THREE QUERIES.

"Why weep you, silver-headed age,
When dreaming over life’s brightest page;
Why tearful gaze with shadowed eyes
O’er youth’s dim-visioned paradise?
"But tears for happy memories—why?
Age answers only with a sigh.
"O poet, why when thy heart is light
Dost sing of shadows and of night?
The lark sings blithely, clear and loud
Thou’rt shrouded in the morning cloud,
Sad thrill thy notes, O poet why?
And still the answer of a sigh.
"O heart, ask not why such things be:
For this is life’s own mystery."

H. C. W.

MANNERS.

Aside from the fact that men owe it as a debt of respect to themselves and society to subscribe to all those necessary rules that have been established for the preservation and improvement of our social world, there is yet another reason which must reach all—even those who are not at all inclined to consider binding upon them any such shadowy obligation as that above. It is this, that the man of good manners enjoys in every particular an important advantage over the man of bad manners. The world, taken in the gross, is not an acute or a discerning observer; many a long, weary year is yet to fly over its head before it learns that simple maxim—"All that glisters is not gold." While of course it is every man’s duty to do what he may be able toward improving the world by his life and work, the dictates of common sense suggest to us that we take the world as we find it whenever we are making a calculation into which it enters as a factor. Nothing is more certain than that the pure nugget of humanity—because it has not passed through the polishing process of art, (Chesterfield warrants us in calling etiquette an art)—is often cast aside as brass; and the lump of cankered brass, sparkling fresh from the hands of the artist, is seized upon as a treasure, even by men who account themselves skilful judges of the precious metals. If you be brass you are making a paying investment when you take a large amount of stock in etiquette—even the formal, cold Chesterfieldian article; the world never goes very far beyond the surface when it is, in expressive if not elegant phrase, "taking the size of a man." With a fair exterior as your fortune you have secured to you the favor, esteem, and even the confidence of no small portion of the world. I will not be understood as encouraging hypocrisy, by no means. I am trying to follow out a line of argument which will lead people who would, on no other line of argument, be led to the cultivation of good manners; if, at the same time their hearts are not bettered, I feel sure they are not rendered the worse by following a line of conduct which will insure to other people just and proper treatment in the contact that cannot be avoided with these other people. But this is not all—now we are come to the question of true politeness; it is true that the polished brass presents a more pleasing appearance than unpolished gold; but is it not equally true that polished gold presents a more pleasing appearance than either? that it is of more intrinsic value than either the polished brass or the unpolished nugget?

The proper inquiry here is, what is the foundation of true politeness? There can be no doubt that it is a kind, gentle spirit, a heart that is filled with unselfish thoughts and desires. What is our type of true politeness? A gentleman, of course. And that English word which is untranslatable into any other language gives us at once the definition of true politeness. We all remember reading in our story book when we were nine or ten years of age that conversation between a father and son, in which she said to the little fellow, "A gentleman, my dear, must be gentle," That is the whole thing. Not effeminate, there is nothing on the face of the earth more disgusting than an effeminate man. Simply there must be within the heart of the man who aspires to be a true gentleman, a proper regard for the wishes, the feelings, and the rights of other people. This gentleness is opposed to the rough-shod manner that some people have of trampling upon others. If a man be born otherwise than gentle in his disposition, he may as well set to work at once to secure this gentleness, or else relinquish all hope of meriting the proud title of gentleman. He may for years keep an army of French dancing masters at his elbow, and in this way secure the polish which so takes the eyes of the world; but without the spirit of gentleness he can never feel what it is one of the delights of life to feel—"I am a true gentleman." Without it there is no hope. It must be with you and abide with you; like mercy it is not strained; it dropped as the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath.

This brings us to another consideration. Upon what are all human affairs founded—and of all human affairs, society especially—but on the faith of one man in another? Destroy this faith and social chaos is the certain result; after social chaos will come in rapid succession moral, physical, mental, and the end will be universal chaos. It is of the first importance then that man’s faith in man stand unshaken. If your faith in the honesty and truthfulness of all your companions is destroyed, what will be the result? If you be all right yourself you will have an awful taste of loneliness. You cannot mingle freely and unreservedly among a crowd of such people; every time there is a hand of theirs moved you will think that its ultimate object is your pocket-book. Every word that is spoken is considered by you false. Now, if each of your dishonest and untruthful companions (your social world) finds out that all the others are just as he is—why, there will be as much, even more, distrust among these "birds of a feather" than you feel yourself. It is clear that in such a case the society of which you are a part must break up. Confidence between its members is lost; confidence is the ligament that binds men in social bonds, whether we consider society in its
little mole that is gnawing away at the foundations of the social world. Like the little animal his individual work does not amount to much; but like the insect, he has a multitude of fellows-in-service and their impressions will be made if only time be given. Is the man not one of these hypocrites who pretends, and successfully pretends, to be a gentleman when he has not one of the essential qualities of a gentleman? Does he not contribute his little share to the stupendous work of tearing away the foundations of society? Does he not merit your hatred and my contempt that he merits, and that we owe to him and ourselves to visit upon him.

