during that period. Additional space furnished at the rate of fifty cents an inch, or Four dollars a column, each issue.

The College Journal is published by a stock association among the students. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, to chronicle the news of the College, etc. The paper, being principally devoted to matters of local interest, must rely for its support chiefly upon the students and Alumni of the College and its Departments, and their friends. Those and all former students are expected to sustain it by their patronage.

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Address,
COLLEGE JOURNAL,
Georgetown, D. C.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, JANUARY, 1878.

CHRISTMAS.

Unless some unexpected accident intervenes, the present number will be issued in time to distribute it in the College and vicinity, and perhaps to subscribers outside, before Christmas day. We avail ourselves therefore, of the opportunity, to wish our readers a hearty encouragement of the season, with no draws-back of any kind to mar it. We almost promised in our last not to write an editorial in this number, and so far as the topic of the season is concerned, "W. D." kindly relieves us of any necessity of dwelling on it. We heartily concur, moreover, in the sentiments he expresses.

But the topic which follows seems to call for a place in this issue, ere the subject grows stale.

THE "CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY."—AGAIN.

Considering the length at which we treated this subject in our October issue, it can hardly be expected that we should have anything new to say. Nor have we: but propriety seems to demand that we take some notice of the comments made upon our article by a few of our exchanges. The College Message (Cape Girardeau, Mo.) speaks kindly of us in connection with our suggestions, but its editor has evidently given so superficial a reading to our article, that his own is almost valueless as a commentary. We quoted, at the conclusion of our remarks, those of the N. Y. Tablet which had inspired them. The quotation marks we used ought to have sufficiently indicated to any ordinary reader that here was an extract. Yet the Message credits us with saying that the problem of the University is to be solved by the "hierarchy, clergy and wealthy Catholics,"—that the question of its site is "only a secondary" consideration,—that the affair of the University is to be settled first, and that of the "Public Schools" afterwards: whereas these were observations of the Tablet, to which we made no reference whatever in our editorial. Again, says our contemporary: "The Journal speaks of Catholic and non-Catholic students. The non-Catholics have splendid universities of their own in this country, and it is not very probable that they will patronize a new establishment which must necessarily take a conside rable time to reach their standard." Now, all that we said about non-Catholic students was that in the days of the developed University, many of them would probably prefer living in town to dwelling within College confines,—a remark that was based upon the supposition, that we were to receive a new element, but that we were to retain the proportion of non-Catholic students we have always had. At present, they embrace not less than a fifth of our whole number, which is the general average of late years, though in former times the proportion was much greater. It is hardly to be supposed that non-Catholics, having frequented Georgetown from the days of its humble beginnings in the last century, to the present hour, would be seen here no more when the day of her greatest success had arrived. Besides, an institution that has held its charter as a University for sixty years, and, as a College, had, for twenty-five years, previously, attracted students from all parts of the country, can hardly be called, at least in America, "new." Moreover, as to its "standard," even in its undeveloped condition, it may be news to our con temporary, but still it is true, that upper class men who leave Georgetown before completing their course, may, if they were not notably inferior to their former class-mates, enter any of the "splendid universities" referred to, on a footing equivalent to that they held here.

The last student of whom we have any account, as so entering, left here at the end of Rhetoric—"the Junior" class of these universities,—and, although he had not finished his class at Georgetown, passed so triumphantly an examination for entrance in the Senior class at Princeton, that he was a nine days wonder there.

The Message says it would have been much pleased had we "offered some practical suggestion." In the name of all that is reasonable, then, what was our article about? If it went to show that Georgetown, having all the elements within herself to constitute the University wanted, and having age and repute to back them up, was already within easy grasp of the ideal, and needed but small help to attain it, was not this a practical suggestion,—at least so far as we are concerned? Certainly, it is far more so than the Message suggestion, that a convention of those interested in the subject should be held, apparently to confer as to creating one. The "practical" want in our plan,—the money,—is a still more crying want in the other: for, whereas a quarter of a million would suffice generously for our purposes, double this sum would be an insignificant provision for a new institution elsewhere, especially if salaried professors are to be procured, and everything has to be begun, from the "foundation stone," up. Indeed, we quite agree with the Message, that "To establish a Catholic University in the United States is neither so easy nor feasible a matter as may be imagined." To complete one that is already established is much easier. In fact, except in the matter of buildings, little development is needed in our case; we have our Departments of Letters, Medicine and Law in full and successful operation, and that of Theology within easy call if we build for it; (our theologians left us only in 1868, and are but fifty miles away by rail;) while the only other kind of development needed is in connection with our department of Science, now in an inchoate condition, but still imparting to those who aspire to degrees, a thorough course of three years, the value of which is recognized in the prominent Scientific Schools in the United States,—as those can testify who have already entered Scientific Schools after graduating here. Then, where shall the new University be placed, to occupy a better position than the old,—the central spot indicated by its close proximity to the National Capital?

