IN MEMORIAM.

I.
Mourn for the lofty dead, who fell when fame
Had opened to his feet her honest shrine,
And shed a golden halo round his name;
The web of life half woven when the line
Was rudely snapped, and in the glorious prime
Of lofty manhood the dark moldering grave
Shut out from him the fleeting hours of time,
And all the glories and the crowns they gave.

II.
Not in the battle's strife was he to fall,
When Death rode rampant on his ghastly steed,
And bristling bayonet and whistling ball
Wrought in his service many a bloody deed;
Oft on the well-fought field he faced the dart
Of the grim fiend. Relentlessly at length
It smote him, full of horrors, to the heart,
That yet wear the remnants of the grim

III.
No year has passed since first in grand array
Of proud success he sought the civic crown,
While martial ranks in glorious display
Swelled to the sky the praise of his renown.
From the historic heights of Virginia
Would have been preferred. Although no

IV.
Mourn for the lofty dead, my country, mourn;
Weep with the widow and the mother old,
Weep in their sorrow for the loss they've borne,
That their chief had seen but for the short space of a
From them at once his life, the crown he earned

***

UNDER A PALM.

From the historic heights of Virginia,
Which yet wear the remains of the grim
Crown on which he reigned so long with pride,
In the hundredth year since our independence was achieved,
The twentieth President of the United States,

Assignment to its last resting-place, all that
was mortal of James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States.

Around his bier stand as guard of honor
the great chieftains of the land, whose
swords won renown on the same fields
where his own had flashed. As mourners
over his coffin gathered the statesmen
who had contended with him in legislative
hall and on public hustings for the
crown of political service, which his head
was to wear but for the short space of a
few troubled days. From the great Capitol,
which had so often given back the
sound of his many, sympathetic voice,
was the remnant of mortality which had
enriched his immortal spirit borne
through the broad avenues of cities and
the coziest ways of quiet villages over
mountains and across the great rivers
that run between his home on the shores
of Erie and the nation's Capital has sped
his funeral train, and everywhere where
tolling bells and booming guns, waving
flag and floral tributes, the dirge timed his passing by. Anew
solemn cadence of funeral march and re-
sumption of glory lead but to the grave.

It has surely found it in the ending of
the life stricken down on the fatal 2d of
July by the hand of an assassin.

On Friday, March 4, 1881, James A.
Garfield rode down the historic avenue
of the Capital, the centre figure of a tri-
umphal procession which had higher
moral significance and was the expression
of truer glory than any that ever wound
its way up the Via Sacra to the Capitoline
hillock of old Rome. He was the ruler of
a great people, not made so by chance of
birth or by force of conquering arms, but
by the free choice of those who were to
become his subjects. Before and around
him flashed the glittering swords and
shining bayonets of citizen-soldiers, whose
arms were ever ready to guard the
little to which their voices had con-
ferred. In generous rivalry to do him
honor on his day of pride vied the brilliant
ranks of legions which came from States
that had pronounced him their choice for
the high office he was to assume, and
others from sovereignties where another
would have been preferred. Although no
rapturous in cheers marched at the wheels
of the carriage that bore him to his tri-
umph, there was near and among the first
to offer him friendly greeting and honest
congratulation the great soldier who had
contended with him for the prize of
Presidential power. Thousands lined
his "path of glory," whose shouts stirred
the air which was brilliant with the gorge-
ous coloring of flag and banner and
pennon, and the loud guns proclaimed
in the full vigor of manhood and glow of
hope achieved the new President passed
from the great Capital to his inauguration.
Across the very spot where he had stood
on that March noon and sworn to God to
defend his country's liberties entrusted

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georgetown university,
washington, d. c.
DE QUIBUSDAM REBUS.

The thoughtful observer will not fail to note the fact that "De Quibusdam Rebus" means something. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I beg to explain that it signifies in plain English "of, or concerning various matters." Now, since there are various matters which have not transpired as yet, I am not able, from the very nature of things, to play the part of historian; I can at least act as prophet. However, and, in my official character as such, I make the announcement that "De Quibusdam Rebus" will henceforth appear in every issue of the JOURNAL. And right here I would caution funny persons to beware, lest they be tempted to remark that this exciting change is deemed necessary by the writer on account of his suspicion that people are so painfully impatient to know what he has to say that they will wait two or three months for it. I hereby enter my caveat against remarks of this character, which might prove annoying and troublesome, were they not guarded against beforehand, and shall content myself with simply declaring that, if it is too much to expect the world to wait two or three months for advice in matters of vital concern, the forethought of the undersigned will in the future enable the world to move once a month, at the ridiculously low figure of ten cents a move (invariably in advance),—the ten cents, not the move.