It is proper in this connection to call attention to a mistake that passes current for the truth among men—that rough manners nearly always bespeak honesty of character. The origin of this mistake is not hard to find. There are so many impostors in the world who combine the fair exterior of the "whited sepulcher" with its repulsive interior—we have just left off talking about them—that many come at last to dissociate interior excellence with exterior beauty and symmetry. This is only another proof that the world is a superficial observer; they only take hold in this instance of half the truth. Shakespeare was right, "All that glisters is not gold;" he was too acute an observer to mean by this that all that does not glitter is gold. The quality of brightness cannot be objected to. As I have said, just as the polished brass surpasses in appearance the unpolished nugget of gold, so polished gold surpasses in appearance the polished brass; and what is of more importance it surpasses them both in intrinsic value. Why not polish gold? The polished race presents a more pleasing appearance than the honest and noble-hearted boor; let courtesy lay its refining hand upon the honest boor and he will surpass his former self and the smooth hypocrite both in appearance and intrinsic merit. The same question—why not polish the boor?

Many people, again, confound good manners with the refinements which are brought about by a severe course of etiquette. There is an obvious and important distinction between them. Anybody can learn the precise angle which his elbow must make, and how many seconds it is to be held at that angle when lifting his hat by way of salutation to a lady; or what manner of gloves, ties, hats, etc., are au fait upon any one of the different society occasions. He is a poor fool who cannot master the details of the most cultured and correct society; this may be so done as to win the plaudits of the fashionable world, and yet, the lucky man be infinitely short of the high standard which marks the point where etiquette perhaps stops, or at least is lost sight of, and good manners begin. And if, as I tried to show, gentleness be a necessary element of true politeness, this is clear. What beyond a tolerable memory is needed in order to master the details of good society? Good memory does not bespeak for its possessor a gentle spirit; hence, good memory does not bespeak good manners.

These are all observations upon the surface—that I know. Everybody knows the truth of everything that has been said: I have no great ambition, however, to delve beneath the surface when there is so much on top worthy of being picked up and held before your eye for a moment's notice; they all richly deserve this notice. Nobody can find in them anything that he did not know perfectly well before. With another I am content; when it may be necessary and I may be able, "to kneel and pick up out of the mud the truths which are trampled under foot by a headstrong generation." Box.

THE OLD PLACE.

To most collegians the very word college conveys a dreary sense of discomfort and fills their minds with thoughts of Latin themes and examinations, mathematics, rough fare, and worst of all, early rising. The idea of returning to school after the vacation casts a blight even upon their most delightful enjoyments. They remember that but a few weeks more and their term of pleasure is over and they will be obliged to obtain permission for everything that they do. And while they are in college they generally grumble and show disgust for everything that happens. The meals are not to their taste; they are dissatisfied with the rules, they do not agree with this or that prefect, or, if everything else is satisfactory, they are not content because there is nothing to do, the college is terribly dull.

This is the general disposition, and many students are only too happy to leave what they term the "old hole." The man who praises a college is rare indeed. The majority of his fellows look upon him as one who is infringing on their right and casting aspersions upon them. Now while I do not care to set myself up against the received opinion of the many, and while I have a few objections myself against colleges in general and particular, yet I think that I can show a few objects which make life endurable even to the most dissatisfied and which cause us all to remember them and to treasure them up in our minds.

A class-room is nearly as prosaic a study as one looking for something to love could find. The sense of barrenness and bleakness as a person enters one of these rooms is very striking. But, as we look around and see the names of all students cut on benches or chairs, written on the walls, scratched on the windows or marked on the maps, we feel as though we were in communion with a host of by-gone memories. These names were placed there by men who may now be gray-headed, and who would recognize the trivial work of years ago with a thrill of exultation and joy, and would conjure up before their transported fancies the merry students of the past. It always seemed to me to be a desecration to remove or destroy a desk covered with hieroglyphics and initials. The pleasure which a student takes in deciphering the various words, conjecturing what certain initials mean and imagining what kind of a boy he was who cut this name or that, cannot be described. Whenever I found the name of one who had preceded me in class by some few years and whom I had heard, a feeling of triumph came over my soul and I therewith resolved to surpass the record of this man and hand down to posterity my name and the year when I had the honor of sitting at that particular desk. How careful I was to cut softly for fear of disturbing the recitations of my class-mates, and how I watched the teacher, lest perhaps he might discover my work and ask for my faithful jack-knife. Some wary
spirits were accustomed to mark their new made names with chalk and a lead pencil, in order that the fresh-looking cut might not attract attention. How proud we were when the newly-finished name showed forth in all its glory! But what a feeling of rage, mortification and distrust of all things human overcame us, when we came to class next day and found that some enemy of ours had cut out our cherished work.

