SEVENTEENTH YEAR. JUNE, 1889. No. 9.

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NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The following letters in answer to the University invitation of last February have been received within the past few days:

THE LETTER FROM KINSTON, CANADA. (L. S.)
Queens's University, Kingston, Canada.
"Sapientia, Stabilitas, et Doctrina."

Kingston, Canada, June 11, 1889.
My dear Sir: I am instructed by the Senate of Queen's University to acknowledge receipt of your invitation for a delegate from this University to be present at the University Festivals at Georgetown on the 20th of February of this year, and to express the regret of the Senate that our power to appoint a representation.

Your obedient servant, GEORGE BELL, LL. D., Registrar.

THE LETTER FROM SYDNEY.

My dear Sir: I have the honour by direction of the Senate to acknowledge receipt of your highly esteemed invitation to take part in your Centenary Celebration in March last (February), I regret to say that unfortunately the invitation did not reach us until after the time appointed, and consequently too late to be in our power to appoint a representation.

Your obedient servant, G. E. BARFF, Registrar.

THE LETTER FROM DORPAT, RUSSIA.

Ministerium Volksauskunft.
Kaiserliche Universitat zu Dorpat.
Rector
Dorpat, den 19teh April, 1889.
No. 40.

Leider ist es der Universitat Dorpat in Folge des durch Postzce- ogerung unsicheren verspateten Eintreffens der an die selbe gerich- 

ten freundlichen Aufforderung zur Teilnahme an der 100-jahrigen Jubelfeier der Universitat Georgetown nicht moglich gewesen, der Jubilartha rechtzeitig ihren Postzce zu enthalten.

Indem ich nunmehr im Auftrage des Conseil des Kaiserlichen Universitat Dorpat mitteile der beifolgenden Vollstaile dessen herz- lichenen Glueckwunsch der Universitat Georgetown zu ubermittelte 

mich beehrte, erlanbe ich mir gleichzeitige Euer Magnificenz hied- 

urch ganzherzigein zu ersuchen, der Universitat Georgetown spe- 

ellar auch noch meinen Glueckwunsch freundlichst ubermittelte 

und der selben vollster Bluhn und Gedeihen auch fur die fernere 

Zukunft wunschen zu wollen.

Rector der Kaiserlichen Universitat Dorpat: PROFESSOR DR. A. SCHMIDT.

Secretaire des Conseils: G. GREFFNER.

ACADEMIAE IN AMERICAE FOEDERATAE IMMENSIS
UNIVERSITATIS LITTERARUM DORPATENSIS
FAUSTA OMISSA PRECISARUM
REGNIBUS ANTIQUISSIMARUM
DE OMNIBUS GENERIB DOCTRINARUM
BENE MERITAE
ANTE HOS CENTUM ANNOS
FELICISSIMIS AUSPICIS
LIBERALITER CONDITAE
SACRA SAEUJLARIA

THE LETTER FROM KINGSTON, CANADA.

"Sapientia, Stabilitas, et Doctrina."

KINGSTON, CANADA, May 7, 1889.
My dear Sir: I am instructed by the Senate of Queen's University to acknowledge receipt of your invitation for a delegate from this University to be present at the University Festivals at Georgetown on the 20th of February of this year, and to express the regret of the Senate that the invitation did not arrive in sufficient time to enable it to send any delegate, as well as to transmit its cordial thanks to you for the invitation.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. BARFF, Registrar.

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Secretaire des Conseils: G. GREFFNER.
THE COLLEGE JOURNAL. [June, 1889

his Eminence. After the ceremonies there the Cardinal re-
turned to the College, where the following class was con-
firmation. William Joachim McCarthy, Hobert Edward Berrian,
Alfred William Ferguson, John Aloysius Ryan, Philip Fred-
rick Walsh, James Edgar Geshane, Felix Alfred Kelso,
Frederick Henry Lee, William Emmett Gleason, Charles
Francis Gleason, Ernest Pendleton Magruder, Francis Aly-
sius Welder, George Aloysius Baillio, Julius Thomas Kane,
Louis Ignatius Kane, Oscar James Branee, George Thomas
Brandef, James Carter Cook, Alfred Aloysius Hayes, Emilus
Joseph McKee, George Cuthbert Powell, Frederick Stanislis
McEllone, Mathias Aloysius Tunis, Francis Stanislis Ryan,
James Francis Power.

A short address was delivered by the Cardinal both before
and after Confirmation. He was assisted in the ceremonies
by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Idaho, Dr. Marty, Rev.
Fr. Rector, S. J., and Rev. Fr. Prefect. At the close of the
sacred rite, Benediction was given by the Right Reverend
Bishop Marty.

On the evening of May 28th the Philonomosian Society
held its annual debate in the dining hall of the College. The
halls were crowded, and the number of contestants and
bathers from the audience as the speakers ascended the stage
was often renewed throughout the evening, frequently inter-
rupting the gentlemen in their discourse. The debaters on
the occasion were Messrs. C. Manning Combs, of Maryland,
and Samuel J. Boldrick, of Kentucky, who upheld respectively
the affirmative and negative sides of the question. The sub-
ject under discussion was the Blair Bill, upon which, during
the course of the evening, even "Uncle Sam" himself deigned
to express his opinion, a fact that removes all apparent
hesitation that any difficulties respecting the same will arise
in the future. He would have the Blair Bill passed. At the close
of the exercises Fr. Rector, in a little impromptu speech,
offered his congratulations both to the gentlemen on the de-
bate and the director of the society, Mr. A. J. Elder Mullan,
S. J. The applause which greeted his remarks made manifest
that all present joined fully in his congratulations.

The judges were Rev. Fr. J. F. Lehr, S. J., Mr. William
J. Ennis, S. J., and Mr. Cornelius Clifford, S. J. The music
under the direction of Professor Donch.

The whirlospiloh specimen, projected in our last issue,
took place the morning of June 1st. A paper on the Innom-
talable by Mr. A. J. Elder Mullan, the defender, was by Mr.
J. A. Grant; disputants, Messrs. J. M. Prendergast
and D. O'Day. It is the last class specimen that will be
given by the Class of '89.