In regard to the plan of a University sketched out in the N. Y. Catholic World, to which our friend of the Message refers, we must own, at the risk of being considered not of the "majority of the intelligent," that we do not remember seeing it, and would be glad to have it pointed out to us.

The Notre Dame Scholaris, in treating of our article, says: "We have already written in favor of one or more National Catholic Universities, and are still convinced that they are what is needed in this country." It then goes on to urge that "representatives of the different colleges should meet together from time to time, when they would be all able to discuss and determine affairs of this nature." We too see no reason why there may not be one or more Catholic Universities in the United States; surely, Georgetown will not pretend to monopolize that position, and to monopolize it for all time. With the increase in numbers, wealth, and culture of those who are mainly to be relied on to support them, it would be absurd to suppose that one institution is to
satisfy all demands. But if the future is to be adequately provided for, some attention ought to be paid to promoting the interests of an institution that has already approached nearer to the ideal that the future invites us to, than any of its contemporaries. If we are mistaken in thinking Georgetown in that condition, we are quite willing to be set right, and only ask for evidence to combat what may be but a natural partiality on our part,—the expression of which will not, we hope, offend our contemporaries, since we do not mean to derogate from any of their colleges. But if we are correct, then we invite the largesses of the wealthy in our behalf, first, and trust that, with gifts, we shall not lose the good-will of our sister colleges, to whom we wish entire success in their career of development. We believe, however, in not trying to do too much at once. As time goes on, and excrescences arise, these other colleges or some among them will be built up into universities, and do honor to the cause of Catholic education, no doubt. But there should be no forcing process in connection with this development. Our centennial at Georgetown will be reached, doubtless, before we realize the full extent of our expectations,—that is, in fifteen years from date. We may then be said to have developed by natural progression, and all other colleges must do the like, whatever time it may take. Among those individuals who may feel called on to endow Catholic colleges,—being moved thereto by the action of conventions or assemblies summoned to discuss and decide the matter,—there is hardly wealth enough to contribute to the completion of any existing institution, much less to build up a grand University ab ovo. Besides, we think the calling of a convention a fruitless project, for the reason that there can hardly be any union of sentiment among Catholics on this subject, since every one has his own preferences. The only possible result would be that each member of such a convention would pull in his own direction: and if, in the difficulty of arriving at conclusions, advice were sought in higher quarters, none could be vouchsafed, for the reason that those appealed to would be unwilling to take so delicate a step as to select, from among competing colleges, the one that should first receive the favor of the wealthy and liberal; nor would they seem to discriminate against all, by advising that an entirely new institution be created.

Therefore, we say, let every institution work out its own destiny. It must, in the end, depend upon its own particular friends for aid, and not upon any others. If those who might assist Georgetown think they can do better by aiding some other institution, or by endowing a new one, let them do so; it is not for Georgetown to protest; but the determination of our Faculty, we are sure, will never be altered:—and that is, sooner or later to make Georgetown a great University, whatever progress other Colleges may make in the mean time.

The article from the Salesianum, copied by the Scholastic, we did not see in the original paper, having probably mislaid it. But enough is quoted to give us its tenor. It says: "We have always admired Georgetown College, but we think that her success and prosperity depend upon an adherence to the plan on which it is at present conducted, and we have serious doubts whether if Georgetown College were made a Catholic University in the sense in which the establishment of such an institution is urged, it would be a success. The distin- guished name of Georgetown College, its situation near the Capital of the country, the fame of the religious order that conducts it, and the historic associations surrounding it, would, indeed seem to indicate that it is destined to become the Catholic University of this country; and we would not object. But Georgetown College is doing a good work as it is, and we hope it will continue to do so in future; but, we think, if a Catholic University is to be established, it should not be done by the trans- formation of an ancient and venerable Institution of learning." And the writer goes on to recommend that the University proposed be an entirely new foundation.