The hours which we have spent in these class-rooms waiting for the bell to ring, which was to release us, must make us have tender remembrances of all connected with them. Whether it was in summer or winter, the five o'clock bell was anxiously looked for, and the fleeting moments seem to halt and stumble as they sped toward the goal which we so ardently desired to see them attain. The patient, peaceful drowsiness which overcame us in the first part of afternoon, when the trees were budding and the birds singing, gave way to restlessness which prompted us to consult our watch—or somebody else's—every few minutes. The trees seem to mock us as they gently sway their limbs in the soft breeze. The words of Demosthenes or the woe-stirring cries of Edipas were unable to unchain our attention. We wished to be free and love not the class-room itself as much as the sunny landscape and wishing for the room different from what it was, and how new boys would take their turn and love the old chapel. Ah! I love the chapel and the walks, the1

*LOQUAX AT THE BAR.*

In obedience to the summons of one "Miriam," "Loquax," alias "Ah," appears before the bar of the indignant sex. "Miriam," among other things, takes exception to an article on "Loquacity" which appeared in the Journal for the month of February. Now in the first place I desire to tell "Miriam" that the writer of the article in question disclaims any intention of pointing "satirical shafts" at women—loquacious point of view, and that there is not a bit of the satirical consideration in a loquacious point of view, and that women have tongues, "Miriam" follows up her advantage by quickly propounding the question, "But what were tongues made for?" Whether this question is put merely as a rhetorical ornament or not, I am not quite prepared to state, but certain it is that the question is not directly answered by "Miriam" herself.

Now with reference to the quantity of matter that is catted daily from the Government Printing Office, it is necessary to understand that the honorable Senators and Representatives are supposed by virtue of their position as lawmakers, to talk down all opposition—are paid to talk and expected to talk; and I myself have stood on the sidewalk and seen those very chariots—carts indeed—rattle over the public highway, and as my patriotic bosom heaved with solemn emotions, I breathed a prayer that women, too, might one day have a share in the legislation of the country.

In conclusion it must be said that it is certainly not the thing to quote a stanza of poetry three times in as many weeks, and beg leave to assure "Miriam" that it is rather startling to a young man of weak nerves and a mild disposition, to be told that "it was not of a woman that Butler wrote—"

And still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack."

The circus which exhibited in Washington on April 18th and 19th, absorbed a few half dollars from the students. The Journal's representatives had a reserved seat, and therefore we are obliged to give it a puff. To all our friends we say that if they desire to see a circus which is worth seeing, they should go to Barnum's.

Another bicycle has been added to the collection which we now possess. Why does not some literary bicyclist give us a lecture on the noble art?

The Kendall Green nine have challenged our experts to a contest.
THE NEW GAS.

For the past month or so workmen have been busily engaged in repairing the old gasometer which for a number of years has remained unused and only afforded a home to the frog and lizard. The iron pillars which from many years' exposure were covered with rust and overgrown with weeds have been returned to their former position; the outside enclosure has been rebricked and covered with cement and the old tank itself which showed that it had been subject to much hard usage in the past, has been mended and treated to a coat of red paint.

The cause of this revolution is the manufacture of a new kind of gas. Formerly gasoline was exposed in pans and a quantity of air was forced over the fluid, taking up the gas, and was thence carried by pipes to be used. This mixture of air and gasoline vapor did not afford an agreeable light, nor one which was at all beneficial to the eyes. It was very liable to smoke and to load the air with particles of unconsumed carbon. Lately, the complaints against it have been very loud and it was decided by the College that a better quality of gas must be procured.

The new gas is manufactured in much the same manner as coal gas, though the material is different and there is a very small amount of by-products. The old tank and gas-house were formerly used when gas was manufactured from resin and the gas apparatus have been idle ever since. This new gas is obtained by the distillation of refuse petroleum. The liquid is admitted into the retort, which is heated red-hot beforehand, a very small quantity at a time. The gas then passes through a number of pipes into a receptacle which is filled with broken brick. Here most of the liquid which the gas may carry is deposited. Then it is conducted to the gasometer and is ready for use. Before entering the distributing pipe, however, the gas passes through a purifier which is placed between the tank and the main pipe.

Thus far the gas which has been used has given satisfaction. The old burner and globes were removed and an iron burner with a piece of stone, having a single slit, inserted in it, took their place. The light is brilliant and white and when not disturbed by drafts burns with little, if any, smoke. At first the glare was rather severe on the eyes but as they became accustomed to it the annoyance ceased.

Now that we have plenty of good water from the Washington mains, and manufacture a fine quality of gas, many of the complaints of the boys must have an end, and next year with these advantages and the new building college life should become quite comfortable.

PERSONALS.

