HORACE.—Ode XVIII, Book II.

You'll seek in vain the ivory's sheen,
Or fretted cell, with gilt between,
In my home yonder:
No slabs that once Hymettus made
Are there on polished columns laid—
Nor scrambled I—an upstart heir—
Into another's father's chair.

For me no client's humbled dome
A toga weaves, whose edge's flame
Her blush has tinted.
But I'm friends' trust; thereto a streak
Of kindly wit; the rich, even, seek
My board, though stinted.
No ears, except the ears divine,
Are ever bored with suit of mine.

While still new dwellings on are sped,
Forgot is that must house you dead—
When life you wear out.
Far out in the protesting surf
You shove your predatory turf—
Your stoop dare out:
Not lord enough of land if stayed
By bounds the wiser gods have made.

But more—effaced the bounds of heaven,
Your neighbor's next—o'er clients' even
Avarice flings you.
Those fields for yours his grandfathers broke,
And earned—the Lares in his cloak!—
These he still clings to.
And with him wife, wee lad and lass,
To strangers, misery ruthless, pass.

Yet coins the lord of all this pelf
But one sure house—not his—himself:
Dis is before him.
Why further strive? Allike, the turf
For princes opens or for serv—
Headless shuts o'er them.
And even Prometheus schemed in vain
For Charon to row back again—
Who earth's reluctant lordlings rudest speeds
And outworn woes' appeal not tarrying heels.

OPPORTUNITY.

As we look around us in this world
we see that of men who started out in
life with equal advantages some have
drawn far ahead in the race, while
others, losing ground foot by foot, have
at last dropped into obscurity. Why
is this? The reason is plain: some
have improved, others have despised,
their opportunities. On the manner in
which we deal with the hardly-noticed
occurrences of every-day life much of
our future success or failure depends.
It will therefore be well to look into
this matter and to see whence comes
the power of such small things to make
or mar our lives.

The subject of opportunity is one
upon which we can almost exhaust the
resources of logic, and yet arrive at a
conclusion merely theoretical. It is
our object, therefore, to skim lightly
over those sleeping depths, and only to
strike a ripple here and there upon the
surface.

That combination of circumstances
which men call opportunity leaves be-
fore us two or more paths of action,
either or any of which we are at liberty
to follow; but it is generally taken
to mean only those chances we have of
improving ourselves or of aiding or in-
juring others.

There is really no such thing as
chance; consequently it is impossible
to find the real origin of an opportunity,
since each one is caused, directly or in-
directly, by the acceptance or refusal
of some former one; and hence, unless
less chance caused some opportunity from
which others would spring, each one
that presents itself might be traced
back indefinitely. It is, however, the
inclination of man to ascribe a definite
origin and a definite end to everything,
whether that end or that origin be the
true one or a mere term used to supply
our ignorance. Just as in mathematics
the sign = is placed after indefinite
decimals to signify that to all intents
and purposes this is the end of the
number, but really it is impossible to
find the end, so the terms Pure Acci-
dent, Accident of Birth and Education,
and Power of Wealth are used to rep-
resent that origin which we cannot find.

Pure accident does not allow any
reasoning upon it, so we will turn our
attention to the opportunities presented
by the accident of birth and education.
To realize the power exerted by this it
is merely necessary to glance at two
children, the parents of one of whom
are educated, those of the other illite-
rate. Each is educated according to
his station in life. The one, brought
up amidst refinement and learning, has
both his perception and his sensibilities
sharpened, whilst his education has fit-
ted him to grasp, with little trouble,
the entire range of human possibilities.
The other, though excellently fitted for
the position he is expected to occupy,
had made no preparation for anything
beyond this, so that, even if he aspires
to higher things, he must not only hew
out the steps by which to mount, but
must also forge the tools. Thus ham-
pered, can his opportunities be com-
pared with those of him who finds at
hand all that is necessary, and has but
to make a gentle ascent to reach the
summit?

It is not difficult to see how the
power of wealth affects the subject—
simply because by the use of money we
can cause opportunities to be presented
to us, and when this is done we are in
a position to take advantage of them.
We have already seen how one oppor-
tunity fathers another, thus making our
whole lives simple histories of the op-
portunities that we have seized or lost.
Here we can easily perceive how the
merest trifle may change the tenor of a
whole life or even the fate of nations.

