The Commencement.

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The spacious department was a mass of colour, its rough, brick walls and the equally rough interior of its roof being covered with a sea of red, white, and blue. In the rear of the platform, upon which sat the Faculty and the graduates, two huge American flags were draped from wall to wall, and the light which came in at the western windows was filtered through myriad-hued bunting. In the rear of the galleries, the fronts of which were hidden beneath the American flags, curtains of stars and stripes stretched out to the roofs.

The exercises commenced at about 10.30, the first to claim the attention of the audience being William J. McClycky, of New York. The subject on which he spoke was, 'A National University,' and his argument was decided in opposition to the establishment of any such institution. He said that the founding of such a university by the Government would be an acknowledgment by the people of the supremacy of the State in matters which were really above the State's control. A National university, he held, could not be non-partisan, it must of necessity work to the disadvantage of other educational institutions, and would very probably cause the downfall of many of the weaker schools of learning. He lauded the Catholic University, the buildings for which were now being made ready, and said that every Catholic should be proud of it. He said the first duty of the Government was to educate those who were wholly ignorant of the Gospel, and to desired to act as an educator it should make appropriations on an equal basis to all the colleges in the land.

The class poem was read by Charles F. O'Day, of New York, and those who heard it said it was a very pretty piece of sentiment.

"Daniel J. Geary, of Pennsylvania, talked in a very energetic manner on 'State Support for Denominational Schools.' This essay was an appeal for exemption of Catholics from taxation for the support of the public schools.

"The Characters of Wolfe and Montcalm' (the Mercier prize oration) was then delivered by its author, Jeremiah M. Prendergast, of Minnesota. It was listened to with the closest attention throughout and most heartily applauded.

"After the degrees had been conferred by President Richardson and the valedictory given by John V. Dahlgren, of Maryland, the prizes were distributed. Expectation was on tip-toe, and as the names of the victors were announced there were volleys of applause from the sisters and the cousins and 'the nearer and dearer.'

"The great outburst was captured by Mr. Jeremiah Prendergast. Six times was he called up to have a medal pinned on his coat, once to receive a handsome book, and once more to be presented with a check for $100. The five medals received first completely covered his breast, and Fr. Richards had to pin the beautiful Mercier gold medal on the right side.

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"Liberally sprinkled between various literary and oratorical efforts were selections by an orchestra under the direction of Prof. Henry Donch."


MEDALS AND PREMIUMS.

Medals and premiums were awarded as follows:

Senior classes—Golf medal for rational philosophy—Jeremiah M. Prendergast, Minnesota. Premium—Thomas M. Harvey, District of Columbia.


The Merrick debating medal was awarded to Thomas B. Lantry, New York.

The Toner scientific medal—John Vinton Dahlgren, of Maryland.

The Morris historical medal—Jeremiah M. Prendergast.

The Philodemic prize medal—William G. McKechnie, of Massachusetts.

The Philonomian debating medal—C. Manning Combs, of Maryland.

The Mercier centennial prize—Awarded to Jeremiah M. Prendergast, subject: "The Characters of Wolfe and Montcalm." As another essay on the same subject showed exceptional excellence, a second medal was awarded by the Faculty to its author, Edward D. O’Brien, of New York.

A medal for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace, the gift of Charles Donovan, M. D., A. M., of Baltimore, Md., was awarded to J. Stanislas Smith, of Washington, D. C. A special prize was awarded to Edward L. Keyes, of New York, who passed an examination on Cicero’s essays, “De Senectute” and “De Amicitia,” in addition to the authors read by the class.

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

The commencement exercises of the Preparatory School of Georgetown College took place on Monday evening, June 24th, in the presence of a large audience, in Gaston Hall. Prof. George Loomis directed the musical part of the programme; and Frank J. Mulhall, and Shirley Barbour of Washington, together with Frank McKee of Kentucky, Mark McNeal of Indiana, Oscar and George Brannif of Mexico, John E. Murphy of Maryland, and Charles P. Lynch of Massachusetts, contributed to the feast of reason to which the guests had been invited. Shirley Barbour won great applause by an exquisite little recitation in French. Charles P. Lynch was decidedly the master-spirit of the evening. He spoke Trowbridge’s ball-harmonious, half-pathetic lines on "Quotidiam," and in his unaffected, sympathetic presentation of the poet’s old maid o’er there had he the audience with him from the outset. His pronunciation was charming, and his action faultless. He ought to be the medal-man in elocution next year. After an address of congratulation by Father Rector, the following honours were awarded:


Second French—First premium, Joseph C. Mattingly and Mark McNeal, of Maryland; second premium, Francis P. Shiley, Washington.