There is nothing in "the plan on which it is at present conducted," that we know of, which is to prevent Georgetown from developing into the institution needed, except the maintenance of the "small boys' side," or in other words, of a preparatory department in intimate connection with the College; and this, all here regard as an arrangement destined to be put an end to whenever we take the next step forward, which will be the erection of new buildings. The plans for these are now being matured, and we can hardly believe that the authorities of the College will embarrass themselves and complicate their plans by a continued provision for our young friends. If they do, it will be quite contrary to the expectations formed by the majority of those whom we have heard discuss the subject, within and without the College, and can only be attributed to circumstances over which those on the spot have no control:—and so saying, we have no purpose of giving advice, but only of stating facts and their corollaries.

The only other obstacle to our development, that we can imagine would prove to be such, would be an adherence to the rules and regimen that now govern the great majority of our students, the boarders. But, in the increased accommodations that will be afforded by new buildings,—at the same time that all students will be excluded except those who have reached some maturity,—we can trust our superiors to reconcile the principal features of their present domestic system with a degree of personal comfort such as is now, and has been, for the last three years enjoyed by those who have entered upon their closing year in college, our Philosophers. Nor, to satisfy our contemporaries or ourselves, is there any need of our enquiring what would be the action of the Faculty in the matter of possible contingencies. The Salesianum, however, ought to rise and explain what is the "good work." Georgetown College is now doing which is incompatible with its performances on a broader stage; for this is a deeper mystery than that for which the author of the article eman- ticipated of our probable success on this stage.

It might not be un instructive to quote the remarks of another College paper, the University Record, published at the University of the South, an Episcopal institution at Sewanee, Tenn. We only regret that our contemporaries should have made as great a blunder as the Message, but in exactly the opposite direction, in attributing our whole editorial to the N.Y. Tablet. Gentlemen, please read your exchanges with more attention. We must also call the attention of the Record to a fact of which it may not be aware, viz., that the term "Record" means a loose translation of a German word, current for the last three centuries in Protestant controversial circles, but having no literary authority except the rather doubtful one of the dictionaries, and rejected as absurd by those to whom it is attempted to be applied. As an English word, it is in fact utterly meaningless. After complimenting the College Journal as one of its "nearest and best conducted exchanges," and then making the blunder we refer to, the Record goes on to say: "With the immense membership and influence of the Romish church in this country, we do not see why it has thus long neglected the foundation of a large University. Of course Georgetown College is suggested as the most appropriate site by the Journal, and it concludes," &c. So, we see what others expect of American Catholics.

Finally, we come to a notice so vulgar and impertinent that we should not reply to it at all, but for the reason that our silence might be misconstrued. We find it in the University Monthly, published at Knoxville, Tenn. The Tablet's quotation from Dr. Newman's remarks about the headless condition of modern universities, furnishes the editor with the basis for an ignorant and bigoted rigmarole, coupled with the absurd suggestion that the Journal's ecclesiastical friends propose to force "our universities" to wear a head that does not belong to them, and hopes that they will "rather wander on headless and lifeless forever." The Monthly may dismiss its fears. If it knew how little it concerns us whether its University has a head or not, or a dozen heads, it would hardly have busied itself about the discussion in our columns upon interests with which it has nothing to do. But with the usual bad manners of a bigot, it rushes in where it is not invited. Let it keep its place, and not impose, moreover, that a compliment to our zeal is going to be accepted by us at the tail of a string of impertinences. Nor should the editor forget that good parade of his "headless" condition, lest, in pity, some way-farer might forthwith fit him with a congenial block.
ST. CECILIA'S CELEBRATION.

Our Rhetoricians kindly excused us for not giving an account of their entertainments. As in our last number, the paper being then in the last stage of preparation, without adequate space left to admit any proper notice. "Observer," in the present number already credits the class with the zeal with which they prepared themselves, and we reproduce the notes of the entertainment which were handed us by another reporter, immediately after the performances.

The Programme, printed in the usual tasteful style which has prevailed here since the beginning of last year, thanks to the Rev. gentleman who then introduced it from Woodstock, was appropriately headed by the lines from the Merchant of Venice:

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night Become the torches of sweet harmony."