REV. THOMAS H. STACK, S. J.—Among the gentlemen promoted at the Easter ordinations in Woodstock College to the dignity of the priesthood, was Mr. Stack of Virginia, known to the students of the present year as the entertaining lecturer who opened the Toner Scientific Course for 1889-91, and to the generation which re-peopled Georgetown College, when the last gun at Appomatox had been fired, as the young soldier from the valley which Stonewall Jackson had made the world familiar with. A few years of earnest work here preceded his entrance into the Society of Jesus, a step which he took in September, 1868; and the intervening time has been devoted to study and teaching in the colleges of the Order. It was his happiness to have father, mother, brother and sisters at his ordination, and it only needs this notice in the JOURNAL to secure for him from many college friends hearty congratulations on the achievement of long cherished plans. Ad multos annos.

REV. LOUIS LE BLANC, S. J., from Canada, who has been attached to the staff of professors since the early part of the year, was ordained priest at Woodstock in Easter week. He celebrated his first mass in the college chapel on Low Sunday with solemn rite, and was the recipient of many congratulations from his friends among the students.

HARRY C. WALSH, (81,) spent the Easter holidays at the college, glad to welcome back, even for so brief a time, by his classmates, who deeply regret that his impaired health will debar him from graduating with them in June. His physician has interdicted all mental labor for months to come, as the only means of re-establishing his shattered health. The verses which appear on our first page are from his pen, and must, we fear, stand as the parting word from one whose hand has in past times wrought much of the merit that our columns could claim.

LUIS DE LA ROSA.—No more welcome visitor has been with us for months than this kindly, warm-hearted gentleman. He left college in 1851, was graduated as civil engineer in Mexico, his native land, and has since been no indolent looker-on of the stirring events which have been agitating that fair land since the close of the war with the United States. A colonel of engineers at the siege of Puebló, in the campaign conducted by the heroic and ill-starred Maximilian, he there lost a foot in service and, disabled for further military duty, retired to his farm. Events, incidents and personages of his college life were both vivid in his remembrance and dear to his heart, and it was a genuine pleasure to see how loving and loyal he had been to Alma Mater, and how delighted to find, at the college, even a few who were fellows of his thirty years ago.

Among visitors in the month just gone by were Drs. Richard H. Edelin, of Charles County, Maryland, who dates his college life back to 1850; Robert C. Combs, of St. Mary's Co., who graduated in 1855, and represents his native county in the State of Maryland; and John Hamilton, of Charles County, who was at college in 1887.

C. C. LANCASTER, JR., ('74,) was recently sent as special agent of the Department of Justice to investigate and report upon some questionable transactions in Virginia and North Carolina which demanded and received the attention of General Devens before his retirement from office. His report was hid before the Attorney-General three weeks ago, and has called forth a vigorous rejoinder from ex-Senator Lewis, of Virginia. We congratulate our "ancient of the laws" on the distinction which the choice for this service involves.

EUGENE MCCARTHY, of Syracuse, N. Y., who left college in 1876, after finishing his Rhetoric year, was in Washington last month on his bridal tour, and took pleasure in showing his wife the scenes of his early life.

In Alexandria, Va., on Saturday, April 30th a meeting was held in the law office of Hon. S. Chapman Neale, to organize an Alumni Association among the students of Georgetown who reside in that ancient city and its neighborhood. Similar branch organizations are earnestly desired in every city of the United States where Alma Mater can muster half a score of sons.

The two tables of the Billiard Room Association have been fitted up and a new set of balls purchased. This is rather late in the year to make the improvement, but next year's students will profit by it.

The Toner Circle will have another lecture on May 10th.
Dona Nobis Pacem.

Give, give me peace! For long life's hand hath rested.
With chilhng touch upon both breast and brow,
And though my soul has many a billow breached;
Others are rising in the distance now.

Give, give me peace! For still the shadows lengthen;
Colder and colder grows the tempest's breath.
Angels of Hope, my trembling spirit strengthen,
Lead me, O lead me through the waves of death.

Give, give me peace! My spirits sad are falling,
As many invitations as they desired.
And now I hear afar faint voices calling,
That music at a public debate was out of place.

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In the sky, the earth, the air,
Nature's music's everywhere;
List the tempest's sullen roar,
And the breakers' long shore.

Through the hemlocks and the pines,
Whistling go the angry winds;
Prattling brooks sing, wild with glee
Sings the bluebird from the tree;
All doth music sweet outpour
To the base of ev'ry roar.

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College Notes.

