TO THE CHILDREN SINGING CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

Sweeter sound they in life’s morning Sing us songs, little children!
Dearer, too, unto the Father, Till the holy tide of Christmas
When he likened his own kingdom Sing us, then, the dear old legends
Thro’ in faith our loving Father
By a smiling angel child.

Bids us firmly walk the waters, Faith, the guiding star of Heaven,
You can teach us God’s own ways.

Looked he down along the sea shore, You can draw us nearer Heaven,
Saw a child upon the sand, Pouring water in a hollow
Fell a little hole like that.”

Send him light and faith again. 

To the kingdom of a child.

Singing clear your hymns of praise, Singing clear your hymns of praise;
Till good will on earth do reign; To the children singing

In the court, high up over the gray walls of the cloister, a tree spreads its arms, alone like a watchman, in the old monk’s house. It is a sturdy and an ancient tree, that saw the light in the ruin, a little twig, in the long years ago. It made friends with the ivy that crept over on the stones. The ruin and the tree went on growing old together, seeing generations of men coming into life and being gathered out of it again, and together they are growing old now. But I almost wish the tree way. The soil, the sky that stretches so beautifully above us—strange day for Ireland—are older far than the Abbey. And yet, though we wonder at their mysteries and honor them as God’s works, they do not inspire us with that same sympathetic feeling. This old ruin was the work of men like ourselves—men who felt with hearts like ours, who lived a life different in detail, yet the life that we are living. When we think thus we forget that man has made unlovely everything that is unlovely in the world. We forget that the stunted flowers grow in the crannies of the stones that he has builded up; that the shadow of sorrow falls only in his houses or the paths where he has walked; that the bird sings gleefully until the sportsman kills its mate; that the rivers are crystal clear where he has walked; that the bird sings gleefully until the sportsman kills its mate; that the rivers are crystal clear

LEAVES OF IVY FROM AN OLD ABBEY.

The soil, the sky that stretches so beautifully above us—strange day for Ireland—are older far than the Abbey.

Sometimes I have asked myself, Does the happy soul ever think of the old body in which it acted out its life; long to come and hover round the place where it is lying? It was so natural to turn the eye to see, to move the feet, to pass from place to place, to extend the hand in the salutation of friendship. “All the houses where men have lived are haunted houses.” Are these poor ashes haunted, too? We know—through that greatest element of man’s nobility, faith—that on the resurrection day, body and soul will be united. This union, then, must be an added perfection; it would be sacrilegious to suppose it an empty form. If it is an added perfection, the state of union is higher than the state of separation, and we seem at least at liberty to indulge the fancy that the soul regrets the separation. Not with a regret that is akin to pain; for in Heaven there is no pain.

No wonder you grow restive under such philosophizing. Perhaps, like me, you would prefer a world of poets to a world of philosophers. This spot, where the graves are, was the chapel of “Our Lady,” and there, empty and desolate, is the crumbling window, its tracery becoming dimmer as each new winter casts its fantastic snows upon it. The painted glass that filled it once has been ground to dust again; the tapers that sent their light through it are burnt out; the hymns that made it vibrate are hushed forever. See there a spray of the ivy twined around the stone as if it would fondle

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and protect it. I don't know the name of that bird that perched upon it just now and sang, but its music broke the quiet so solemnly that it seemed something more than natural. I almost expected to see a procession of gray-beards in flowing robes of brown, with crucifix and candle and book. But the old monks are "in the register of God, not in the records of men." If they came now their footsteps would be silent, for the long, green grass gives no sound.

Probably it is time to cease talking of ghosts. In this eminently practical age we must beware of too much of the marvellous. It is childish, you know. And yet because we loved these things in childhood is no reason to scorn them now. George Elliot says: "The world would not appear half so beautiful to us if we had not been children in it." Should we not then recall with pleasure everything that helped to render childhood lovely? The first impressions of the unreality of things flashed rudely enough on the mind—like a light that was not wanted, showing us the dark beneath the bright. When we found out that something we had loved was not worth the loving, when life's cruel fingers crushed the rose leaves of some sweet fancy of ours. But it is given to us to look back to childhood, when we saw the bright and not the dark; when we found out that some-thing we had loved was not worth the loving, when life's cruel fingers crushed the rose leaves of some sweet fancy of ours. But it is given to us to look back to childhood, when we saw the bright and not the dark; when we did love, when the flowers really bloomed, and we can believe again and trust. I cannot blame the man who says, "It was better, fairer, fonder, when I was a child." There may be reason for his lament. Who knows but that the world has been hard to him and he is looking back. Standing on the other side of the years he sees his child-self "unspotted from the world," and his heart goes out towards him. He may not have been happy, but he

"Knew not then, That happy he was never doomed to be."

He was happy in the hopes that were his. As the years passed he hugged them close, closer, to his heart; bright and fair as they proved all false, they van-ished from his arms with a laugh of mockery, and left him nothing in his life but shadows.

But it grows dark, and I believe I said something about telling a story. Yet, on reflection, my friends, that have remained with me here until the night shades are slanting over the old gray walls, and an owl is hooting in the corse outside, it would be repaying you but ill did I begin now. If you wish a story make it for yourself, of yourself. In the language of Longfellow, "You have in your heart at this moment as sweet a romance as was ever written." Read it over; it is there. What if here and there it have a dark chapter? It must have passages bright and good, for some there are in the world who need not change, and you, I feel, are one of these. Remember these good passages; put them into your con-mon-place book; teach them to others; and when your eyes have grown dim and you have laid down the volume forever, fond friends will read it, how simple so-ever it be.

Oh, if I could hope that one of these ivy leaves would be present between its pages! ***

**ONE CHRISTMAS.**

How the world does move! A "bang-up" Christmas number of the JOURNAL! In the olden time we were more modest, and thought that ten ordinary numbers in a year were punishment enough for even our most depraved subscribers. But in those days modesty was the reign-ing virtue in our Alma Mater. How things have changed! I don't think there was one proud man in our class, unless it was Cally. And Cally wasn't exactly proud, either. He was simply one of those awe-inspiring seniors, who pass through the final year of college life wrapped up in the solitude of their own originality. Of course, unobservant freshmen often mistook this peculiarity for pride, but no such error was entered into a class-mate's calculations concerning him. We always regarded him with mingled feel-ings of pity and respect. Upon his classic features fate had early stamped that far away, wonder-who's-got-a-cigarrette expression, with which she marks those for whom a sad future is re-served. He knew full well that life had but few joys for a soul like his. Poor Cally! He's teaching a Sunday-school class in Chicago now.

I must confess that at one time—it was in the infancy of a certain 'cute little moustache—I found that Mac, too, had strayed from the paths of virtue, and was about to commit the sin by which his angelic ancestors fell. Mac's conversion, however, was speedily and permanently effected on the seventh day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine. How well I remember that day! "Twas a Sun-day, and the faculty, in utter disregard of the Third Commandment, spent a por-tion of its time in sitting upon Mac and myself. My experience on that occasion led me to believe that the faculty weighed at least three tons. When that august body finally decided to arise, Mac was as meek and humble as in the innocent days of his freshman year; what was left of myself was all simon pure, material-ized humility. The faculty was induced to honor us with its attention by the fol-low ing trivial circumstance: You know, Mac and I were very ardent admitters of the drama. In fact, when Mac began to realize the glorious possibilities of his upper-lip harvest, he thought seriously of adopting the stage as a profession. I, myself, was, at the same time, trying to calculate the profits which I could reap as a playwright. One night we went even so far as to sign an agreement, by the terms of which Mac was to make his debut in a play of which I was to be the author. The title of the tragedy was "I've Got it; or, The Hair in the But-ter." Before I had finished the first act, however, Mac delivered his famous ora-tion on the Ship of State, a performance which many of the old boys will recall with feelings of delight. The eloquence with which the ship was launched brought tears to many an eye in the audience. It is asserted that even Billy Kornan and Tom Dolan wept; but that rumor was believed only by those who had the honor of being unacquainted with either of the gentlemen mentioned. At the risk of a suit for damages, I can-celled the agreement and Mac never got the Hair in the Butter.