As it may be a matter of wonder what motive a writer can possibly have in describing matters so various as those which will fall within the province of these papers, I deem it my duty to state that my mission is to effect a reform in several matters of special interest to readers of the JOURNAL. How shall I endeavor to do this while presently be made clear; in the meanwhile, in order to correct any misapprehension that may have arisen in the public mind, I think it proper to say that it is not my purpose to attempt, like your thoroughbred geniuses, to reform the world by the easy process of informing it that it is composed mainly of fools. This for two reasons: first, because I would cautiously refrain from including myself among the majority, for it is well known to be in the minority; and secondly, because human nature is so peculiarly constituted that it prefers to be reformed by milder means. What I do desire is, by all my heart, to see certain things as perfect as possible, and, conceiving that a few timely words of advice or remonstrance, as the case may be, from any quarter, will be sufficient to effect my cherished designs, I seize my quill. These papers, then, as indeed everything else that appears in the JOURNAL, owe their existence to the large-minded benevolence of the editorial corps, which is itself nothing more or less than another association collection of philanthropic young men who labor for the good of humanity at large, and which will be deeply moved, so sensitive are they, if humanity, in the same general sense, will subscribe for the JOURNAL.

A large number of the students of the University and special classes have secured rooms in the new building, and are, as a matter of course, delighted with their commodious quarters. Still no one who has the patriotic gumption to feel the love of old associations over his bosom steal, can reflect upon the beauties of the dormitory system without a soft regret, not unmixed with a pensive joy. Regret that he cannot, as of yore, eat his breakfast with a comfortable certainty of having his downy couch rearranged by the servants, but must turn his resources of brain and muscle to the acquisition and practice of a new art—that of bed-making. Some few there are who have refined this art to a wonderful degree of simplicity; they are such as have, by assiduous practice, reduced the whole thing to three or four motions, graceful certainly, yet depending for their successful accomplishment upon plenty of what is popularly known as "elbow-room," which requires that the observer, if he has any regard for personal safety, shall stand at a considerable distance. Patience and perseverance, we are told, are the leading requisites of perfection; this shows how it is to be perfect. From these happy individuals I pass to those who, when a tumbled bed looms up before their vision, are rendered sore afraid, and whose beds in consequence present a very belligerent appearance. They are, I fear, in the majority,

"Quorum pars magna fui;"

but I owe my present pitch of excellence to an interview which I had with the "Captain," one of the oldest institutions of the College. I informed him very respectfully that I had a bed to make up, and that, as I was harassed with doubts as to where I should begin, any advice in the matter would be received as an estimable favor. He replied that he had, after a long and varied experience, come to the conclusion that a bed could be made up in one or two simple movements, and that after a deal of experimenting he was now enabled to comprise
the whole complicated operation in one kick, which, judiciously administered, is sufficient to transform the most woe-begone pupil into a thing of beauty. This kick must perforce be complicated also, if it would effect instantaneously such a complex operation as the one required. But I believe that the genius and talents of the boys are capable of accomplishing anything, however difficult it may appear at first sight, and that when they are convinced that a reform is necessary in order to save time and labor, (especially the latter,) they will cheerfully adopt every suggestion from the right quarter. With this, therefore, I dismiss the subject of kicks.

That the aesthetic craze has overtaken a few of the University men, I am convinced by a visit lately made to the rooms of a member of the class of philosophy. I found him, of course, absorbed in the contemplation of something grand and lofty, lofty and grand, buried to his nose in books and papers; but what most charmed my eye and captivated my fancy was the arrangement of his bed. Coverlets of pink, alternating with light blankets of yellow and blue, and surmounted by a snowy-white pillow, hung in graceful folds, reach to the floor and coquettishly showing a slender foot (the bed's.) The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

To those who, for lo! these many years, have graduated from old Georgetown's walls, it will be sad news that the Mountain, "Mount Rascal," the former abode of the mighty intellects which are now astounding the world and which look upon the spot where they imbibed so freely of the draughts of knowledge which was forced upon them with a lavish hand, as something sacred, is no longer consecrated to philosophy. It is hard to write an obituary correctly and it is much more difficult when the corpse has to perform that melancholy office itself. Being a member of '82, as this humble scribe is, he feels that since the Mountain has gone, "Mount Rascal," has lost all its vitality, and will graduate this year without the experience either in philosophy, cookery, aesthetics, or pugilism which their predecessors enjoyed. In fact, like Othello, its occupation is gone, and until the memory of the palmy days of the Mountain are forgotten, the race of philosophers, although generally respected and looked up to by the other members of the schools and the faculty, will always feel some degradation in their own minds. For how can a philosopher maintain a proper self-respect or have a correct notion of philosophy, when he has to mix with the common herd, and perhaps be interrupted in his philosophical cogitations by the clamorous merriment of a freshman, or the jangling bell of a prefect?

