CHILDHOOD.

Sweet days, dear days that will not last,
Whose innocence but brings us pain,
When amongst these ashes of the past
Flowers fade that never shall bloom again.

Aye, weep above your childhood's grave!
Your tears will not warm back the life,
But every deed fierce passions crave,
And every yielding in the strife.

Foul ashes over that mourned dust cast
But dust and ashes over the tomb—
Where lies the brightness of the past
Ofshadowed by the future's gloom.

But would you quaff the fount of youth,
Its simple faith and trust retain?
To drink of innocence and truth,
And all its gladness will remain.

But no, you scorn the lowly mark;
Not gifts of mind men prize so high,
Not those your pride hath longed to own,
Not gifts of mind men prize so high.

Not gifts of mind men prize so high,
Not wealth, nor fame; these fade and go
From on high palace in the sky.

What cares He for the pompoms below?
The little lamps that fade with death,
The idol that but turns to rust,
The spark fanned by a wanont breath,

You cannot lift them from their dust.
A childish heart unto Him bear,
And childish faith, and childish worth,
A nobler gift, a dearer care.

Than all the beauties of the earth,
To Him, the Savior, modest mild,
Who bade thee be a little child.

H. O. W.

Although you may not at first recognize me, reader, we are old acquaintances. Some time back, two or three years perhaps, we used to take little strolls together—we used to wander around the country and chat together about anything and everything. You knew me by the name of rambler. Ah! you remember—and are pleased to see me again? I trust you say that from your heart, and not out of mere politeness.

Let us take another tramp together for and long syne; I shall enjoy it, I am sure. So you thought you would never see me again, and yet here I am once more, safe and sound. It does not always happen, however, that we come across our old acquaintances again. There are some I know of, whom we can only shake hands with now, after the play is over, and the curtain has fallen. They are no longer on the stage, but have bowed their bow, and retired behind the scenes forever. They have fretted their hours out, and left us behind to strut around and play our parts until we too shall take our places behind the scenes, and speak our tale to this old world, where we have joyed and suffered, and hoped, and loved, and hated and slandered, and been in our turn loved and hated and slandered; good-bye, ye lovers and haters; it makes no difference to me now what you may say; I am going where I cannot hear you, and if I should hear, would not care whether your words be kind or scornful; rafe! and the curtain goes down. And again there are others who remain on the stage, but this world's stage is so large we shall never meet them again here. They go their ways and we go ours. Some, however, I would like to see and talk to again. Strange, is it not, how we meet people, become interested in them, and then fate snatches them up, and hurries them off—where? Afterwards we only know them as memories, fleshless, bloodless, mere phantoms of the past, and we wonder that what was once so real should become so shadowy, hollow, mere mockery to taunt us with our own smallness and vanity.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of!"

I watched a thistle-down one day, as it drifted along on the currents of the air, now here, now there, now in the shadow, now in the sunshine, at one moment falling rapidly to the earth, now borne lightly and swiftly upward as a fresh puff of wind would catch it; and it occurred to me how like the thistle-down is our own existence; blown hither and thither on the breath of circumstance; how the winds of fortune carry us round and round in their eddies, now letting us down to earth, now lifting us aloft into the glorious sunshine of prosperity, and meanwhile we are drifting, drifting, drifting on to the portal,

"Where sits the shadow feared of man."

"S'blood! do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" Are we after all but so many stops in fortune's pipe, that she plays upon at will, while we imagine 'tis ourselves who make the music? There is a destiny that shapes our ends, but you think there is a will that shapes destiny. Well, in the main I must agree with you, but not altogether. You must admit that a man's environments go a great way to make the man, and that he can no more escape from their effects than a turtle can throw off his shell. They grow with him, they are forever on his back, and he must creep along through life under the burden. Let me give you an illustration of what I mean. Here is a wood-cutter, whose father was a wood cutter before him, and whose mother was a wood-cutter's daughter. In the first place it must be allowed that our friend is pretty full of wood-cutter blood, and if anything can be transmitted by inheritance, his instincts and dispositions should be very wood-cuttery, an expressive, if not an elegant way of putting it. He sees as a child that his father's occupation is wood-cutting; he is taught that the culminating point of man's ambition is the skillful wielding of an axe, and he impatiently longs for the day when he too can go forth and chop. The day comes, that momentous day, when he first ventures upon what is to be the occupation of his life, and from the embryo of his apprenticeship he bursts out in a full-fledged wood-cutter. He in his turn marries a wood-cutter's daughter and rears wood-cutter children. Now would you not say that this man is a wood-cutter through and through, to the very marrow of his bones? But I say more than that; I say that under the conditions laid down he could not be anything else, that his avocation is just as
much a part of him as the shell is a part of
the turtle, and wherever he goes he
will carry along with him the irreducible
essence of wood-cutting. It is as strong
as his individuality. Give him wealth,
surround him with all the luxuries and
refinements that wealth can bring, and
though he may polish and smooth over and
hide by these artificial aids much of the
roughness and uncouthness of his nature,
he cannot metamorphose it; he cannot
change himself. He was moulded into a
wood-cutter when his nature was pliant
and mouldable; to change him you must
mould him over, and the sapling has now
become the gnarled and hasty tree; it
will bend no longer; this man was born
a wood-cutter, was bred a wood-cutter,
and—