An event that occasioned more excitement among the boys
than anything since the Centennial was a visit from five mem-
bers of the Corean Legation, the party consisting of two ladies
and three gentlemen. It fell to the lot of Mr. Dunn, S. J., to
show the visitors through the building, which kind service he
rendered with the grace and agility of one skilled in all the
arts of diplomacy. We have been unable to ascertain whether
an issue of National interest be at stake, or whether the curious
fates have in store the Presidential chair and Chief Justice's
lot he had to unfold, appeared in the arena. In Calchas-
like form he unveiled the future. To those for whom the
past and wishing all a happy vacation. And then with

The May devotions closed with a gem of a little sermon by
Rev. Fr. Barnum, S. J.

The "Reading Circle" of the class of '91 held its last
meeting on the night of May 6th.

The final oral examinations began June 12th, extending un-
til June 22d.

A gang of men, under the direction of Mr. Harrigan, of the
Naval Observatory, have been engaged in trimming the trees
around the walks.

The direful effects of the recent flood are too well known to
receive mention here. But what a reminder of those portentous
days of Decahual; so that we might fear, "Grave ne re-
direct Sacram Styrha nona monstra quares?"

The final prize contest in elocution took place on the even-
ing of June 6th. The skill and talent displayed on that occasion
were well worthy the reputation of the College, and it is
thought that the contest was a close one. The judges were
Hon. Felix C. C. Zegarra, Minister of Peru; Hon. J. Hub-
ley Ashton; Alexander Porter Morse, ad interim, Mr. Morse in a letter to
one of the faculty spoke in very high terms of the "ad-
mirable training" displayed by the several contestants.

On the afternoon of the 8th the Class of First Grammar
fitly celebrated its annual class reunion. The programme of exercises consisted of speeches and poems, in which a goodly
number of the class took part. The President, R. M. Don-
to, R. Driscoll, Vice-President, Secretary E. Kinnan,
and W. Robinson, Treasurer, each in turn made appropriate
remarks, all praying a safe and pleasant passage from the
rocks and storms of the ocean of First Grammar into the port
of Poetry. The Treasurer, carried away by his love for the
entertainment of the class, invaded the territory of our Historian. The manner in which he utilised his trespass
shields him from our censure, though he was not hidden from
a reminder of the Historian: 'The Treasurer had scarcely
finished when the cry went up, Boldrick! And our grave and
dignified Orator arose and gave us a production which will
long linger upon our memories. His subject was "Classi-
cal Education." He compared the march of the army of
"ya into Sophomore with that of Hannibal into Rome. Mr. Boldrick was followed by H. Sedgwick, the poet of the class.
This gentleman's poem teemed with well-wrought
hits upon the Freshmen. He was loudly applauded. The
next in turn was P. O'Donnell, the Historian of the class.
Now we found that the class was rather indebted to W. Rob-
inson for his usurpation, for the oration of Mr. O'Donnell
was far above any chapter in annals that he could have
given us. He chose for his subject "History," and showed
now closely it was woven with literature. His conclusions
were splendid. And now our Prophet, trembling at the
lot he had to unfold, appeared in the arena. In Calchas-
lke form he unveiled the future. To those for whom the
fates have in store the Presidential chair and Chief Justice's
robes we need add no encouragement, but those whose lot
is to become "circus soups," and "wandering minstrels,"
can find consolation in the words of the Prophet:

"Now, if any think their fortune
Has not been told in vain;
Let him strive to make it better
With all his main and might."

The room was drowned in applause as Mr. Hennessy finished.
The Professor, Mr. Mullan, closed the exercises, reviewing
the past and wishing all a happy vacation. And then with
light hearts the members of Freshman Class left the room,
hoping that their last recitation had been said in it, and
singing, Venit summa dies, though not with the feeling of
Panthus.
June, 1889.]

THE COLLEGE JOURNAL

Had one been standing on the bevidere of the south tower on Tuesday of the Whitmanite intermission he would have seen a miniature embarking—not from Arcady, but from the Junior Division. The Preps were going in search of some cool, sequestered nook along the Virginia shore, where, for one day at least, the horrors of messa mensae and the terrors of Prefects were to be replaced by a lazy, lingering lave (very lingering, as the sunburned backs testify) in the yellow waters of the Potomac, and washed down with ginger-ale, lemonade, pop, and all that farago which polite society places under the head of picnic edibles. They landed about a mile above the Three Sisters, where the mermaids moan at midnight, sic furtur.

Here where the beach-nuts drop among the grasses, Push the boat in and throw the rope ashore: Jack, hang me out the oar and the glass; Here let us sit.

Here we sat and watched the Preps enjoy themselves. And oh! with what zest they threw themselves into their fun! They reminded us very forcibly of a bevy of overgrown cherohas that, tired of their straitened position on a cloistered wall, had come out for a day's frolic to rid their joints of an overcharge of stiffness. They were almost as airily clad as the conventional cherohas, but it would have taken one of Olympian constitution to perform the feats which were done by their Georgetown brothers. We feel assured that lemonade, pie, chicken, sardines, and ginger-ale, quickly followed by a header into the Potomac, would be far beyond the digestive powers of any cherohas which Marley sent down the Vittoria to the modern milk-faced creations of the best plaster-of-Paris.

The shockingly fatal accident which befell Mr. N. S. Brown, father of Neill and Walton Brown of the Preparatory School, excited the deepest and sincerest sympathy of the Faculty and students.

Mr. Brown had been Reader of the United States House of Representatives for a number of years, and his energetic and mainly character had won and kept for him many friends. Party spirit was forgotten, and all its strength seemed ever merged in admiration for the upright and loyal Reader.

The following extracts are from a lengthy biographical notice which appeared in the Nashville Daily American:

Neill S. Brown, third son of the late ex-Governor Neill S. Brown, was born in Pulaski, Tenn., February 1, 1846, and died at Nashville, Tenn., June 2, 1889. After Governor Brown's return from Europe, in 1853, whither he had gone as Minister to Rome, he became a permanent resident of what is now known as East Nashville, and the subject of this sketch received his education at the private academies which were in operation in that vicinity before the civil war and the occupation of this region by the Federal armies.