To return to our story: John McCul-logh was advertised to appear as Richard III at the National Theatre in Washing-ton on the night of December 6, in the year aforesaid. Of course we, *arcades ambo*, decided to lend the gracious charm of our presence to the performance. We were not mentioned in the bills for the occasion, but our sense of duty was so strong that we concluded to pardon the oversight and attend any how. Mac was so very absent-minded, that we forgot to secure permission before we started; and thereby hangs the tale. Next morning we had a brief but exciting interview with the president, after which we form-ed ourselves into a funeral procession, for the purpose of paying our respects to the members of the faculty. Mac assumed the dual role of mourner's carriage and clergyman, while I officiated as hearse and corpse. The members of the faculty were so highly pleased with our versatile talents that they extended to us an urgent invitation to enjoy the hospitali-ty of the institution during the win-ter months. We accepted the invitation
promptly and, I was going to add, gratefully; but I'll not. As soon as our acceptance had been forwarded to our hosts, Mac wrote home and astonished the folks by proclaiming that he was older than he had been when younger; that he saw the folly of the frivolous amusements which usually characterized his Christmas vacations, and that he had determined to spend his holidays in making some deep philosophical researches under the roof of his "dear old College home." Mac is now a lawyer! After mailing his letter he went to the library and drew therefrom about sixteen volumes. When he arrived in the Mountain, I inquired what he intended to do with his burden. He explained that he proposed to compete for the Morris historical medal, the subject for which was "The effect of the Mohammedan movement upon the civilization of Europe," and that the books upon which my azure orbs then rested were the sources whence he expected to derive some necessary information. I gazed at him in silent admiration, and wondered how even Georgetown's tyrannical rulers could dare to sit upon a genius like Mac. Two or three days later Mac came into my room to read his essay to me. When I awoke I told him that his effort was a grand success, and that to my mind it proved conclusively that Mohammed was the only original author of the "15 puzzle." My companion in misery didn't seem to appreciate the delicate compliment my remarks contained, and informed me, in the imperative mood, that I had his full permission to settle in Gehenna and grow up with the country. Mac didn't want the medal, so I was going to add, gratefully. A lad in the junior division is seldom an object of reverence. There is, however, one occasion on which he inspires all with this sentiment, and this is the day of his first Holy Communion. A short time before this happiest event of his career as a Christian, he becomes impressed with its importance, and notifies the prefect that he intends to turn over a new leaf; henceforward his pranks halt half way in the performance, and his thoughts show that they may be diverted into the deep channel of religion. He has been seen to pray of his own election in the chapel, and heard to solicit the prayers of a pious parent, or even of a devout maiden aunt. He follows the retreat with its enter sad and solemn, and its exit of relief and exhilaration subsequent upon the general confession. The bright and blessed and ever-to-be-remembered morning of some church-feast arrives; he takes his place at the Lord's table, and there is that within his bosom before which the "sanctities of heaven" bow in adoration. He is as happy a being as he is beautiful in this sublime act: it is a happiness that has its source in head-waters that are to him perhaps mysterious, but that well forth in a strong and limpid current, nevertheless; it is a beauty that is somewhat mystic, but the faithful eyes of those who are in attendance readily enjoy its splendor. Who would not bide Time to reverse his glass and let that moment return once more?

This may serve to introduce the fact that on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, our College chapel was the scene of a first communion, in which seven of our younger students participated. We give the names of the sacred number for reference in the future, over which the eye may glisten or moisten as the heart may direct, when through constancy or through change, it looks back upon this hour of innocence and grace and holiness: Mariano Mora, Sydney Sappington, James Duffy, Alexander Kearney, James Lee, Charles Probst and Emile Christ. There was an unusual feature of edification in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. P. Mora and their two daughters, who had arrived from New York to join their son and brother in the re-
exception of the sacrament. Our staunch Catholic friends, the Macias family, also came up in the drizzly dawn to celebrate the anniversary of the day when their two boys were first communicants. Our acquaintance with this deeply-rooted custom of piety, with which the Spaniards regard the occasion, easily explained what would else have appeared almost a religious phenomenon.

We must chronicle a similar event that took place on the same day in the chapel of our neighbors of the Academy. It was the same in substance, but in the sense of these matters, and have established the contrary, are possessed of a finer article. Your boy feels ill at ease amid the pomp of the scene on the 8th instant, the idea of the anniversary of the day when their two boys were first communicants. Our institution—a comfort that was mingled with the earnest wish that this dawn of a higher character—on account of the domestic and College, of comfort, that their lessons and counsel had already matured into the practice of a worthy communion—a comfort that was mingled with the earnest wish that this dawn of a higher spirituality, not unlike the passing beauty of the little ones.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

O saving message from angelic tongue, Divine doctrine born of eternal love! O mystic salvation of the Dove Unto his bride, whose holy nuptials sung By all the choirs of Heaven such sound did make. Of music as the neither deeps to shake That all the proud, rebellious host, undone, Their loud defiance ceased and prostrate fell. With noise that split the trembling roofs of hell— For Hate lay vanquished; Love had won! O low humility, of maiden grace, That trod upon the created head of Pride; O highest dignity of Adam's race, To bear Incarnate Love within thy sacred side.

THE VISITATION.

Of women, thou, O Virgin, art most blest; Of mothers, thou most blest, and blest the fruit Of thy most sacred womb, from Jesse's root The highest born, and great beyond the rest. Thyself immaculate from need of stain, That sinless, thou may'st bear the spotless child, And Love divine when it in flesh doth begin To dwell, may find a temple uniled. Thou, pure and all untainted in thy birth, In virgin purity received thy spouse, Nor lost the lily from maternal brows. Conceiving Him, the Holy One of earth, Sweet font of grace and bower of all good, God's mother, thou, yet virgin in thy brotherhood.

THE NATIVITY.

Now jubilation swell the tuneful song; Now jubilation wake the expectant earth; The King of Peace hath come to conquer wrong, And life renew in supernatural birth! Eternity, put on by perfect Love, Grows perfect man, and, lifted up above Its natural weakness by divinest strength, In union man becomes the God at length! Whose birth doth Heaven and Earth together wed, In union man becomes the God at length! Its natural weakness by divinest strength, The holy Infant, born in Bethlehem's shed, Whose birth doth Heaven and Earth together wed, And lifts the world upon eternal wings. O, mystic union, bringing life again, (Glory to David's Son from all the sons of men!)

YE OLDEN YULE-TIDE.

I.

THE FEAST IN THE FAMILY.

Among the many blessings of Christianity, the establishment of Christmas should be deemed far from the least important, not only because of its religious tendencies, but also because of its social character—the consideration of the domestic joy it spreads over the entire Christian universe. The celebration of Christ's birth, instituted by Pope Celestine as early as 335, has always been regarded by the faithful as a holy commemoration, but also as a cheerful festival, and accordingly the customary festivities were always very gay and often equally fantastic. During the infancy of Christianity when the dramatic mysteries and miracles were so universally employed in diffusing ecclesiastical knowledge and religious devotion among the people at large, they also formed the most important part of Christmas celebrations. "Tis strange, 'tis passing strange how such crude productions and performances should have possessed so much pleasure for all classes of society; yet, 'tis true the mightiest monarch and the meanest serf alike witnessed and alike enjoyed them. At quite an early stage in the keeping of Yule-tide the composition of Christmas carols also originated.

Among the many festivities peculiar to this age may also be mentioned the so-called "feast of fools and asses." The spacious halls of the baron, decorated with rosemary, mistletoe, the laurel and the ivy, were thrown wide to the stout retainer and the poorest vassal—all were cordially welcomed to a sumptuous banquet. which, "tis said, "oft would cheer a poor man's heart through half the year." The rise of Protestantism did not expel Santa Claus and set aside the Christmas tree. The Christmas tree of Luther's time was not unlike that of the present, save in one particular, viz. directly after the gifts were distributed a scene of much solemnity, and we dare say of equal utility, followed, which consisted in a tas-a-tas between mother and daughters, and also between father and sons, in which parents disclosed to their children what they had observed the previous year. "Tis strange, 'tis passing strange that all the joyous and beauteous resources that can serve the senses as symbols of praise and adoration. In entire harmony with these was the appearance of the four young pupils of the institution who received their first Holy Communion, and of the two maids of honor, sisters of the recipients, who attended them to the chancel rail. The Sacrament of the morning had a sequel in the exercises of the afternoon, at which the promises made in Baptism were solemnly renewed and attested. And so closed a day of exceeding grace and purest pleasure to the young pilgrims thus purveyed with the Christian's provision for the life-journey, and to those in charge, both at the Convent and College, of comfort, that their lessons and counsel had already matured into the practice of a worthy communio—a comfort that was mingled with the earnest wish that this dawn of a higher spirituality, not unlike the passing beauty of the little ones.

This brief outline of a few general features of the season and its celebration—its joy in an emerald of May glittering in the bosom of December—will suffice to indicate the blithe and merry nature of Christmas. The reason of all this gladness that brightens every home and even burnishes up the dull gloss of society is easily found in the mystery of religion which the day commemorates. This glory was flashed from heaven to
earth—from Bethlehem in Jewry to the remotest village in Alaska, and our little children, gazing up into the shining branches of the Christmas cedar and singing their simple carols, do but remind us of the shepherds that saw the "brightness of God round about them" and heard the hosts of His angels singing in loud and solemn choirs, with unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

II.

THE BOY-BISHOP.

Another of the many Christmas customs prevalent in parts of Europe in former ages, was one which may interest the students of this period. It is thoroughly characteristic of mediaeval times and manners. On the feast of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, the pupils of a school or college chose three out of their number, one of whom was to play the Bishop, the other two the parts of deacons. After the election the Bishop was escorted by the rest of the boys, in solemn procession to the church, where, with his mitre on, he presided during the time of divine worship; this ceremony had been performed, the Bishop began the compline, and that done he turned toward the choir, and said, "Adoratum," and last of all he sang, "Benedict vos omnibus Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus." On the eve of St. Nicholas the boys fasted, or were prevailed upon to fast, in order to obtain the presents that the Saint was to distribute in the night. They must have been very rigid in complying with this custom; for, in the statutes of Salisbury Cathedral, enacted in 1319, it is ordered that the Boy-Bishop shall not make a fast. The ceremony thus briefly stated was prohibited, by a proclamation, under Henry VIII. It was revived under Mary, and we find that it was performed in the country towns of England even after the accession of Elizabeth. Strype, in his "Memorials," speaking of the Boy-Bishop among scholars, says: "I shall only remark that there might this at least be said in favor of this custom, that it gave spirit to the children, and the hopes that they might one time or other attain to the real mitre, and so made them mind their books."

What if we were to revive this old custom? It would certainly be received with joy by the students of Georgetown. The thought of having a vacation from December 6th to December 28th would cause them to suffer the most severe hardship that would present itself in the form of the fast preliminary to the pageant. The ceremony of fasting was probably adopted from the Saint's example. How good the boys of that time must have been to require a rule prohibiting them from this corporal austerity. Our portly friend from the Quaker City would make a good Bishop; but what about the fasting? I am of the opinion that the Bishop and his deacons could be inscribed on the list of martyrs before December 28th rolled round, if they were compelled to subsist on the amount collected nowadays.