Some short time since we were asked to show two gentlemen through the college and let them see everything curious or interesting that we have. As we were examining the various articles in the Museum, one of the gentlemen was attracted by a bead having on it this inscription, "Found on the grave of Father Marquette." "Why," said he, "that reminds me of a rather peculiar adventure of mine about a year ago. A friend and I were rowing quietly down the Mississippi late one evening, and were rather inclined, on account of the beauty of the scene, to look around us than to make much progress. As my eyes were carelessly turned from place to place along the shore, I saw the end of a large canoe projecting into the water, from beneath the roots of a tall tree that stood just on the edge of the bank. We went closer and found that the other end was buried in the soil, and that the exposed part had been laid bare by the washing of the water. The boat had been buried in the mud before the tree had grown. As we examined it we found that it was brass bound, and on one of the brass bands was the name "Marquette," half effaced. It was the boat of the Missionary. We went on our way intending to return in a week or two, and force it from the remaining earth. We returned, but the tree had fallen, and the boat was not to be found."

It is strange what a revolution the approach of summer produces in the college. The smoking-room is deserted; the noisy sounds that used in the cold winter to break through it, and the loud song that was shouted around the stove are silent. The students, as soon as the last bell sounds, do not delay a minute to leave all rooms behind and nay them either to the ball-ground or the gymnasium or walks. For my part, I must say that I admire the taste of those who seek the solitude. I really believe that there cannot be found in the States a more beautiful place than our walks this time of the year. They remind me of some of those old gardens that I have read of, where the trees met overhead with interlacing branches. How is this Horace puts it? "O quam pia ingens albaque populus Umbram hospitalem consociat amant Martias."

And now when the leaves of these waving trees are of that vivid green that spring alone displays, and the first joyful twittering of the sparrows, and the first notes of the oriole are heard, who would not leave the class-room to be among all this? You all know that old round wooden thing with the four trees about it, just below the community graveyard? Well, it has always been a wonder to me that so few my few to sit there; it certainly gives a very pretty view. As you sit there you look right through the length of the little valley encircled by the walks, and on each side of the small brook there lean weeping willows; around these are trees of deeper foliage that make a fine contrast with the lighter green of the willows. It is all very beautiful and reminds one of a real picture. And then its shady coolness! I have no idea that a hammock swung between two of the trees around the walks would make a retreat that would satisfy a Sybarite. Let me advise you to frequent the walks; if you have any poetry in your soul they will certainly develop it.

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Deaths.

Rev. Francis W. McLaughlin, S.J., who was attached to the corps of professors during the years '67-'8 and '69, died at Seguin, Texas, last week. He was ordained to the priesthood some five years ago, but his poor health, inherited tendency to consumption having manifested itself, rendered active service in northern latitudes out of the question; and he went to Texas four years since where he labored zealously up to the time of his death. Of a gentle, retiring disposition, warm sympathies and generous nature his success as a missionary was great, and gave him a place in the hearts of his friends that any man might covet. His remains were brought back by devoted brothers and sisters to his native home in Massachusetts.

Dr. Henry Hamilton, a native of Charles Co., Md., who with his brothers, George Ernest and John, attended class in Georgetown about the years '65 and '66, died recently in Indiana, where he was in very successful practice of his profession. He had recovered, it was supposed, from an attack of pneumonia, when a sudden relapse carried him off, before news of his danger could reach his relatives in the east. His remains were brought to his old home in Maryland.
The Easter holidays are over. To every schoolboy this means that the end of the term is in sight. From the day on which he returns to class until the "pomp and circumstance" of exhibition day, he spends no small portion of his time in counting, at first the months, afterwards the weeks, and finally the days, hours, and sometimes even the seconds that stand between him and the "dole for nights of vacation." Where is the boy who has spent a year at any school, able to deny that he has done this? Who, because it may in some light look silly, will be coward enough to deny that he has enjoyed much real pleasure and solid comfort in thus speeding the approach of the day when books go to the rear and fun comes to the front?

But, there is something else in the sentence, "The Easter holidays are over." Even if it be not realized by all of us when we are engaged in turning in our minds the addition and subtraction tables as just mentioned, it in reality means also, that work will not be so zealously executed as before the holidays. No one goes to his class work in June with the same zest that marked his approach to the same dreary pages in October, November or December. Why? Of course spring-fever is not to be left out of the account. We acknowledge its power. It can make the most uncomfortable classroom seat that was ever invented with a view to driving off the drowsy god, as delightful as any couch that we are told of in the "Arabian Nights." Spring-fever is a power; but it would hardly be fair to lay to its charge all the marks ranging in the immediate neighborhood of zero upon the pages of the class-book.

If there were to be no spring-fever, there would still be a perceptible falling off in zealous work on the part of students after these holidays had passed. And while we cannot blame a man for being visited with an attack of spring-fever any more than for catching the small-pox, this other agent of idleness can be fought against. It is simply the pernicious of one's self that "since the end of the term is in sight I can afford to slacken up a little." Why can you any more afford to do this now than at any other time? Is the matter which you study after the holidays any less useful? Is it any less interesting than at any other time of the scholastic year? We hardly think the curricula of our colleges are so ordered as to make this portion of the term a barren waste, after leading you for the greater part of the year through green pastures. Why, then, can you afford to waste the latter part of the year with less loss than any other part? You cannot. Shall we try longer to persuade ourselves that we can?