His death vacated a place it will be difficult to fill with one so competent and peculiarly fitted for its exacting duties, and in the discharge of which he was not only famous for the fine execution of a clear, resonant voice, commanding the ear of a numerous and noisy body—the National House of Representatives—but for his promptness and skill in clerical work, and his thorough knowledge of parliamentary law and proceedings. With the thousands who had observed his performances it will be preserved as a tradition in the history of Congress, and of emulation for those who may succeed him. Not only was he popular with men of all parties in that body for his rare and unequalled capacity as an officer, but for his many genial characteristics, his witticisms and anecdotes, his frequent acts of personal friendship, and his unquestioned integrity. This esteem and confidence was signally manifested in the action of the House, which, by unanimous vote, granted him the usual honour among its roster of officers, known as the privileges of the floor until the day of his death. General Clark, the appointing power, has recorded his appreciation of the character and services of Mr. Brown in the graceful and thoughtful act of naming his eldest son as his successor until the meeting of the new Congress.

He was brave as a soldier and under all circumstances; loyal to his convictions; devoted and generous to his friends; a dutiful son and a provident husband and father. He left a mother great for the loss of a devoted son and a dutiful son, a wife deeply grieved by the loss of a husband, but for his many genial characteristics, his kind and accommodating manners and unequalled capacity as an officer, but for his many genial characteristics, his kind and accommodating manners and

Bob Magnured, one of the oldest and most faithful of the College servants, is lying in a critical condition in his little cottage adjoining the Observatory grounds. A few days ago, he was at work about the Observatory, a nail entered his foot and caused a painful wound from which locked-jaw set in. We are glad to state that there is every hope of his recovery, though the danger is not entirely over.

P. S.—As we go to press we chronicle the sad news of Bob's death. He passed away just before dawn on the morning of the feast of St. Aloysius.

Miss Rosecrans has presented to the College a fine crayon portrait of her father, General W. S. Rosecrans, LL. D. (Georgetown). The picture is in a rich gold and brown frame, and has been hung in the large reception room of the New Building.

When the news of the Pennsylvania disaster reached Georgetown, Fr. Rector spoke in chapel to the students in residence on the propriety of sending some contribution to the sufferers. A subscription was immediately opened under the direction of the College Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. One hundred and sixty-two dollars and ninety cents was the sum collected, $50 of which came from the College authorities. In addition to this, the sum of $50, to be devoted to the same purpose, was placed in the hands of the College authorities by a gentleman of this city, whose name is withheld at the request of the contributor. This contribution was forwarded to Bishop Phelan, who was then at the scene of the disaster.

Miss Virginia C. Moore, the chairman of the Ladies' Committee on Subscription for this part of Washington, writes that the College contribution, together with that of the Metropolitan Railroad, was the largest received in this portion of the town.

LITERARY WORK.

ESPECIALLY ON MENTAL PABULUM.

"If a man write little, he needs a great memory, if he converse little, he wants a present wit; and, if he read little, he ought to have much cunning, that he may seem to know what he does not. History makes men wise; poetry makes them witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: may there be no obstruction to the human faculties but what may be overcome by proper studies."—LORD BACON.

"The fame, honours, and rewards," writes an author, whose name I have mislaid, "consequent upon youthful talent, being brought to a full and brilliant maturity, depend almost, if not altogether, on the energy and perseverance employed in the struggle of life."* * * There is hardly one instance of a man, however highly gifted and richly endowed by nature, who has risen to a conspicuous position without the most assiduous and diligent devotion to his chosen pursuit.* * * Great men fostered their fame in painstaking, self-denial, determination, and midnight study—the "timas labor et mora, that is spoken of in Horace. Hogarth says, "Genius is nothing but labour and diligence," which is not a pleasant prospect, I admit. The genius position, we are readily disposed to the mean and weak, and, diligent, we are prepared to deliver up without a pang of remorse. Labour and diligence present the following picture: The sun is shining brightly for everybody but ourself; chattering and gay laughter just abstractly audible, just distinguishable—but we're getting to be a genius, and geniuses have to be cooped up with a tone and a quill and a demijohn of ink and say,
too much."

"Diligence. Not to day, eh? Well, you might call after the Day of Judgment, when the boss will have a new stock. Good morning,—it is set to pay you for your words, which are too many."

"Labor omnia vincit," cries Vergil lastly, and by way of explanation Horace remarks, "Ne rudo guidi quiete vixit ingenium". We are all geniuses in the same manner that every block of marble hides an Apollo.

John Quincy Adams was a wise boy, from the very beginning,* he never allow indifference to fasten her paws upon him. In difference, that deadly thing, that stagnation. A stagnant pool is indifferent because it does not care to flow one way or another, and would rather prefer being gaseous and unhealthy, than revelling in a current. At the early age of three, Sir William Jones, the English Orientalist, evinced a remarkable industry in searching for knowledge. About fifty-five times out of an hour he would run to his master and ask for information. Now it was "Quiz'" now "Car'",* his mother invariably answered, "Read, and you will find out." Did she realise that greatness lay therein? Did she say to the little noble, "Read, and you will make a man full morn Yes, and he read, and, in the old familiar thought of Longfellow, he left his footprints on the sands of Time. Read, and you will be wise; read, and you will be witty, subtle, deep. Isaac Newton read so attentively that he never heard anything of what was going on around him. Why, at the age when most boys "devote their free energies to 'knocking down'," Douglas Jerrold read with a passion the "Death of Abel" and "Roderick Random." Carlyle read the Bible when three years old, and as he had done so "Benjamin Franklin," "Robinson Crusoe," "Philip Quair," and "The Arabian Nights," Benjamin Franklin found "Plutarch's Lives" in his father's limited library, and read and reread them with profit and pleasure; he then saved his small sums of money to the purchase of Bunyan's Works, which he subsequently bartered for Briton's Historical Collections; moreover, he grew ambitious to improve his style, and took one of the best models which the literature of England furnished.—"The Spectator." He read "Locke on the Human Understanding," and sketches on Rhetoric, which latter were found by him at the end of an old English grammar. Says Sir Walter Scott, "I found in my mother's dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakespeare, nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since o'clock.'" Read, read, the injunction cannot be too often repeated; "Carlyle was a prodigio readier. They tell us that when Dickens was writing "The Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle to lend him a few books. The next day Dickens wonderfully beheld a dray, loaded with books of all nations, stop at his door. Carlyle had sent them; they were Carlyle's idea of a few books. Macaulay, the bright, the versatile, used to master on a voyage to India what many men labour at all their lives; and Charles Lamb could read anything which went by the name of book, save "court" calendars, directories, pocket-books (the literary excepted), almanacs,*

*J. Q. A., at nine years of age, to his father: 'I have just entered the third volume of Rollin's "History," but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent.** I wish, sir, you could give me, in writing, some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them with the particular satisfaction of growing better. I am, dear sir, Your son."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

P. 8.—If you will be so good as to favour me with a blank-book, I have just entered the third volume of Rollin's "History," but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent.** I wish, sir, you could give me, in writing, some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them with the particular satisfaction of growing better. I am, dear sir, Your son.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Cur? Quis?"