It is the sweetest note that man can sing.
When grace in virtue's key tunes nature's string.

—Southwell.

NOCHE BUENA.

Every Christian people celebrates the birth of its Redeemer with religious and secular festivities, but in no country is there so strange a mixture of the two as may be seen in Mexico.

Nine days before Xmas, a group of as many families select one of their houses, and in it each family gives a "Posada." If the house has not already a chapel, one is improvised, and on its altar is fixed a representation of the Divine Infant lying in the manger, and attended by the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. These altars are generally as costly as the means of the host will allow, and very often large sums are spent on their decoration. Each family issues invitations, "If the guests are assembled, they go to the chapel and there say the novena of Xmas. It is a beautiful sight to witness lovely women, dressed in their richest attire and prostrate before a shrine where a thousand lights are shedding their lustre on the miniature stable of Bethlehem. By way of parenthesis, I may remark that I do not mention the gentlemen here, because, as a rule, they arrive when the religious feature is over. After prayers in the chapel the guests receive a lighted candle each, and pass through the corridors in procession, whilst saying the litany of the Blessed Virgin. Finally, they arrive at a certain room, through whose closed door two individuals refuse to admit a young lady who, for the time, represents the Blessed Mother, and asks for "Posada," (a lodging.) The procession then returns to the chapel, where the candles are placed on the altar, and after a few prayers, the party adjourns to the ball-room. Next there is hung in one of the corridors a large earthen vessel filled with sweetmeats, which are distributed among the visitors, after a young man (there are plenty of them there by this time) has broken the jar, which he approached blindfolded. The evening ends with a ball like any other. As these "Posadas" are given in every grade of society, it is not improbable that ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of Mexico dance during the nine days of their duration. In the evening of the 24th, the "Posada" is like the preceding ones, with the difference that the "Virgin" is admitted to the closed room, where another altar has been erected, before which the prayers are ended. At midnight, mass is said in all the churches of Mexico, and people may be seen at that hour returning to their respective parishes from the Po-
A THANKSGIVING HUNT.

With an ample supply of guns, lunch, &c., we started by the light of the moon on Thanksgiving morning for our destination, the "Island of the Mt. Vernon Ducking Club," some forty miles down the Potomac. The ride down, over the frost-covered country of the Old Dominion, was spent in short naps, in which our most sanguine and sanguinary expectations were more than verified in regard to the forthcoming slaughter. We watched with great interest the numerous ducks that, rising sluggishly from their feeding grounds, tracked their way across the waving reeds and silent pools in which this famous river abounds.

A few houses, designated by the name of Quantic, were finally reached, and after a brisk walk of ten minutes we found ourselves on the border of the creek which separates the island from the main land. The high bluff of the island, surmounted by the club house and cottages of the members, and glowing with the rays of the rising sun, formed a beautiful picture, while the presence of several small "divers" near a rakish little yacht anchored in the cove, lent a charm to the scene which none but an old master could depict. The "ferry," propelled by the janitor, soon emerged from the water, a load of shot and congratulations exchanged, tranquility was restored and we again waited further developments.

After rather long waiting we were somewhat elated to see two ducks about to settle among the decoys. Again our guns spoke, but not with the same success. By some mischance we both singled out the same bird and riddled him so completely as to prove beyond a doubt that both shots had taken effect.

The other one escaped during the explanation which ensued.

A dock of seven flying past left four of its members to correspond to as many shots. Quite an interval passed between the events, and at the end of another hour we had but two more ducks. A miss on both sides, and one duck for my gun made a tie, and the excitement was great to determine who would capture the greatest number of ducks before our time, which was short, should expire.

To my friend's disgust a splendid shot at about sixty yards placed me in the lead, and soon afterwards we collected our decoys and started for the clubhouse.

A "diver" almost within range attracted my friend's attention, and we started in hot pursuit. After the duck "div" two or three times with as many unsuccessful attempts at shots on our part he struck out, dived and swam towards the river. By a lucky calculation we rowed within thirty yards of his breathing point, and as his bill and head emerged from the water, a load of shot settled his account and renewed the tie.

A fair bag, tremendous appetites and the experience, amply repaid us for such little inconveniences as cold, getting wet, &c., and we returned well pleased with our profitable trip and excellent sport.

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A MONTH AGO.

It is December, and everything wears a bleak expression of discomfort: it is hard to realize that only a month ago, autumn, in her fairest prime held sway, garbed in her favorite colors, yellow, crimson and russet. I remember, and it seems but yesterday, sitting in a shady nook by the little streamlet that wanders through the College grounds and philosophizing (to the extent of my poor faculties) on men and things. I am fond of inquiring into the how and why of things, and even as a child used to sit long hours looking at nothing and wondering about everything. But on this day, not warm, and yet not cold, every...
thing seemed at rest, and a feeling of peace, mayhap sleepiness, enthralled my analyzing powers. The little brook sang a drowsy tune as it rippled on, recognizing its old friends, the moss-covered stones at my feet, by a thrill of ecstasy as it rippled on, recognizing its old friends, the moss-covered stones at my feet, by a thrill of ecstasy. And a joy for each day that the year has in it, a right good year, and a smile to beguile all sorrow the while—

A happy heart makes a happy home.

And we too, will it not be soft and kind, that rest from life, from patience, and from pain?

Yea, before the eternal spring.
Though our friend was as honest as the day, and was dressed much like a clergyman, he assured me that every one in the car cast a glance of suspicion at him and his neighbors moved away from him as much as to intimate that they believed him to be a villain unmasked.

Yes, street cars are demoralizing; besides, they are aggravating. As we sit in our corner, we see a lady a block off, waving her hand in order to stop the car. She attains her object, and then pursues her way with calm step. There are times when one almost feels justified in swearing a small, small oath. This is a street car’s fault, too, because a conductor should never see a lady a block off. Either she hurries and becomes heated, or she does not hurry, and we become heated. In either case it is aggravating. It is also quite wonderful that cars which ordinarily pass every three or four minutes, take from seven to ten minutes if you stand and wait for one to come along. The stop, which throws some heavy man upon your foot, is also aggravating, as is the tread of the conductor upon the same place. There are other aggravations, but let us put them aside and wear a pleasant smile.

The street car is the true democratic vehicle. Here silks and satins rustle alongside of a coat which, in its youth, might have graced a man, but which, after years of service, evidenced by the weather-beaten remnants of the original piece, now serves a lusty negro laborer. No one is too mean or lowly to ride in a street car. The only requisite to enter this society is a five-cent piece. Poor clothes, shabby clothes, and good clothes become acquainted with each other on these seats. Erga mea ridens and atra cura, longa senectus and levis juventus hand their tickets to the conductor, and he punches his slip for all alike.

That is a pretty young lady sitting opposite, and as the doctor has said that strictest canons of good breeding, allow two looks at a pretty face, we shall take them without fear of offending. Were we not given up to the adoration of constituent remains, torts, deodands, and the like, we should not be averse to pursue further our thoughts in this direction. Another friend of ours, while supporting by a strap of a car, was seen by

"Cupid all arm’d: a certain aim he took.
And tossed a love shaft smartly from his bow."

He avers that his position was the most dangerous in the world, as he could gaze his fill without being observed.

The time to meet the Strephons and Chloes is immediately after the theaters have emptied their crowds upon the streets and cars. The tender solicitude with which Strephon obtains a seat for Chloe, the nervousness with which he pays his fare and the rigidity of face and limb which he preserves while his fellow-passengers gaze on him, indicate the Strephon who is supremely happy. Often an Othello and his dusky Desdemona will sit opposite us as we ride on our cynical and lonely way. One pair we remember particularly, as they were evident that Cupid must be as strong as Hercules, for it would take his strength to send a shaft through the outer layers of their anatomy to their hearts.

That gentleman is in search of an office, and we are moderately certain that he is from the West. We cannot give the indicia by which we know these facts; perhaps our knowledge is intuitive. But, in addition to that paper collar, which begins to show signs of long usage, the "hand-me-down," patent collar-button, the gaudy, though soiled tie, the silk hat, whose nap is assuming the aspect of an agitated mouse, the boots which show that it is only recently that they have been introduced to blacking there is the look of conscious virtue which says: "I am Hon. So and so, or Judge Blank, or Gen. Stars, and I want a grateful country to give me an office."

Of all places in this country, Washington is the best for one who wishes to exercise his ingenuity in guessing at what men are from their appearance. The summer hats and white tie, by which the disappointed office-seekers betray that they are not to the manner born, and that the "yea augesta domi" are pressing them sorely, are ridiculous, but have also a sad interest. What haps and what reverses!

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him there."

If Washington sees a Democratic President in 1885, what a study for the lounging in the corner seat will be the unnumbered horde who will fall upon the offices, with the dust of twenty years upon their garments.

There is a little child with her grand-father, curly headed and smiling; she climbs upon the seat. But, hold on; stop the car, conductor! We have passed our destination, and shall have to postpone our thoughts for another trip.

N. X.

In the little ode, but lofty, which we may venture to term an epilogue to the third book of his Odes, the poet Horace breaks forth into a joyous anticipation of future fame:

"I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,
Soaring more high than royal pyramids.
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain drop,
Nor the yawning death of Boreas shall destroy;
Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered Series of ages and the flight of time.
I shall not wholly die! From Libitina
A part, yes much, of mine own self escapes.
Renewing bloom from praise in after ages,
My growth through time shall be to fresher youth.
Long as the High Priest, with the Silent Virgin,
Ascends the sacred Capitol of Rome."