Poor old Mountain! It actually appeared sad to me the day I last saw it. It was stripped of all its furniture except a few stray articles, and instead of the animated appearance which once it had whenever anybody ascended its old and well-worn stairs, it seemed like Leu in the storm. Here and there I could see relics of old students, which in former days had been gaudy ornaments. Perhaps we picked a card from some of the gorgeous hangings which had concealed the vestments of those mighty men, and when we looked to see the name we generally found it was Jack.

The last thesis to be defended in the columns of a college paper is one that would in the slightest degree call in question the merits of education, or seek to limit the widest extension of the advantages usually thought to flow from it. That such is not the aim of the reflections here presented will, we trust, be made clear to even the most captious reader; nevertheless the drift of what we have to say will be found to antagonize the constant language of education, that education, unqualified as to character or application, is a panacea for all ills, moral, social, and, to a great extent, even physical. To put the case as strongly against ourselves as ever the most biased mind would state it, we admit, or rather we contend, that education, as commonly understood, is something which very many people would be much better without. In one word, the thesis which we find to have received strong confirmation in the President's death, confirmation written in characters of blood, that education, unqualified as to character, is, that education which makes a clever man does not necessarily make a good man; or, to formulate it so that it stands the precise contradictory of the assertion which is held to be the cardinal principle of public morality, there is no necessary connection of cause and effect between the education which the State provides and individual morality.

Statistics are earnestly appealed to in proof of the statement that knowledge
and virtue, ignorance and vice, stand to each other in an unvarying and clearly-defined ratio, but the wary social economist will read these figures with the warning before his eyes of the schoolmen’s fallacy, post hoc, ergo propter hoc. Not caring to discuss the question on the narrow basis of deceptive arithmetical calculation, we take for granted the fact that the perpetrator of the crime, that has called out more reprobation than any which hitherto had stained our annals as a nation, was not an ignorant man, rather one educated beyond the average; and while we are not going to fall into the equally dangerous fallacy of letting our conclusions range wide of our premises and from a single particular undertake to draw a general deduction, we proceed to examine the merit of the proposition so persistently advanced by those who hold a system of education in which mental and moral training are in a condition persistently advanced by those who up to this time had stained our annals as a nation, was not an ignorant man, rather one educated beyond the average. From this fact we are led to the conclusion that to a man from whose industry and sagacity, knowledge is power,” it is true, but simple “knowledge” does not guarantee that the “power” will be used rightly. The more a man knows, and the more clever—in the American sense—he becomes, the more dangerous is he rendered, unless moral and religious training give the assurance that he will not misuse the advantage he has obtained. Moreover, by no possible transformation can educational acquirements be made to supply the place of moral principles. Because a man can find his way to Faysal or Beyrouth with accurate geographical knowledge, it does not follow that he will not sometimes find his way into his neighbor’s strong box; because a young man has mastered the intricacies of double-entry and percentage, it is hardly safe to conclude that he may not sometimes make fraudulent entries and draw false balances to cover up funds “borrowed” for speculative purposes. A man may be an expert in chemical analysing, know carbon from bismuth, and still not discern the distinction between menses and twain; he may read with appreciation the beautiful sentiments of a Byron, and still lead a life which even that prodigal poet would blush to acknowledge; in a word, he may become “a statesman, a theologian and a scholar,” and still have a heart in which murder can lurk—still point the pistol or plunge the dagger.

There are many appearances which lead the careless thinker to fix the prevalence of crime upon the existence of ignorance: but the history of the world, impartially studied, will show that the most cultivated nations can be the most depraved; and on the other hand, the people, who have preserved their native simplicity of character amidst circumstances little favorable to intellectual development, can be upright, honest and truthful. If we estimate public morality, not so much by the number of arrests for petty offences as by the gravity of the crime to be punished, we shall find that the ratio of educated to ignorant criminality is largely in favor of the latter. No uneducated ruffian shot down the unfortunate Garfield, and in Russia, where assassination is an accepted element in political workings, the chief nihilists are not the poverty-stricken, unlettered peasant just emerging from serfdom, but the turbulent student, the enlightened army officer and the visionary man of letters.

Not in vain will the late President have suffered a cruel death, not without compensation ourselves been forced to see the national escutcheon smirched by the bloody hand of the assassin, if public opinion can be led to confess, that education which excludes moral and religious training is a poisoned spring, a source from which turbid streams will flow in abundance, but bearing in their flood no element of public safety, no healing power for the ills that afflict the political and social systems of our country.

**ECCE ITERUM CRISPUSINUS!**

More than once in the columns of the Journal has question been made as to the authorship of the well-worn line—

“Consistency, thou art a jewel.”