"There is a choice in books as in friends; and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society—is subdued, as Shakespeare says of the dyer's hands, to what it works in. Cato's advice, "Consort with the good," is quite as true, if we extend it to books, for they, too, insensibly give way their own nature to the mind that converses with them.** We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity that characterises them. They were scholars because they did not read so much as we. They had fewer books, but they were of the best. Their English was not mixed with "court calendars," does that mean to say they were too easy to college to be stuffed? Here is the right sort of a fact: Reading and study, especially reading and study of the classics—trained the intellects of all great men. Shakespeare owes everything to extensive though irregular* reading, and it has been read and appreciated must necessarily have sought relief from the fatigue of forms in pondering over the beautiful and vivid, grand and harmonious writings of the ancients. We further know from the plots of his plays that he acquainted himself with Claudian, Plutarch, Plautus; and I see no reason why a man of his ability could not have read as well in the original what other men of less ability have read in the original. But obscure are the early studies of that mighty poet, and safe those who urge that he read the translations. To say he sounds for facts instead of Plutarch or sup with Plato. This means that we chase butterflies. We want only facts. Facts? leave that to Dickens's Gradgrind. Facts was all he wanted. "That is English," says M. Taine. Taine did not like what was English. Fill a head with facts; it is like surfeiting a dog with food, for a sleepiness ensues. Let the mental forces be led out to battle; don't barricade them. Education, what does that mean? Education, does that mean to stuff a man with facts? The story is told of Ben Jonson that his fondness for study tempted him to carry books in his pocket while plying his trade (that of laying bricks) in order that he might make the best of his leisure moments by refreshing his memory upon his favourite passages in classical authors, and that one day, while working on the scaffolding

*You will find, as a rule, that reading what pleased them was generally the following of all great men. Shakespeare himself says: "No profit grows where is no pleasure t'au;" In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

And Dr. Johnson: "I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for more than two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him: for what he reads as a task will do him little good." (Boswell, Vol. II, page 513, ed. 1809). Pope roamed over the fields of learning wherever his fancy might lead him. Poor Goethe considered through the ways of literature in much the same manner as he traveled in Italy. Irotay never took kindly to regular study, but was faithful, throughout his school-days, to Ariosto, Chaucer, and Spencer. We might all do well in being faithful to such poets. Dickens's real studies were those in which he had given us a copy in the first chapter of "Waverley," where the hero is represented as "driving through the seas of books like a man without pilot or rudder" in order to refresh his memory upon his favourite passages in classical authors, and that one day, while working on the scaffolding

*See Atlantic Monthly, Vol. VII, p. 84. Hume, Gibbon, and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without.'
of a building at Lincoln's Inn, a lawyer heard him recite a passage of Homer with surprising appreciation, was attracted to him, and after several times conversing with this child, gave him opportunities for renewing his studies at the University of Cambridge. Milton, at the age of twelve, worked in spite of his weak eyes and headache, until midnight, and even later. His John the Baptist, a character resembling himself, says: "When I was yet a child, no childish play To me was pleasing; all my mind was set Down to musical and known; to do thence to do What might be public good." —M. Taine.

Milton went to Christ's College, Cambridge, and afterwards passed four years in devotion to study, disciplining his mind with mathematics and the sciences, and storing his memory with the riches of classical lore. Dr. Samuel Johnson's favourite compositions were Horace's Odes; but what he read solidly at Oxford was Greek, Homer, and Euripides.

The great French mathematician, Pascal, when young, was informed by his father that he must be kept in total ignorance of the sciences, till he had mastered the Greek and Latin languages. John Jervis, Lord St. Vincent, the brave old English admiral, was reckoned the best Greek scholar at the school which he attended, so that he was selected to the honourable post of reading a passage from Homer before Mr. Slade, a great London distiller, who was desirous of ascertaining the progress and proficiency of the boys. Napoleon, while at Brienne "became highly distinguished," says Abbott, "in all mathematical studies. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences, he devoured with the utmost avidity." A few words concerning history; how little do men profit by it. It is classified experience, and yet we too often "skim lightly o'er its pages," instead of plunging them, no body, no, but soul, into very heart's core.

It is not necessary to quote many examples of men who especially studied history; one prominent instance will suffice. When Calhoun* was a lad he had ample opportunity for study, having a brother-in-law who was the librarian of a small circulating library. No one counselled or directed him in the selection of books for perusal; but, as if by instinct, he discarred fiction entirely and occupied himself, to the exclusion of all lighter reading, with historical works. They were few in number, but he devoured them eagerly. Rollin's "Ancient History," which so many have used, is mentioned especially.

I had intended to include in this article a list of fifty or sixty of the best books, gathered from a Pall Mall "Extra" on the subject, but space hinders me; also, the opinions of noted upon the best books, and an interesting sketch of Walter Scott in his early days, his classical studies epitomised from Lockhart's biographer—but I have had to omit all this except the following advice. I would advise—how many have not done so before me!—every person who has not read Lockhart, his biographer—but I have had to omit all this except the following advice. I would advise—how many have not done so before me!—every person who has not read Lockhart's life of that "modest, just, resolute, and merciful man," Walter Scott, "the greatest genius that has ever written novels," to do so at once; the man who with courage and uprightness renounced all favour when in debt, and paid off in five years £70,000, perishing from the effort it cost. "Never was there a more healthful and health-ministering literature," writes President Andrew White in Scribner's, "than that which he (Scott) gave to the world. To go back to it from Flaubert, and Daudet, and Tolstoi, is like coming out of the glare and heat and reeking vapour of a palace ball into a grove in the first light and music and breezes of the morning." Although "the Monastery" is usually called the least inspired, Mr. White first came "under the spell of genius in fiction" by it; read it three times, following it by other novels from the same source. "Quentin Durward" first showed to me, "no boy of twelve," says the same writer, "something of the real significance of history." Goethe and Balzac both tell us that the novels of Scott are great works of art.
and they both held art as a word not to be lightly used. The history of Scott's early days will open to one the opportunity of studying character as it rises to greatness. It seems he began by reading aloud to his mother Pope's translation of Homer—Homer, that poet so closely resembles in being broadly human, as Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh says. But I will write no more of the "Wizard of the North," since Lockhart* can very easily gotten.

