REV. WILLIAM T. WHITEFORD, S. J.
Born Sept. 19, 1842; died April 16, 1883.

So sad a day rarely falls into the calendar of college life as that, which we had thought to keep as a jubilee for the founding of the Jesuit missions in Maryland, Monday, April 16, 1883. At supper, on the evening previous, we were shocked by the announcement that Father Whiteford, whose absence none had noted, so recently had he been amongst us on the play-ground and in the classroom, was dangerously ill; but no one was prepared to believe that the hearty, robust, genial gentleman whose presence and speech were everywhere eloquent of life and health, was really within a few hours of his death. He had for some days complained of a cold and of oppression on the chest, but not until Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, did he consent to go to bed for treatment. Symptoms of pneumonia and pericarditis manifested themselves early on Saturday night, and by 9 o'clock A.M. on Sunday, the disease had taken so malignant a hold on the sufferer, that it was evident that even his vigorous frame would find difficulty in casting it off. From the first appearance of alarming symptoms Father Whiteford declared that his end was imminent, and with resignation and fortitude he set about making needful preparation and all final arrangements. In the full possession of his faculties, which indeed he lost only with life, he received reverently and devoutly the last rites of the Church about 8 P.M., on Sunday, and entered upon his death; at one time Vice-President of the College, at another Professor of English Literature, here he remained almost without interruption up to the day of his death; at one time Prefect and Professor of English Literature, here he remained almost without interruption up to the day of his death; at one time Vice-President of the College, at another Professor of English Literature, here he remained almost without interruption up to the day of his death.

Frequent visits were paid on Father Whiteford's part to touch upon the portions of Father Whiteford's career spent in other institutions of his Order, as it would be a task unifying our pen to attempt a portrayal of his character in these columns. We can tell only what he was to us and to the generations of students, our immediate predecessors. By reason of his fresh, kindly nature, his sound, practical views, his erudition, his refined literary taste, his strong affections, and, in a word, that complex of characteristics, mental and moral, which men call magnetism, he was peculiarly fitted to win the esteem of young men, and to mould and influence, where he seemed only to be amusing and entertaining. In the classroom and on the play-ground, whether the question was one of intellect or of heart, Father Whiteford's approval or reproof was never a matter of indifference to the student under his eye. Who of us that ever sat before him at his desk can forget the uninterrupted play of wit, sparkling and spontaneous, called out by every line of his favorite Horace or his familiar Juvenal; the keen satire, which acted as a spur to the laggard, while the victim could not mistake the kindly motive that prompted its use; the unfailling cheerfulness which cast spirit into the dullest task; the hearty good humor which enchanged attention and bound the class together under the spell of his genial presence. He was a born magister, and he added to acquirements and native talents, a gift rarer than learning or strong intellectual powers, the faculty of imparting information. Not only for members of his own class, but for all the students who chose to share the privilege, his room held out a welcome always, and he was never seen to a better advantage as a man of mind and heart, than when seated in his easy chair, surrounded by a group of past or present students, and, bubbling over with humor, wit and kindliest feeling, he rehearsed anecdotes, recalled incidents of college life, sent his barbed shafts against the foibles and follies of men and things, and ruled, a very master of the feast, at the symposia of letters.

Where weightier interests were in question, Father Whiteford displayed zeal worthy of his calling, and it is safe to say that no professor of our time exercised more potent or more salutary influence over the minds and hearts of students. A word of counsel from him was prized; a principle of action, accepted without question; a look or speech of reproof, received in grateful submission, and even the least docile were amenable to the friendly guidance which his sense of duty taught him how to exercise. It does not become us to dwell upon the marks of esteem and affection which the students spontaneously paid Father Whiteford's worth. The gloom that overspread the community and, for days after his death, repressed the effervescence of spirits of youth, spoke louder than words of the place he held in their lives, and his
gentle loving nature would have found a rich reward for all his service in our behalf, in the grief his loss entailed, and in the prayers his death claimed from our sorrows hearts. The class of Rhetoric, which he had resigned only a few weeks before, and the class of Poetry, which he was actually teaching when death set a term to his labors, shared the privilege of watching his remains, and of extending to them the last marks of respect. No one was it difficult to see that genuine affection rather than forms of custom dictated the ministrations to their deceased professor.

Not those only from whom death immediately withdrew him have found cause for sorrowing in his loss. Old students scattered over the land were shocked and grieved to hear the grievous news, and our columns might easily be filled with the warm tributes from "old boys" who knew and loved him.

"Multis like bonus felubis occidit," this good man, zealous priest, loyal friend and ideal professor. He has left a place in our midst not soon to be filled, a memory too dear ever to be forgotten, and the pious wish of the humble Christian, that all who loved him here his soul’s needs should be faithfully remembered in prayer. Let thus our affection follow him, whom death has placed beyond the reach of other love.