Elocution—Medal to Mark McNeal, Maryland; premium, Hobart Berrian, Washington.


THE MERCIER PRIZE ORATION.

At the close of the commencement exercises last year it was announced that the Honourable Honore Mercier, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, Canada, had offered a special prize to be competed for by the Students in Arts during the Centennial year. In February last the Reverend Prefect of Schools gave formal notice of the subject matter of the contest and the conditions under which it was to be opened. It was decided that a gold medal should be awarded to the writer of the best oration on "The Characters of Wolfe and Montcalm." The prize was awarded to Mr. J. M. Prendergast, of the Class of Philosophy.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM—A CHARACTER STUDY.

THERE is a noble trait in every man, gentlemen, which, however hidden, comes into view when he is chosen to speak of one departed. He is prone to honour the dead.
"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Of the dead naught but good. Behold the rule which he keeps inviolate in speech, whatever he may think in his heart. No matter how few the redeeming qualities of him who has gone. The eulogist searches for them; he grasps them; he makes them the very meat and drink of his life, as he would better general. Yet, in the recklessness of the generalship and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius by sheer force of will? Remember as we put Wolfe so con-
is there aught but the likeness of the untiring energy that for
tidence of the Frenchman who lost. In the perfect magnetism
erds." Still, if we judge by Cicero's standard, Wolfe is the
a man of unswerving honour, what a character to dream of
two long years held together the troops of despairing Canada
nding traits of him who has gone. The eulogist searches for
placed on the lips of man than that sentence, that
meant exaltation of self by fair means or foul; had it meant
abbiasi men. His constant study when all others were idle. Would
it mean anything of self; or had it meant any thing he imagines he can not do." Let us allow
bitious "! And is there anything mean or dishonourable in
ardic bird, or as soldiers, men in their hidden life of the soul. No
need to spare them by withholding! There is not a jot to
side of their character fit for the fair daylight.
naught but the side of their character fit for the fair daylight.
The dark side should be left in peace. What need have I,
ought of either will you find expressed
was not as clean as that of an anchorite. Happy the
for Walpole's bitterness and—what then? Is there anything
ble to attempt the Height of Abraham, who can say this monument would now be standing
hing away ambition, and throws it into the sea, because he thinks and says
as Wolfe does in starting for Quebec: "I know my
romer was hard for this voyage, yet I count that no
obstacle if I can better serve my country and my king"? What
locale that attribute that follows ambition. Horace Walpole, the ever-
er one of those three hundred for doing his duty well, as any
irge ruin to all prospects but his own. What is Wolfe's
nailing away ambition like this? Nor is he spared censure for that
nitude, and throws it into the sea, because he thinks and says
as the object of ambition, in ambition with unceasing study of his
ility to promote Pitt's ends; while Montcalm, the young soldier, was sent to
fill a station for his ability, which would have been grasped at
whatever he imagines he can not do." Let us allow
er the glory also of the Office. The English nobility of the army were too stupid to suit
here or, make it." Had our Revolutionary fathers—for I am an
American—had they thought, as they should have thought, that
England was not to be beaten, where would the Stars and Stripes float to-day? Had Wolfe thought, as he should
have thought, that it were folly to attempt the Height of Abraham, who can say this monument would now be standing on
English ground? "Fling away ambition," we, too, would
cry; "Fling away self confident ambition, age, and far, had it
meant exaltation of self by fair means or foul; but it meant
use of his country to serve private ends; had it meant deliber
sion to all prospects but his own. What is Wolfe's ambition but expectation of reward for duty well done? That
he was ambitious, I can show you in his handwriting; but show me in return the degradation of ambition, the demean-
ing touch in the trace of anger, let slip in that same letter to
he was ambitious, I can show you in his handwriting; but show me in return the degradation of ambition, the demean-
"I vow," said Thackeray of the Englishman, "I vow, I scarcely know
whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius and
daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds." Still, if we judge by Cicero's standard, Wolfe is the
better general. Yet, in the recklessness of the generalship that won the battle, show me an overmatch against the pru-
nence of the Frenchman who lost. In the perfect magnetism
that drew Wolfe's soldiers up the heights behind their leader, is there ought but the likeness of the uniting energy that for
two long years held together the troops of desiring Canada by sheer force of will? Remember as we put Wolfe so con-idently forward that he had a prime minister at his back, while
he, and his troops against the enemy, opposed by his
colleague, deserted by his king.