The free and unreserved expression of self-approval which in this ode is so conspicuous is in marked contrast to the modesty which is so habitual with him, and constitutes, indeed, one of his chiefest and most charming recommendations to our favor.

"I shall not wholly die!" Non omnis moritur. Around the prophecy linger such a suspicion of vainglory. But was ever a prediction more triumphantly verified than this of Horace by Horace? Rare old poet! He built more wisely than he knew. Time has played his ghastly joke on "the High Priest and the Silent Virgin" whose ministrations the Venusian fondly imagined would be co-existent with his own eternal fame—

"Renewing bloom from praise in after ages."

Thus the one poor condition on which he confidently rested his proud arrogation of an immortality of renown has been swept away by the tide of human events; yet, in the words of one of his intelligent admirers, "Horace still reigns supreme as the lyrical singer most enow ed in the affections of his age." The one poor condition on which he confidently rested his proud arrogation of an immortality of renown has been swept away by the tide of human events; yet, in the words of one of his intelligent admirers, "Horace still reigns supreme as the lyrical singer most enow ed in the affections of his age."

Over and above the mere literary charm of his works, the warm heart and thoroughly urbane nature of the man are felt instinctively by his readers, and draw them to him as a friend. Hence it is that we find him a rude mecum with men the most diverse in their natures, culture, and pursuits. "His broad human sympathies, his vigorous common sense, and his consummate mastery of expression"—for these Martin regards as his more remarkable qualities—have conspired to render him the most popular writer of antiquity. "The scholar, the statesman, the soldier, the man of the..."
world, the town-bred man, the lover of the country, the thoughtful and the careless, he who reads little—all find in his pages more or less to amuse their fancy, to touch their feelings, to quicken their observation, to nerve their convictions, to put into happy phrase the deductions of their experience. His poetical sentiment is not pitched too high for the unimaginative, but it is always so genuine that the most imaginative feel its charm.

There is an old saying—so old, indeed, that its cracked voice is seldom heard in public places now—which runs to the effect, that the greater a poet is the less are we likely to know of him from his own writings. If this were true—and happily, like many another venerable saw, it is not—poor Horace would be nowhere, for he has left us in his various poems, an account of himself—his character, habits, and pursuits, his successes and his failures—almost as complete as many a professoried biography, and far more delightful and instructive than any.

In the ode "Desconde Ceelo," the fourth of the third book, is recorded an interesting incident of his earliest childhood:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Me fabulosae Volturae in Appulo,} \\
&\text{Altirices extra horum Apudae,} \\
&\text{Ludo fatigatumque somno,} \\
&\text{Dura custodia fronde nova, puericm, palmam.} \\
&\text{Tezere.}
\end{align*}
\]

The little rogue, it seems, played himself tired, and then in the spirit of recklessness, characteristic of youth in all climes and times, took advantage of an unguarded moment to throw off the dura custodia of his nurse, and ramble of in search of new playthings. We can imagine the hubbub in the domestic circle when the mysterious disappearance of young Quintus became known; the bustle and search, the weeping and wailing. At length he is found, and where? Fast asleep in the woods, covered with fresh myrtle and laurel leaves, in which the wood-pigeons have swathed him! And while the domestics are lost in wonder that the child could slumber in that wild place, and be safe from bears and snakes, the little fellow's eyes open, and he kicks and crows with his hands full of wild flowers.

Horace, like many other notabilities was born of poor but honest parents. Of his mother, little or nothing is known, (he never mentions her in his writings) and it is supposed that she died in the poet's infancy. That he was no common boy, we may be sure, for his father determined to give him a higher education than was to be obtained under a provincial schoolmaster. In reading that part of Horace's story in which he describes his father's careful superintendence over his education, we are reminded of Bobby Burns' early lines about his father:

"My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, And carefully he bred me up in decency and order; He bade me get a manly part though I had no ear a farthing.

For without an honest, manly heart no man was worth regarding."

Horace's literary master at Rome was Orbilius, who, thanks to his pupil, has become a name (plagiarius Orbilis, Orbillius of the birch) that suffering archons nowadays eagerly apply to those pedagogues who resort to the same material means of inculcating the beauties of the classics. Wolff, the celebrated German scholar, is authority for the statement that Horace drew the portrait of Orbilus in the well-known lines about Death:

\[
\text{Nec parci indiellis juventei Populosis, fiantque, uta}
\]

Co education, we know, was a thing unheard of among the Romans, yet Horace appears to have formed several little attachments during his pupilage. It is a little singular, however, that at no period of his life was he very lucky in his loves, in spite of his genial disposition and the charm of his conversation, that was "wont to set the table in a roar." He was not an eminently handsome man, it is true; indeed, if we may credit his own frequent descriptions of himself, he must have been a regular scarecrow. But men of remarkable ugliness have notoriously been favorites of the gentler sex; and why not? A rough rind sometimes covers the sweetest fruit. Mirabeau was quite a lady's man; so was John Wilkes: Dr. Johnson—by his acquaintances, called "Urs Major;" yet no man alive had a more tender heart: "he had nothing of the bear about him," said Goldsmith—but his skin.

With these examples fresh in our minds—and all of us have seen many others and perhaps plied them in our good-natured way—we are surprised that, as Father Prout says "Notwithstanding the delicacy with which he could flatter, and the sprightly ingenuity with which he could amuse the ladies of Rome, in spite of all the fervor with which he exults the passions and chants the merits of the fair sex in general, he appears from the desponding tenor of his amatory compositions, to have made but small havoc among the hearts of his lady acquaintances. These ditties are mostly attuned to a very plaintive strain, and are generally indicative of unrequited attachment and blighted hopes. He has made posterity the confidente of his jealousies regarding Pyrrha; Lydia forsakes him for Telephus, who was probably a stupid life-guardsman, measuring five feet eleven; Chloë runs away from his addresses, begging her mother to say she is yet too young to form an engagement; he records the perjured conduct of Barine towards him, laments the constancy of Neaera, the hauteur of Lycey, etc., etc.

The secret of the matter, we are constrained to believe, is this: He was a little man with a big head; (we learn that from one of his Satires;) he was "more fat than bare beseems, in the second place; (that leaks out in one of his Epistles where Augustus deigns to crack an imperial joke at the ungainly prominence of his abdomen;) his eyes, he tells us over and over again, were always sore, and required regular treatment; to cap the climax, the poor poet was bald! In the famous ode, "Integer Vitae," which some commentator takes to be a poetical expression of the common and erroneous belief that a peculiar Providence watches over poets, an incident of Horace's own life is mentioned, and it has been humorously treated by Prout. "One day," says the Reverend Father, "having extended his rambles beyond the boundaries of his farm, humming as he went an ode to Lalage,' behold! an enormous wolf suddenly stares him in the face, and as precipitately takes to flight without any apparently sufficient cause. The dogs, according to Shakespeare, barked at Richard; this wolf may have been probably frightened by the poet's ugliness, for, according to his own description, he was no beauty, even in his Sunday clothes."

From the writings of Horace it would be impossible to imagine him anything but a good-natured man and a lazy, even as he was a fat, man. And it is solely from this, his easy temper, that he is able to give us everywhere, in Ode, Satire, and Epistle, maxims that are almost worthy to rank with the higher teachings of a greater Master. He is continually dissuading the Romans of his day from the unhealthy pursuits of ambition; he advises them, again and again, to set a bound to their senses:

\[
\text{Em modus in rebus: sunt certi duolque fines}
\]

\[
\text{Quis non et can'tque nec quis consicere rectum.}
\]

Think not of how much others have, says he, but of how much which they have.

* A poet, who shall be nameless, has told me, in a husky whisper, that the Providence that watches over poets is a d—d peculiar one.
you can do perfectly well without. Do not lose the present hour in vain perplexities about the future:

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

"If fortune lowers to-day, she may smile to-morrow, and when she lavishes her gifts upon you cherish a humble heart, and so fortify yourself against her caprice. Enjoy wisely, for then you enjoy thoroughly. Live each day as though it were your last. Life will be only too brief at the best, and the day is at hand when its inequalities will be re-dressed and king and peasant, pauper and millionaire be huddled, poor shivering phantoms, in one indistinguishable crowd across the melancholy Styx, to the judgment halls of Minos. Rhadamantus and Aeacus." Witness the fine ode to Dellaius:

"Let not the frowns of fate Disquiet thee, my friend, Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate With vainly thoughts, ascend Beyond the limits of becoming mirth; For Dellaius, thou must die, become a cloud of earth! Whether thy days go down In gloom and dull regrets, Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown, Its fever and its feet, Stretched on the grass, with old Falernian wine, Thou giv'st the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

Where the tall spreading pine And white-leaved poplar grow, And, mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine, A grateful shadow throw, Where down its broken bed the weeping stream Writhes on its sinuous way with many a quivering gleam, There wine, there perfumes bring, Bring garlands of the rose, Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring, While youth's bright current flows Within thy veins—are yet hath come the hour Where the dear Sisters Three shall clench thee in their power. One road and to one bourne We are all goaded. Late Or soon will issue from the urn Where down its broken bed the weeping stream Writhes on its sinuous way with many a quivering gleam, There wine, there perfumes bring, Bring garlands of the rose, Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring, While youth's bright current flows Whithin thy veins—are yet hath come the hour Where the dear Sisters Three shall clench thee in their power.