Julius Caesar, when a young man, for
some time hesitated whether to seek
military glory or to devote himself to
literature and politics. A trifle decided
him in favor of the first; yet if he had
chosen the second (and he came very
near doing so) the history of the world
would have been radically changed.

Gaul and Britain would not, perhaps,
have been conquered nor have had the
seeds of civilization sown in them.

Then, when the Goths and Vandals
descended upon Rome, the sole seat of
advancement in the world, the fierce, unconquered Gauls would certainly have joined in the ruin of their ancient enemy, and between the three barbarian races it is doubtful if the least vestige of progress or literature would have survived. There would have been no masters capable of teaching, no sciences to be taught, and the world might have groped for centuries in darkness, beside which the middle ages would have been as the light of noonday. On the unconscious decision of a young Roman did all this rest.

ms, that of laying the foundation on which to build our lives. Some of us, who embrace this opportunity and perform our labors well, will have a permanent reward. Storms may shatter the towers which we raise, yet there will always remain that firmly-built base on which, other, and perhaps more lofty, columns may be erected, the ruins of the first helping to strengthen the second.

It may be that others, who are now laying the semblance of a base, passing by this work of preparation because it is not pleasant, may mount very high hereafter, but the higher they rise the more unsafe their position will be, and they will feel that the slightest breath of ill fortune may overwhelm them in total ruin.

I would say, embrace every opportunity that will in any way improve you: the knowledge of some trifle or the acceptance of some chance presented now, may in the future save you from years of unrequited toil, from the bitter grief or even from the loss of life itself. As an instance take Captain Cook's escape from the cannibals. One day whilst among the South Sea Islands, wearied by the heat, he was lounging in his cabin, listening carelessly to the remarks of one of his officers, who was looking over the almanac. "There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the twenty-seventh," said the lieutenant. "Yes?" answered Cook, as he turned over with a yawn, and dismissed the subject from his mind. A few days after this, landing on one of the islands, he was taken by the natives and carried to the interior, where they began to make preparations for dinner, with roasted Caucasian as the principal course. Cook had given up all hope, when suddenly the thought struck him: "To-day is the twenty-seventh, the day of the eclipse; I may yet be saved;" and addressing his captors, he told them that his God, being angry on account of his capture, would, unless he were instantly released, snatch the sun from the heavens and involve the world in darkness and total ruin. At this, some of the natives showed signs of fear, but one of their most powerful chiefs stepped forward and declared that the white man's God had no power over the black's, and ordered the preparations to be continued. The fire was burning, and the executioner, who was holding an iron knife extended over the captive, when the eager eyes of the Captain discerned the shadow creeping slowly across the face of the sun, and lifting his arms to heaven, he uttered in a loud voice, an earnest prayer for safety. The natives, terrified by the gathering darkness, fled in terror and Cook lost no time in returning to his ship.

I have said enough to show that opportunity is that "* * * tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their lives is bound in shallows and in miseries." C. K.

A VACATION AFTERNOON.

Who has not tasted the pleasure of a boat-ride in quiet waters on a summer afternoon? Who that has tasted it does not recall it with a new pleasure? Be this pleasure my excuse for penning the following recollections:

A light boat, a lake whose high, woody banks were mirrored to perfection in its waters, an evening in July; these and three companions combined to produce what for me, engaged in the arduous duties of college life, has grown to be a rare treat. The interval which separates vacation from vacation, withdrawing me from the scenes and companions of younger days, makes vacation more and more unlike what it used to be, and the work of change is completed by the conventionality which almost requires some apology if one cannot speak of having been a hundred miles or more from home at the seashore or the mountains during the summer. But never has vacation brought me more joy at seashore or mountain than on the shores and waters of a blue lake not two miles from home. Is this an apology for being obliged to confess that I, too, spent the summer at home this year? Not so! For I here announce my intention, if the decision rests with me, of spending next summer also at home, and of enjoying how that the college days are drawing to a close, a summer resembling those of the time when college life had not yet begun.

In those days a two-mile walk under a hot sun was abundantly rewarded by an hour's work at the oar. Oftentimes when funds were low, for, owing to the manner in which they were then dealt out and to some superstition about the dangers besetting a boat, funds would occasionally get low, no boat could be procured. In such cases a halt would be called at a point from which one could occasionally get more than a mile away, and the afternoon would be spent in gazing upon its deep blue waters. To gaze upon them and to revel in the beauty of the scene was itself sufficient pleasure for a day. It was there I first felt something of the pleasure I was afterwards to feel at the first sight of the ocean, or when for hours I sat looking out over its waters.