As usual, the celebration took place on the night of the 22d of November, in the College Refectory. The audience, though principally confined to the inmates of our buildings, was nevertheless, large and appreciative. Among the visitors from without, were our late schoolmates, Wm. H. Dennis, J. C. Robertson, Paul Arnold (Dear Paul!), Russel West, and Charles Stuart. (Come often, friends, you can never wear out your welcome.) Of course, the entertainment was successful. Mr. P. Lynch's Prologue was neat and Mr. Chas. Newman's Epilogue pretty. Yet, in these two gentlemen, as in all the other speakers, there was a lack of ease in delivery, and in most of them a lack of distinctness in articulation. This we should like to see remedied. The other pieces were good, especially Mr. Jas. McElhenny's "Growth of the Church." In this poem the interest was artfully maintained throughout. Mr. Hood on the "Fruits of Victory" was rather prolix, but uttered many sound principles. We congratulate the rest on their successful debut, and regret that our space limits our comments.

About the music. Judging from the encores given to the vocal musicians, we can congratulate them on the part of the audience. We are pleased with Mr. Young's voice, and think it rich and cultivated. The Choir of course did well, but the next time it appears in public, we would like it to rise higher than the old mark. Is music paper scarce? From the sparse supply in the hands of a couple of the sight-singing quartettes, we would be led to this belief. Professors Gietzner and Benkert executed admirably, but I must remark that their selections were too heavy for the audience. We regret this, as we would ever wish the efforts of these kind gentlemen to be appreciated. Neither did we admire the choice of subjects for the literary part of the entertainment. This celebration was in honor of St. Cecilia, but from the trifling notion taken of the holy patroness, it did not appear so. We think she should at least have been honored by an ode.

So far our reporter, who thus spices us the difficult and generally odious task of criticism. We do not, however, altogether agree with him in the matter of the choice of the general subject. The Centennial year of our national independence very naturally suggested a topic in harmony with H, as the author of the Prologue observed, in his modest apology for the change. The music constituted the tribute to St. Cecilia, and it was a worthy one, as all admit. We quite revelled in some passages of the instrumental portion, and enjoyed the rest, except that we protest against music with Italian words, unless it is sung by foreigners, for the reason that the language loses all its characteristic sparkle in the mouths of others, however finely the musical portion may be delivered. There was music for us too in the delightful Georgia accent, with its smothered R's, of our friend Arthur: so much so that we failed to take any notice of what the speech was about, except in occasional passages, which we thought would have sounded well in the College Journal. We admired the honesty and simplicity with which the speaker went right on, never passing at the end of a patriotic climax, to flourish his handkerchief, or practice any other of the common devices of more sophisti- cated orators, whereby a chance is afforded the audience of putting in a round of applause. By the time Arthur is a candidate for Congress, will he be equally guileless? While we were still entertaining ourselves with these light thoughts, the professional figure in black, of Dr. Newman, Jr., came to the front, and we immediately became grave, thinking that the Doctor was going to give us a medical lecture, and that "Epilogue" in the Programme probably meant "Epilepsy," which was to be the subject of the discourse. We were agreeably deceived, however, put away our pencil, and in the concluding Duo on the piano, lost ourselves in following the antics of the fairies as described in it: in one passage our impression was that their revellings in the bowers were interrupted by the entrance of a coworker on ponderous steps like those of the Commendatore in the opera of Don Giovanni: so that it was some time before equilibrium was restored to the hand of little flutterers. They finally sailed away gracefully over the "Lac," each in her barque of damask rose-leaf, drawn by a pale green and sylph-like May-fly, and disappeared amid gentle harmonies.

ATHLETICS.

Base-ball is over for the season, evidently, for it is not possible in the bracing atmosphere that has prevailed since the middle of November, to take up with anything less stirring than foot-ball. The last B.B. game of which we have any account, took place Nov. 13th, between the Monticellos and the College Nine. Neither party, however, had all their regular men. Only one run was made among the Monticellos, and this was by Jas. B. Sawyer, who quit his law studies in Washington for the afternoon, and came up to play with his old companions. Their cast was, Tymann, e; R. Jenkins, p; W. Kernan, 1 b; Jas. Sawyer, 2 b; Callahan, 3 b; H. Walsh, s s; Johnston, l f; Clarke, c f; and Condon, r f. The College Nine comprised Timmins, c; Mallan, p; E. Dolan, 1 b, each one run; J. Dolan, 2 b, none; McMeel, 3 b, one run; Dannmann, s s, two runs; Jno. Agar, l f, none; R. Walsh, c f, two runs; Jno. Sawyer, r f, one run, Total, 9 to 1 in favor of the College Nine.