The lines must have rung in the poet's ears like a sad refrain. The Digesta lost its charm; he could not see its crystal waters for the shadow of Charon's nefuly stream. The prattle of his loved Bandusian fountain could not wean his thoughts from the vision of his other self wandering unaccompanied along that last sad road. He who had so often soothed the sorrows of other bereaved hearts answered with a wistful smile to the friendly consolations of the many who loved him. His work was done. It was time to go away. Not all the skill of Orpheus could recall him whom he had lost. The welcome end came sharply and suddenly; and one day, when the bleak November wind was whirling down the oak leaves on his well-beloved brook, the servants of his Sabine farm heard that they should no more see the good, cheery master, whose pleasant smile and kindly word had so often made even the labors light. There was many a sad heart, too, in Rome, when the eid who never wounded, the poet who ever charmed, the friend who never failed, was laid in a corner of the Esquiline, close to his dear Knight Maecenas. He died on the 27th November, B. C. 8, the kindly, lonely man, leaving to the Emperor Augustus his property; and to all posterity the most beautiful monument of pagan times—the songs of Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine!

Maecenas did not die for seventeen years after this ode was written, and "often and often," says Martin, "we may believe that he turned to read the ode and be refreshed by it when his pulse was low and his heart sick and weary."

Maecenas died in B. C. 8, bequeathing his poet-friend to the care of Augustus, in the words, "Horati Flacci, ut mei, esto memoria"—"Bear Horace in your memory as you would myself."

But the legacy was not long upon the emperor's hands. Seventeen years before the poet had written—

The lines must have rung in the poet's ears like a sad refrain. The Digesta lost its charm; he could not see its crystal waters for the shadow of Charon's nefuly stream. The prattle of his loved Bandusian fountain could not wean his thoughts from the vision of his other self wandering unaccompanied along that last sad road. He who had so often soothed the sorrows of other bereaved hearts answered with a wistful smile to the friendly consolations of the many who loved him. His work was done. It was time to go away. Not all the skill of Orpheus could recall him whom he had lost. The welcome end came sharply and suddenly; and one day, when the bleak November wind was whirling down the oak leaves on his well-beloved brook, the servants of his Sabine farm heard that they should no more see the good, cheery master, whose pleasant smile and kindly word had so often made even the labors light. There was many a sad heart, too, in Rome, when the eid who never wounded, the poet who ever charmed, the friend who never failed, was laid in a corner of the Esquiline, close to his dear Knight Maecenas. He died on the 27th November, B. C. 8, the kindly, lonely man, leaving to the Emperor Augustus his property; and to all posterity the most beautiful monument of pagan times—the songs of Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surer sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

——Taylor.

Youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

——Scott.
THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow,
And lifted up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe, all burning bright, did in the air appear.

Who scorched with exceeding heat, such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench His flames with what His tears were fed.

"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born in fiery heats of fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!"

My faultless breast the furnace is, the fiend wounding thorns;
Yet without He is not, the shame and scorn.

The metal in this furnace wrought are men's de-...
THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Established 1872.

A SIXTEEN-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 urged to sustain it by their patronage.

Address, COLLEGE JOURNAL, Georgetown, D. C.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, CHRISTMAS, 1883.

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

Editorial Committee.


Business Manager.

Thomas H. Dolan.

Assistant.

John B. Jones.

Both your hands, my jolly friend Christmas! You were slow in coming, but you are all the more welcome. Let me introduce you to the boys. Happy fellows are they at your arrival. Hark, how they cheer you through study-hall and corridor! See how books are shut, doors opened, and corridor! See how books are shut, doors opened, and off they are for your vacation! There's a magic about your appearance that puts them into livelier motion than all the electric bells, or the very call of the Hirst Prefect. Well, they deserve the rest and fricole they are to receive from your bounty, and watch that they lose not a particle of the good gift. Here are their Prefects. Every rigid feature, where authority has reared his rocky throne, is relaxed into a dimpling smile. For, from what pressure do you not relieve them when you draw off the quicksilver youth?

Their parents you know already. You were present at a certain consultation recently held by the father, who was satisfied with the book the report, and the fond mother, who was delighted at the prospect of putting her son's healthy cheek. What was the result of the conference? Something fine, no doubt, that will make the day a pleasant memory. And the sisters, cousins, and aunts—bless all the fair bevy as they bless you for having sent them a convenient and elegant escort for the season.

Last, but not least, let me introduce you to the Journal's friends and acquaintances. Here are the contributors. Ah, you sly, benevolent rogue, you wink at them so knowingly! So it was you who metamorphosed into a Pan or Apollo, appeared in a vision to the several ex-editors and inspired them to take up the pipe for a pastoral, or the harp for a sonnet. You it was who first got up the symposium of reminiscences at which many a heart will mellow. You it was who made the coy student put his blushing initials at the foot of a first attempt; that decies repetita placebit. For this timely succor accept the thanks of the editors and subscribers. You will make a speech, of course? That's it; the very soul of wit and heart of honey. Simple, cordial wishes of a brittle and merry feast and a happy New Year, with return as many as the happiest can desire.

A WORD IN SEASON.

There are few of us who really understand for what purpose we are sent to college. We enter college blindfold, not thinking that our future is to a great extent dependent upon our sojourn there, and that it is the last opportunity that we will have in preliminary training. We do not seem to know that our time is very limited, nor do we think for a moment that our fathers are suffering considerable inconvenience at the very least, in order that they may prepare us for the battle of life.

In the beginning we will state that the study of text-books should be our chief aim: for it is by the thorough knowledge of these that we lay a foundation which will ever remain firm, and can always be relied upon. And here we may say that unless this is done, there is little hope for the future. At the same time, however, we hold that a thorough knowledge of books does not necessarily insure success in life. We must not study merely to be thorough in our college course, but must always keep in mind that we are now training ourselves for manhood, that we have characters to mould, minds to broaden; and last of all, but not least, we are to learn men, for these are the beings with whom we are to deal.

Many young men who, during their college course, are rated as men of brains, who on all occasions receive the honors of the class, and for whom there was apparently a world of success in store, go out into the broad field of life and there are met with disappointment, their long-cherished hopes are blighted, and their ambition, which is the chief element in every man's success, is dissipated. It is now that they find that they are defeated in many ways. They have for too long a time depended upon their instructors for advice; they have perhaps never decided once for themselves, and in their deplorable state they go roaming around in hopes of finding some guardian. But they find none who are willing to lend them a helping hand, none who offer to dispel the cloud which has gathered; many, on the contrary, who are prone to increase their misfortunes, that they may the more easily advance their own welfare.

What is the cause of this? We hold that it is the need of worldly experience, firmness of character, knowledge of mankind, and a will of their own.

In conclusion, we would say to the young college men of the present day, that if they are desirous of making men of themselves, of promoting humanity, and of advancing their country's good, study to become men.

RALPH.

FORMER STUDENTS AT YALE AND HARVARD.

To the courtesy of our A. B., '81, Daniel W. Lawler, we are indebted for a catalogue of Yale College for the current year. Among the candidates for the degree of Master of Laws we find his own name and that of John Herriman Holt, LL. B., '81. In the junior class of the law school is the name of Frank J. Lawler, whose health would not permit him to return to Georgetown and graduate with his class this year.

In the Harvard catalogue the name of J. Ledyard Lincoln, A. B., '81, is on the roll of the senior class in the law school; Arthur A. Sweeney, who left here to graduate at St. John's, Fordham, N. Y., is in the second class of the medical school. Royal P. Carroll and Charles Carroll, sons of ex-Governor Carroll, of Maryland, are respectively members of the junior and freshman classes.
A TALE THAT IS TOLD.
Hurryng forms, light out of windows streaming,
Glad voices calling in the crowded street,
Loud words of welcome, sweet eyes softly beaming,
Hand grasping hand as friends in goodwill meet.*

This is the Christmas eve.

One little child, face pinched and sad and pleading,
Holly and mistletoe in garlands tying—
Loud words of welcome, sweet eyes softly beaming,
Hurrying forms, light out of windows streaming,
Thinks—I will rest awhile, for I am weary,
On through long streets that grow so cold and dreary,
The crowd streams on, the small wrapt face is
A sweet, clear voice the child in wonder hearing—
There is no comfort to be got by weeping—
Dreams that bright children crowd around in
Light fall of snow in the gray Christmas morning,
The doings of our various societies.