When last the subject was up, the assertion was advanced that it could be traced to an old Scotch ballad to be found in a collection published in 1748. A friend of the Journal, who is well known in the world of letters, has allowed us to use the following information which she herself communicated to a Western journal, apropos of a visit paid to Mr. Bartlett, the author of “Bartlett’s Quotations,” a book invaluable in the library. We subjoin without change the story as we hail it from Bartlett's library. We subjoin without change the story as we hail it from Bartlett’s library.
himself to eight people, I wager they will all refuse to believe it and warn me not to be credulous, and I will, I am certain, be warned not to give ear to this new theory, nor permit this new iconoclast to enter the sanctuary wherein are stored quotes and their authors. I accept it, for too long have I pinned my faith to Mr. Bartlett's quotations for me to differ from him in any doctrine he may advance. Of course he is right, and when I get home I will tear Ruthven Jenkins from his place in the letter-book, and wait for another author to come to light. Mr. Bartlett has an old song. The author is known, but he has not yet found its parentage and birthplace.

The opening line of the first stanza is as home-like as the quotation from Ruthven Jenkins.

Again is our waif of the world of letters on the tramp, and a veritable filius nullius asks information that may assign its parentage and birthplace.

**PERSONALS.**

Conde B. Pallen, ('80.)—After a sojourn in Europe, which lasted quite a year, and embraced visits to the chief cities of Great Britain and the continent, our former editor-in-chief has returned for a brief time to the college, and has been much over the familiar signature, C. B. P., and written before the world-known sculpture made immortal in English by the pen of Byron, will show, to the columns which his vigorous prose and flowing verse have so often adorned.

He proposes to live in New York and prosecute his philosophical studies. Loyalty to Alma Mater and devotion to her interests deserve the cordial welcome which will always be his.

John W. Prescott, ('86.)—The first days of the term brought to his college home this gentleman who was a member of the class of '83, but who could not remain to graduate because of some affection of the eyes that demanded rest and medical treatment. A classmate of his, whom ill health in like manner forced to withdraw before the close of the year, was James R. Randall, widely known as the author of "Maryland, My Maryland." Mr. Prescott came from his old home on the Red River to enter his son at school, that he might re-printf the footsteps his father left in college a quarter of a century ago. The complimentary regard of Mr. Prescott for this year's Journal claims our special acknowledgment.

Edward C. Jonnson, of New York, dined with the Faculty on the opening day of school; his presence here being occasioned by the entrance of his son, Charles, into college. This distinguished alumnum found in Father Curley and Father Blenknop two who had been members of the Faculty in his college days, and the relation of early associations and former acquaintances gave rise to pleasant talk and awakened equally pleasant memories.

The letters addressed to the President of the College or to the secretary of the Alumni Association on the occasion of the meeting last June will supply us with notes for our personal column, of which we shall not fail to avail ourselves hereafter. At present we must be content to furnish information of the members of the class of '81 just graduated. George Donworth is studying law at Houlton, Maine, in the office of Madigan & Donworth; Danl. W. Lawler will enter the law school at Yale; Prosper E. Thian is with an engineer corps in the West; James H. Sloan has accepted a position in the B. & O. R. Co., a flattering offer having been made him by President Garrett on the day after his graduation; J. Ledyard Lincoln is to take a supplementary course at Harvard; J. Dudley Morgan will take up the study of law in Washington; James M. Willcox is to adopt the legal profession, but we have not heard where he will prosecute his studies; of A. H. Sennens we can give no information; Chas. F. McGahan goes into business with Edwin Bates & Co., of which firm his father is a member; C. Wm. Hamilton, who left college in impaired health, will take a year to rest and recoverate. We know nothing of the intentions of Edward Mellen. It is superfluous to add that the Journal gives a hearty God-speed to all the class of '81 and to each one is prepared to re-echo the good wish of poor Rip Van Winkle.

Charles F. McGahan, ('81.)—Our large-hearted and popular business manager of last year, and to whose zealous efforts the Journal owes much of its success, spent a few days with us during the early part of last week. His large circle of friends both in Washington and at the Convent and College, will regret to hear that he will not undertake the study of medicine in Washington, but will go into business in his father's firm, in Charleston, S. C. The students of the present year already miss his winsome ways, and are now sighing because he could not spend another year with them.

Joseph F. Keenan, ('83.)—By the withdrawal of this gentleman, college circles sustain a great loss. He was a great sportsman, and was successful at all the games common to college boys. He is now in business in Utica, and will no doubt be as successful there as he was here.

Arthur H. Dutton, ('83.)—During the past summer this gentleman received an appointment in the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and in September reported for examination. His success was of a most flattering kind, and both the place he gained at the very head of those who were admitted and the high commendation passed upon him and upon his work by the officers of the Academy augurs well for his future career. For two generations before him his family has adorned our naval service in the persons of his grandfather, Rear-Admiral Sands, and his uncle, Commander J. Hoban Sands, who went from Georgetown to Annapolis just previous to the late war.

W. W. Hill, Jr., ('71.)—Within the past week this gentleman paid a visit to the College. Ill health has obliged him to interrupt business in New York, where he is a member of the Stock Exchange, and seek rest and strength in foreign travel. He will sail for Europe next month.