The first game of foot-ball between the junior and senior (the four collegiate) classes, took place Nov. 18th. It was a most exciting game, and we do not remember ever witnessing one more so: it lasted nearly an hour before victory perched on the banners of the seniors. Despite the odds against them, the juniors fought, or rather, kicked, nobly. Captain of seniors, Timmins; of juniors, Condon.

There were two other games, on the 2d and 12th Dec'n, but the latter being indecisive, the championship remains unsettled for the present. The opinion of our reporter about the game of the 2d, is, that it was the most earnest, the longest, and the best contested game of foot-ball played within our College for many years. There should have been three goals won, to complete the game. The first was won by the juniors in twenty minutes, the second by the seniors, in fifteen, and the contest for the third continued for an hour, or until darkness set in, without either of the determined antagonists being able to claim a victory. If it had not been for the interference of Mr. Majors, kicks would certainly have settled the contest. The juniors deserve praise for their courage in facing men every way their superiors in football while seniors are to be commended for successfully engaging an opposing force of twice their number. On the part of the juniors, Condon,
Hamilton, Slater and W. Agar, and on the seniors, Timmins, McMeel, J. Agar, E. Dolan, and Jas. De Courcy, claim the thanks of their companions for their telling efforts. In this game, the members of Philosophy and Rhetoric were conspicuous for their absence, as only two of the former, and at different times, only one or two of the latter graced the field by their presence. Can it be that these gentle- men are too "top lopolical" in their aspirations, to mingle with their companions in the common sports? Or, have they "no time"? Yet when there is a chance of going to town and showing off their fine clothes, we notice they always have time. But, say they, we join in the common sports much more than in former years. This is a girl's reply, and we beg these select seniors to dolf their fancy, roll up their sleeves, and be boys once again: (says our reporter).

The game of the 12th, in the surging move- ments of the combatants, their outcries, and the intensity of the whole action displayed, would have made a fine study for one about to engage in reading an account of the old Hori- meric battles. We saw "Kaiser" standing on his head; but whether, he was kicked into this position, or assumed it through a momen- tary impulse of delight, we do not know. Fleetwood's white hat was often observed per- forming aerial flights: the gente Laplace quitted his brood for once, and was seen eager engaged in the fray: Walworth's fair hair streamed in the wind as he followed the bounding ball; Casey brought up his toes in pursuit, with all the vigor of a tug under high pressure: Timmins, McMeel, Slater, and others rushed into the closer contests with the force of young pile-drivers: the Agars kicked over, were captured by the doughty Malian, and would have been soundly pum- melled but for milder counsels prevailing. So that, incident was not wanting, even if the game was indecisive.

OBITUARY.

Charles S. Abell.—On Friday morning, Dec. 3, at 7.35 o'clock, Mr. Charles S. Abell, third son of A. S. Abell, Esq., died of typhoid fever, at Guilford, the family residence, Balti- more county, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

We shall make room in our next for the appreciative notice of our departed frien, which accompanies the above melancholy announce- ment in the Sun. Mr. Abell entered Geor- getown in the class of Poetry, in the beginning of the scholastic year,1854-5, and continued with us until his graduation, three years later. He was Prefect of the Senior Sodality the first of these years, and Vice-President of the Phil- odemic Society, the last. It is well known with what feelings of affection and esteem he was ever regarded by his teachers and companions; and he himself loved to renew the strong ties that bound him to the College, by frequent and most cordial visits, in which he was welcomed like a returning member of the family. Of all the students whom his Alma Mater has of late years equipted for the world's conflicts, he will therefore be the most missed; and we can hardly realize that we shall look no more upon his expressive features, nor hear again his cheerful converse.

At the funeral on Sunday, an immense at- tendance of friends, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, filled the house of mourning. The funeral service was performed by Rev. D. E. Lyman, in whose parish "Gulf- ford" is situated: and "Rev. Father P. F. Healy, president of Georgetown College, where Mr. Charles Abell was graduated, spoke in eulogy of the character of the deceased and the purity of his youth." (Sun). Among the pall-bearers were two of his fellow graduates, Wm. A. Hammond and Edward H. White: also, two of his school mates of a different class from his, Thos. Hilden, and C. M. Caughey. The interment took place at Green- mount Cemetery, and upwards of thirty gentle- men silently laid on the newly-made grave, in the gathering gloom of the tempestuous even- ing, the floral tributes they had brought with them, "covering it completely and forming a pyramid of flowers—and the dead was left to its rest."