"Poor child, I'll wake him on the cold step sleep—
close, it is a very proper occasion to note
is hoped that a large addition will be re-
year has proved a success in every way
possible. It has twenty-six members, an
increase of ten over last year. On ac-
utical society which, though it may not
be all that is desired, will yet prove itself
worthy of its name. Its first public at-
tem in athletics, the annual sports, an
account of which was given in the pre-
ings. They all failed to do themselves
and not of the sword. The committee
ought to set about the more genial and
incline from motives of mercy, and be
provoked. However, much as we may
encline from motives of mercy, and be
induced by the spirit of the holidays to
revert, we are urged on by the sheer
force of duty, which is, perhaps, rightly
inexorable in this instance, to print as
follows: The Choir and the Rhetoricians cel-
brated the anniversary of their patron saint
November 21, and presented
what should have been a very attractive
entertainment. Owing, however, to
lack of preparation and general listless-
ness, they all failed to do themselves
justice. Mr. S.—we suppress full names
and the programme for obvious reasons—
read us the ode, and we have no doubt that it was quite graceful, as he is generally happy in his attempts at verse. His delivery moved everything, and I venture to say that he was not heard beyond the first three rows, if indeed his voice reached as far as the first. Then came Mr. S. with an essay on “The Play,” which was rather crude and ungracefully rendered. The third, Mr. S. spoke in a melodramatic, and at times, passionate tone, whereas he was only satirizing the nonsense in the modern opera. As to his ideas and opinions on music in general, we are unable to say anything; but when he said the airs of *Patience* were more enjoyable than the strained and long-drawn out music of an Italian opera, we observed that Mr. Donch, our time-honored professor of the violin, wore a look of surprise that speedily changed into a smile of ironic approbation. Mr. L. was the next speaker, and while he was very funny at times, his essay on the whole was tame. He spoke too rapidly, and in consequence the audience lost a great deal of what he said. Now, as the class of rhetoric is climbing the ladder of graduation, we expected something better. Calling a community of a hundred and fifty civilized men to applaud such a performance as that, is like taking the Sultan by the beard and compelling him to give over his old friend, Mr. Daniels, with great applause. This gentleman has always been ready to lend his aid to any amusement when he said the airs of *Patience* were more enjoyable than the strained and long-drawn out music of an Italian opera, we observed that Mr. Donch, our time-honored professor of the violin, wore a look of surprise that speedily changed into a smile of ironic approbation. Mr. L. was the next speaker, and while he was very funny at times, his essay on the whole was tame. He spoke too rapidly, and in consequence the audience lost a great deal of what he said. Now, as the class of rhetoric is climbing the ladder of graduation, we expected something better. Calling a community of a hundred and fifty civilized men to applaud such a performance as that, is like taking the Sultan by the beard and compelling him to give over his old friend, Mr. Daniels, with great applause. This gentleman has always been ready to lend his aid to any amusement.

The College Dramatic Club made its graceful debut on Wednesday, 29th ult., and afforded the students a most enjoyable prelude to the full, free holiday of the morrow. The selection was a series of scenes from Henry IV., which perhaps next to Hamlet, is when well acted the popular favorite of Shakspeare’s dramas. So creditably did they execute themselves of their task that the only regret of the evening was the necessity that compelled the Club to give extracts when the whole play thus performed would have proved none too long to the most restive of audiences. In fact, we may say without boasting that whatever may be the undeveloped state of some in our midst, we have a respectable number of those who in dramatic ability, might compete with any amateurs in the same field; and this is understood of college amateurs. We give the cast of characters to acquaint our readers with some of the members of the recently organized Dramatic Club:

HENRY IV.—Drainatic Personage—King Henry IV.; Ralph S. Latshaw; Prince of Wales, John R. Slattery; Prince John, Charles H. Boche; Douglas, William D. Lynch; Hotspur, Harry E. Jefferson; Shrewsbury Plain. Again, we might mention was Decent enough, and will be improved

THANKSGIVING THEATRICALS.

The most marked feature of the representation was the acting of Mr. Strader as Falstaff, and though the character he assumed was difficult and a fair, broad target for criticism, it is but faint praise to say that he surprised all; nay, not only surprised them, but excited their admiration. The first scene took in the plan to waylay the travellers, and the plot of Prince Henry and Poins to play a trick on the doughty knight; the next witnessed the double design carried into effect. This was strongly conceived and graphically executed. When Sir Jack afterwards strutted around the stage and boasted of his exploits and multiplied his two assailants into “eleven buckram men” and indignantly reproached “Hal” for his cowardice, while he recounted the odds he had unflinchingly faced himself, many a side fairly ached with laughter, and all the refection, from the venerable chaplain down to Emile, was aroar. We wouldn’t intimate that Humphrey Marshall Strader felt somewhat in his element, because he is a bigger man than your *Journal* reporter, but some were heard to remark that “he looked very natural.” What particularly excited the admiration of some of the younger members of the audience was the perfection with which “he did puff and blow” after his violent exertions. The truth is that our Sir Jack nearly approaches the original in the bulky majesty of his proportions, and after a brisk and lively skirmish, would be most artistic in being very inartistically scant of breath. But enough of the roaring and roistering old blade. The next extract was the battlefield of Shrewsbury, and “young Harry” moved the sympathies of our nature by the reality with which the death scene was enacted. In this Harry Jefferson displayed the fine histrionic talent which he has inherited. In addition to him, we single out John R. Slattery and John. McFaul from the rest, mainly because they had the principal parts, and so had a better opportunity of exhibiting their powers; and we must regret that several capable of sustaining leading characters were compelled to take secondary roles. Especially was this true of the Messrs. Latshaw. We all know Ralph’s capacities, and his brothers have shown themselves no whit inferior. Something had been expected from these gentlemen to equal their last dramatic dialogue; but in one play; and that cut down to a few persons there could not be half a dozen heroes. Why not afford them a chance as early as the Christmas holidays? More to free ourselves from the charge of most notorious praise than to find fault, we would just observe that we missed in Prince Hal that strong contrast of light and shade; that almost heedless levity at first, alternating with a depth and energy of passion in the interview with his royal father; and in the latter part of the play completely atoned for in the heroic demeanor of the Prince of Wales on Shrewsbury Plain. Again, we might catch at a few incongruities of make-up and costume. Douglas was the only elegantly attired one, as far as his attire went. All the characters. The King’s beard ruined a fairly handsome face, and black and peaked and piratical as it was, gave the English sovereign the air of a Gypsy chief, or of one of Salvator Rosa’s most desperate banditti. On the other hand, the Bardolphian nose was the gem of the night, and proved a worthy text for Falstaff’s equally glowing commentary—perhaps the most up-to-date piece of raillery in all literature. The scenery, though not quite so elaborate as that of the spectacular drama of the day, was decent enough, and will be improved
when the stage is transferred to the study
hall, as we understand it is designed.
And here we should express our thanks,
in the name of the students, to the mem-
bers of the Dramatic Club, who were at
no little trouble and expense to get up
the entertainment; to Mr. Murphy, their
energetic president, whom we applaud
for dropping out of the play those who were
irregular at the rehearsals; and in fine, to
the College band, who discoursed very
irregularly at the rehearsals; and in fine, to
the Vanderbilt ball behind rare exotics,
we might say, like Lander’s orchestra at
A bit of brick, a shinny stick
print. May we soon enjoy another oppor-
tunity to hail our Dramatic Club with—
SHINNEY VS. POLO.

A bit of brick, a shinny stick
Are high old sport for me;
Polo-on-tar for the lardy-dah,
But shinny-on-tee give me.
The crackling cut of keen-edged steel,
The nipping, eager air
Are jollier far than groaning wheel,
The hockey home to hurl,
Still shinney lives, a joy fore’er,
It thus became through Winslow’s wile
For what out-doors was rattling fun
Till rinkmen put it in their “ads,”
So tighten up the old-time pair,
W. Dowdy of ’76. None of them, so far
as known to the present writer, have been
led by their experience at that time into
the flowery paths of journalism. Tom
Sherman, whom his then recent Euro-
pean travels with his father made our
valued “foreign correspondent,” is now
Mr. Sherman, S. J., while Charley Herr
is the Rev. Mr. Herr, of the Presbyter-
ian church. The general tendency, as
shown by Voorhees, Niblack, Keating,
and perhaps others, has been toward the
law, and of those mentioned in the early
issues of the Journal, the only out-and-
out journalist in high standing, our C.
O’B. Cowardin, then appears in a very
different capacity, as lender of the Col-
lege band and an eloquent performer
upon the cornet.
The first issues of the Journal were
in a marked degree a college students’
paper, for not only were the articles writ-
ten, but all the types were set by the
hands of the students, some of whom
had already mastered the art preserve-
tive, while others volunteered as pupils,
their first efforts producing some remark-
able proof-reading or lack of it, in the
reading matter. It can do no harm, now
that the Journal is prosperous and
enlarging, to own in what an economical
way it was founded. As many will re-
member, the funds obtained by enter-
tainments given “in town” and the
formation of a “stock company” among
the students were invested in the pur-
chase of type and other printing ma-
terial, the first publication office being a
WITHIN EARSHOT OF A MONTANA PHILOSOPHER.

(Conclusion.)

"No," slowly replied the old gentleman, taking the remark to himself as a native, for he had lived there in Montana near a year, "that was a house-painter. I think the people in the East," he continued in a slow, oracular way, fixing his quiet gaze on the bump just back of the left ear of the driver, beside whom he was sitting, "I think the people in the East must be wonderfully credulous. They seem to take the newspaper anecdotes about our herdsmen, or cow-boys, if you choose, for the pronunciamientos of the goddess Truth."

(The old gentleman had a great fondness for polysyllables and sometimes this fondness for the size of a word made him a tripe careless as to its suitability. I learned, subsequently, that he had written part of a guide-book to the neighborhood, and I fancy he was accustomed in his ordinary conversation, to serve up richchaf of the verbal gems he had collected for use in that connection.) "And I suppose some of you gentlemen expected to find a cow-boy a sort of wild beast subsisting on the raw flesh of his herds, and tearing that to pieces with his teeth and talons. You thought that living among these the grandest structures of the Lord's building—and with a slight motion of his thumb he indicated the surrounding mountains—must necessarily tend to reduce a man to the level of a brute. It is true that the cow-boys, who see no boundaries to their wanderings over this visible world, slighter than the precipitous side of a canon, or the boisterous rapids of a mountain torrent, come to take only a trace of controversial asperity to creep into his voice—"the East has its dudes; and, in the sight of all decent people, the dude must be a much more deplorable sight than the cow-boy. The cow-boy, however low in the scale he may be placed by certain highly refined anthropologists, must be admitted to have a heart; and I remember a dude (he wasn't called a dude when I knew him, for the name was not yet current) who used to loaf about town dressed in fine clothes, while his mother did dress-making and one of his sisters worked in a government office to support the rest of the family and him. I wonder if it is much worse to drink in riot bad whisky that your own labor pays for, than to eat in idleness nice, wholesome bread and butter, paid for by the labor of a hard-worked mother and sister? I tell you, for all his cards and cursing, and carousing, the cow-boy will have more of clear, honest soul to show to the Eternal Judge than the sanctified dude—even if the dude...
should show forth his whole, infinitesimal, selfish soul, with never a spot on it."