And so though my college days have brought many changes my feelings on that July evening were neither strange nor new. Two of my companions were college friends; the third, a stranger to me, was a descendant of one of those aboriginal people, some of whom must have guided their light canoes over the waters in which we were rowing and found therein both sport and food—and good sport and choice food they found if the present state of the lake is an indication of the past.

We had spent the day upon the water and were returning at sunset. Island after island arose on either hand. My aboriginal companion was at the helm; but how different he from his ancestors! Afraid of an oar he was ignorant of a rudder, and incapable of appreciating the difference between an arc and its tangent when described by the keel of a boat. You, my friend, who read this, has your soul been ever harrowed by the reverses of a man at the helm? Have you ever (in a rough sea) rowed toward all points of the compass within the short space of five minutes? Have you been able to restrain the feelings which then arose within you and to remonstrate with yourself if, in the midst of your exertion you were compelled to make? If you have you can understand how it was possible for me, taught long before in so rude a school, to smile at the men-
tual wanderings of my companion when his aberrations only contributed to the discovery of beauties on shore and water. Some distance ahead of us was a row-boat and a quarter of a mile away an approaching steamer; but there was plenty of room for us all, even if the steamer should pass us between an island and the shore. So thought my steersman, if he thought of the matter at all, for he betrayed no sign of thinking. Without any calculations about distance or relative speed, he succeeded (by skillful tacking) in reaching one end of the island as the steamer reached the other. There was still time, however, to give it a wide berth, but the manœuvres through which the rudder was put brought us down upon the row-boat, and a collision was avoided only by a sharp order, accompanied by a will gesture, to the helmsman to pull the other rudder. Having saved the row-boat from destruction he seemed to think that the steamer might be benefited in the same manner, and kept pulling on the saving rope. We missed the paddle-box, but got the full force of the wash from the wheel, but fortune favored us and we were not upset. A few minutes later another steamer passed and the combined waves from both produced a series of miniature billows steadily recurrying until we reached the boat-house, where the day's sport ended.

MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S HALLOWE'EN.

"Come here, Mary and Freddie, and I'll tell you a story."

Thus spoke my grandaunt on a rainy morning when no one could go out of doors and every one felt generally dissatisfied with the weather.

"Yes," she continued, "I'm going to tell you how my father and mother came to marry, or rather, how my father popped the question." She paused and opened a new ball of yarn, together with her story.

"It was in the good old days when family parties were held at least every Christmas, and oftener if the members of the family did not live too far apart. These meetings were held under the parental roof. My mother's family was very large, but all its members lived quite near the old home, where they assembled at Christmas, on the eve of All-Hallows, and on the birthday of my grandmother, which occurred in June.

"It was the Hallow-e'en after my mother left school, and she was only seventeen, the youngest of the family, and the only girl at home. Her two sisters being married. This year the party was larger than it had been for a long, long time, and in it there were a great many young people. They proposed to find out the husbands for the young maidens and the wives for the young men; and they had a number of tricks to play, in all of which my mother was ring-leader. They were all much dissatisfied when my grandfather announced that he would be obliged to be away that night, as there was some trouble among his slaves who were working on another plantation and he must settle it immediately. He said, however, that he would not rob the family of another member, and would take with him for company Gilbert Nichols, a young man who owned a neighboring plantation and who had been invited to join in the evening's festivities. Mr. Nichols had been coming very often lately to my grandfather's to consult him about his cotton, rice, crops, cattle, or poultry. My grandfather, therefore, felt no delicacy about taking the young man away. The latter, however, was considerably annoyed that he was obliged to leave the other young personages, and especially one among them, who, in her turn, was equally provoked that he should have accepted her father's invitation without regret.