**OUR EX-BUSINESS MANAGER.**

In the column of Personals mention is made of the gentleman who, since the change in the management of the Journal up to this issue, conducted the business affairs of the paper. The very efficient service which Mr. McGahan rendered during the year and a half that he held the position of business manager and the flourishing financial condition in which he left the Journal, on his withdrawal in July of this year, demand special recognition from the stockholders and editors. His energy filled our advertising columns and his assiduous attention to the collection of dues put our bank account on a satisfactory basis. This judgment was equal to his zeal in the discharge of his sometimes unpleasant duties, and his aptness was happily supplemented by a genial, kindly manner which could enforce claims without giving offence. If we may draw presage from his work in the position which he has just vacated, his success in commerce, the life in which he has entered can be considered assured, and that it may be, is the hearty wish of those with whom he was associated for over a year in the conduct of our College Journal.
THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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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, &c. The paper being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for its support chiefly upon the students and alumni of the College and its departments, and their friends. These and all former students are exhorted to sustain it by their patronage.

Address,

COLLEGE JOURNAL, Georgetown, D. C.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, OCTOBER, 1881.

ENTRVD AT THE POST OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.


Business Manager. THOMAS H. DOLAN.

Assistant. E. MILES WILLET, '83.

We have long since seen the necessity for correcting one failing of our which has been observed, no doubt, by all our readers. We refer to the irregularity of the Journal's appearance. Our plan last year called for its appearance as early as practicable in each month. The purpose was to aid its readers with something to read; make it; and this on the principle of supply = demand. This is a college paper; it is highly intellectual. We have every reason to desire that the Journal be kept clear of the charge of silliness, but we are afraid that some of its utterances will become as stereotyped as those weather proclamations, no matter whether because it has nothing else to say, or because it has been enslaved by long habit, or because it thinks that people expect them.

But upon reflection the reader will see that just here we are to be borne with a little. Every paper must mould itself according to its readers. That is to say, every paper must be what its readers make it; and this on the principle of supply = demand. This is a college paper; it must therefore confine itself to the atmosphere of the college; it has not, as the great journals of the country have, the whole globe to draw from in supplying its readers with something to read; and we may add that it has not, as those journals have, an experienced corps of editors at its head. Four raw, inexperienced editors, have before them the work of gleaning from the college,
(students, studies, amusements, &c.,) enough matter, as we call it in editorial
phrase, to fill these columns, and that
must be done in the spare moments
snatched from the severer duties of class.
Small wonder, we think, if we fail to
have these columns dazzlingly brilliant
always, or if we do not have them filled
with matters entirely new always.
We thought it would be well in the out-
set to suggest these considerations to
those of our readers who may have an in-
clination to expect too much of the Jour-
nal, so that they might not, at any time
during the year, pick it up with exagger-
ated notions of what they will find in its
columns. We do not claim that it is as
good as a college paper might be made in
other hands; but we do claim that many
of the defects which will undoubtedly ap-
ppear to our readers are due not to our in-
capacity or negligence alone, but to cir-
cumstances against which the Journal,
in common with all college papers, has to
contend.

We are zealous in the cause of public
spirit, as all the Journal staffs have been
since the first issue of the paper. We
have, therefore, sought to promote, so far
as in us lies, every institution and enter-
prise of the college that promised benefit
or wholesome amusement to all within
its walls. As a consequence we have fol-
lowed in the thoroughly-beaten track of
our predecessors, and plead with our read-
ers to keep alive all the above institutions
which the enterprise of other generations
of students founded and set on a secure
basis, and out of the stock of our own en-
treprise to build up others as there seems
demand for them. No doubt it is tire-
some to our readers to have thrust before
their eyes this old, old plaint. Doubtless
they wonder at the sterility of our resour-
ces. But what are we to do? We are,
as we said, zealous in the cause. We
know of how much value it is to all. We
do not have our space crowded with chron-
icles of events, nor laden with discussions
of other matters as our great metropolitan
journals do; hence we iterate and rete-
rate the same old pleas for the same old
things. We might very often substitute
other subjects, but they would have the
single merit of being new. As it is we
enjoy the consciousness of duty per-
formed and try to hope for results.

We wonder is it true that one, when he
first comes to college, is more down-
hearted or as they say "homesick" than he who returns time after time to it?
We think not. We know that it has not
been so in our case. Of course, there is
in the beginning some natural regret, to
which the soft-hearted gives vent in tears.
the youth of sterner stuff in moodiness;
but it is of very short duration, and soon
years off in the novelty of the experi-
ence. In such cases the certainty that,
unless death steps in to prevent us, we
shall in a comparatively short time be
united again to those of our kindred and
friends from whom we have been sepa-
rated, is a pretty efficient cure for such
grief. And then one is soon so interested
in making himself acquainted with this
new world into which he has fallen, in
making new friends, and becoming ini-
tiated in the mysteries of the place. Why
it is a perfect delight to a "new man"
to hear all the thrilling tales that have
been treasured up from year to year (and
by the way these tales are often more in-
teresting than reliable) and to listen to
the adventures of the celebrities that
have flourished in times past.