If, as I afterwards learned, the old gentleman had at his little log post-office near the hotel where we shortly afterwards got down, a big yellow-haired youth that had very probably served on several of the semi-annual "round-ups," even if he was not a professional herdsman, and if in the same little post-office there was an affectionate daughter who had been mortified but a short time before by the impudent attentions of a gaily attired young man then staying at the hotel, who shall, therefore, say that his philosophy was all bigotry and prejudice and false? Into what opinions does not a little coloring from the thinker's heart insinuate itself? And didn't nature evidently intend that this should be so; else why did she connect the place where our abstract ideas are made with the place, where our likes and dislikes are said to reside, so that the blood, warm with the touch of a friendly hand, or chilled by the presence of a foe, rushes up to our thought factory and briskly turns out the concept it finds there as a smooth, shapely, pleasing opinion, or slowly and garringly makes it into one rough and ragged and rasping? And don't you tell me, most staid acquiescent, that there are some great truths which every one must admit, no matter how much his wishes are against it. Wait a few years, until you and your Polly get to figuring on the prospects of a certain brilliant attorney, or popular young physician, and on the time that must elapse before he can afford to take to himself a partner of his bosom, and see if you don't make his prospects just twice as valuable as your antiquated father or your rich old bachelor uncle will admit them to be? And yet it would seem an indubitable proposition that two and two make four and not six or eight.

**Hand Ball in '45.**

When I was a student at Georgetown College, '43-'45, the game most in vogue was "hand ball," played upon an alley, and known also as "lives." No game of ball is played in which skill and agility are more required or grace displayed. It is an old and classic game, and it is a pity it has been allowed to go into disuse.

Mr. Olivera Andreas, a classmate of mine, who has been a traveller in most habitable lands, once told me that nowhere had he ever seen the game of hand ball so well played as it was played at Georgetown College in our day, except among the Basques in Spain. Mentioning this one day to Phil. Casey, the champion ball-player of the United States, he said the Basques were indeed good players, and cited the circumstance that a team of Basques once made the tour of the world, playing any and every body who would play them for money, and anywhere everywhere victorious, except in New York, where they were beaten by a team made up by himself, and of which he and his brother were a part.

The alley where I learned to play stood almost where the main entrance of the new building stands now.

**Stray Shot.**

**Teretibus.—Suetonius.**

**Membres Arrondis.—Napoleon III.**

The following striking description of the most remarkable man of ancient times, perhaps of any time of which the record survives, is found in Suetonius:

"Graecus transitius excellat statura, colore candido, teretibus membris, ore paulo pientiore, nigra vegetalis omnibus."

This will at once be recognized as the portrait of Julius Caesar. The word "teretibus" is rendered "round" or "smooth" by most translators.

It is at least questionable if this translation conveys the meaning of the Latin author, who, pre-eminent in the talent of forcible and personal application, eschews the fewest words, and those of the most forcible and personal application, eschewing those of general or doubtful significance.

Now, smoothness and roundness of the limbs is an indication of non-elastic fibre and abundance of cellular tissue, and is a feminine or lymphatic characteristic. No trainer or expert in human physique would select a "round" or "smooth" limbed man for a rower or boxer, or other athletic or gladiatorial exercise. With the hope or expectation that he would excel in it. We are told elsewhere that Caesar was an expert in warlike and manly exercises; that he excelled particularly in the discipline of the gymnasium and the exercises: that he excelled particularly in the discipline of the gymnasium and the exercises of his muscles were well scooped out and defined, and the muscles themselves and the joints and tendons stood out in bold relief. In a word, he was what might be called a clean-limbed or clean-built man; there was, as our English cousins say, no "lumber" about him; and "clean," or "wiry," or some such trenchant and descriptive word, will be substituted by the observant reader or translator for the old and careless reading of "smooth" or "round" limbed in rendering Suetonius' description of the personal aspect of Julius Caesar.

To the booksman who deals with words in their etymological relations merely, the suggestion may seem of slight importance; but to one who desires to realize the breathing image that Suetonius saw (in his mind's eye, at least) and aimed to photograph to successive generations, when he was tracing the memorable passage above quoted, the correct appreciation of that single word, so very forcible as an element of physical characterization, is well worth the weighing.

**Book Received.**


This pamphlet, a copy of which we have received through the kindness of one of the Faculty, is designed to be a memorial of the proceedings of the alumni meeting of last year, and contains, among other pertinent and interesting matters, the masterly alumni oration of Hon. Thomas J. Semmes, a full report of the proceedings of the business meeting of June 27, 1883, letters from absentees, a moratorium list for 1882-3, etc. The typography is very good.
MR. EVARTS ALSO AGAINST MR. ADAMS.

In reference to this question of classics or no classics, ex-Secretary Evarts said, at the banquet of the Yale alumni in New York, December 7, after making a short quotation from Virgil in another connection:

You will observe from this little classic allusion that I am on the side of those who favor in a curriculum the maintenance of the learned languages. For myself, whether an education in the classic languages and in the classic literature should or should not be discarded from the education of the noble youth of the country, is the question whether it is worth while, in the advancing and strenuous life of modern times, that men should have a liberal education. For I am sure that there is no trait in that education that entitles it to the name of liberal, more sure and more valuable than this education in the literature, in the history, in the language of the greatest of the ages past. If any boy is put through what is called a liberal education, he finds when he goes out from it that he is not on a level with those who understand and cherish the Greek language and literature, he will find that he is mistaken in wishing to dispense with that distinction; that he is unable to give you a very interesting anecdote, as it seems to me, of this very point of how a great man—great in his power, great in his history, yet in his nature—may look at this accomplishment.

On my return from Europe, when I first visited it upon a public errand, while President Lincoln was at the height of his fame from the assured although not complete success and triumph in the war, and from the great transactions and enterprises of the ages—the emancipation of the slaves—I had occasion in a friendly meeting with him to observe to him the hope that I would find it in his power, after the cares of the state were laid aside, to visit Europe and see the statesmen and great men there who are the head of this great institution that is one of the greatest of the ages. I am able to say that, if I get a good audience and a good audience like this, I will run a short speech even if I run it into the mud. [Applause.]

AN ATTEMPT TO SCALE MOUNT SHAFTA.

As some of our young people are always ready to listen, like Desdemona, to some traveller's history wherein there's a hint

   Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
   Rough quaryes, rocks and hills whose heads touch
   Heaven,

we will save them the trouble of lying in a supply of "Jack Hazards" for the holidays, by reprinting from the Washington Sunday Herald the story of an attempted ascent of Mt. Shasta in California. The narrator and hero is Robert D Cummings, who writes to his father, Col. Cummings of this city, under date of October, 1883:

DEAR FATHER: I got back last night from a trip to Mt. Shasta after being out two days, during which time I lost four pounds and endured more hardships than I ever experienced in my life. There were three in the party—a young school teacher named Earhart, a fellow named Howard, who is on my side, and myself. We started quite early Friday morning with five horses, three to ride and two to pack, and got up to the timber line about 3 P.M., a distance of only ten miles, but over such a rough trail it could not be made in less time. Through the advice of Mr. Sisson, an old mountain settler, I did not go hunting that evening. He said that I would need all of my strength for climbing the next day, which proved to be true; so after lunch (which consisted of venison, baked potatoes and corn bread, washed down with Adam's ale) we sat around the fire chatting and smoking until dark, then rolled up in our blankets to sleep. On such high ground it gets very light, and to keep warm we all sleep together, spoon fashion, and so tight were we wrapped in blankets that one could not move without waking the others, and when once on a hill, we could find a stick or a stone getting pretty hard under him he would give a signal, or count one, two, three, and then we would all roll over together. Promptly at 4 A.M. Howard, who acted as side-de-camp, roused us and said it was time to be moving, for we had to get breakfast, look after the horses, and attend to many other odd jobs one meets with in camp life. So about 5 o'clock, and just as it was getting light in the east, we started for the summit, each man carrying a large pack. This very hard climb, with my pack fastened to the end, to help in climbing. After going some distance Howard and Earhart commenced to take off their packs, saying they could get along without this at first, for it was very cold when we were and kept getting colder as we went up; but they said the sun would soon be up, and the exertion of climbing would warm us, and as Howard had lived around here a good many years I thought he knew best. So we all left our coats on a rock and went on in our shirt-sleeves. This course was a great mistake, for after going about 1,000 feet higher the cold became intense. Our course lay directly for a mile and a half up a canyon, where the wind blew in a stiff hard breeze, occasionally bringing snow and small pieces of ice, and if struck in the face it proved very painful. Sometimes we had to stop to the wind from being blown down; the wind would actually seem to take hold of you, and feel as if it would tear rock and all out of the ground. One thing that amazened me was the remarkable way we were deceived in distances. Upon looking up sometimes we could see a small patch of snow, which did not look larger than an ordinary-sized room; but on being four or five times as far as we imagined we should have to do to get to it, we found ourselves in a great field containing many acres of snow and ice. After reaching a certain point, where we could get a good view ahead, I saw that owing to some large glaciers and blocks of ice that could not be seen up the canyon (sober them all of a hundred feet high) it was impossible to make the summit. No one has been up since the last storms, nor would it be safe to attempt it next summer, when a great portion of the snow and ice will have melted off. I climbed some distance higher, however, up a small peak, but the sun came through a small crevice in the back of the mountain and shone down on some rocks. I made for this, for I was nearly numbed with cold. Partly screening myself behind the rocks, and where the sun's rays shone on me, I sat down to rest and wait for the others, who were almost half a mile below me. I came near freezing to death here as I think any one can without actually doing it. Just how long I sat there I don't know, but for a drowsy feeling took possession of me before I was aware of it, and from which I was aroused by my pole falling and hitting me on the head, and then on the knees. I had stood the pole in the ground, and when falling it knocked out some small stones and pieces of ice, which made considerable noise, and that too helped to rouse me. At first I thought I could not get up, but succeeded in turning over and rolled some yards until I brought up on another rock. The rolling seemed to set my blood circulating, and I then...
scrambled on my feet. I recognized my danger, and immediately commenced swinging my arms and hoping about for exercise. I had just about made up my mind to start back, when I heard a noise. It got started, but it must have come from some large as my body. I don't know how it went by me like a cannon ball, and not more than fifteen or twenty feet from me. This had a more freezing effect than the wind, and I only waited long enough to see that no more were coming, and then started down. It would make your blood run cold to look down some places we crossed. I think what it is like is that the incline must be about forty degrees, and extends some four or five thousand feet, and the entire surface is covered with snow, frozen until it is almost as foot ice. We had great difficulty in crossing this; first, we would dig a hole with our pole, and while resting on that pole we would make a foothold with the heel of our boot, in which we have large spikes, then reach forward with the pole again, and so, step by step, we crossed one hundred feet wide. If a man should slip here he would fall and slide the whole length of the canyon, as I have said, four or five thousand feet. Then bring on some ragged rocks that would kill him if he had a thousand lives. In coming down we passed through several different clouds of light cirrus species, that lay for times we had them both above and beneath us, and the sun shining at the same time. I have experienced something that I never heard of before that is, of one canyon, I was in such a position that the sun was prevented from shining upon me by clouds that were beneath me instead of above. It was not as clear as it comes yet we had a splendid view looking east —chain after chain of mountains, with small valleys lying between them, as far as the eye can reach. I am told that from the summit, when the weather is very clear, you can see the Pacific ocean, which is over a hundred miles away. You can imagine how the atmosphere is to see so far. I have read quite a number of descriptions of this mountain by very able penmen. But no one can imagine what it is like until he sees it. One of its remarkable features is what they call the red snow. The snow itself is white, of course, but if anything makes an impression upon it, such as a footprint or a hard pressed down, as soon as the pressure is removed the print becomes blood-red. This is caused by a peculiar red soil found in two or three places and as the snow melts and softens the earth it (the snow) absorbs a red dye from it (the earth.) In some places where the snow is not very deep it comes through in spots and looks just exactly as if blood had been spilled there. Upon reaching camp we sat down and ate some cold scraps we had left from breakfast, as we were too much fatigued to cook anything. I wish you could have seen me. My pants, or overalls were torn in shreds, and the seat was entirely gone. My boots had two or three holes in them, and the shirt I wore was torn in many places. My hands were bruised and bleeding at the knuckles, and my face was scratched considerably, but the cuts were all made by the ice, and were only skin-deep. Upon arriving at the hotel some greenhorns attempted to make fun of us for not getting on top, but little did they know of the privations and immense obstacles we had to contend with. I guess I will just get back for Shasta 152, and as I left with an enormous appetite I guess I will soon catch up again. I have just read this to Earhart. He thinks my description quite accurate. Mt. Shasta is 14,500 feet high. I think at one time I was within 2,000 feet of the top, which put me at an elevation of 12,500 feet.

WEDDING CHIMES.

During the last summer, in the City of Mexico, Joseph L. Morgan, of the class of '78, was married to a lady of a distinguished family. The ceremony was performed by His Grace the Archbishop of Mexico, and from a social standpoint the occasion was one of exceptional brilliancy. No formal notice of the event reached our office, so we are unfortunately unable to give the name of the bride. Joe is, we think, the first of his year to surrender his bachelor freedom.

Walter S. Perry, '74, a member of the District bar, was quietly married the last week of November to Miss Isabelle Doberly, daughter of a prominent gentleman of Hamilton County, Ohio. The groom belonged to the brilliant class of '74, and during the nine years since his graduation at Georgetown College has built up for himself a good law practice. We have the authority of local newspapers for the statement that the bride, who is a graduate of the Brown County Convention, Ohio, is as beautiful as she is accomplished, and that her presence will be missed in Cincinnati circles. In their wedding tour they have followed the course of the birds southward, spending their honeymoon in Florida and Cuba. We have no doubt, as we have every wish, that Mr. Perry may be equally successful in building up a happy home as he has done a prosperous practice.

AN UNCONSCIOUS HOMER.—A stripping over the way remarked about Bro. R., who is growing old, although Charon fashion, “If he goes on he'll soon be thinner than the driving-gear of a grasshopper.” To what were the Trojan ancients compared?
OBITUARY.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

An old subscriber to the JOURNAL, and a still older friend of the College, passed away at the Duddington Manor, Washington, on Tuesday, the 4th of this month. Mrs. Maria C. Fitzhugh was one of the five daughters of Daniel Carroll, Esq., and the relict of Captain Fitzhugh, of the U.S. navy. She had worn her age, which was not advanced beyond seventy-three, so well that a longer space seemed reserved for her to cultivate the virtues which endeared her to her many acquaintances and to practise the charity in which she delighted. The obsequies were performed at St. Peter's church, Capitol Hill, on the following Friday. The Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, the pastor, was the celebrant of the mass of requiem, and preached the discourse which, in view of her pious life and holy death, was necessarily a eulogy. Present in the sanctuary were Father Lenaghan, of Texas, Md.; Father Hughes, of Anacostia, and Fathers Dunn and Sullivan, of St. Peter's. In the church were gathered the numerous relatives and connections of the distinguished family; the son of the deceased, Mr. Carroll Fitzhugh, a former student of Georgetown College; her two surviving sisters, and the Dangerfields, Nicholsons and others. Hardly less afflicted than this group was our venerable Father Curley, who counted Mrs. Fitzhugh among his life-long and most devoted friends. After the service the remains were temporarily placed in the vault of Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

R. I. P.

COLONEL RICHARD D. CUTTS.

In the issue of the JOURNAL for October mention was made of the appointment of our distinguished alumnus to the Geodetic Congress, which assembled in Rome during the past summer. A few days ago Col. Cutts was stricken with paralysis, and on Friday, December 14, death put an end to an honored and useful career. On the College register for 1830 we find the first mention of Col. Cutts's name, which appears with honor and distinction in succeeding years up to 1835, when he graduated. He was usually at the head of his class in mathematics, in his rhetoric he won the medal, and he was second in philosophy the year of his graduation. His classmates of 1835 were Edward Doyle, of New York; the venerable Dr. Joshua Ritchie, of Georgetown; Patrick Hamilton, of Indiana, and James P. Edmundson, of Virginia. Col. Cutts made a reputation for himself as an officer of military skill and scientific attainments, and he was considered one of the most efficient members of the United States Coast Survey. The venerable Father Curley, Col. Cutts' instructor in the natural sciences, still survives and retains most agreeable recollections of his distinguished pupil. An extract taken from the Sunday Herald, (Washington, D.C.), which we subjoin, furnishes interesting details of the Cutts family:

The death of Col. Cutts removes from the United States Coast Survey one of the oldest and most efficient officers; from Washington society, one of its most familiar and esteemed members. His father, the Hon. Richard Cutts, of the old and distinguished family so long resident in Portsmouth, N.H., and its vicinity, born on Cutts Island in 1771, graduated at Cambridge in 1790, came first to Washington as a member of the House of Representatives in 1801, from the York District of Massachusetts, now the First District of Maine, and was re-elected five times, his last term ending in 1812. In this city he married the beautiful sister of Mrs. Madison, and was appointed in 1813 superintendent of military supplies. In 1817 he was appointed Second Comptroller of the Treasury, and retired from that office in 1829. He built the house on Lafayette Square now the property of the heirs of Admiral Wilkes, and died in 1845. His brother, the Hon. Charles Cutts, was a Senator from New Hampshire before the war of 1812, and subsequently Secretary of the Senate for many years. He died in Virginia in 1846. The Cutts family have been prominent in this country for more than two hundred years. John Cutt, as the name was then spelled, a native of Wales, and his two brothers were among the emigrants to Portsmouth, N.H. In 1670 John Cutt was appointed by the King President of the Colony. At this period the three brothers owned the greater part of the land on which stands the city of Portsmouth. They were successful merchants, as were their descendants for many generations, and large proprietors of land in Portsmouth and the Province of Maine.

The widow of Robert, brother of President Cutt, married Francis Champernowne, of a very high family in Devonshire, and was the most influential person in New Hampshire in the seven-teenth century. Having no children, his great estates were devised to the children of Robert Cutt.

During the late war Col. Cutts was on the staff of Major General Halleck, and proved himself a very useful and efficient officer. His wife, a native of Virginia, is an officer of the navy, and a daughter survive him. Many firesides will be saddened by his death the coming winter, so often and for so many years brightened by his genial presence, his friendly companionship, his instructive conversation. All over the wide land, wherever his professional duty led him, he will be sincerely mourned by his friends innumerable.

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