"How'er he live
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his Celtic nature break.
At seasons thro' the gilded pale,"

And I think it may be safely predicted
he will die a wood-cutter. Now will you
not admit that our friend has been the
victim of destiny? He might be a Caesar,
or a Raphael, or a Shakspeare, or a Ten-
nyson in potentia, but fate has made him
a wood-cutter, has buried his genius for
war, or for art, or for poetry, beneath the
necessities of wood-chopping. She has
put an axe in his hand instead of a sword;
she has given him trees to fell in place of
his fellow-mortals. The glories of art
and the beauties of poetry she has with-
held from his vision, but she has taught
him to appreciate a well-ground axe and
delight in bringing to the earth the
harvests, rolling their yellow
gazing down into the bowels of the earth
for the yellow dross that might be there.
There was noise and clamor forever
around him; ideals were set up and thrown
down; the crowd hurraled and hissed
and a moment after forgot the object of
its love and its hate. Carlyle's mistake
was that he judged the axe from its
handle; its features were hidden to him. He
saw the storm-lashed surface; he heard
the bellow and roar of cataract seas, the
shrike of winds, and the crash of
thunderbolts, and he believed that
all was sound and fury. The age was
therefore full of emptiness "as a drum."
But beneath the surface deep down, per-
haps beyond our ken, yet for all that we
know they are there, are silent titanic
forces, that are only manifest in the
noisy upheaval of the surface-crust.
Progress is one of these forces, and
the clamor made about it has no more to
do with its mighty action than the chatter
of a flock of parrots with the course of
the sun. Materialism is another power
that is silently at work within the bowels
of the times; its slantings and its boast-
ings have nothing to do with its potency
and its effects. It is the moral and re-
ligious life of the nineteenth century
that it is felt, and its work is done
silently, stealthily, in the souls of men.
They are the battle-fields and where the
fight goes on, and society will lose or
gain according to whom the victory
goes. The civilization of the day has
lost its spirituality in the contest. We
are an age of matter, not soul. Yet the
spiritual life is not dead, but sleepeth.
No doubt it will awaken some day like
the enchanted princess, when her lover
kissed her back into life. But now the
soul slumbers under the mesmerism of
materialism.

"She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."

See how Ruskin rails in fine frenzy at
the materialism of the age. The smoke
of our manufactories makes our cities
hideous and clouds the picturesqueness
of the landscape. It has dimmed the eyes to
the world when she held thee to thy
smithy. Will the great intellect like Carlyle
be cried out in his self assertion against
the age. It was dark, because Thomas
Carlyle could see no light. There is something wrong, no doubt,
when a great intellect like Carlyle was
led astray by that wrong thing into
declaring that there was no light at all.
Carlyle's was a great spiritual nature,
with great spiritual demands. The age
and his own particular environment cut
him off from the spiritual, and the great
soul was perishing for thirst. He saw
nothing but a sordid materialism around
him, asserting itself with vociferations
that shook the solid earth beneath his
feet. Religion, as he beheld it, had be-
come only a cloak to hide the meanest
actions of human nature; it was per-
verted to human natural ends; no
longer held its face to the stars, but
gazed down into the bowels of the earth
for the yellow dross that might be there.
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him off from the spiritual, and the great

within him. Pate wanted him to plough,
sound to tell of the mighty thoughts
the golden harvests, rolling their yellow
running brook, in the sightless music of
the flood-gates of silence in divine, melo-
dramatic nature sang its song to him in the

lines from Grey's Elegy in a Country
Church-yard mean—

"Some muse's inglorious Milton here may rest
Some Cromwell mutilous of his country's blood," if
they are not a recognition of what I
have just been saying? Here lies a rustic
Milton, whose great soul had never burst
the flood-gates of silence in divine, melo-
dious song, to rise aloft into the eternal
spheres and reverberate through the palace
halls of Jehovah's embattled cities. He followed the plough perhaps,
while nature sang its song to him in the
running brook, in the sightless music of
the landscape. It has dimmed the eyes to
the world when she held thee to thy
smithy. Will the great intellect like Carlyle
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the image of the beautiful on the heart. Therefore the soul must take refuge in the genius of the past, and live in communion with the spirit of other days. There is, I think, no fairer way of estimating any age than by gauging it by its art. Look at our art. It is very good I admit; indeed, perfect of its kind. It is art. Look at our art. It is very good I admit; indeed, perfect of its kind. It is

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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

management, so arranged his "remarks" as to make them go on, one after another, gradually rising in importance, until finally he should have the supreme gratification of beholding his auditors brought up to a very high pitch of enthusiasm. But let the reader judge for himself; here are the "remarks" in exact order. Remark the first:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

A very ordinary remark, you may say; but therein consists its very magnificence, for Mr. F.'s intention was to avoid, if possible, coming it too strong at first. His second remark was brief but suggestive—

"Par exemple."