But this is all over with the first year.
And then we come back as habitues of
the place and there is no novelty left for
us. The romance of the tales that once
thrilled us has died out, the heroes are of
clay, and the cherished haunts too famil-
 iar to be more than common. Then again,
while we have left our life-long familiaris
at home, we come back only to see crowds
of new faces, many an old one gone for-
ever. We look for them, too, those old
faces, with a regretful longing, though
perhaps they may never have been to us
more than a mere acquaintance. Yes!
there is a vacancy, and it is the more felt
that we know that those who cause it are
gone forever. It is not as though they
were the home folks whom we shall meet
again; they have left to meet us no more.
Chance only will bring us together again.
Thus we have left our home friends be-
hind us and return to the class-room and
the ball-field to find those unchanged, in-
deed, in outward form, but sadly changed
in that "Something more exquisite still,"
which Moore describes. Year after year
we feel ourselves becoming strangers in
the old place; the new arrivals all gradu-
cally crowding us out; even the old pro-
fessors begin to leave. We are things of
the past, and when that graduation day
comes, when the valedictorian bids the
farewell that is to separate us from the
place, and when he speaks of parting re-
grets, we know that we feel in our hearts
that we no longer belong here; that our
departure has not come a moment too
soon, for if we stayed longer we would be
but old furniture, unfitted for the new
styles that have come since first we were
placed here.

**Influence of Public Opinion.**

To me it is always painful to see a man
servishly regulating his conduct according
to the likes and dislikes of his little world.
Free will was not given to man that his
lower creatures might direct him how to
exercise it, nor should any particular set
be allowed the power to make for him a
tablet of commandments, which would be
in opposition to his sense of, not alone jus-
tice but propriety. It is all very well to
say, "when you go to Rome, you should
do as Rome does," but if I go to Rome
and find them eating garlic, why should I
be compelled to cultivate a taste for the
nauseous bulb? Or if I find that on cer-
tain days they conceal their faces in
masks, and take undue liberties with one
another, must I join in this folly? I very
much fear that man often suffer more in
their respect for public opinion than eating
garlic or exhibiting themselves in a fantastic
dress. There are some who would turn
their backs on a dear friend, because the
friend had offended against the "proprie-
ties," like the lady, in one of Bulwer's nov-
els, who in public, was appropriately
shocked whenever the name of another
lady, with whom she had been intimate,
was mentioned, while privately she ad-
dressed to the innumerable person letters
beginning, "My dearest——." The rich
man reluctantly devotes his much-prized
boards to the building of vast piles, or to
the support of "societies for the propaga-
th of——," etc. Not because (I do not say
always) his heart is tender, but to make
the world think it is. The poor man lives
in a mean house and stinted himself and his
family at home, denying them almost the
necessities of life, in order to make a good
figure abroad. Neither succeeds, as a rule,
in hoodwinking their neighbors, for these
latter are rarely so kindly disposed as to
give their fellows the benefit of a doubt.
This last fact raises another thought in
my mind. Why should we be so slavishly
subject to that which is really of so little
value, since more often than not it leaks to
the wrong side? How often did the Athe-
sians put a man to death one day and
erect a statue to him the next? Besides,
it is generally the case that one who is so
particularly anxious to gain the approba-
tion of others, falls in his object. The
world rarely sets on a pedestal a man who
shows himself so well fitted for cringing
in the dust.

The fact is, merit is something which
should not go about the world endeavor-
ing to fit itself to other people's notions;
it should be sought after rather than seek-
PHILODOMIC SOCIETY.

The Philodemic met on Thursday, September 22d, and elected the following officers: President, Rev. James A. Doonan; vice-president, A. C. Wright; secretary, W. L. McLaughlin; treasurer, F. A. Brown; corresponding secretary, J. P. Chew; amanuensis, D. A. Stack; first censor, E. J. Mulligan; second censor, John Mulligan; chairman library committee, Charles Helm.

PHILONOMOSIAN SOCIETY.

The following officers of the Philonomosian were elected on Tuesday, September 29th: President, Mr. J. O’Connor; vice-president, Wm. B. Broe; secretary, M. J. Divine; treasurer, Frank Hamilton; amanuensis, Thomas B. McNamara; first censor, E. H. Saunders; second censor, William D. Lynch; chairman library committee, Frank Martin.

LOCALS.

The Reading Room Association was organized on Sunday, September 18th, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Rev. W. R. Coward; vice-president, J. Paul Chew; secretary, W. L. McLaughlin; treasurer, J. Smith Brennan; librarian, P. X. Smith; assistant librarian, Wm. D. Sheehan; first censor, Frank F. Hamilton; second censor, Wm. Lynch; third censor, D. A. Stack; fourth censor, John B. Mulligan; fifth censor, H. Sc. C. Dauny; sixth censor, James Dohan; corresponding committee, F. A. Bregan, W. J. Wagnespuck and Fred Tete.