I conclude my cataloguing, for it can appear as nothing else, with a passage from Milton's best prose composition, the "Areopagitica." Follow well the thought standing boldly in what DeQuincey calls in Milton, "the majestic regularity and planetary solemnity of the epic movement."

"For Books," says the old blind poet, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of Life in them to be as active as that Soule was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless warinesse be us'd, as good almost kill a man as kill a good Book." These are burning thoughts, which, like living coals of fire, will bear no trifling with. Exist in classic literature we must; and breathe its soul-inspiring atmosphere. Let not time bring us gray locks and a brain unitlett—look what others have done:

"We must do something, and F' the heat."

CHARLES LOUIS PALMS, '89.

RARE BEN JONSON.

THERE are names that have power to conjure up before the mind the incidents of some great deed, the occurrences of a noteworthy epoch, or the character of one in whose life we all have an especial interest. High in the category of such names stands that of Ben Jonson, the rare singer of Elizabeth's reign. With the strange individualism of this wonderful man, his egregious but serene self-belief, his eccentricity, his assumption of the role of literary dictator of his age, we have no progs to do. Jonson was a singer, dramatist, and proseman, Ben Jonson and his place among the writers of the Elizabethan era—that is our theme. He was an era which seemed to be overcrowded with geniuses whose privilege it was to come early into fame. At the age of twenty he produced his first work, "Every Man in His Humour." It is undoubtedly his best comedy, and from it one may readily form a fair estimate of his abilities as a dramatist. The characters all move in the same plane, never exciting one's curiosity to an extraordinary degree, but giving pleasure, nevertheless, by the utterance of many sensible and witty things. This play was followed by the satirical comedy "Every Man Out of His Humour." In this drama Jonson satirises the manners, the absurd affections, the coarse-grained vices of the city and the court. Living in an age of literary profugacy, when writers went to shameless extremes, he dared to appear amid them as a reformer, and few men were more suited to that role than the high exalted spirit—" who of all things loved to be called honest." His verse groans under the weight of his wrath.

"My soul
Was never ground into such dty colour
To flatter vice and daub infamy.
But with an armed and resolved hand
I'll strip the ragged follies of the times
Naked at their birth."

The characters of this drama are inferior to those of "Every Man in His Humour," but the language is much more forcible and vehement.

"Cynthia's Revels" and the "Poetaster" which appeared next, between 1601 and 1605, were successful as satirical hits, but as stage plays they failed.

The former contains a few of those lyrics in which Jonson was at his best. For instance, the exquisite hymn to Diana, beginning:

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep,
Lay thy bow of purple at our feet again
And thy crystal gleaming quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe how short soever."

Although it has been said that Ben Jonson was lacking in that faculty of stamping new beings upon the imagination of mankind, yet the character of "Volpone" in the comedy of that name is a very powerful portrayal; a play, to quote M. Taine, which affords us the sharpest pictures of the manners of the age, in which is displayed the full brightness of the evil lusts, * * * cruelty, and shamelessness of vice.

This drama and that of the "Alchemist," for development of plot and dramatic construction, may be placed among Jonson's best works.

In plot and style they are somewhat similar. Sharp, weighty, vigorous writing characterise them throughout. The material of both plays consists of a "issue of cheats effected by two confederate sharpers upon various gulls gaping for money." The more plays in everything is hurled into his mighty power of satire not in the rollicking manner of the "Venusian hard," but rather with the " rigidi censura cachimini" of Juvenal. In the words of a distinguished writer, none more persistently athirst to make vice suffer, to unmask, triumph over, and punish it.

Of Jonson's effectiveness as a satirist much has been written, although it can not be denied that he has force, raling, in- victive, powerful contempt and scorn, yet his satires never prove very effectual. His characters are too grotesque, too labourtiously wrought out—they are hardly much better than automatons. The object of the satire is too open, the process too evident.

With less compliment than truth was it said that "Jonson's plays were works, while other's works were plays." And the tragedies of Scjanus and Catiline seem to corroborate this assertion. Although they give us a vivid picture of the crimes and fercocities, the passions of courtezans and princesses, the claring of assassins and great men, yet there is about them a withal, an over-laboured artifice, an excess of mechanical construction.

If ever there was a man capable of treating ably a subject drawn from ancient classic times, it was Jonson. In the "Fall of Scjanus," we are presented with a startling, but truthful, picture of those times which produced a Messalina, an Agripina, and a Tiberius. The principal character of this great tragedy gives one the idea of a lofty column of solid granite sodding to its base from its destructive height, and dashed to pieces by a breath of air, a mere word of its creator, feared, not pitied, scorned, unwpt and forgotten." A tone of power and impressiveness, coupled with strength of phrase and a power of portraying scenes almost Shakespearean in their effectiveness, runs throughout the tragedy. His other tragedy " Catiline," can not be said to equal "Scjanus." It does not abound in such striking passages, and, besides, it is open to the charge of slowness and monotony of action, owing to the skilled long-span speeches of Catiline. But it is, in spite of these defects, a splendid work.

As we have said above, Jonson excelled in lyric poetry. In the "Celebration of Charsis," a collection of short poems, there are charming love songs worthy of the best idyllic muse of the classic trillers of Sicily. Nowhere do we find this poetic spirit stronger than in the Masques, a kind of masquerade, with ballets and poetic dances, in which all the magnificense and untamed imagination of the English Renascence were displayed with true barbaric zest. Here Jonson puts aside that grand satire and scorn so plainly out in his comedies, and he moves like a very prince in the domain of true poetry. His characters are "drawn from all times, all worlds, the abstract, the divine, the human, the ancient, the modern."
"The Vision of Delight," "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," and "The Gypsy Metamorphosed," are the best of his "Masques," The latter is much longer, and bears the marks of a more elaborate performance than the others. According to the scheme of this Masque the fortunes of the king and his court are to be told by the gypsy prophets, previously to which, however, the following benediction is given:

"The fairy beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you,
A moon of light.
In the moon of night,
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you,
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you,
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the lucky lot beside you."

Aside from the dramatic and poetical productions of Jonson he is also the author of philosophical essays, which, in breadth of view, adequacy of reflection, and vigour of eloquence are in every way equal to the essays of his famous contemporary, Lord Bacon. We refer to his "Explorata," or "Discourses."