FROM FROSTS TO FLOWERS.

I.

The gray dawn of a late winter day found your scribe driving down Pennsylvania Avenue in the face of a piercing storm of sleet and rain, a rugged and rough farewell to one, bound like myself, to the land of sunshine and flowers. The journey I was that morning to begin, many a goodly knight of the pen, some twenty years ago, had essayed under circumstances that augured even less propitiously than rainfall and sleet for pleasant and rapid traveling. Atlanta was my first objective point; but in the grief his loss entailed, and in the prayers his death claimed from our sorrows hearts. The class of Rhetoric, which he had resigned only a few weeks before, and the class of Poetry, which he was actually teaching when death set a term to his labors, shared the privilege of watching his remains, and of extending to them the last marks of respect. No one was it difficult to see that genuine affection rather than forms of custom dictated the ministrations to their deceased professor.

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never forgive what would be nearly a parrielled pen, were I to write a line in disparagement of the capital city of my native State. I have no doubt that Atlanta is a great city, and could I have seen its face, I might have found it even a pretty city. But like many another pretty face, it was not to be seen for the dirt. My military training was wholly of an amateur nature, and I never received a detail as a war-correspondent; hence my opinion on military aspirations can carry but little weight. But thus much I will suggest. Had I been Johnston or Hood, I should have got Atlanta as deep down in the mud as I found it in February, and then let Sherman and his army down into Atlanta. It would be a question today, whether an anniversary meeting of the Army of the Tennessee or the survivors of Andersonville could muster the larger showing. When it is remembered that the first house of any importance in Atlanta was built not thirty-five years ago, that the Northern armies left it completely in ruins, and that it staggered in the years of second growth under the blight of "reconstruction" nasality, its present prosperity and influence must challenge admiration. It looks neither like the solidly built, well paved cities of the North, nor yet like the picturesque garden towns of the South. When it can snatch a breathing spell from manufacturing, railroad and commerce, it may learn to grow pretty.

Not many old Georgetown boys of later generations are to be found in Atlanta, and the city is too young to have been the parent of those of more ancient days. Gen. W. S. Walker is perhaps the oldest, having entered college in 1838. He was a name for himself in the armies of the Confederate States, and, like most of the foremost soldiers on that side in the civil war, enjoyed for a second time the honor of being a prisoner of war. In the gardens of West End on Lake Pontchartrain. Lest however this longer journey, unbroken by tarry, may weary beyond endurance the kind reader who has followed our trail thus far, I break off here, with the promise "to resume in your next," the story of a run from frost to flowers.

ROBIN RUFF.

A GRAPE FROM A THORN.

"Don't bite off more than you can chew." That is slang, pure and unadulterated. Does one say that therefore it is a settling at naught of the proprieties to bring it into these columns? At first glances that may appear true. But let us be wiser than the skeptics of the olden time who bolstered up the stupidity of their doubt with the yet more stupid question: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Let us see if we cannot extract and apply to our needs some little of the world of sound philosophy that lies beneath these words, and leavens, as only philosophy could, what else would be suggestive only of the unwholesome excitement, din and "flash" of a blue grass quarter-stretch, mingled perhaps with a faint suggestion of the heavy-laden breezes that blow off a Lynchburg tobacco factory.

It will be observed (and with this observation we shall omit any further direct allusion to the expression which we freely admit to be more vigorous than elegant) that the result of biting off more than one can chew, whether of the Virginia weed or of a "loaf" of inoffensive bread, is not physical hurt but mental pain. The circulation of this sheet is rigidly confined to the "first families" of the land, and as they are never so vulgar as to bite off more than they can chew we fear that our readers have no adequate conception of the intense mortification and shame which sometimes comes from this thing to people in the lower walks of life. There is "company" at dinner; the luckless one sits down with a tremendous appetite—in the lower walks they often come to table with such appetites—and pressing both knife and fork into the carrying servant soon has a mouth comfortably filled for the purposes of conversation. Just then he is brought face to face with a question that cannot be dismissed by a shake of the head nor parried by a beneficent "I don't know." He must talk, yet the priceless gift of speech is gone. The sense of utter helplessness, the pangs of sharp shame and wretchedness that seel into the mind under such circumstances cannot be put upon paper in such form as properly to be appreciated by those whose personal experience does not embrace such a predilection.