But let us cast aside Wolfe's generalship and look not at
the commander but the man. An invalid, yet a soldier; a
busy officer, yet a student; retiring in spite of his successes, and
a man of awenerating honour, what a character to dream of
for a friend! Give him all your admiration; he deserves
every word of praise showered on him from Quebec's fall
unti to-day. Yet to me the trait of care and attention to
from one who so needed it himself claims alone all the
honour he has reaped up and like a wall to cover the
sins behind. He finds a dozen different names for the
one virtue; he shows it now clad in Spartan simplicity;
he puts it forward again clothed in all the imagery the Persian
to love; he advances it now as the bold, bold bearer of
metal, broadening it and lengthening it with every touch of
the hammer. Infidels or believers, Christians or Pagans, in
their treatment of the faults, the eulogists are all alike, leav-
ing "his sins to his Saviour," as they pass the virtues
in review. Were I to deal with who so worthless the other generals
who have made a cast for fame and won it, I should follow
the beaten path that befits a eulogist. You should hear
naught but the side of their character fit for the fair daylight.
The dark side should be left in peace. What need have I,
ought of either will you find expressed
was not as clean as that of an anchorite. Happy the
mother who bore Wolfe to comfort her; happy the wife whom
Montcalm was accountable to; happy the sieve of

ded for the first time; the deception of the sentinels at
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their treatment of the faults, the eulogists are all alike, leav-

* Supposed to be delivered at the unveiling of the Wolfe-Mont-
calm monument in Quebec, 1828.
ever the chance was given. 'Twas his method of commanding just as the battle began. The thoughts of Wolfe were already mechanically without an instant's thought. Forethought or experience governed all he did. But what better guide did he need than unerring forethought and experience richly garnered from many a field of Europe?