The death of Mr. Abell was announced to the students in the Chapel, on the morning after the receipt of the intelligence, and the President in his address at the investiture of new members of the Sodality, Dec. 8th, allu- ded to it in feeling terms.

James Elley. This young man, who was a member of the class of 3d Grammar, during 1822-3, lost his life, Nov. 8th, by a fall from his horse. This sad event took place at his parents' residence, in a little town near his homestead, where his parents were to have celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of their marriage. The St. Mary's Beacon says of him: "Genial and ac- complished in his manners; kind, gentle and charitable in his nature, he was endeared to all."

James M. Spellissy. Mr. Spellissy gradu- ated at Georgetown College in 1855, receiving his degree of A. B., and remained another year to take a post-graduate course in Philosophy, thus obtaining his A. M. He adopted the pro- fession of Journalism, married in 1862, and then purchased the Catholic Herald of Phila- delphia, the title of which he changed to that of the Universe. Mr. Spellissy's zeal and good heart were unquestionable, and his attach- ment and regard for his Alma Mater were un- bounded, as his editorial articles frequently gave evidence of. But neither this venture nor his subsequent ones in New York, where his last essay in journalism was the publication of a short-lived paper called the "St. Peter," proved successful. Not long before his death, which occurred in New York in June last, after two days of illness from hemorrhage of the lungs, he published a translation of Balmes' Logic: and he left in manuscript a new catechism of the Christian doctrine for schools, a work on Natural Theology, another on the Syllabus,&c. His two children died in infancy.

Publications Received.

We long since received from our friend and subscriber, A. A. Hirst, Esq., of Philadelphia, the voluminous report of the Philadelphia Board of Health for 1874, which is a model of its class, pains-taking and exhaustive. The pressure on our columns prevented our noticing it earlier, and congratulating our former pupil on his membership in so meritorious a body.

Another alumnus sends us a recent publica- tion by the firm of which he is a member, P. F. Cunningham & Son, Phila. It is the life of "St. Benedict, surnamed The Moor," a colored man, and the son of a slave. As a member of the branch of Minor Observatines of the Franciscan order, he distinguished himself, even in a very ascetic order, for holiness of life, and rose to be Superior of his convent at Palermo. He died in 1869 and was canonized in 1897.

The "Manual of the Catholic Indian Missionary Association," a pamphlet, is received from V. Rev. J. B. A. Bromiloe of Washington. It in- volves the charity of those who feel for the poor Indians whose pastors are now replaced by the bigots and adventurers sent out by the Indian Department.

Final Notes.

We finish setting up, Dec. 22d, just as an in- teresting "Specimen" in Physics is going on. We will give an account of it, in our next, as also of the Specimen in Rational Philosophy, Dec. 31st: of the Sodality Reception, Dec. 8th, and the proceedings at the annual feast, on the day after. Our next number still contains, besides the continuation of the present essay on "Fire and Water," one on "The evidences of an Intelligent Creator, as shown in the phe- nomena of the Atmosphere": also an article on "Christian Education," by a new contrib- utor. Some minor "Jottings," a notice of the new Catholic Quarterly, and as usual, our "Personal" and Exchange notices, also the notice from the "K. University Magazine," have to go over. This comes of writing a long editorial. But we couldn't help it.

The Christmas holidays begin at five o'clock this evening, (22d) and terminate at 6 P. M. on Monday evening, Jan. 3d.
DE QUIBUSDAM REBUS.

VII.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I heard some one, a few days ago, say that "old W. De Quibusdam Rebus was about played," and has tried a new game of getting up a dispute. How ominous a remark like that sounds at times! It frequently shows the drift of general thought. Yet allow me to say that nothing was further from my own thoughts. I am well aware that my last article was stepping upon delicate ground, that it was striking a chord resonating in many breasts; but I spoke the truth, sir, and when occasion shall offer, will continue to do so with sincere purpose. I shall not continue the subject in this letter, hoping that I may see the views of some others,—your own opinion, my friend, of what is due to the subject,—and for no one else have I more confidence and respect. Believe me, sir, my love and good feeling for Georgetown College will never allow me to say anything which would return against it. If, when I think there is a fault, any one should prove me wrong, I shall quickly and honestly retract.