We are convinced that so small a part of the wrecked talent and dismantled fortunes that we see drifting before our eyes every day is due to attempts at larger exploits than the stanchness of the vessel warranted. Once before in these columns we took occasion to call attention to the evident truth that failure was sure to be the result of any effort beyond the means at our command for accomplishing the object in view. But the troubles and inconveniences that arise from failure alone, are not the only considerations that should give us pause when tempted "with ostrich wings" to bear the eagle company. Besides the broken limbs, there will be the hurt pride to tear our wounds fresh open.

We know of our own knowledge, all of us, that if an habitual and professional thief is brought to the contemplation of the "cold gray stones" that from the quadrilateral of the law's hostelry, no one thinks much of it, except to breathe easier because of the greater security he feels in his property; and the prisoner himself is disturbed no further than by the confinement and loss of liberty upon which he was fallen. But let one of these sleek, smooth-tongued, honor-babbling villains who shows a fair exterior to the world come to the bare walls of a felon's cell, and his punishment is not all told when we say he has lost his liberty and the comforts of life. Besides this, he suffers from the "slings and arrows" of a lost reputation; he is wounded in the most vulnerable part of his character—the love of his fellowmen's respect. His punishment is fairly doubled.
Let an easy, unpretending gentleman, in the strict sense of that terribly abused word, walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, slip upon the treacherous ice; neither sensible people, nor gamins, nor even the "dudes" who witness the accident will feel anything else than sympathy for his misfortune; and if there be a smile of amusement aroused, it will not be until he is safe upon his feet again, and the bystanders are sure that he is not hurt nor rendered unseemly by soiled clothing.

But let one of these—(it is not our fault that the English language is weak in adjectives)—"dudes" saunter along with arms akimbo, and legs up somewhat ditto, and wrapped in a cloud of self-consciousness so dense and extended as almost to crowd everybody and every vehicle off the sidewalk and street, let this individual slip, and nothing can throw a damper over the enjoyment of the spectators short of the discovery that he escaped with an unbroken neck and with less mud clinging to his apparel than might, by possibility, have attached itself thereto.

The same thing is seen in the world of practical business or professional life. A man who sets up a modest establishment proportionate to his means, has nothing added, if he fail, to the chagrin that he feels over the loss of his substance. With the man who essays to do a "big business" on a small capital both of money and brains, and to lift his sublime head above the low level to which common sense keeps his neighbor down, has, when the crash comes, the contempt and jeering derision of his neighbors added to his misfortune; and if he fail, to the chagrin that he feels over the loss of his substance. With added, if he fail, to the chagrin that he proportionate to his means, has nothing.

EXPLORATIONS.

Several years ago, just after I had paid a visit to Mount Vernon and was still impressed by the feelings awakened on that sacred hill-side, I was much shocked on being told by a Washingtonian that he had never had curiosity or reverence enough to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington. In a similar way I was reminded not long since that although three years a resident of the College I had never visited that once famous centre of learning and dignity known as "the Mountain," and I knew it behooved me to make up the omission.

I well remember the occasion on which the full importance of that region and of its inhabitants was first impressed upon my mind. I had been established several weeks in the study hall as a new boy, and was just getting acclimated, so to speak. I had made considerable headway with broken verse, had learned to smoke cigarettes, and was beginning to think that I had become like the rest of the boys, and could remain at ease under any circumstances that might arise. I was soon to be undeceived. It was Saturday evening; the last collector had made his unavailing appeal to the already bankrupted students, the firing of notes across the room had ceased, and a sort of lull had settled on the groups of students, when the door opened and a dozen or more stately and learned-looking gentlemen filed slowly into the room. They were Philosophers, so my neighbor informed me, come down from the Mountain to organize a meeting of the yard. With freezing dignity they called the house to order, put one of their number in the chair, and proceeded to unfold the object of the meeting, which was, if I remember, to form a base hall association or something of that sort. Of course the inhabitants of the study hall were too overawed to take any part in the proceedings; the speech making was all left to the invaders. And such speeches! The debates in the Senate were idle wrangling, and the arguments before the Supreme Court more levity compared to them; and when at length our visitors adjourned us and went away, my newly acquired confidence had collapsed, and I was for some time unable to look in the face of any one higher than First Grammar. From that night the Mountain was to me a place of illimitable dignity.

Filled with these and kindred recollections I sought the requisite permission a few weeks ago, and along with a fellow antiquarian was ushered across the garret of the old central building, shown up the narrow stairs, and landed on the very summit of the Mountain. We found ourselves in the midst of a vast solitude of tenantless, desolate rooms. Before us in the centre of the corridor stood the old stove, already familiar to the readers of the JOURNAL. It stands just as the last belladonna left it, a rude wire screen fastened on its side suggesting the uses to which its generous warmth was sometimes put by the more culinary of the sages.