"Mr. Marshall, that was my grandfather's name, and his friend went away, and those at home had a gay time ducking for apples, dropping melted lead into cold water, throwing orange peel over their left shoulders, cracking nuts, drinking cider, and eating ginger snaps and prize apples. When they had tried all these sports the interest began to flag and one of the gentlemen suggested that they all write the name of a young lady present on a slip of paper and hand it to him. The young lady who had the most votes was to walk up stairs backwards at midnight, holding a looking-glass in her hand in which (according to the traditions of the game) she would see reflected the face of her future husband. They voted, and every slip of paper bore the name of Mary Marshall. Poor mother! She said she shivered at the very idea of carrying out the project, but being brave and always ready for sport, she consented. The family did not go to their beds till midnight, however, and it was agreed that she should try her fate at 1 o'clock. She went up to her room, but not to sleep, for, as she told me, she wished to be ready for any unforeseen reflection in her mirror.

"The great clock in the hall struck one and struck horror to her heart. She opened her door, which was at the head of the stairs, and peered cautiously out into the darkness. Every light had been extinguished and the big house was as still as it was dark. There were two flights of stairs; one leading to the front hall and the other to the rear of the house. She debated an instant on which to try the support and then, turning her light a little low, she took the mirror and started down the front stairs. She paused in the lower hall a second, for she was sure she heard a door close, but as she listened and heard nothing more she turned her back to the stairs and began slowly to ascend. She had counted the steps and knew there were twelve. Her courage rose as她 ascended without adventure till, on the tenth step, she paused and screamed. Had it not been that the blue eyes in her glass were the kindest in the world, she declared she would have fainted away, so great was her fright. It was the reflection of his brown beard that she caught right of first and which she thought only a cobweb on the frame of her glass. Then appeared his nose, which being rather large, she always plagued him about afterwards, saying it had even frightened her in the dark. But when the dearest blue eyes locked straight at her out of the glass, and the dearest arms (which were invisible, of course), helped her up the eleventh and twelfth steps, she entirely forgot her fright.

"Her father and Mr. Nichols (having settled the dispute among the slaves) started to return home, but it was very dark and they forced the river at the wrong place and were nearly drowned. My grandfather would not hear of Mr. Nichols' returning to his own house, which was a mile or two distant, and brought him home with himself. They entered by the back door which my mother had them close as she stood in the front hall. Their boots being wet and muddy, they threw them off in the kitchen, where they left them to dry, and then Mr. Nichols, following my grandfather's directions, went softly up the back stairs. Arrived at the top, and thinking he heard my grandfather coming after him, he waited, when to his surprise, he discovered that there was some one coming up the front stairs, and, as she neared the top, he saw by the light from her own room that it was. He had heard of the looking-glass game before, and lost no time in putting himself in the position which above all others he desired to occupy, and then turned his back to the stairs and caught his young guest kissing his daughter, who seemed very well.
EVERY-DAY LANGUAGE AND THE LANGUAGE OF FICTION.

The reader of a novel—and here standard novel is always understood—is often moved to lament the seeming decadence of the aesthetic faculties among the present generation, especially as evinced in the use and choice of language. In other words, he is forcibly reminded by contrast, of the difference between the language of romance and that which he is continually hearing from his associates and the world at large. He is made particularly sensitive to the smooth, polished manner in which the sentences flow in print, as opposed to the coarse and commonplace sound of the language around him. As a general thing the contrast is pursued no further than the first impression, and this leads to adverse reflections on our language. In place of such a superficial view, let his observation take a wider flight and notice how far his criticisms on his generation are correct and just. A little study will now convince even the most prejudiced that although there is undoubtedly a difference it is much less than at first supposed. The polish and rhythm of the novel-language can easily be accounted for on the score of the style of the writer, for although it is his province to portray characters according to nature and to place natural words and phrases in their mouths, still to find these expressions he must study character. It can readily be seen that studied expressions will in some way or another display themselves in the novel, so we find that they become apparent in the polish and rhythm. This we at first sight admire as an indication of refinement in speech which no longer exists outside of the persons of the novel.