Christmas is coming,—that's no news,—but every one is thinking of it, and I can't blame them for the thought. As for myself, I could as well think of taking the Classics to a young lady, as to attempt a letter upon any other subject than this, just now. What a crowd of pleasant memories and happy anticipations the name calls up! To meet with the word in a book, your mind wanders from text into dreams; sleeping or waking, 'tis all the same, the thought is present. As our Christmas orator said last year, one of his friends told him he had a dream the night before that he was carried off into fairy land with a turkey on one arm and a girl on the other. These are our dreams, too.

There is a truth, drawn from our knowledge of human life, that few people think of, and fewer still are willing at first thoughts to admit; it is, that happiness even upon this sublunary sphere, is, after all, not so evenly distributed. The poor manacled prisoner in some low cell has his pleasures, and watches with ineffable delight the faintest gleam of sunlight upon his roof: a drunkard's wife does not think her condition so bad as it might be, and finds happiness in her children, whom she fends sure will grow up inheriting all their father's virtues and none of his vices; a poor girl deserted by her lover soon finds another; even a student's life is not without one bright spot; a little pleasure which big young men in the big world consider trifling, may, contemplative, fills him with joy. Why, our life is not so bad. "It's a long lane that has no turning," and Christmas will come around, now and then. I believe that the pleasure one of us has, while carrying his travelling satchel from the house to the gate, on his way home for Christmas, gives more real enjoyment than an outsider finds during the whole 365 days put together. But I am trying to make clear a plain truth,—a fatal undertaking.

'Tis certainly beautiful to see the word speak Xmas. One would be content forever to forego learning how to write, could he but make his X mark at this time. Christmas has such an humble, sweet sound as strikes home to every one. No day in the year is like it: no other bears with it such tokens of earnest, open-hearted merriment: to day, no hour that time's holiest measures, is so peaceful and serene as that in which our Saviour came into this world. The master among men has written:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And, then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are solemn; then no planet strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm.
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Why, not a child fears to go to bed early on this night, and the light can be put out at any time, the little thing if not asleep.

The Church has set apart no holy-time, that excites more the feelings of the heart than Christmas. Whit-sun-tide is wonderful, awe-inspiring, Easter is grand and solemn, but the feast now so near is so lowly, yet so sublime. As in the grandest drama known, the first act is the grandest of them all, so,—pardon the comparison,—throughout the sublime drama of our Saviour's life no act surpassed the first.

Not even the first miracle at the bidding of His virgin mother: not when, a little child, he was conformed to the wise men, nor when he spoke to Thomas: not one of those wonderful works whereby the dead rose to life, the lame walked, the blind saw,—nor that last supper: nor even that final ending, when the sepulchred body took life in an instant, or when soul and body mounted to heaven. No event so myste-

rous and incomprehensible, so truly Godlike, and yet so simple, as that of His becoming a little child. Think of that,—the Great God an infant! No wonder children are happiest at that time; no wonder that as Christmas eve wears on towards night, and that hallowed hour appears, we look at a little child as something above us.

Thus, Christmas is the happiest day even for those whom God has made happiest on this earth, those in their earlier years of guileless innocence. They have a day set apart as the ace of enjoyment. We too long for it to come; to see the chimney-piece festooned with stockings, some little white ones, others long and black, made of silk which can stretch very much, after the fashion of the olden time, and borrowed from our grandmothers. Some again,—short, stout fellows,—belonging to a boy: a contumelious little wretch who scoured to hang up a stocking not his own: so the measure of his allowance is small. Yes, and human character is not the thing at one age and another at another, but the young often repeat themselves in matured years, as their elders often retain the characteristics of youth. If among the old we find the young, among the young we find calculating age; and that boy who will hang up a pillow case, caring little whether it hides two or three little stockings, is always by.

But I am looking on the serious part of life, and Christmas so near! Fye on it! Mr. Editor, I wish you a merry Christmas. I wish all who have the patience to read my articles, a happy one: in fact I wish the same to all men but one,—that "some one" mentioned in the first line of this letter. But, hold,—I re-

pent my harshness even to this one: so I wish him, as I do all the rest, at least, a happy New Year.

Yours Sincerely,

W. D.
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