Many interesting momentoes of its former inhabitants did we find on the walls and door posts of every room that we peered into. Long lists running, it seemed, away back into the sixties contained the names of those who had lived and studied there. In one corner was a diary of the important events of the year, chief among which the author of course placed his own mishaps and scrapes with the prefects. Near the door that leads downstairs the names of the class of '81, the last of the mountaineers, were inscribed in peaceful proximity. As college archives, the bee trees around the walks are not comparable to the walls of the old Mountain. Unfortunately the usual vandal (tourists always complain of vandals) has been there with his white wash brush and obliterated many of its most interesting records.

We had nearly finished our inspection and had just reached the last room in our return, when we found that this apartment was of different pattern from its fellows, that it was securely locked, and that the word "Hell" was blazoned on its side suggesting the uses to which it was put. Shades of Dante! We were on the very confines of Tartarus; but as we saw no inscriptions bidding us abandon all hope if we entered, we made bold to seek admittance. The accommodating demon who carried the key to its fiery portals gave us the privilege of a hasty glimpse among the wrecked souls that abide in that place of literary banishment. Here let us explode a popular superstition. There are no horses in Hell! Evidently the theory of transmigration is true when applied to these beings, and doubtless
the countless number of departed steeds that were supposed to be slumbering in fiery torments have put on a new usefulness and are to-day doing service under some of the Freshmen or Sophomores who read this description.

At length we gave over our researches and coming away, locked in the silent old Mountain and left it alone with its memories of the merry students and their friendships, quarrels, idleness and hard study that it has seen in its time; and if we were not sentimental enough to drop a tear for its forlorn condition, our thoughts and wishes at least went out to the groups of scholars that once enlivened its rooms and we wondered if they could picture it to their minds now as it appeared to us in our exploration.

C.

PERSONALS.

Patrick Walsh, of Augusta, Georgia, who by reason of political honors can affix the "Hon." to his name, was recently elected to the presidency of the Southern Press Association. He is editor and proprietor of the Augusta Constitutional and Chronicle, a sterling sheet, on which is also engaged another Georgetown "boy," James R. Randall, the Poet Laureate of his day in College.

Robert M. Douglas has been removed from his position of United States Marshal in North Carolina, the native State of his mother, and is now engaged in a legal contest with his successor, Col. Thos. B. Keogh for the possession of certain papers belonging to the marshal's office. We imagine that the worthy son of the great Douglas will not pass from public life because his official head has fallen under the ever active guillotine.

James P. Voorhees has left the law to his father and brother, and opened a studio in New York over Daly's Theatre. Both for the plastic and the dramatic arts he has shown inclination and taste, and he may some day be to sculpture and the stage, what W. W. Story now is to poetry and the chisel.

George G. McNee, our LL. B. and LL. M., proposes to establish himself in law at Fargo, Dakota Territory. In a country where knowledge and worth have a virgin soil on which to lay the foundation of success, there ought to be no failure in his career.

John T. Martin, LL. B. '82, has just been appointed by Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania, to a lucrative position in the office of the Secretary of State. This appointment is an official recognition of the services rendered the reform movement in Northampton County last fall, when our friend John made a fight against "the ring" and broke their "slate," beyond repair. We trust that while in office, John will not loosen his hold on legal practice, for the latter is sure, while office-holding is at best precarious.

Stephen R. Mallory, A. B. '90, and A. M. '71, returned to College last week for the first time after a long absence. Mr. Mallory, son of ex-Senator U. S. and ex-Secretary of the Navy, C. S. A., was a student here immediately following the close of the war, and held high rank during his residence as a student and as a genial popular companion. His name was always at the head of his classes; and he was a famous ball player in the early days of our national game. As catcher on the old Quickstep nine, his throwing to poor Charlie Ross at second base made the latter position a slaughter-house for the Stonewall runners. Mr. Mallory has served in the Senate of Florida, his native State, and he is a very successful practitioner at the bar in all the courts of his district.

Thomas A. Badeaux, A. B. '71, is among the most successful practitioners at the bar in Thibodeaux, La., and a Secretary of the Navy, C. S. A., was a student here immediately following the close of the war, and held high rank during his residence as a student and as a genial popular companion. His name was always at the head of his classes; and he was a famous ball player in the early days of our national game. As catcher on the old Quickstep nine, his throwing to poor Charlie Ross at second base made the latter position a slaughter-house for the Stonewall runners. Mr. Mallory has served in the Senate of Florida, his native State, and he is a very successful practitioner at the bar in all the courts of his district.

A DESIRABLE APPOINTMENT.