I am sure that everybody will agree with me in thinking remark second on the whole a very beautiful remark, a poetic but thoughtful remark, in fact, and couched in the language of Gallia (now Gaul), a beautiful, thoughtful, melodious remark.

"Partem solido demere de die."

Mr. F.'s third remark, will, I think, find many admirers, as well of its boldness as its breadth of feeling: But it will cost its admirers a good "solid day" to feel any boldness in it. The rest of his remarks were as follows—readers will please notice Mr. F.'s nice attention to a climactic effect: "With deep affection and fond recollection" (sic) exquisite remark! "Haceret lateri lethalis arundo; this is the acute remark of the collection. Mr. F. then closed with an "au revoir."

In order to obtain a thorough appreciation of the stunning force of the remarks just quoted, the reader must lay them aside and look at them for a few minutes. It may probably occur to him to inquire, "What is this Mr. F. talking about?" For an answer to such an impertinent question as that I refer him to Mr. F. himself. In fact, an ordinary mortal, when brought face to face with Mr. F.'s "stupendous aggregation of heterogeneus marvels," as the circus-poster hath it, would only bow his head in silent reverence and listen to Mr. F. as he would to a prophet delivering his oracles in an unknown tongue. Now, if there is anything in the world that I pride myself upon not being, that thing is an ordinary mortal. What did I do? Somehow or other I became possessed of the notion that Mr. F. meant to say something, and moreover, did actually compass his intention, but, unfortunately, piled up his remarks in such gaudy profusion as to drown his meaning. I straightway imagined that Mr. F.'s unbiased, unadulterated opinion

"De Quadrata Re" was to be found, if any-
where, velled in the modest retirement of his "remarks." For several days I labored with all the energy and ingenuity of a Champollion or a Mai; I own that I occasionally lost courage, and believed that my adventure would prove, after all, a wild goose chase. But I was continually sustained and soothed by an unfulfilling trust in my own magnificent abilities: I knew that I was one of those critics whose enterprise and ingenuity can discover anything in any place, and if I sometimes despaired of torturing out of Mr. F.'s article a few manifestations of the author's good sense, I was, however, fortified by the expectation of turning up something—a few of the missing decades of Livy, or perhaps, a stray fragment of the long-lost Jones' "Jimmiad." But alas for the vanity of human expectations! I find nothing; no sense, no meaning, not a line of Livy, not a single verse of the immortal "Jimmiad." My disappointment was, of course, considerable, but I was still afforded a melancholy consolation in the belief—which nothing can shake—that Mr. F. meant to say something. And you know—

"No great thinker ever lived and told you
All the wonder that his soul received;
All the glorious vision he conceived."
The thirty-third annual commencement of the Medical Department was a very brilliant affair. A large and enthusiastic audience, made up largely of the friends of the young graduates; a distinguished assembly of physicians and gentlemen in official position, who honored the faculty by their presence on the stage; an abundance of exquisite floral ornaments and tributes, a charming musical programme, all these contributed to make the evening one never to be forgotten by the gentlemen who received from the University the degree that entitles them to admission into the great profession which they have chosen.

The programme usual to such occasions was carried out. Overture, "Lyre of Gold," Herman; Pomone Waltz, Waldteufel; march, "Victory," Faust; reading of act of Congress, by Professor Noble Young, M. D., president of faculty; "Royal Fanfare," Weigand; conferring of degrees; selections, "Chitriperie," Hervé; address to graduates, by Professor James S. Beall, M. D.; "Aria," et cetera solo, Hartman, (performed by Mr. W. Jajger); presentation of prizes; polka, "Pour Toujours," Faust. Music by Louis Weber's orchestra.

By order of the Society of the Alumni when it met in June last for organization, it was determined that the first regular meeting of the association under the new constitution should be held on some day about the date of the annual commencement. The executive committee at its last session fixed the evening of June 21st, 1882, as the time for the formal meeting; and after the Commencement, on the evening of June 22d, the society will be due to the fact that the present knowledge is of avail, invitations will be extended individually to all former collegians of Georgetown; but where none may be received, the failure will be due to the fact that the present address of students is not known, and those thus passed over will please accept the explanation, and believe that none the less cordial welcome awaits them at Alma Mater on June 21st and 22d.

The literary exercises will take place in Memorial Hall, at 8 P. M., June 21st, and after the Commencement, on the following day, the business meeting will be held. On its adjournment the society will dine with the Faculty.