The more pity it is that these essays are so little known, when it is remembered that in felicity of expression, splendour of utterance, and the atmosphere of deep and sagacious thought which permeates them they stand almost alongside the English prose of their time. Their style is terse and clear, without the curt and docket manner of the statesman philosopher, and full and ringing without being over-copious.

In the opening of the first essay we find these, among other lofty and weighty words: "Heaven prepares good men with crosses, but no ill can ever happen to a good man. That which happens to any man may happen to every man. But it is his reason what he accounts it and will make it." There is double meaning in the sentence much of the Latinist, too strong a favour of the conciseness of Tacitus. But observe the lofty wisdom and eloquence of the following: "What a wretchedness is this to thrust all our riches outward and be beggars within, to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world, not the great, noble, and precious! We serve our avarice, and, not content with the good of the earth that is offered to us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things and placed them at hand and near us that he knew were profitable for us, but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we covet the things whereby we may perish, and bring them forth, when God and Nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, which were honourable for us if we could content ourselves necessary." We would like to quote further from this enclosed and—we regret to say—unknown garden of Jonson.

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No one who has studied these essays can fail to recognise that Jonson was worthy of the friendship of Bacon and Shakespeare, worthy to be ranked at the head of the great writers in prose and poetry of his time.

Among these great writers Jonson's position as a dramatist and poet is a peculiar one. That he was greater than Beaumont, or Fletcher, or any of the minor writers of this period, is admitted; and though these dramatists may have surpassed him in creative power, yet it can not be said that they are more original than he. They were imitators of the "great master" of the age; Jonson owed as little to his contemporaries or to the English poets, who preceded him, as Shakespeare himself. He borrowed, when he borrowed at all, from the ancients; his "Sejanus" and "Catiline" are veritable antique mosaics; what he takes, he takes as a conqueror, or, as Dryden puts it, "he invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in any poet, is but victory in him."

In the style and construction of his plays, Jonson is decidedly original. But they act unwisely who compare him with the great dramatist, when it is God made to sit apart and alone. To his high region Jonson dared not climb, but eulogist genius that he was, he knew his element, and took his way along the slopes that stretched in grandeur below the crest on which that eagle soul sat solitary. Yet, like every master spirit, he, too, was alone; alone upon that height which men call lower only because Shakespeare was above it; and in his matchless prose, and still more matchless song, he was, indeed, our "rare Ben Jonson."

C. Albert White, '90.

**EDITOR'S TABLE.**

We are indebted to Messrs. Beilings Bros. this month for two little pamphlet editions of "The Will of God," and "Catholic Worship," translations from the French and German respectively. We need not remark that the hardest part of the Lord's Prayer is "Thy will be done," and that any attempt to make the wish more easy should meet with thanks, from whomsoever it comes. "Catholic Worship" contains a very needful treatise on Sacramentals, whose use is so little understood oftentimes by Catholics themselves.

"Studies in Civics," from the press of D. D. Merrill, St. Paul, and "Ideals of the Republic," from the Knickerbocker press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, touch on the same subject in different lights. The latter is a beautifully-bound little copy of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's second inaugural and farewell address, and Lincoln's first and second inaugural addresses. It would be rash in us to criticise such material. As for the make-up of the book itself, it is in Putnam's best style, with print as clear and bold as the sentiments of its pages. This is the first of a series of twenty pocket editions in the form of "Catholic Worship."

"Studies in Civics" is a venture from the land of promise, the infant West. The "Constitution of the United States" is made a text for careful study, and a treatise on commercial law is subjoined. Both parts of the work are arranged for a text-book for advanced students. The former binding show the resources of the Western publisher to be in no way inferior to those of his more advanced brother in the East. We commend the book to the Rhetoricians as a substitute for Statutes.

"Primary Education," by Jacobi, reaches us from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is another experiment in the old attempt to discover the proper way to teach. Will the author pardon our criticism if we presume to say that no two children did or will give the same results for any one method of teaching?

It is plain enough, that had the Persian king, in his experiment to find which was man's original language, taken some other boy and put him through the same training, or took a half-hundred boys, he would have had an original language.

The author of "Primary Education," shows great interest in the subject, however, and the work is well worth study by those whose office it is to instil the first ideas.

"Parliamentary Procedure," from G. P. Putnam's Sons, is just the book to be in the hands of young debaters. All the knowledge necessary for conducting or obeying the intricate workings of a society for debate or public deliberation are to be found within its pages.

"Elementary Psychology" comes to us from the press of A. S. Barnes & Co. The author, John M. B. Still, principal of the Michigan State Normal School, assigns as his object in writing, the production of a text-book for higher schools. The book is well divided into chapters and subordinate paragraphs, but the matter each psychologist will judge according to his own idea, for the judgment on such a topic is about as subjective as the topic itself. To us the author seems to have analysed his mental cadaver keenly and with good judgment. The book oversteps its subject just a little when it goes into the objectivity of judgments.

"Memory Training," by William L. Evans, M. A., from the same press, is an attempt to train the memory after a system partly arbitrary, partly associative. The system, as the author himself says, is compiled from observation of the process we use when we remember best. M. Loisette had the author himself says, is compiled from observation of the process we use when we remember best. M. Loisette had the knowledge necessary for conducting or obeying the intricate workings of a society for debate or public deliberation are to be found within its pages.
The College Journal. ESTABLISHED 1822.

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The College Journal is published by a committee of the students towards the close of every month. 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 intercommunication. 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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THE STAFF.

FROM THE SANCTUM.

Valedictory.

On the threshold of a new life we stand to take farewell of the old. And as we speak this last adieu we look back with mingled emotions upon the few short years of school life. About them in the overlaid cells of memory hover the time-worn phrases of the old authors with many a long-winded formula and head-splitting proposition—all huddled together in a mass of confusion and disorder. Often has our brain been taxed to its utmost to marshal these troublesome battalions in line, but that was the task of the examiner's closet, and a sweet satisfaction steals over the soul when the memory hovers the time-worn phrases of the old authors.

And as to your classic and familiar walls, we hope to pay them an occasional visit in the course of time, when we need to be reminded that we are still school-boys, still in need of many troublesome battalions in line, but that was the task of the examiner's closet, and a sweet satisfaction steals over the soul when the memory hovers the time-worn phrases of the old authors.

The College Journal.