The Sodality elected their officers in the same manner as in former years. The director, who for the present year is Rev. Wm. T. Whiteford, and the officers of last year, who returned, met in consultation and three names were chosen and presented to the Sodality. These three took rank according to the number of votes they received and they afterwards chose the remaining officers. The following are the officers: Prefect, W. L. McLaughlin; first assistant, P. Xavier Smith; second assistant, Francis A. Bregan; corresponding secretary, J. Paul Chew; treasurer, Edward J. Mulligan; librarian, J. Smith Brennan; assistant librarian, Wm. D. Sheehan; censor, Jno. B. Mulligan; first sacristan, Wm. V. McGrath; second sacristan, Waifer C. Taylor; consultors, Wm. J. Wagnespuck, Edward G. Farrell, Francis J. Lawler, Frank T. Hamilton.

The Billiard Room Association at their first meeting of the year, on September 18th, elected officers as follows: President, Rev. Michael J. Flynn; vice-president, W. L. McLaughlin; secretary, James F. O’Neill; treasurer, Michael Mahan; first censor, Edward Mulligan; second censor, Charles Helm; third censor, Joseph J. Dohan; fourth censor, Samuel B. Wallis; fifth censor, Miles Willett; six censor, A. C. Wright. The association promises to have a very successful year.

During the summer the yard in front of the Journal office was beautified by having numerous flowers planted. Languid lilies, and red, red roses can be furnished at a small expense for those about to visit the city. Under the management of the present staff, the garden “where the lily and the violet are in bloom” will be one of the prominent features of our intellectual and widely-famed sheet.

The small boy has increased wonderfully for the present year. There are forty or more of him and it is disturbing to have him running between your legs, and shouting so that a saw mill would be more compared to the sound which he emits. The small boy is something which every school boy has to be at some time or another, and we can forgive the offence to those who are quiet. Let him beware of the large boy, for he should always be out of the way and never molest him in any way, or horrid carnage would surely take place.

The class of ’82 has felt great pride in the marked respect and deference which has been shown them this year. Last year’s class enjoyed none of this high distinction, as they did not come up to the regular standard of dignity. It is an edifying and gratifying spectacle to see every boy raised as the philosopher walks by. They have come to the conclusion that the yard shall be treated in a correct manner for this evidence of appreciation.

We understand that our highly-respected neighbors of the Convent have a bad opinion of the board of editors of the Journal, because, as they allege, some one of us dirtied last year from the Journal office window. We desire to correct this erroneous impression and set ourselves straight before our amiable friends. The editors, with one exception, do not know what flirting is. One of them is so modest that he never speaks of or to a young lady, unless she is a relation. The man who does know how to flirt only knows because he tried it once and failed. He then and there resolved never to make another attempt. The other two gentlemen are such ardent admirers of the great poets and infinitesimal calculus that young ladies have had no place in their minds for...
a year or more, and never will have until A. B. is written after the editorial name. There are some other wicked boys here who flirt and do many wrong things. We advise our friends to beware of them. But the editors disclaim any idea of flirting with our fair friends. Flirting! It's horrid!

THE NEW YEAR.

Changes in the Faculty are few. Rev. William T. Whiteford assumes the chair of rhetoric, and the former professor of that class succeeds him as vice-president and prefect of schools. Mr. Gardiner takes second grammar, and is replaced in second by Mr. John Scully, recently of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. Rev Francis Casey and Rev. James A. McHugh have charge of the preparatory classes. Rev. Michael Flynn is engaged in the class of special classics, while students already somewhat proficient in English are being prepared to enter some one of the classes of the regular course. Mr. Thomas McLaughlin is temporarily in charge of the preparatory English school. The register of the school shows a largely increased number, and at no period since the war have there been so many students in attendance for the same period of the year. The outlook is encouraging, and the year of 81-'82 promises to mark the beginning of a new era of prosperity for Georgetown.

DEATH OF A STUDENT.

On Saturday, October 1st, two telegrams from Atlanta, Georgia, announced to our startled community the death of Edward A. Kiser, of that city, who for over two years had been a student of this College. But a few days before he had returned with his father to the South, in the expectation that in his own home a fever, which had manifested itself immediately on his arrival at College from the summer vacation, could be successfully broken. Quiet and unobtrusive, affable and kind, young Kiser made warm friendships in College, and his death brought genuine grief to the circle in which he was sincerely esteemed. The resolutions which follow, and the extract from the Atlanta Constitution given below, will show us what kindly regard at home and in college our late fellow-student Edward A. Kiser, of Atlanta, Georgia. The meeting was called to order by Mr. James F. O'Neill, who briefly stated the object of the gathering, whereupon fitting remarks were made by several of the more intimate friends of the deceased, and, upon motion, a committee was appointed, who reported the following resolutions:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Edward A. Kiser, be it resolved,

First. That in his death we, the students of Georgetown College, lost a well-loved and genial companion, a generous and warm-hearted friend.