As the readers of the Journal already know, the Merrick Debate this year is to be held in Lincoln Hall on May 11th. The question: "Resolved, That territorial expansion is conducive to the best interests of our country," is one that is well calculated to excite a close and intensely interesting debate. All necessary arrangements have been made, and at present everything looks as if the splendid success of last year's debate would be repeated.

The class of '83 read an essay on "Psychology" on April 22. A disputation was announced for May 2.
THE GEORGETOWN
COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Established 1872.

A TWELVE-PAGE QUARTO, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE TEN MONTHS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

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

The COLLEGE JOURNAL is published by a stock association among the students. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, to chronicle the news of the College, &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, MAY, 1882.

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

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T. D. J. Gallagher, ’84.
W. D. Sheahan, ’84.

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Thomas H. Dolan.

Assistant.
E. Miles Willett, ’83.

When, as is very frequently the case, we find ourselves at a loss to understand what pleasure a man can find in doing an evil that can certainly bring him no benefit, and apparently can bring him no possible pleasure, we are able to fall back with some satisfaction upon a truth which, in the course of our acquaintance with our own self, we have often had proven beyond dispute: “Man is as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward.” Thus we are enabled to explain many phenomena of our own personal experience with ourself, and many more of the phenomena that fall under our observation in the actions of others outside of ourself, which otherwise would be hopelessly involved in mystery.

But there are some things for the explanation of which there is, so far at least as our information extends, no well-established principle to which we can with satisfaction refer. Among these problems one of the most difficult is this: how can a college paper gain its own consent to lapse into the senseless practice that disfigures not a few of our exchanges, of filling three, four, five, or more of its columns with pointlessly, frequently indelicate, and sometimes, though we are glad to be able to say not very often, positively indecent paragraphs? For if they are not either indecent or indecent they always mean absolutely nothing, and always appear to have been constructed with a studious desire on the part of the writer that they should convey no meaning whatever.

No man can conceive, at least faintly, how it might have been possible (on the hypothesis that his intellectual faculties were neither well developed nor well balanced) for the individual who was the pioneer of this style of college journalism, to have thought it barely possible that such nonsense might be spicy, or witty or humorous. For this individual did not know what it was to get an objective glimpse of them—if we may so speak. But even on the hypothesis of a lack of mental balance and development, it is difficult and well-nigh impossible for us to form on a priori grounds the most feeble conception of how it was possible for any one who had ever seen a column of these paragraphs, “points,” or whatever else they may be improperly called, could persuade himself to make an effort to imitate them.

However, it is not our purpose now, nor do we think it will ever be, to attempt to explain how sensible young men, as we are persuaded some of these misguided paragraphists are, can gain their own consent to write such nonsense. We are content to deal with the fact. And the first object we have in view at present is to place on record our sincere regret that such a disgraceful evil—for in any aspect it is disgraceful—should have been allowed to creep into college journalism, and fasten itself so firmly upon papers that might otherwise have adorned the sphere which they now disgrace. The other reason prompting us to refer to this evil is that, if we mistake not, it points the correctness of a position assumed by us in these columns some time ago, and which in practice has always been maintained by this paper. It is this: that a college paper cannot afford to have its literary features dropped, and to have itself converted into a mere chronicle of local happenings. We have no doubt at all that in every instance where a college paper is afflicted with this malady the affliction can be easily and directly traced to the fact that it gave up its literary features.

We may as well recognize the fact at once that a college sheet must, for the most part, confine its news and editorial department to the affairs of college life, and, unless it be our purpose to score a complete failure in the field of college journalism, we may as well recognize this other evident fact, that the events occurring within the circle of any ordinary college cannot supply entertaining or even tolerable matter sufficient to fill the columns of an ordinary college journal. And, hence, besides the truth which, on a former occasion, we tried to demonstrate, namely, that the literary feature of college journalism is founded in wisdom, we see that it has the more immovable, and, if possible, the more solid basis of necessity. When our friends “make such a stray” from the dictates of good sense as to attempt to put their papers on any other basis the result is inevitable and legitimate—their papers will be filled to overflowing with nonsense—and such nonsense as one must have seen in order to be believe.

It affords us no little pleasure to be able to lay before our readers this month a song from the muse of “H. C. W.,” and an essay from the vigorous pen of “C. B. P.” To read the poem and the essay will be to many of our readers,
as it has been to us, a double pleasure—first, the pleasant memory that will be at once conjured up of the two familiar faces of the writers, and second, the intrinsic literary merit of the two productions, which will abundantly speak their own praise to all who may read them; and this second pleasure is the common property of all our readers; as well those to whom Messrs. Walsh and Pallen are known as old and esteemed friends, as those to whom the nominum umbrae, “H. C. W.” and “C. B. P.” represent nothing beyond so many letters of the alphabet.

We may perhaps be indulged to the extent of one remark which is suggested by the poem and essay. We have always cherished the belief that after we have made that eventful bow in the new Exhibition Hall, over a piece of parchment which will speak in the language

"That sounds as if it should be writ on satin" of “——. A. B.” that a very great number of years will have heaped each its own load of care upon our shoulders before we shall ever write a poem on "childhood" or an essay through which will run a vein of "Vanitas vanitatvm et omnia vanitas."