Now let the reader imagine some of his friends, those best suited to the situations of the novel, to be placed in such positions as the characters and then let the words of the novel be placed in their mouths. The words will be found to fit the characters and will seem to be such as the persons would reasonably be expected to utter under the given circumstances in actual life. The expressions when coming from the mouths of friends will not sound as foreign to him as they look when seen in print and when the persons are imaginary instead of real. In all likelihood, due allowances being made for differences in temperament, the words would sound as natural to the ear as they look to the eye. This identification leads us to admiration of the author, for when we see how naturally we would fall into a similar way of expressing ourselves we cannot but marvel at the genius of the writer, in so well and so truly portraying the feelings of men in different situations. By reading the novel in this light it at once acquires a new charm for us, because insensibly we drift into the spirit of the work and identify the conceptions of the author with our acquaintances or ideals. After the reader has habituated himself to making the translation above mentioned he will find that sometimes while speaking he pauses and compares his own remark with that which a novelist would put in the mouth of one of his creations under similar circumstances. It is merely a converse application of the previous supposition. To his surprise he will soon discover the similarity of the two expressions. The difference, if there be any difference, between his words and those of fiction, may be said to exist not between modes of expression but between sight and sound. Take one particular phrase which in a novel seems to us to be the perfection of conversational language, compare it with any chance expression of a similar nature which we may make, and by contrasting the evidence of our eyes with the evidence of our ears the difference will be found to be a difference of the senses. In the one case the imagination is centered on the words of the one speaking through the medium of the novel, and the words strike our eyes as being more suitable and polished than our own; on the other hand the chance expressions which strike the ear do not come under the head of what may be termed a neat speech. Yet, having seen the nature of the difference between the two we cannot but conclude that however the case of “English as she is spoke” versus “English as she is writing” may be decided, our conversational language is not far below that employed by writers of fiction.

"THE DOCTOR."

Through the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Richard H. Clarke, L. L. D., ’72, of New York City, the College has received from the joint committee for the centennial celebration of the evacuation of New York by the British, a beautiful silver-bronze medal. The face of the medal contains a figure of General Washington, the dates 1783–1883, and a circle of thirteen stars around the border. On the reverse side are three raised seals, of New York, of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, and of the New York Numismatic and Archaeological Society, and the following inscription: ‘To commemorate the centennial anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British and the erection, by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, of the Washington statue in Wall street.’ A circle of thirty-eight stars surrounds the inscription and the seals.

As the inscription indicates the object of the celebration was twofold—to commemorate the evacuation of New York in 1783, and the erection in 1883, of the statue of Washington, on the site of Federal Hall, where he took the oath of office as President of the United States. Though the celebration took place nearly two years ago the medal was finished only a few months since, owing partly to the fact that, although the designer is an American, the medal was struck in Europe, where numismatic workmanship has attained greater perfection than in this country.

Applications for the medals poured in upon the committee from both continents and in such numbers that to grant them all became impossible. It is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to Georgetown to find herself remembered by one of her sons with such efficacy as to secure for her one of the much-coveted memorials.

HONOR WHERE IT IS DUE.

Under the above heading the Sunday Call, of Easton, Pa., takes “the opportunity to say a word in behalf of two young men—Messrs. John T. and Frank P. Martin, Jr.—members of the county bar.” The “word” is to the effect that certain transactions in the courthouse—for years objects of suspicion—are likely to be brought into the light of day through the exertions of the young lawyers mentioned.

Those who knew John and Frank in the College and the Law School, will concur in the concluding remarks of the Call: “Whatever the outcome of the present conditions may be the Martin Brothers will have the proud consciousness of duty fearlessly performed.”

—The College is rich in its musical talent this year, there being a number of banjoists, who will delight the “fiends” of the smoking-room this winter.
TRUE RICHES.

If Fortune smiles, with willing hand,
Receive the gifts she brings to thee,
But keep thy heart forever free,
And hold it at thine own command.

If Fortune frowns, be not dismayed:
Her favor thou canst match by toil,
And win a treasure from the soil
Where all was barren or decayed.

For Fortune, like a candle flame,
Casts a shadow never still;
A heart enduring and a will,
Those be thy riches, these thy fame.

LOCALS.

The public declamations will take place on Saturday, the 17th.

The record of marks for September closed on Saturday, the 10th.

The regular weekly lectures on Christian Doctrine were commenced on Thursday, October 1st, by Rev. E. J. Devitt.

Rain caused the postponement of the Waverly and Hyattsville games, which were to have been played on the 6th and 8th respectively.

The old table in the billiard-room has been renovated. The adjoining room, once renovated. The adjoining room, once

The “Yard” organized some two weeks ago and voted the usual assessment for the support of the ball nine. The vote was evidently in keeping with the sentiments of all present, for the call of the collectors has been met by a willing and hearty response. John B. Jones was elected manager of the ball nine, and next day announced provisional teams. At present it is pretty well settled that the College nine will consist of Benj. Fowler, J. A. Taylor, C. Jones, J. Jones, Charles O’Day, Harry Butler, John Healy, A. Donlon, R. C. Garland. Captain, J. Healy; manager, J. B. Jones. Three other nines have been put in the field.