Students who were at College in the years immediately succeeding the war, and who became victims to the military fever, which raged in our midst for "soldering," will remember Colonel E. H. Cummins, at the time one of the instructors in the institution, but formerly a student himself, and yet more recently an ex-soldier of the Confederate army. Col. Cummins acted as major of our cadet battalion when Denis Sheridan, of Md., was captain, and Harry Walters, Md.; Eugene D. F. Brady, Del., (now D. C.) G. Gordon Posey, Miss., and Henry M. Russell, Va., were lieutenants. The Colonel had served with distinction in the ranks of the Confederacy, and found himself, at the surrender, sans purse, sans home, sans everything, except a brave spirit and the consciousness of having acted a man's part and done a soldier's duty. Since his retirement from the post of instructor in the College, Colonel Cummins has resided in Georgetown. Under the new administration of police affairs in Washington, inaugurated by Major Dye, the Colonel has received an appointment on the force, with the understanding that he is to be promoted to the position of captain and inspector. He bears, it is said, strong recommendations from General Joe Johnston, General Beauregard, General Longstreet and General Randall Gibson. Equally commendatory letters could be had by him from distinguished officers of the U. S. army, and we trust that the Journal and old friends at College are not premature in offering this worthy gentleman and brave officer our cordial congratulations.

[As everything bearing upon our recent loss has an interest for our readers, we reproduce from the Catholic Review, of Brooklyn, the following extract. The author of the communication we are not acquainted with, and it may savour of self-praise to record the incident here correctly stated; but it is a tribute to our friend and father, and as such we give it place.]

—EDS. COLLEGE JOURNAL]
selves in a constant strain for the two or
three weeks that precede their appear-
ance in the examiner’s room. *Festina
lente* is a good motto for the student at
this time of year. Such proceedings as
we have mentioned are not contemplated,
nor are they encouraged, by the Faculty;
for in almost all cases honors are awarded
for work done during the year and are
rarely secured by a few weeks of harq
 cramming.

When it became known among the
students that Father Whiteford lay at
the point of death, the request made in
the chapel for prayers in his behalf was
answered in a manner that bespoke, more
than any words could have done, the
affectation esteem in which he was held.
All the students, as if by one impulse,
repaired to the chapel and made ready to
approach the sacraments, that the life of
him on whom all thoughts were then
centered, might be spared. When, after-
wards, his death was announced, all the
various classes vied with each other in
keeping watch over his remains, in deck-
ing his coffin with flowers, and perform-
ing the last sad rites. In recognition of
this conduct the President of the
College addressed and had read to the
assembled students the following com-
munication:

To the students of Georgetown College:

In the name of the Faculty and Pro-
fessors of the College the President de-
terises to express to the students the
grateful sense in which is held the mani-
estation, on their part, of deep regard
for the memory of Rev. Father White-
ford and of sympathy with ourselves
in the grievous affliction which we
have sustained. It has been a great
comfort in our sorrow for the loss of one
who can ill be replaced, to see that his
worth was genuinely appreciated by those
in whose behalf he labored; and the
influence of his kindly nature and
generous heart will still be felt, we hope,
by those who have shown so much re-
spect for him both in life and after death.
You can best continue your kind regard
to him by cherishing in sentiment and
in act the last request which, as to dear
friends, he bequeathed to you—fre-
quent remembrance of him in your
prayers.

Very affectionately and gratefully
yours,

JAS. A. DOONAN, S. J.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Thanks are duly returned to our A.
B. of '82, William J. Waguespack, for
a courteous invitation to attend the
Commencement of the Law Department
of the University of Louisiana. This is
Mr. Waguespack’s first year of legal
study, and he supplements the lectures
of the University by private reading in
the office of Judge White, an alumnus
of Georgetown. At a bar which contains
such lights as Hon. T. J. Semmes, Judge
White and Emile Rost, Esq., our tyro in
law will find models in elder sons of his
Alma Mater.

OUR EXCHANGES.

“Now, George, take our advice and pass
on to greener fields.” Words taken from
the *Illini*, Vol. XII, No. 14. To the *Illini*
we pass on, therefore, and what do we
find? A paper which, though in its twelfth
year, is evidently in the first or impulsive
stage of literary cultivation, and an ex-
change editor who thus “reviews” the
*JOURNAL*: “The *College Journal* from
Georgetown, D. C., is a pale-faced looking
(sic) sheet with about three-fourths of its
space filled up with essays and dispu-
tions. The exchange editor crowds in two-
fourths more [crowd is a good word] and
lets the chief editor find room for his so-
licitous adventures on the minuter.
No. 6, Vol. VI. sports just six locals and
one editorial by actual count. This
goes to prove that our little calculation
above on ‘fours’ is correct, according to
Hoyle.” Now perhaps it is a little cruel
in us to pick flaws in what must appear to
the *Illini* “reviewer” a very strong arith-
metical argument against the present dis-
position, by the corps of the *Journal* of
its accumulated stores of wisdom, but we
cannot slide the conviction that the *Illini’s*
“little calculation,” even if it is correct
according to Hoyle, (which, by the way, is
bravely doubted by our sporting editor),
cannot, by any possible operation involving
the legitimate exercise of addition, sub-
traction, multiplication, and division, be
made to approve itself to our mind as be-
ing correct according to Cocker. Aside,
however, from paltry considerations of
correctness we are not distressed at the
unmindfulness of our Western friend,
though we are amazed at the number of his
“locals” commencing with—