As will be seen upon the reading, neither of our old friends take too sombre a view of the present or the future; nor do they very pronouncedly range themselves under Horace’s lususatarum temporis acti. “H. C. W.” in every line speaks of childhood more as an old friend who, in the course of nature, had been severed from him; “C. B. P.” disclaims in express terms any such laziness about the development of their muscles which prevents them from doing much more than taking a run around the walk now and then. We have a gymnasium, nothing very fine in its way, it is true, yet sufficiently good for ordinary purposes; yet it is seldom put to any use, save that a few now and then may be seen jumping from the rings. Even the base-ball nine grows weary as the weather grows hotter; you can hardly get them to practice even before an important match. Now, this won’t do, of course. It is reasonable to suppose, that if any well-trained nine is opposed to ours, victory will no longer, so to speak, wreath with her crown the brow of the redoubtable captain. Of course, everybody knows that the boat club has vanished into the thin air, or rather into the base-ball nine. Now, there is no reason why we might not have had a respectable boat club—not one which could row a race, for we would not have enough time, but one which might occasionally have a little friendly and exhilarating race among its members. It is not so very long since the muscular gentlemen from Virginia, or, rather, the two muscular gentlemen from Virginia, were in the habit of having a little friendly race on the Potomac to the discomfort of all opponents. Thus, though we would hardly, under existing circumstances, expect the boat club to obtain an outside reputation, it might be productive of much amusement and healthy exercise among ourselves. But it is bootless to speak of this now; the boat club, either through carelessness or indifference, has gone, and will probably never return. We would hardly be surprised, some years hence, to hear that the athletic sports had gone the same road. Base ball, of course, will continue to keep its sway, unless something very extraordinary happens. But it needs a little more energy. Every member should be required to practice whenever the captain directs a practice game. Without this, it is impossible that the nine should regain its old ascendency in the District. And members who refuse to practice should be politely requested to resign. It is a case that requires such a course. Certainly it would be an unpleasant thing to have to do, but it is a thing that must be done if excellence is sought for.

EXCHANGES.

There is an article in the Richmond College Messenger for June entitled, “Pause! and Consider.” Its main object is to give advice to the young men of the South, on the subjects of reconstruction, States-rights, and the negro question. And in the main, the advice itself is good. But for the dress! The composition literally bristles with exclamation and interrogation points, (the latter all marking rhetorical questions). Let me give a quotation or so. Here is one: speaking of a consequence of the mixture of the two races he says: “Shall a horrible amalgamation reduce us to the drivelling condition of the Central Americans? Sickened with horror at the thought, I turn away and say with reverence, forbid it, Almighty God!”

Now, such a theory as this is calcul-
lated to make one feel "sickened," too, not exactly with horror, but with a feel-
ing of pain that any man who is as yet above the condition of the drivelling Central A. should write such "rot!" that’s the only word I can find for it.

In the first place there is not a particle of danger of this dreadful amalgamation ever taking place, consequently this sickening with horror is entirely premature. Then, the writer’s turning away must be considered as rhetorical as his questions, for we do not perceive that he has been gazing at any tangible object, unless it be "a, the thought," and we may be pardoned for supposing that the thought has consistency enough to remain whichever way the gentleman may turn. The fact is the writer of the article in question tries to get up a show of deep and intense feeling on the subject and fails lamentably and naturally. The questions that reach the heart and play upon the feelings of the Southerner are past, and will probably never be revivified. The questions of the future relate but to the exercise of a wisdom and enterprise, which, we regret to say it, for we ourselves are Southerners, has hitherto been most lamentably behind hand. The writer of the "Pause! Consider!" utters considerable nonsense in various places. Let us give the following as an instance:

"Such is the condition of things at the South, the Anglo-Saxon compelled to bow to the African, and yet, forsooth, wreathed in smiles, we must ‘kiss the hand that smites us,’ or a hue and cry is raised about our ‘cruelly to the poor, persecuted colored man.’ There may be deep and cutting sarcasm in all this, but that in which is most patent to us is its utter nonsense. The Anglo-Saxon compelled to bow to the African!? What nonsense! Do, for goodness sake, drop such subjects, Messieurs of the Messenger, if you can’t treat them in a cool, sensible, and unrhetorical manner. Flowers and tropes, etc., have, when used in them, a most nauseating effect.

The Philosophical Review wastes considerable paper in the discussion of what a gentleman is, and, so far as we can see, leaves the matter exactly where it was before. The fact is you can’t lay down any measure for a gentleman. He is a person that is probably much talked about, and very little understood. For the most part these definitions are the result of the fact that some one has offended some one else, and that other some one so defines a gentleman as to exclude this offender.