The manager of the College nine has arranged a series of three games with the strong club of Hyattsville, Md. The first will be played at Capitol Park in Washington, the second at Hyattsville, and the third on the College campus. Our nine is not as strong as it was last spring, but it has material which can be developed, and its efficiency will certainly be made up by honest work. We have been unfortunate in that two members of the nine have been disabled, but last fall also we were unfortunate, yet we improved, and in the spring the nine was as good as any that ever represented the College. We trust the members of the nine will not lose interest in their work because the team has been weakened. Let this one circumstance spur them on with the determination, if possible, to play better than ever before. This they have to do if they desire to maintain their reputation. We much mistake the disposition of the members of the team if they do not make, at least, this return to the students, who are always responsive to their call and who contribute so liberally to their support.
THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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The College Journal is published by a committee of the students. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, to chronicle the news of the College, &c. It also serves the Society of Alumni as an organ and means of inter-communication. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for its patronage chiefly upon the students and alumni of the College and its Departments, and their friends. These and all former students are urged to give it substantial support.

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Address,

COLLEGE JOURNAL,
Georgetown, D. C.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, OCTOBER, 1885.

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

Editorial Committee.
[The editorial staff of the Journal for the present year have not been chosen.]

Business Manager.
THOMAS V. BOGAN, '88.

Assistant.
JOHN B. McFAUL, '87.

It is pleasant to meet new faces, especially when the meeting does not involve the loss or absence of old friends. Great then is the pleasure which the Journal feels at the opening of the present year, for it has seldom seen so many new faces within the college portals. Already the house is becoming familiar to more than three-score youth to whom, a few weeks ago, it was entirely strange. Our prophet bids us still expect, for his books put the highest number of students at a later period.

Greater still is our pleasure at the return of those whose society we have valued in the past. For them our heartiest welcome is reserved, and they have been unusually prompt in claiming it. To some among them we owe (and we wish all debts were as agreeable) the presence of many of those who now for the first time are striving for places of merit and even of honor in the different classes of the College. We can promise these latter some of the best of encouragement in their efforts, that is to say, a generous rivalry on the part of those whose past work has entitled them to honorable positions among their fellows.

To all, old and new, we extend our congratulations on the auspicious opening of the new school year.

With the result of past years before us we urge all who intend to take part in the athletic contests to begin at once. There could scarcely be better weather for training than the present. While it is true that the prize can be the reward of but one contestant, yet every competitor will on one condition receive a reward more valuable than that offered by the Athletic Association. This reward is increased physical power and greater capacity for serious mental work; the condition on the fulfillment of which it depends is that the exertion put forth to win the offered prize, be not the strained effort of a day but the natural outcome of steady practice.

It was with deep regret that we learned a few weeks ago of the withdrawal from College of our esteemed business manager of last year. His father’s death, which occurred last spring, renders his presence at home necessary; and strong as was his desire to return for this, his graduating year at College his sense of duty made him yield to a mother’s wishes and abandon the long cherished hope of obtaining the degree, now almost within his grasp. We would bid him remember that in the battle of life the fulfillment of duty, in which lies true manhood, does not depend upon a roll of parchment, but upon those qualities of mind and heart which no degree can give, and without which it is a false and misleading exponent of its possessor’s worth. We learned from him that he was to pursue a course of mechanical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, preparatory to taking up his father’s interests in the iron business. Our best wishes accompany him.

When the judges, chosen a year ago to decide between the competitors for the Toner Scientific Medal, awarded it to Edgar Kidwell, of ’86, for a collection of specimens of forest trees growing in the District of Columbia, they urged him not to abandon the work he had begun, but to extend his researches and enlarge the collection already made. The advice was heeded and during the past year the number of specimens has been increased from sixty-three to eighty-two. During the summer Mr. Kidwell has been at work upon a case for the collection, which deserves as much praise from a mechanical point of view as the collection of forest woods derives from a scientific. The case is made of as many as five hundred pieces of wood, the exposed surfaces of which are highly polished. At present it stands in the museum and will amply repay a visit. Though in working for the medal Mr. Kidwell traversed a greater part of the District, he discovered last year that a few specimens of nearly all trees are growing around “the walks.” Until he discovered them some of them were not known to exist in the District.