The presentation during the present month of "Edipus the King" by students of Harvard University is an event of prominent interest in the college world, and we cherish the belief that it will attract at least as much attention as do inter-collegiate regattas or base ball matches. The production of classical drama in their original Greek or Latin is not infrequent at Oxford and Cambridge, but the custom has been slow in seeking our shores. Two years ago, at the closing exercises of Boston College, which is conducted by the Jesuits, a Latin play was put upon the stage, and its success was unquestioned. Nor do we see any intrinsic reason for failure in such attempts. A public that can grow crazed over Berhardi or Salvini, while unable to understand a word of the language used by either, ought surely to furnish an audience that can follow under the guidance of explanatory programme or libretto, Latin or Greek plays when properly put upon the stage and fairly acted. Neither pains nor money have been spared to make the representation of "Edipus," in Saunier's Theatre at Harvard, completely successful. Mr. George Riddle, who is to sustain the character of the poor heaven-smitten king, is the teacher of elocution in the University, and since last October has had the matter in hand and the actors under vigorous and intelligent drill. Books, paintings and other sources of classical reference have been ransacked to secure proper costumes, the correct setting of the ancient stage, legitimate movements of the chorus, &c.

Music for the choral odes has been composed by Mr. John K. Paine, the University professor of music. An orchestra will sustain the singers; and altogether it may be questioned whether, even before the laurel-crowned Sophocles himself in cultured Athens, was this immemorial number of the great Tragedy ever more fitly represented than it will be in this year of grace, twenty-two hundred years since first its noble measures stirred the souls of the still warlike and religious Greeks.

It is much to be regretted than only an infinitesimal portion of the students of our American colleges will be able to enjoy the pleasure which this dramatic performance is sure to afford those who witness it. As an educational factor in the study of the rhythm and music of Greek verses and familiarizing one with Greek antiquities, one representation of the "Edipus," as here proposed, would do the work of weeks or months at the desk or in the class-room. We should be glad to have from the pen of some correspondent an account of the play at Harvard during the present month, satisfied that our readers share with us the interest which so notable an event in college annals is calculated to excite.

The new building is being encompassed by a brick walk. It would be a fine idea to have a brick walk around the entire group of buildings. It would be nearly one quarter of a mile long and would form a splendid promenade for the students.
Probably if French, Italian and Spanish were added to the course, it would be reduced to one year.

It is with much pain that we, the exchange editor, are compelled to refuse an apology for an offence committed, as "Miriam" says, against the fair sex. There is nothing which gives us so much anxiety as to merit their displeasure, or even to incur it, as in the present case, however just may have been our conduct. Still, we must feel ourselves conscientiously obliged to adhere to our opinion. Let us remind our fair aggressor that we did not impugn the wit of her sex; had we done so, her reply would have been a sufficient proof of the incorrectness of our ideas. And we will here remark that this is not the first time that we have been excoriated by the witty or sarcastic powers of womankind. No! We gave it as our opinion that the feminine gender does not understand "the joke," that is, they are not at all able to exercise an influence over the possible qualities of another. We have no doubt in the world that they are able to appreciate a joke when some one of the masculine gender has been at the trouble of originating it; else, how could we account for the frequent smiles, audible and inaudible, for which the sex is celebrated? Indeed, we would rather place woman in an opposite position to the Scotchman, who is said to be very expert at making a jest, though he is very curious in giving his smiles to the effort of another, never doing so unless there is true cause. We will now for the satisfaction of the indignant sex and "Miriam" give some of our reasons for the belief "that is in us." One, then, is the property of frequent laughing, so prevalent among the sex. It has been truly said, that he who is always smiling, laughing, giggling, or whatever you may call it, is the most unhumorous soul to be found. We have observed your sex, "Miriam," in various places; on the street, in the street-car (a very favorable point of observation), at their homes, among themselves, and on the festive occasion; and at all times and all places, mirth predominated to an alarming extent. The immediate cause of it we were never able to discover, so we came to the conclusion that one forever laughing—according to the saying mentioned—could never excite laughter except in sympathy. And now for our second reason. "Miriam," we never attempt to perpetrate a joke, consequently we have never tried to trepan any of our fair indignant. It is on us that the trepanning has been attempted, and as a result of our long suffering, we formed the opinion that we uttered to our cost.

We have no fear when your sex find that we have been thoroughly honest in what we said, that they will regard us no longer with indignant feelings, for though they be no humorists they can admire an honest conviction. In conclusion, "Miriam," let us remind you, that in denying to your sex this one quality we have taken from the meanest of their attributes. Their kindness, tenderness and amiability have never been and shall never be questioned by us.