There is nothing more commonly or more falsely said than "No gentleman would do such and such a thing." For my part I have always considered, and do yet consider, that that man who is ever harping on the subject and ever ready with this "ungentlemannly," is in about the same condition as the old woman who stole the shoes, and when there was a hue and a cry after the robber, exclaimed, “Oh, honesty! honesty! Isn’t it a fine thing to be honest?" while all the time the shoes were under her shawl. The fact is, there is no use in making any definitions on the subject; a true gentleman is the easiest person in the world to detect, and the same is quite true of the false article.

ANOTHER DONATION.

"It never rains but it pours" is a saw that plain folks are food of quoting; and within the limits of our close application we are almost tempted to do likewise. In the last Journal we had the pleasure of informing our readers that in her maturer age, verging on her centennial, Althea Mater had been, for the first time, the recipient of generous bounty at the hand of son and friend; and that two sums of $10,000 each, one as donation, the other as legacy, had been placed at her disposal. Since then a similar sum has been bestowed upon her. In accordance with the wish of Daniel J. O’Conor, Esq., deceased, a year or two ago, his heirs have generously given to the College $10,000, to be expended for its benefit, and in such manner that the result may remain as a memorial of the pious father and upright, noble-hearted merchant, from whom they inherited their worldly fortune. When strangers are coming to the aid of the College in her financial necessity, is it not be ready to part with some to relieve her present embarrassment, and place her in a position where she may develop such corporate action and will render her children all the more justly proud to call her mother? We shall never believe that such can be the case.

REV. P. J. HEALY, S. J.

There is perhaps not a reader of the Journal who will not scan these columns to learn some news of our President who withdrew from office in February because of impaired health. Since leaving college he has been a guest of his brother, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland. In the interval his health has not improved as much as friends had been led to hope, and twice he has suffered rather serious and alarming attacks of nervous prostration. From recent letters we are glad to learn that his condition has grown more encouraging, and the physician in attendance is of opinion that the basis of permanent improvement has been laid. Our readers will share the pleasure with which the Journal makes this announcement.
conclusion that his future was to be the biggest thing of the kind on record; and he could have solved with the greatest ease any question on the subject of dreams that could have been asked.

A contemplation of these practices is no doubt very amusing, but the credulity of the Romans and Greeks is no more ridiculous than that which some of us display every day of our lives. Sailors, for example, almost invariably refuse to leave a port on a Friday, because they believe that some misfortune will befall him who dares do so. And they are not the only persons influenced by this superstition; there is many a man who will not think of starting on a journey on the steam-cars on Friday, not because he is confident that some disaster will occur, but merely for the reason that he prefers Thursday or Saturday. Whether a greater number of accidents on land or water have occurred on this unfortunate day than on any other of the seven, I do not care to inquire, but unless my history is at fault old Columbus began that famous voyage of his on a Friday, and it did not prove to be a very unfortunate trip.

And then we all know that Solomon Grundy, of the old nursery rhyme, left this troubled world of ours on Friday, and this fact might go a great way toward converting me, had I not learned from his brief biography that he entered the holy bonds of matrimony on Wednesday. I must think that this was as unfortunate as his death; and, entre nous Sol. Grundy probably thanked the stars that *pallida more* cut his honeymoon short.

This subject of marriage reminds me of some of the many “signs” we have in regard to it. The person that is so unfortunate as to fall up a flight of stairs will not (so says the saw) be married for a year. What connection the act of falling either up or down has with matrimony I have never been able to discover; nor has any of the authorities, whom I have consulted on this question, offered an explanation. The person, however, who gets two spoons in his cup of tea is sure to fall before the arrows of cupid; and he or she who takes the last piece of bread from a plate at a meal is sure—according to the oracles—to get a handsome wife or husband. I might mention other signs in this connection, but the few I have given are sufficient to show that there is at least a little superstition in our natures.

And, in regard to the weather, every almanac in the country is full of signs; when you hear a frog croak you may be sure that it will rain some time or other in the future; but when it rains before seven o’clock in the morning it will certainly clear before eleven.

These old sayings have been handed down from the earliest times, and if they do not always tell the truth it is probably due to the fact that the author of them did not live in a country with a climate similar to ours. The negroes have an infallible prophet of the weather in the shape of a goose’s breast-bone, but the formula which must be gone through with in order to solve the problem is so intricate that I despair of being able to give it to my readers. The ground-hog sign is another of the same nature, but it is so familiar to most people that it requires no explanation. I asked an old farmer one day what he thought of the weather, and he told me that he thought it would rain that night because the sun was shining so brightly! This certainly was something new in the way of weather signs, and it took me so much by surprise that I could not ask him the philosophy of that conclusion. At any rate it did rain that night, or the next, I am not certain which—in fact, I cannot say positively whether it rained that week at all; but I know that it poured once during the month—it was April—so I have adopted the old farmer’s sign and recommend it as one of the best.