Rain.
One Blue Bird.
A Dead Election.
Not So Much Squeezing Back There.

And making over a hundred by actual
count. Did we see the propriety of filling
up our paper with “locals” of the kind
quoted, we might easily exclaim:

“Who planned a card on Bill Jones’ pants?”
etc., etc.

And we venture to say that we might in
time acquire a proficiency in murdering
minutes that would do honor to the *Illini’s*
teachings. Until, however, the *Illini* ceases
to be the very unsafe guide that it is at present, and which will be on or about the Greek calends, we prefer to follow the blind, practical suggestions of our common sense, presuming entirely from even the existence of the Iliniti's critic. In the meantime we most respectfully advise the Iliniti to be extremely reserved and modest in its positive teaching. We dismiss the painful subject by remarking in general that the solicitude, manifested by not a few of our confreres of the college press, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Journal would be inexpensively touching, were it not for the fact that it assumes at times the questionable front of undue familiarity (envisioned in the case of the Iliniti by the puerile artifice of calling us "George") and, presuming a corresponding sense of inferiority on our part, takes it for granted that we are ever ready and willing to receive large doses of that officiously patronizing kind of advice which is offensive at all times, but peculiarly so when it comes from the wrong quarter.

But does the Catholic keep pace with the Protestant in the struggle between truth and falsehood in attempt to exalt the human mind to an intellectual kingdom, to reduce expediency as a rule of action to the invisible will of God? If so, then well and right. We shall strive to accord our judgment with truth. By their fruits ye shall know them. Don't get mad, Susie, but does Chicago keep pace with Boston in the struggle between pork and beans? If so, why so? If not so, why so also? By their fruits ye shall know them. Don't get mad, Susie, dear, and don't, for goodness, gracious sake, inanulate that we are a "stick pig!" but, if you love us, never call us "Tommy" again; we abominate "Tommy," so we do, and no friend of ours will call us "Tommy." It is a sin and a shame for you to style us a "vanquished debater," Susie; us, who, in addition to furnishing a most extravangant outfit of chewing gum, would give you anything in our possession, would even surrender to you both of the "two drones of sense" which you generously give us credit for acquiring in a Jesuit college in three years if we had to remain without a particle of sense for the rest of our natural life. Come, Susie, you have a grain or two of natural good in your composition and we can forgive you on that account.

"Flas, reconsatia, amicis Opprobriis animaque reddas."

We hope that the present state of the College Record's bunch of intellect is not destined to remain a fixed principle, but that it is a circumstance, an accident, a lapse, a mere halt in the natural procession of the Record's common sense. We are led to entertain this hope from a desire to see the Record in a position to understand that the article on "Miracles," which appeared in a recent issue of the Journal, was written from the true philosophical standpoint, and will bear the test of any investigation to which the Record may see fit in the future to subject it—for it is plain that the Record's few remarks in its last issue can in no sense be understood to be a criticism of the essay in question. For the Record itself, "That Theory," is a very good essay, but how in the world could they of the Record presume to put "The Echo Boy" in the column headed "Literary?" It is a very weak performance, surely.

The Notre Dame Scholastic is essentially a stationary paper. With the Scholastic it is literally le premier pas qui coûte, for it never takes the second. It is thoroughly conservative, and tenax propositi to the last degree. Captain Lawrence and his "Don't give up the ship?" dwindle into the smallest insignificance when we consider the gigantic consistency of the man who stood by and saw his pet dramatic creation, the "greatest effort of his life," his "Romulus and Remus," use up page after page of the Scholastic, until the joyous legend, "concluded," at length replaced the oft-repeated solemn warning, "to be continued," and he could bid a last sad farewell to the gentle Ursinus and the fictive Smilax, and the lofty Insidius—whose peculiar province it was to "lay snares," and the calm Prometheus who, in the second act, was "hurled on the stage" in a heap, as suited well his high Roman title. The poetry of the Scholastic continues to hold its accustomed position in the realms of college poetry, low to middling.