"TOBER-NA-VULICHT." We shall publish one more issue of the Journal ere we bid farewell to the "cares of classes of classics." In our July number, which will be entirely devoted to the Commencement, the new board of editors, comprising some of the best brains in '90, '92, and '93, will make their bow and assume charge of the Journal and endeavour to carry it through the eighteenth year of its existence. Meanwhile, like that delightful vacation party to which we alluded in our last fall term, in October last, we "take up the chorus" with Arthur Clough and sing:

"To morrow we start on our travel.
Lo! the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say they, rising;
History, Science, and Poets! Lo! deep in dustiest cupboard,
Thocky'dil, Olores son, Hallwoodan, here les! burred!
Smaller in Liddell and Scott. O musical chaff of old Athens,
Dishes and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian blackguard;
Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace and smile in your lexisn limbo!
Sleep as in lava for your Herculanean kindred.
Sleep, for aught I care, "the sleep that knows no waking."
Zeus, Tylady, Secession, Home, Plutarco, Plato.
Two months hence be it time to exhumate our dreary classics."

May we all find our bothie of Tober- Na Vuliclie!—The Editors.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

We of the present generation were quite "worked up" this last month by the marriage of one of the Old Boys outside of our very gates. We were quite aware by tradition of Hon. Eugene Ives' ability in running off with medals, but his success in obtaining everything else needful from the same old Georgetown threw us into quite a fluster of amazement. We only hope that he will not, in the course of his career, need anything which it would trouble us of Georgetown to let go, for from indications so far, let go we should have to, willy-nilly.

By scarcely legitimate means our editor managed to abscond from College and witness the marriage, but he will not trust himself to describe. This is what an adept in the art says of the ceremony:

"Yesterday will long be remembered in the annals of Trinity Church. Within its walls was to be married one of the daughters of the parish, who by gracious ways and liberal hand had endeared herself to every member of it who had come within the circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance. And it was singularly appropriate that Miss Annie Waggaman, the daughter of Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., should have been wedded to the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives, a member of the State senate of New York, in old Trinity. In this church she had been christened, at its circle of her acquaintance.
intently turned. It was the Hon. Hugh J. Grant, the mayor of New York, and Mr. Ives' ‘best man.' There was only a few minutes' waiting, and then the rising of the audience indicated that the bride had arrived. As the bridal party reached the chancel, Mr. Ives stepped forward and extended his hand to his future wife. They entered the chancel and separated, each kneeling before one of the ‘priest's.' The ushers and bridesmaids took their seats in chairs which were arranged in a semicircle around the chancel. Mayor Grant, after gracefully bowing to the priests, the young couple, and to the audience, occupied a chair next to the maid of honor. The music ceased, and the bride and groom stood before Fr. Clark. The impressive marriage service incident to the Catholic Church was then repeated by Fr. Clark. The responses were clear and distinct. This was followed by a grand high nuptial mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Ives, with their attendants, drove direct from the church to Mr. Waggaman's residence, 3300 O street, northwest. Here a reception was held from 12.30 to 1.30. The house was elaborately and most tastefully decorated with flowers, and a tempting collation was served continuously. The presents are said to have been unusually numerous and valuable.

Be it known to our inseparable toast-master at the Centennial Banquet of the Alumni, that the above declare that a special funny column will be opened if he will but furnish the wit. It was moved to do this even during the august celebration, when the fame in which he was held among those who knew Charley Cowardin, '74, reached all generations of Georgians present in person or by proxy at the banquet over which he presided. It is confirmed in its decision now by an article of June 2d, in the New York Sun, headed "The Two Humourists. We print it without change:

"We are not surprised that some of our esteemed Richmond contemporaries should still entertain a doubt whether Capt. Evan P. Howell, of Atlanta, is the peer of Mr. Charles O'Brien Cowardin, of Richmond, as a story-teller. Those who have often been enchanted by the efforts of the one may well hesitate before they adopt the other to an equal place in their admiration; but we can assure them that Captain Howell is an artist of rare and genuine genius.

"Yet the difference between the two is distinctly marked. Cowardin was born to be an actor, and his rich and subtle comic humour flows forth as naturally as he breathes. The process is physical as well as intellectual. The whole man is engaged in it, and all his faculties are employed. The unstudied gestures, the swift and total changes of facial expression, the inimitable modulations of the voice, the coruscations of the eye, form a combination of art as spontaneous as it is cultivated, as refined as it is irresistible. It is a novel and peculiar thing, and we can compare it only to the humour of Benoît Constant Coquelin, as it is displayed between two plays, in the recitations he likes so well to deliver from the front of the stage in a black coat and white choker.

"Captain Howell, on the other hand, is a humourist of the old school. His style is broader, his method rather that of a great trump speaker or a tip-top camp-meeting orator than that which we usually associate with the dramatic stage. Yet, he, too, would have been a famous actor if he had devoted himself to that profession. There is something about him which reminds the old theater-goer of the late William E. Burton, who at the beginning of a play used to convulse New York audiences with laughter forty years ago just by showing himself before the footlights, and before speaking a word. If anything, Howell is more intellectual than Cowardin, and less spontaneous. He does it because he likes to do it, and because he has some purpose to subserve, such, for instance, as carrying his audience over to his side of an argument—for he is a potent controversial athlete as well as a wit and mimic; while Cowardin does it because it makes him laugh, and he can't help flashing and scintillating and laughing and making everybody else laugh along with him.

"Besides, he is the younger champion of the two and nobody can tell to what height of perfection he may yet attain, while Howell, all immersed in affairs as he is, and practising humour rather as a vacation exercise than as a steady trade, has perhaps already reached the highest ability that is to be expected from the development of his powers. We shall add, however, that there is a greater variety in his performances than in those of our friend from Richmond, and we suspect, too, that in the secret of tears, that other great gift of the comic muse, the Georgia man may possibly be the superior.

"But a truce to these definitions and discriminations. There is such a thing as too much analysis, but there can not be too much of either of these glorious humourists. Mr. whose good fortune it has been at any time to enjoy the fun of one of them, may thank Heaven for the benefaction; and he can hope for nothing more delightful than an opportunity of enjoying the different fun of the other. If it is Howell that he then chances upon, receding from the stage and in the noisy gaiety of the crowd, he will surely question the Richmond opinion and maintain that the cake rightfully belongs to the Georgian.