**Book Notices.**

The American Catholic Quarterly is on our table, and, so far as a very hasty glance over its contents will justify any expression of opinion, we most cordially congratulate the distinguished editors on the issuing of a number which upholds the high standard of the Quarterly for depth of thought, soundness of views and pertinence of topics, while the general tone of the articles will commend them more widely than usual to the reading public. The first paper, Characteristics of Physical Life, will show to the reader, who may be inclined to follow the blind lead of Huxley, Tyndall, &c., that he can meet all the just demands of the most advanced science and yet not abandon revealed truth or exclude God from the fair universe around us. Carlyle's Portrait of Himself, by John McCarthy, is a contribution to the mass of periodical writings called forth by the death of one whose powerful and original mind proclaimed him a half century since, a great thinker, but of the iconoclastic, not constructive order; and whose impress upon his age is scarcely to be observed even now, when the spring blossoms have not hung for the first time upon his newly-made grave. Madame Swetchine, by Kathleen O'Meara, will acquaint the reader with one of God's noble women, whose name, rank and virtue cast some cheerful light upon the unhappy country whose name, rank and virtue cast some cheerful light upon the unhappy country which gave her birth, and which is often seen by us now under the glare of the assassin's mine and flash of the Nihilist's pistol. The Georgia Negro before, during, and since the War will lift the veil of prejudice from many eyes, we trust, and many there are that need the friendly service. We trust that the Quarterly finds appreciation commensurate with its deserts.

We are indebted to Dr. Jos. F. Edwards, of Philadelphia, for several interesting and valuable monographs from his
pen on certain very prevalent diseases, which, however, careful regard to the directions laid down in these little works would do much towards warding off or at least checking.

The first annual report of St. Mark’s Academy, a literary society fostered by the St. Louis University, has reached us. A glance at the subjects on which lectures have been delivered and the prominence of the names of different lecturers satisfy us that no better work could be undertaken in a city where there are always young men to be guided to right methods of thought on topics of timely interest. In the roll of honorary members is the name of Dr. Jerome K. Yardley, LL.D., who spent several years in Georgetown during the decade of ’50 and ’60. He is an eminent physician of St. Louis, and an authority in his profession throughout the country.

THE PHILONOMOSIAN SOCIETY AND THE JOURNAL.

The following was handed us in answer to an article in our last issue concerning certain acts of the Philonomosian Society:

A PROTEST.

In the every-day life of students, as well as of persons out in the “big busy world,” we may meet with characters as queer and strange as they are absurd and foolish. One of these has been drawn under our notice in the March issue of the JOURNAL, by a short satirical (?) article, in which the writer has not only misrepresented the Philonomosian Society, but in which he has exemplified to what an extent of absurdity, exalted conceit and an ignorance of facts pampered with blinded bias may be carried. If his character be in keeping with the tone of his article, we should find ourselves at a loss to form an idea of him. The near resemblance we could hit upon is in comparing him to an old country wagon, which when loaded moves along very nicely; with nothing in it, rattles so that you can hear it for miles.

So much for the writer; now for the article itself. In the first place, with the authority and almost unanimous consent of the Philonomian, we state that the writer of the article referred to is totally mistaken when he informs the readers of the JOURNAL that “a certain gentleman is admitted by all those highly intelligent members (sarcasm) to have done more credit to himself, etc., etc., than any one else! In a very consistent manner (more sarcasm) they refuse to give him a place on the medal debate.”

To this we can reply in no more fitting terms than had the writer obtained his information from parties who were unconcerned, he would have discovered that he was wrong.

In the third place we desire it to be understood by all, that it is not through any ill feelings towards the gentleman who is the occasion of these two articles, that we have entered this protest, but for the following reasons: First, to brand that article both as unjust and uncalled for, as it was untrue and unfounded; secondly, that such of those who have read the article and who may have been, at one time members of that body, seeing this protest may know that the Philonomian still prides herself on being as pure in her principles, as honorable in her designs, and as conscientious in her transactions, as her older and prouder sister the Philodemic; thirdly, that the other readers of the JOURNAL may be assured that the members of our society have neither lost their self-respect nor forgotten themselves so far as to be guilty of an injustice so great or of a connivance so mean, as the one which is laid to our charge.

Finally, with thanks for the space granted us, and the consideration given to this article, our last words to that satirical (?) man of duty is, that he follow the criticisms of far better judges to stand on its own legs, and, without regard to its proper place—some obscure spot, where its smoke and fire, returns headlong to its smoke and fire, returns headlong to

TRUTH.

With regard to the exordium of this remarkable document we have nothing to do: our character is sufficiently strong to stand on its own legs, and, without suffering in the test, has been submitted to the criticisms of far better judges than the author of the above effusion can aspire to be. In return for the graceful simile of the country wagon, we can compare the author with his exordium only to a rocket which, with much bustle, and a long train of fire, mounts skyward, and, when it has arrived at a certain distance, supported no more by its smoke and fire, returns headlong to its proper place—some obscure spot, where its existence remains unnoticed.