A few words on the Toner Medal may be of interest even to those who have more than once seen it awarded on Commencement day. Founded in 1875, by Dr. Joseph M. Toner, of D. C., it was awarded to the student who gave evidence of having made most progress in natural science. For some years an essay on a scientific subject gave its author a chance for the medal. Afterwards the medal was made subordinate to a collection illustrating a scientific topic, and in 1881, although there were several essays, the medal was not awarded because no collection had been presented. The Toner Circle meets regularly during the year to discuss scientific subjects, but the medal is open for competition to all students of the College whether members of the Circle or not. We give a list of the awards since the foundation of the medal, together with the subjects treated, so far as they can be ascertained:


EXCHANGES.

The Niagra Index is the first exchange at hand and begins with a poem on "Life's Link." The entire piece is, to say the least, obscure. The article on Dickens is well written and we wish it were longer. The other articles are good, but that on "The Responsibilities of Unbelief" especially pleases us. There are two departments of this paper, however, which could be vastly improved. The first is the exchange or "Our Table" department. The melancholy fate of the Xavier, cited in the Index, deters us from criticizing the Exchange Editor; but really, Mr. Editor, some of your expressions savor more of the race-course than the editorial chair. For instance: "It looks like a bull-pup with its ears cropped," and "The thief continued to pile the tomatoes into the breast of his shirt and down his breeches legs, until he swelled up like a calf in new clover," are hardly suited for a college paper. The second bad feature of this paper is the local column. What meaning is there in locals, such as "Oh-h-h," "Go it alone," "Still they come," etc., etc. However, with these exceptions we are very well pleased with the Index and hope it will improve with each issue.

The Haverdian for July is on our table. The editorial on "Hazing" is quite good, but the writer ought to write English and not allow his Latin idioms to creep in. That on "Gossip" is also well written, but even in this many mannerisms appear which tend to weaken an otherwise strong article. Beyond these and an essay on "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," the paper is almost entirely devoted to local matters, which are most deservedly written. It would be well for a college paper, which is published once a month, to avoid a description of every trivial local matter, and not descend to the level of a daily sheet. The Haverdian contains in its exchange column a pleasant notice of the Journal. We agree with it in regard to a well conducted local department, but periods such as: "Bucks are plentiful," "Where, oh! where is Wentworth?" will hardly "give much life and spirit to a paper."

The College Rambles is one of our best exchanges. It is filled with interesting matter from beginning to end. The articles on the "Relations of Representatives and Constituents," and the "Class of 1842," are especially meritorious. In the description of the Phi Alpha Society's celebration of its fortieth birthday, the author shows a sameness of expression. With this defect remedied, he will make a very fair writer.

The first three pages of the Delaware College Review read much like a catalogue of that college, and we turned over to the fourth page fully expecting to find the rules and regulations of the institution, but were disappointed. And then those locals! Why is it that most college papers cannot grasp the idea that allusions to college jokes are unintelligible to their outside readers? If you have something comical to say, say it, but do not come up grinning, with one hand over your mouth and the other pointing at "Pat, the tobacco hummer." We hope in the next issue of the Review to see an improvement.

Among our early arrivals came a bright and newdpaper, the Calliopean Clarion. To it we extend a hearty welcome and hope that our future connections will be mutually pleasant and beneficial. "We expect and invite criticism; but shall expect our critics to be manly and frank," says the Clarion. Acting on this invitation we will be frank and say, that while we enjoyed reading the article on "Liberal Culture," which contained many good ideas well expressed, showing that the Clarion had good material to select from, we were surprised that it would devote two whole pages to locals. With an improvement in this department, we think that it would soon rank high among college papers.

Our old friend, the Notre Dame Scholarist, is with us once again. This number contains an interesting story entitled "Roderigo," but two-thirds of the remaining space is filled with such expressions as: "Watermelons pro melone?" "Chas. is going to loan on the 13th," etc. If Chas. were only going to write some good solid article for the Scholarist, what a debt of gratitude its readers would owe him.

The Swarthmore Phoenix is a neat and attractive paper and abounds in poetry. We will always look forward to its coming with pleasure.

PERSONALS.