"But before leaving the subject we must be allowed to protest against a wrong pronunciation of the word Cowardin, by which hasty readers may sometimes be led astray. The emphasis is entirely upon the second syllable, and it is rather heavy. There is nothing of the coward about the young man, nor even in the sounding of his name.

Mr. Rooney, of '87, has been "a poetizin' " in a public way even thus early after his birth into the literary world. We have the assurance to believe that it was his editorship of the Journal in his time that caused his thoughts to flow into music with such ease after so short a period of apprenticeship. Surely, his work will not look strange in the Journal, where it has so often appeared before, though it be transplanted, from its native soil, the Boston Republic:

RECOMPENSE.

BY CHARLES DANIELS ROONEY.

A poet sang—the world praised him—
And he was sad;
A poet sang—one woman praised him—
And he was glad.

And so it is, my lady,
'Tho critics carp at me
I care not, if I merit
One word of praise from thee.

For the bustling world, my lady,
Needs sternest song to move,
And does not heed the vibrance
Of the subtile chord of love.

The sweetest song, my lady,
That ever poet sang,
Is the reaching cry of longing
Of a heart by sorrow wrung;

Or the magic voice, my lady,
Of eyes that speak to eyes—
The silent comproomading—
Love's word, which never dies.

So, when I sing, my lady,
'Tho' all the world may sneer,
It is song—recompense—
If thou but hold'st it dear.

For I know so well, my lady,
The halting verse or line
Finds meaning in thy soul, dear,
The other half of mine.

Through the kindness of Mr. James A. Gray, B. A., '88, we learned that N. Garland Street, who left from Second Street, was a poetizing in a public way even thus early after his birth into the literary world. We have the assurance to believe that it was his editorship of the Journal in his time that caused his thoughts to flow into music with such ease after so short a period of apprenticeship. Surely, his work will not look strange in the Journal, where it has so often appeared before, though it be transplanted, from its native soil, the Boston Republic:

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university notes.

the school of law.

The eighteenth annual commencement of the Law School of Georgetown University was held in the National Theatre on Monday evening, June 6th. The floral decorations about the stage consisted of banks of ferns and palms, with a center-piece spelling "Class of '89" in immortelles on a background of smilax. Mr. Richards delivered the opening address. The tone was worthy of one who holds the presidency over so many widely diverging branches of the great tree of knowledge. It was liberal, as we might expect it to be from an enlightened scholar, but it was still more. The words betray all the enthusiasm of a devotee of the law. We give the address below:

"A few hours ago I had the pleasure of meeting upon the steps of the State Department building the members of the present graduating class, in order to be incorporated with them in a class picture. As they stood there it seemed to me that their tall and erect forms harmonized well with the massive granite columns that support that mighty structure. I said to myself that they had chosen the proper place; for every true and conscientious lawyer is a pillar of the State.

"I am aware that all persons will not agree with me in this estimate. There exists, I believe, a popular prejudice against lawyers, which in the minds of many who entertain it extends to the law itself. They say—because the expression of a partial truth—that the multiplication of laws is a sign of decadence in the people; that as laws increase, virtue diminishes; and that lawyers grow strong on the dissensions and weakness of their neighbors. People who hold these views in their extreme form will not, I fancy, be pleased to hear of the exceptionally large number of new-made lawyers who will go forth from this hall to-night, nor rejoice at the annually increasing ranks of the graduating classes in all reputed law schools throughout our country.

"Yet if we give something more than a merely superficial glance at the question we shall, I imagine, discover without difficulty that this prejudice ought not to apply to well-made laws, nor, a pari, to well-made—that is, to thoroughly instructed and upright, conscientious lawyers. Multiplicity of regulations is not necessarily a sign of decay, but rather of a highly developed state of society. This highly wrought civilization may be attended with strength or weakness; but, in either case, it will necessarily require a vast body of legislation. The wants and needs of men, their relations and mutual interdependence become far more complex and far-reaching in such a state of society as ours. And as the points of contact are increased, obviously the probabilities of friction are increased, and the possibilities of collision are increased according to the same proportion. To regulate these multiplied relations, extending to the most minute affairs of life, new legal provisions are necessary, and as a consequence a new body of lawyers appears upon the scene to expound, discuss, and defend them. But this only shows that the machine has grown more complex; not necessarily that it is weaker or less efficient. When we see an old farm-wagon, patched, and nailed, and bolted, and here and there rudely tied with bits of rope, we conclude that it is falling into a state of decay. It is the figure of a state needing many laws to bind its disunited parts together and postpone dissolution. But when we look upon the steam locomotive, with its myriad parts bound together with bolts and screws, we never imagine that the multiplicity of fastenings indicates imperfection in the structure. The republic of Rome, when verging to the fall, was the old hay-wagon, creaking and tottering, and needing nails and wire and ropes to keep it from decay. Our own vigorous republic is the mighty steam-engine, and every law is a bolt or screw, contributing to the perfection of the whole, and ensuring smooth and powerful working.

"So essential, in fact, is the necessity of law to the State, that society, even in the simplest form, can not exist without its aid. It is not only the foundation on which the building rests; it is the cement that binds the walls together. Men do not all think alike; their views and interests are necessarily at variance, and, unless restrained by some exterior rule, their passions will lead them to follow their own interests necessarily at variance, and, unless restrained by some exterior rule, their passions will lead them to follow their own interests to the unjust detriment of others. Hence we find that however crude the form of society may be, it is guided by some more or less definite code. From the passing away of that primeval time when man's intelligence, preternaturally illumined, and man's will, preternaturally chastened and guided, were a law unto themselves, he has never succeeded in establishing a society, not so much as a savage tribe, without the formulation of some kind of law. Without law there is not society, but a mob.

"All this is sufficiently obvious, and matter of every-day observation. But if we extend our consideration very slightly we shall find that law is the foundation and cement not only of all society, but of the whole universe as well. All natural agents operate by law. The myriad portions of our universe are bound together by it. The planets and the sun, that vast group of which our solar system is a member, the inconceivable star fields filled with suns and worlds that outlie us even to the limit of the universe, have interaction and interdependence. They are bound together and held in equilibrium by its means. And the saying that the ends of the earth trembles along the ether from the furthest star, millions and millions of miles, to our eye, is as much under the domination of law as the stone that falls at our feet or the plant that springs up in our garden. The whole of science consists simply in the investigation of law and its application after it.
The lawyer, then, rather than the poet, is the true inter-

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