Now to his statements. He tells us that his remarks are made with the almost unanimous consent of the Philonomian; this is not true. We challenge him to the proof of his assertion; the author of the communication knows who we are and can easily call on us personally and show us this almost unanimous approval. It is to be feared that he would be in the position of the man who reported that a certain sick person had emitted three black crows. The information received by us on this subject came from various and disinterested sources, and was volunteered to us: in fact, as we took some interest in the subject, it was suggested to us to comment on it in the JOURNAL. The gentlemen from whom we received this information are certainly better authorities than any the author of the “Protest” can confront us with. Understand us therefore: we repeat our former assertion and will be found to uphold it with pleasure, for we are convinced of its truth. We do not by any means, suppose that it was ill- feeling kept the gentleman in question off the debate, but we have heard it said in the yard that there was another and a more politic reason. Verb. sat. sap.

This, then, is sufficient. Nothing that the “Protest” has said has, so far as we can see, any proof of its position, unless denial is proof. But the gentleman’s denial has not sufficient weight to counterbalance what we have heard even from some of those who were most interested in the result of the election.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1881.

DEAR JOURNAL: In these days of “society correspondents” it may not be altogether out of place to write you an account of a little reception I attended the other evening at the house of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. It is not, however, of the reception I intend to speak especially, for it was of no general interest, save that which pertains to the atmosphere and surroundings of a celebrity, and this the “Lass O’Lowrie,” as she is called from the title of one of her best books, certainly is.

As an American author, though of English birth, she deservedly holds a high place for originality of thought and strength of expression as well as descriptive power, and one cannot fail to be impressed by her remarkable delineations of character. It is not necessary to be youthful or romantic to enjoy her writings; they are such vivid portrayals of the life they represent, that one lives in the story as in a real experience. I knew an old lady eighty years of age, who despised “light literature” and considered sensational reading a sort of sin, but who listened entranced to the story of “the Lass O’Lowrie,” and gave undivided attention to “‘Haworth’s” and “Louisiana.” “A Fair Barbarian,” the latest fruit of her pen, has just been
completed in Scribner's Magazine. There is something so genuine about her creations; they are real creatures and we seem to know them, so true is it that "a touch of nature makes the world akin." Pathos and humor are admirably blended in her art and her English associations have given her familiarity with the dialect which is the quaint element of her style.

Too often when we are brought face to face with an authoress, a great actress, or an artist, whose work has made her an ideal in our thoughts, we are rudely awakened from a mental state of trance to the disappointing reality, and wish we had never met the famous "She," that we might still be able to imagine her all that fancy pictured. But in this case there was no disappointment. Mrs. Burnett is charming. She is a blonde, not more than twenty-six years of age apparently; rather petite, clear, pale complexion and expressive eyes, and without being a beauty, is essentially an attractive woman. As she stood "receiving" in her "Den," the home of the evening, she made a lovely picture set in a unique frame. She was dressed in a sweeping robe of black satin, relieved with trimming of sky blue, the short puffed sleeves slashed with the same, the neck cut square and the standing collarrette which surrounded it lined also with the blue, setting off the fairness of the snowy throat. Her light golden brown hair, parted on the side and arranged in soft fluffy masses, was held in place by a heavy jet ponioard, and she wore a necklace of jet and black kid gloves that extended above the elbow. She was notably free from affectation and that assumption or mannerism which repels interest and renders uninteresting I think, even "a Star." She spoke without reserve of the poverty and struggle of earlier years, showing neither "the pride which apes humility," nor the egotism that too often accompanies the egotism that too often accompanies the "proud" of clear practical judgment that she has. She spoke of the productions of a Ruskin. Yet these are the only classes of people whom you deem of sufficient importance to note among the readers of those same articles.

As one whose connection with the College as a student ceased some six years since, and to whom, therefore, your editors and correspondents are entirely unknown, I cannot be said to call to mind the friendship that one has with the "real life" themes such as would prove interesting to those whose duty it is to enlarge upon them. I believe a large fund could be formed from which the Journal could draw at leisure, and the encouragement thus given to writers whose productions are chosen, might bring about the desired result.

Let me not be understood as decrying the "locals." I am as much interested as any one in them. They serve to keep alive one's memories of college life, and to call to mind the friendship that one can never recall without unalloyed pleasure. But at the same time I for one like to contemplate, in the writings of those who are passing through a stage which I, alas! have now left for other fields of labor, the thoughts and feelings of my former self—the impression of a college boy pure and simple.

When, then, your valued friend (mine also, if I guess right) of clear practical judgment suggests a limit to the "literary articles," do not, dear Journal, interpret his meaning so strictly that it shall convey to the mind a total exclusion of such articles. Let the voice of an alumnus, a member (however unworthy) of a former editorial committee, an outsider and stranger to your present self, be heard in favor of just so many literary articles as a due regard for the writer's other duties and the limits of the paper will allow. Very hastily yours,

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