The Greeks had a funny custom of watching chickens eating wheat or barley, and, from the manner in which the fowl picked up the grain, of forming opinions in respect to the character of their future life. This practice has gone out of style, but we still have the bird in the form of a weather-cock on the top of every barn in the United States. If there be any one that has not seen a vane of this kind, let me remark that when the rooster faces the northeast it is a “sign” that the wind is from that quarter; the same is true in regard to the other points of the compass.

Every one knows that when a looking-glass is broken that it is a sign of seven years’ disaster; and every one is equally familiar with the fact that when you see a man in a bad humor that it is a sign that he got out of the bed on the wrong side that morning, or that he put on the wrong shoe first. It is always regarded as an unlucky sign when a wrath in a candle is seen; and, as in the case where thirteen sit at a dinner table, the death of some one is imminent.

The Greeks would never call a spade a spade if they thought that the spade would be offended to be called by that name; they would, out of the kindness of their hearts, have called it an agriculturist, in order not to hurt its feelings. Instead, therefore, of calling those old bags, the Furies, by their proper names, they always spoke of them as benevolent, well-disposed ladies; and a thief, a robber was politely styled a lover.

So we in a like manner very often give some queer names to our spades; for instance we say a man is a kleptomaniac who has a habit of picking up other people’s personal property and putting it in his pocket. The ancients were superstitious about using what they considered to be words of ill-omen, and we have caught the habit from them. We do not like to say that one of our friends is crazy, the word has a harsh sound; we prefer to say that he is a little peculiar.

When a hare runs across your path, my kind reader, it is a sign that you are to have bad luck on your journey. If you should spill salt on the table cloth it is a sign that you are to be scolded, and when you see a new moon over your left shoulder you will be very fortunate in the future. When you see a man on the street fiercely gesticulating and talking loud enough to be heard a square it is a pretty good sign that he is a congressman. I might go on and multiply these signs by the hundred, but when I see you looking weary and sleepy I think it a sure sign that you are tired of this bosh; so I wish you a good-night and pleasant dreams.
been received, and it is feared that he has fallen also.

John Risque began his college course in 1863, and withdrew in 1866, before graduation. In 1872, he went to New Mexico, and began the practice of law. Later he was joined by his younger brother, Beverly, whose name appears upon the College register for the first time in 1870. Their mother, recently dead, was a sister of the late well-known brothers, Esau and Adolphus Pickrell, of Georgetown; a third member of the family, Ferdinand W. Risque, graduated in 1871, and has been for several years engaged in business in St. Louis.

Before our next issue appears we may have confirmation of the hope that Beverly has escaped; at present the uncertainty in which the affair is involved but enhances its awful character, and all old students of twenty years ago will be sorrowed to learn the sad end of this esteemed comrade and worthy gentleman.

From the Sunday Herald of April 30th we clip the following lines:

"Mr. John P. Risque, recently killed by the Indians, was at the time of his death a partner of the law firm of Conway & Risque, attorneys for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, with offices at Santa Fe and Silver City. Three years ago Mr. Risque married the daughter of George R. Robinson, a wealthy commission merchant of St. Louis. Mrs. Risque and her two children were at Silver City at the time of his death. A metallic casket was taken out by his partner, Mr. Conway, immediately upon the receipt of the horrible details, and the body will be taken back to Silver City for burial."

A FIRST MASS.

Upon this venerable sister institution, honorable for the fame that it has born through a long series of years, and rich with the traditions of past glory in the generations of worthy sons that she has given to society and to the church, misfortunes are crowding. The world has been familiar with the story of its financial embarrassments, and not less so with the generous response to her cry for help which she has met with from her children. One of her most distinguished and best endowed alumni voluntarily withdrew from the high ecclesiastical position which he held in the diocese of his choice and quitted a congregation deeply attached to him in order to lift the college from its sinking and all but desperate condition. His success cannot be questioned, and the college was regaining its former vigor and influence when a new calamity befell it, and its students were dismissed because of the appearance of scarlet fever, the dreaded scourge of youth. Schools are to be reopened in May, but it is evident that this enforced suspension of college work must seriously damage the institution and impair its activity. Our deepest sympathies go out to her in this hour of trial.

A TRIP TO ANNAPOLIS.

On April 15th the College Nine met the Naval Cadets on their grounds at Annapolis, in the presence of about 400 spectators, and came off victors with a score of 10 to 7. The game was closely contested and was marked by several brilliant plays. The sight of the large audience, among whom were many ladies, helped not a little the good play of our boys. To the credit of Georgetown we must mention two beautiful double-baggers by Mallan and Lever, some fine catching by Mulligan, stiff pitching by McLaughlin and Mallan. Phelan at 2d was weak; Lever, at 1st, surprised himself and everybody else by dropping several thrown balls. Sheahan had plenty to do at short, and made some pretty pick-ups. Desibourg, who was called upon to substitute Mulligan, when hurt in the sixth inning, made a very graceful fly-catch in left field. The College Nine fielded poorly, but their batting was entirely too strong for the cadets.