Second. That our own heartfelt sorrow makes us appreciative of the grief which must pervade that household of which he was the hope and pride.

Third. That, therefore, in this hour of gloom, we tender to the grief-stricken father and sorrowing relatives this expression of sincere condolence, hoping, as we do, that the happy death vouchsafed him may lighten the burden of their woe.

Fourth. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Colonel Kiser, and that they be published in the College Journal.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

In accordance with a call, the students of Georgetown College came together in mass meeting on Saturday, October 1st, for the purpose of embodying resolutions expressing profound regret at the death of their late fellow-student, Edward A. Kiser, of Atlanta, Georgia. The meeting was called to order by Mr. James F. O'Neill, who briefly stated the object of the gathering, whereupon fitting remarks were made by several of the more intimate friends of the deceased, and, upon motion, a committee was appointed, who reported the following resolutions:

Whereas, the hand of Providence has claimed a noble youth, be it resolved,

First. That in his death we, the students of Georgetown College, lost a well-loved and genial companion, a generous and warm-hearted friend.

Second. That our own heartfelt sorrow makes us appreciative of the grief which must pervade that household of which he was the hope and pride.

Third. That, therefore, in this hour of grief, we tender to the grief-stricken father and sorrowing relatives this expression of sincere condolence, hoping, as we do, that the happy death vouchsafed him may lighten the burden of their woe.

Fourth. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Colonel Kiser, and that they be published in the College Journal.

JOHN P. MORRIS,
H. J. CONNOLLY,
EDWARD P. FARRELL,
A. CLARKE WRIGHT,
D. A. SHANAHAN.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

JAMES F. O'NEILL,
Chairman.

D. A. SHANAHAN,
Secretary.

IN THE FLOWER OF YOUTH MANHOOD.

One of the very saddest deaths it has ever been our duty to chronicle is that of young Ed. Kiser, the eldest son of Colonel M. C. Kiser, who died last night at his home on Peachtree street. Eddie Kiser was a manly young fellow of strikingly handsome form, athletic, bright, and the pride and darling of his father's heart. He was the very picture of health when he left his home for college at Georgetown a few weeks ago. He had been away only a few days when he telegraphed his father that he was seriously sick with fever. Mr. Kiser went on at once, and arrived only to find his son worse than he had expected. He was then in the grasp of a wasting fever. The superb vitality of the boy, however, kept him so brave and strong that his father determined to bring him home. Upon reaching Atlanta Dr. J. F. Alexander was called in and pronounced his disease typho-meningeal fever. It developed rapidly into typhoid pneumonia. He grew worse and worse, and finally Dr. Thaid, Johnson was called in consultation. It was apparent from this time that death had set its seal upon the boy. He struggled bravely for several days, the pulse flickering lower until it was almost imperceptible. It was rumored through the city yesterday at one o'clock that he was dead, but he lingered until about nine o'clock, when his spirit passed away. The funeral will take place at the residence on Sunday morning.

The house was filled with sympathizing friends day after day, and there were few men or women that could look with dry eyes on the poor father—a strong, prosperous man—sitting mutely by the bedside, watching every breath that the boy drew, the tears streaming down his face. He was devotedly attached to the dear boy, and had fixed the best room in the new house for him, and was never so happy as when talking of the time when "Eddie" would come home from college and live with him. Our whole people sympathize with Mr. Kiser in his great grief. May the God of infinite mercy temper this affliction, and fill the bereaved heart with the balm that assuages all grief.

Atlanta Constitution.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PHILIDEMIC SOCIETY.

The committee appointed by the Philidemic adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, the hand of Providence has stricken the nation by removing its Chief Ruler, and has bowed every heart in sorrow over his sad decease; be it

Resolved, That we receive the stroke with fortitude and while we feel that we have lost a pure, upright and patriotic Magistrate, we still have the faith that our nation is safe and that the Government will move on without a far.

Resolved, We condemn the crime and hope to see justice meted to the assassin.

Resolved, We extend our sympathy and hearty condolence to the afflicted family.

W. L. McLAUGHLIN,
J. F. O'NEILL,
P. X SMITH.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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W. L. McLAUGHLIN,
J. F. O'NEILL,
P. X SMITH.

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THOMAS ANTISELL, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

CHARLES E. HAGNER, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine.

PHILIP S. WALES, M. D., Surgeon U. S. N., Professor of Anatomy.

J. S. BEALE, M. D., Adjunct to the Chair of Anatomy.

HARRISON CROOK, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

JOHN WALTER, M. D., Prosector to the Chair of Anatomy.

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