The Niagara Index is a funny paper. Instead of showing a becoming gratitude to us for giving it some very good advice, it flies up and talks about our "incessant prattling." Now if we were the Index man, and the Index man were the Georgetown College Journal man, and we were vehemently sat down upon by such high authority as a G. T. C. man, we should never be done shaking hands with our selves at having been so lucky as to secure a fame similar to that of the duck that Dr. Johnson trod upon. But the Index warrior does not "see it in those lamps," as Artemus Ward would remark, and we must be satisfied. "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get." "Get what you can, George, and forget what you can't." It is a little singular that the exchange column of the Index should go down as the rest of the paper goes up. Some of the best essays we know of in the College world are to be found in the Index, yet many most astonishing revelations of childishness crop out in the exchange department.

The Boston College Stylus, which made so creditable a beginning a few months ago, is improving magnificently with each session. No. 3 is a gem. Interesting from beginning to end, its most interesting feature, to us, is "Horace Metamorphosed." Each of the essays, without exception, has something to recommend it to our favor. Though we have followed "Waifs" to its conclusion and been much delighted on the way, we had rather see the author devote himself and his genius to another field of exercise.

The Fordham College Monthly we regard as the very best of our exchanges.

The Crescent is a new exchange, and, for a High School paper, very good, we think. There are too many locals, however.

The essays in the College Message are not bad, though they are not up to the usual standard of the Message, but the exchange department is simply a blot on the face of civilization. If we thought that they would "take suggestion as a cat laps milk," we would advise our friends of the Message to do away entirely with that objectionable feature of their paper. But they took our mustard-plaster suggestion so eagerly that we fear we shall be obliged to leave them to their unhappy fate.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CONCERENIENT OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

So complete and exhaustive is the report given of this event by the National Republican, that we find it unnecessary to do more than reproduce the account as found in its columns. As an eye-witness we desire to add, that each of the numerous and truly magnificent floral tributes received on the occasion, bore the card of the individual donor; and it was only the conceit of a wag who suggested, that the entire display had been furnished by the florists in compliment to our young doctors, in whom, until "no flowers" at funerals gains wider acceptance, they recognized four future indirect but remunerative patrons.

The thirty-fourth annual commencement of the medical department of the University of Georgetown was observed at Lincoln hall on Friday, April 27th. Flags, streamers, pennants, and silver eagles decorated the stage with fine effect. The custom of presenting the par-
The exercises commenced with the conferring of degrees upon the graduating class, which numbered four, and certificates upon the undergraduates, eight in number. Rev. James A. Doan, S. J., president of the University of Georgetown, read a charge to his manuscript and the same number to a sealed envelope, inside of which is written his name. Holding the envelope in his hand the professor said:

"The faculty do not yet know the name of the fortunate competitor. I will open the envelope," and he broke the seal as he spoke. "The fortunate winner is Dr. Louis Kolopinski, of the District of Columbia, who has made 88 33-100 out of a possible 100. The examination consisted of a set of Liston's antisepsic spray apparatus; the physiology prize was a case of instruments, and the faculty prize a gold watch.

The officers of the class are Dexter A. Smith, president; Percy Hickling, Jr., vice-president; J. Paul Chamberlin, secretary, and Edwin Buchanan, treasurer.

The graduates were Louis Kolopinski and John J. Darby, District of Columbia; Charles E. Bronson, Ohio; George H. Shontler, Maryland; and John J. Darby, District of Columbia; Charles E. Bronson, Ohio; George H. Shontler, Maryland.

The ungraduates were C. M. Rawlings, District of Columbia; F. W. Hart, Virginia; G. E. Harvey, District of Columbia; J. P. Chambers, Pennsylvania; A. Smith, Indiana; D. P. Hickling, Jr., and B. F. Madison, District of Columbia; T. W. Burke, Ireland.

The following gentlemen passed a satisfactory examination, and were advanced to the second class: C. R. Luce, District of Columbia; John J. Stafford, Maryland; J. Dudley Morgan, District of Columbia; Henry Wagner, New York; Edwin Buchanan, Virginia; E. T. Chamberlin, New Hampshire; R. E. Hennen, District of Columbia; J. C. Bossidy, New York; J. F. Shontler, Jr., District of Columbia; S. B. Muncaster, Maryland.

The death of Dr. Young, which occurred at the residence of his son-in-law, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., last month, deprived the District of Columbia of its oldest practitioner in Medicine and the Medical School of the University of one who may be considered its founder. With grateful sense of what our institution owes him, we publish the proceedings of a meeting which was held on April 18th, in Washington, and which had been summoned to do honor to the memory of the distinguished physician and worthy gentleman.