A FIRST MASS.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE NINE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mallan, p &amp; 3d b</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Levert, 1st b</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mulligan, c &amp; 2d b</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pfeiler, 2d l</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheahan, s.s.</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chew, c.f.</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tete, l.f.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lindsay, r.f. &amp; c</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>McLaughlin, r.f. &amp; p</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>DeSibourg, sub</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>10</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>23</td>
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CADETS NINE.

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<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
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<td>Higgins, s.s.</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miller, e.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>O'Leary, p</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prince, c.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jackson, 1st b</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quinby, l.f.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carter, 2d b</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gillis, s.s.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>13</td>
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INNINGS.

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<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
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<th>T.B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadets</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
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</table>

Although the ball game was the greatest attraction of the day, it was by no means the only thing that tended to make the trip a pleasant one. Owing to the efforts of the assistant manager of the Journal, reduced rates over the Baltimore and Ohio road had been secured for the entire party, and some thirty took advantage of the opportunity. They were met at Annapolis by three of the cadets and were shown the ins and outs of the entire place before dinner. It may be of interest to those that like to keep track of Georgetown boys to know that Mr. A. H.
Dutton, better known among the students as "Mons," has entered the academy, and in his uniform makes a very dashing cadet. The College nine were invited to remain over night in order to attend one of the hops that have helped to make the academy famous, but the regulations of the College not allowing it, they were obliged to refuse. Taking into account the royal welcome we received and the victory which our nine won, the expedition must be put down as a complete success. The College nine want to play another game with the cadets, as they think both clubs can play better than they did on that occasion.

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**LOCALS.**

—Mr. Wm. F. Cahill, ’82, has been engaged for some days past in the preparation of an electric lamp, and on the evening of April 27 he invited the scientific men of his class to an exhibition of the light in the cabinet. Mr. Cahill’s lamp is thought to be an improved form of the Werdermann lamp. He uses mercury instead of the spring employed in the original.

—The Easter holidays this year began on the 6th and ended on the 11th of April. They were enjoyed by the students of the college as much as any vacation is enjoyed by them; one or two rainy days rather spoiled the out-door sports, but dancing parties were hastily arranged and all went merrily in spite of the bad weather.

—A couple of the rhetoricians went fishing a few days ago and came back with a big string of little fish. It is reported that they returned by way of Georgetown, followed by a crowd of youngsters who didn’t think that they looked like fishermen. Of course silver hooks were not used to catch that string.

—The college nine were engaged to play a game of ball with the High School nine at Alexandria on the 11th of April; but an unexpected snow storm made it impossible for them to do so. As it was, a part of the nine went to Alexandria by mistake, and the rest had to go to bring them back.

—A match game between the college nine and a picked nine from Washington had been arranged for the 27th of April, but the pitcher of the home team being sick on that day, it was postponed. As a large number of spectators had assembled on the grounds, in order not to disappoint them a picked nine was selected from the outsiders, and six innings were played. The batting of the college boys was terrific, Mulligan, Mullan, and Levert making some terrible hits. The visitors did some good batting in the last inning; up to that time they were wholly unable to master Mullan’s curve. At the close the score stood 24 to 6 in favor of Georgetown.

—Thanks to the generosity of the students the college nine now have suits; the colors are blue and white, and the out-fits are pronounced, by those experienced in such matters, to be very neat and pretty. The boys contributed promptly and liberally for the fund to defray the expenses of these, and ask only in return that the nine defeat every club that challenges them.

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**A GEM.**

Who has not indulged a smile over the attempts of the foreign tongue to master the unruly phrases of English conversation? Ludicrous as such essays usually are, they fail to reach the sublime heights of the ridiculous which the foreign pen can scale when an enterprising but untrained hand is guiding it. Here is a bona fide advertisement which reached the college within the past week, and we commend it as an offset to some of the Olendorf exercises done into French by the under-collegiate Gauls among us:

"Liquer du Desert prepared by the Monks of the Valley of St. Marie (haute Garonne.) The Liquer du Desert, very favourably received by the people, is not a liquer in the ordinary sense of the word, but an excellent digestive.

"Composite of dietary plants chosen with carefulness, the Liquer du Desert is one of the finest and sweetest to offer to the consumers of somewhat selected. It is absolutely of an unite taste; no aromatic does surpass the other, and the palate conserves for a long time the agreeable impression of a perfume combined, which states an especial quality for that liquer, of which children and persons of a delicate temperament use with profit.

"Joining useful to agreeable, that has been our devise. If we have succeeded, we shall felicitate ourselves for having rendered to the science of health a service of which the object completely justifies the means. J. Fleury, Precentor of the Abby.

"NOTE—The Liquer Du Desert may be perfectly mixed with cold or warm milk, or fresh water. In this matter it replaces the sugar and will be a precious tonic."

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