The friends of Messrs. Tarr and Richardson, S. J., professors of chemistry and natural philosophy from 1878 to 1883, will rejoice to hear of their elevation to the priesthood. They were ordained on the 29th of August, at Woodstock, Md. On the same day occurred the ordination of Mr. O'Connor, S. J., who taught the class of poetry from 1880 to 1882.

Of last year's faculty, Father O'Leary is at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; Father Stack is in Alexandria, Va.; Father Gache and Mr. Walsh are at Fordham, N. Y., and Messrs. Noel, McGinney and Harlin at Woodstock, Md. Their places are supplied by Father Flisher of St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y.; Father Massi, of Boston College, and Messrs. Cunningham, Green, Roché, Brown and Ryan, of Woodstock, Md.

BASE-BALL.

Our boys played the first game of the year with the National team, on their grounds at Capitol Park, on Thursday afternoon, October 1st, and although they were beaten by their more experienced opponents, still they played a game that neither they nor the College should be ashamed of. Two hundred people were present, about a third of whom were from the College. The battery for the boys was Taylor and Girard; for their opponents Powell and Fullner. The boys losing the toss were sent first to the bat. In the first inning the College was quickly dismissed, Healy and Jones striking out and Butler being retired at first. For the professional nine Baker went out on a fly to Fowler, Fullner was dismissed at first, and O'Day struck out, thus closing the inning with no runs on either side. In the second, Fowler led off with a long hit to centre, on which he got second, went to third on a passed ball and scored on O'Day's hit. Jones and Girard struck out and Donlon retiring on a fly, the inning with one run for the boys. For their opponents, Powell took first on a hit, and Birch made a two-base hit, sending Powell home and afterwards scoring himself. White was dismissed at first, Knowls retired on a foul fly to Girard. Gladmon and Barr made hits and took second and third respectively, but were left on bases by Baker retiring on a fly and closing the inning with two earned runs. In the third inning Taylor, Healy and Jones struck out in succession. Then Fullner made a hit and took first and scored on errors, O'Day
in a friendly way, we do not think would be amiss. The boys played very well and deserve a great deal of credit, but the number of base hits and the score could have been greatly lessened if they had thrown quickly to bases; and they should also have a little more confidence in themselves. We look forward to some very good playing before the close of the year.

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**Obituary.**

On the evening of September 9th Father James Clark, S. J., died in the College Infirmary, where he had been suffering from illness for the past ten years. The following is the score by innings:

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**TRIBUTE TO THE LATE FATHER JAMES CLARK, S. J.**

Father James Clark, S. J., died in the College Infirmary, where he had been suffering from illness for the past ten years. The following is the score by innings:

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**Death of the Venerable Educator, Prof. Clarke, 95 Years Old.**

Prof. Joseph Hanson Clarke, a well-known educator, died yesterday at his residence, 687 West Fayette street, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. He was born on a farm near Hagerstown, Md., November 24, 1790, being descended, on the side of his father, Robert Clarke, from Robert Clarke, one of the original settlers in Maryland. At the age of fifteen years he was sent to Georgetown College, his father designing him for the priesthood, but after graduation he became professor of classics in the institution, which position he held for three years. At the time of his sojourn at the College there were but few signs of its future greatness. Bishop Leonard Neale was President and Rev. Francis Neale was Vice-President; the institution of those who studied with or under him at the College were representatives of the Fenwicks, Bowlings, Diggs, Hills, Semnies, Sewalls, Brookes, Mudds, Magraders, Neales, and many others. After leaving Georgetown Professor Clark taught school at Bladensburg, and in 1816 went to Richmond, where he remained nearly seven years teaching the classics and English. It was there that he had as a pupil the young Edgar Allan Poe. In 1821 he married Miss Jane Mudd, of the Gill family of that name. In 1829 he removed to Brev's, not far from the old seat of the Gill family, and here for many years he taught school, and he will be remembered by many middle-aged men who were his pupils. His school for young men was the only one of its kind in the city, and the scholars of the town were send there by century old families of Charles and Barnet streets, then on Barnet street, and afterwards in different parts of the town. He also at one time conducted a young ladies' academy, and also taught in New York, and Fredericksburg, Va., and elsewhere. For the past ten years he had lived a retired life with his daughters, who have for years conducted Fairview Academy. His wife died in 1871, and he had one son who survives him. He had met and remembered every bishop of Maryland from Charles Carroll to the present archbishop.
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