The president and faculty of medicine of the University of Georgetown, recognizing the loss which the institution has sustained in the death of Dr. Noble Young, late emeritus professor of the principles and practice of medicine, medico-legal ethics, and president of the faculty, to whose active and wise counsel the university is indebted for the organization of the school of medicine, a period of twenty-seven years continuously discharged with unremitting enthusiasm, distinguished ability, and fidelity the responsible and laborious duties of a teacher, and wishing to give full expression to the sentiments of high professional regard and personal esteem in which he was held by his associates and patient attention to business, and unwavering integrity.

Fourth. That the dean of the faculty be directed to transmit a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to the family of the deceased, and to convey the expression of sympathy and condolence of the president and faculty in their affliction.

BASE BALL.

So great has been the rush of events in base ball arena within the last few weeks, that we sometimes sigh for the aid of the assistant business manager of last year, with his admirable knowledge of the necessary technicals, to chronicle the doings of our athletes.

The sport has not been neglected on the small boys' side. Two well equipped nine, the Browns and the Alerts, have divided the strength of the yard in the contest for the local championship. So far the Alerts have the lead and bid fair to keep it; the Browns have good enough material, but show need of better management. A select nine from the two played with the second nine of the Alexandria High School, May 9th, but the game closed a tie.

The College first nine is in splendid trim. Meher's excellent pitching, added to the work of the old reliable catcher, has made the nine the best that has played in...
The College for many years. A practice game was played with the Nationals, April 26th, in the grounds in the city; the College players, being somewhat demoralized by the novelty of the situation, failed to score a single run, though several of them did some brilliant playing.

A base ball league to contend for the amateur championship of the District, has been formed between the nines of Columbia College, Kendall Green, the Alexandria High School, and Georgetown College. The prize is a badge to be worn by the player in the winning nine who makes the best batting record. Four games each week will be played during the present month and the series will close about the beginning of June. The first game between the Columbia and Georgetown nines was played in the Athletic Park, in Washington, on May 3d, and resulted in a decided victory for the latter nine, the score being, Georgetown 24, Columbia 7.

The Washington Light Infantry Fair, which has just been taxing the patience as well as the purses of the good citizens of the Capital, aroused considerable interest in local base ball circles by offering among its other prizes, a complete outfit for the most popular nine in the District. The Georgetown nine was entered in the race along with nearly all the other nines in Washington, and, thanks to the generous support given it by its friends in the city, was voted the prize by such an overwhelming majority as to deprive the victory of most of its sweetness. Our nine received twenty-two hundred votes against a total of eight or nine hundred for all other nines entered.

The May Devotions are now in progress, Father Guldner preaching every evening. May Medals are worn by all the students.

The Merrick Debate, which was to have taken place on the 5th of May, has been postponed to the 17th; and the Philonomosian Debate will take place on the 23d of May, instead of the 15th, as formerly announced.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to replace the injurious cigarette by the more comfortable and innocuous pipe. The popular prejudices seem to run in favor of the red clay bowl attached to a long reed. The great length of the stem renders it necessary, in some instances, to curve them according to the style of body of the wearer. Thin men who are tall, wear long straight pipe-stems; while their rounder neighbors endeavor to hide themselves behind a majestic stretch of corn-stalk that curves responsive to their healthy frames. It is a good idea, and many should follow it.

Several earnest candidates for the Toner medal are at work on scientific collections, and as good a display may be looked for this year as last.

If present indications count for anything there are a great many embryo civil engineers amongst us. The little stream that winds among the intricacies of the walks has been made a sort of training school in that art, and all sorts of expedients have been tried upon it. Its channel was first dammed up scientifically with pebbles and leaves until several gallons of its angry waters were pent up between its banks. Then when work was abandoned, the presiding genius of the walks gave over his occupation of piling up leaves long enough to open a way through the dam and send the brooklet on its way rejoicing. At the next free hour the frustrated engineers constructed a dam of such heavy stones and compact masonry that neither winds nor waves nor Davy could avail against it, and the wheel house below was left without water. At this juncture an emphatic order came from higher authorities to leave the dammed stream alone in future, and it has been allowed to babble in peace ever since.

Why don't the brass band organize itself into a society and adopt some high-sounding name? Often we have moistened our pen to pay a compliment to these musicians, but were handicapped at the outset by their lack of an appropriate title. Their name, however, is the only thing commonplace in their make up; we have frequently heard high compliments passed on their musical performances, and all those who suffered from the discord of practicing musicians last summer, can be recompensed now by agreeable feasts of harmony. We suppose it will not be forgotten that the persistent playing of the brass band secured the yard a holiday in the beginning of the year. These same gentlemen treated the Rev. Father Provincial to a serenade on the occasion of his recent visit to the College, and extended a like favor to the Rev. President of the College on his return from his trip South.

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