Wolfe had never learned to analyse another's method. Unlike the general who opposed the enemy, Wolfe was so engrossed in his own schemes that he did not move in the midst of battle like a nimble fox, but always in the open field, where all his generals could see him. Wolfe had no instinct; he did not grasp the right move for, though only a poor private, as the chief made his daily rounds. His illness was on him again. "Prop up my health till my work is finished," so he spoke to his physician, as he rose from his sick bed, "and after that I have no care for what comes." Happy man! Life and duty finished together, when the life was almost run out to the drop, and the duty could not be better done! "Thank God, I die content!" Ah, last exclamation of a victor given with good cause, indeed! Had he failed, what must he have expected? In the face of a greater army, and a general older in war, he had split his troops into four detachments, each out of reach of the general's requisite, O Roman! and a great one! Military energy, he wins every battle to the last. Here you would no longer find the scholar, the victory of Montcalm the soldier was dedicated as well as the scholar, the victory of Wolfe the Englishman. Perhaps you have heard how one of his captains lay shot through the breast on the field of Quebec just as the battle began. The thoughts of Wolfe were already intent on the coming struggle. Yet he stopped to encourage his wounded soldier and to promise him a higher rank when the wound was healed. Surely he could be forgiven for forgetting that promise in the awful rush of battle or in the shock of sudden death. Again, he needs no pardon! Even in the confusion he had found means to inform his second that his word was given to the wounded captain, and to Wolfe's and his second's eternal honour, the promise was kept. Now, vivacious Frenchman, sparkling with wit and courtesy, in social life, at least, can you not have revenge? Strange, though Wolfe never loved society, yet he made society love him, and with a sigh he left the country of hundred thousand miles, where he lived his chosen life! Once a general, he laid all that aside. Every officer in the army had his turn in dining with the commander; every soldier knew that he was cared for, though only a poor private, as the chief made his daily rounds. His illness was on him again. "Prop up my health till my work is finished," so he spoke to his physician, as he rose from his sick bed, and after that I have no care for what comes." Happy man! Life and duty finished together, when the life was almost run out to the drop, and the duty could not be better done! "Thank God, I die content!" Ah, last exclamation of a victor given with good cause, indeed! Had he failed, what must he have expected? In the face of a greater army, and a general older in war, he had split his troops into four detachments, each out of reach of the other; he had made already one daring adventure and failed; he was even now on the top of heights where no prudent commander would have ventured, where all were yet lost if the soldiers dared to waver. "Thank God, I die content!" Yes, for his cold-blooded English critics would have damned Celtic daring of his as the rashness of a fool. He had done it in no dare devil spirit; he knew at every step the ground might break from under him, and now the burden had been lifted from his shoulders. His heart was almost a bosom of earth. "They run, they run." It meant firm ground at last. Alas for poor Montcalm! It meant for him quite another death, death in all the bitterness of defeat. The sounds of the cry are still echoing, and already he fights another fight, and the last fight, the battle of the soul and body to dwell apart. Beaten and beaten by luck. 'Twas indeed, then, a useless of his work. Long ago, under Louis the Fourteenth, France had been full of zeal for her colonists, but now Louis the Fifteenth cared for nothing but "women, wine, and song." In vain did Montcalm plead for men and money, for men then, for just a little money. He might have told his English enemies that France took. Enough and yet not all! Vaudreuil, the governor, hated him with his feeble hate, because he was the better man. Bigot, the intendant, starved the army in his very quarters, and the writer of weapons, to gain a little more French gold. Yet he rises above all trouble, he fights with all his skill and with all his courage and with all his strategy, and then weeps because he lost. Had he a nation behind him, as Wolfe had, I should rate his perseverance lower; had he been trained in arms as Wolfe had, I should look for more aggressiveness; had he dared even to rely on his Canadians and Indians not to desert in the midst of a charge, we could say: "You had time to save Quebec by fighting, months before it was lost." But he bore a heart unflinching, with no superior to counsel him, no inferior to help him further than it helped himself, with the very food and weapons of his army stolen out of their hands. To fight and to conquer through all that—it was god-like! Disbelieving, who would look for the bulldog traits in him, that But resting from his duty, never! Like those men of the Revolution who came after him, like Sumpter, like Marion, he can not be made to feel that it is time to consider himself beaten. Slight in form, in conversation voluble, sometimes impatient, who would look for the bulldog traits in him, that are credited rather to Englishmen: fidelity, unyielding effort, set purpose to the last? Had he done his work without looking ahead, without seeing the fate of the race—whether any man can put down his hand for a moment. He saw it clearly, all! Yet in his small frame as in that of his countryman, the Little Corporal, whom we have seen but once beaten—fatal once!—there was condensed the pluck of a nation. What gave it this wonderful stand in the face of despair? Would we have found it, think you, in a man who confided in himself alone? We need not answer, for we know he looked higher. Oh, wonderful sight, a God-fearing soldier, a general heart and soul religious! Not in danger and despondency—all men pray then—not in his last suffering, but in the midst of his greatest victory! When the great battle of Ticonderoga was won, when he had chased thirteen thousand Englishmen from the field, leaving as many English dead as there were men in his little army, do you not think he might well have asked for a little complacency? But then, on the deserted field as his army marched homeward, stood a rude cross, and on it in Latin distichs, the work of Montcalm the scholar, the victory of Montcalm the soldier was dedicated to the God who won it. Were he the servant of God, and his king, what could have withheld him from giving over a useless fight, and continuing the battle only in name? Why not turn to his private use, as his associates were doing, whatever he could lay hands on in the name of his country or his king? But he followed his victor into the land of shadows and darkness pure as a child in heart. The last words that went out from his deathbed to his successor were a warning to treat the Canadians well. "Be their protector as I have been their father." At last he gives up his charge.

Had he not been so deeply Christian, we should surely have discerned one great fault. He would have been more than a lawful strategist, he would have been a knave, as far as a great man can be. His nature was made for scheming Of all the French commanders who dealt with the Indians, he managed them best. His marches were sudden. He gave the enemy no time to think. But the better nature held the lower in check, using it only when honour permitted. With this aptitude for sudden blows and an impetuous energy, to that very enemy, he is, he is a soldier too. He knows his poor volunteers and
Indians, and he knows English bayonets and how they charge when they love the man they follow. So he lies still trusting to his rock defenses until they at last betray him. Then, as though provoked beyond bounds by the treachery of the very cliffs, he loses all his patience at once sweep. Without waiting for reinforcements, without waiting for consultation, he will fight! As though the English were attempting to sneak away, instead of taunting him to his face. "In his finest districts the Gallic nature, once he gives way to impulsive, he gives way at every point. For a few hours he is the Frenchman, not the general, and Quebec is lost. Ambitious like his opponent, his heart is broken over what is not his fault. Sooner or later it must have come, this downfall, from the negligence of France. But he was forever working for victory, to do everything with nothing to work on, and the proud heart forgets that it expected anything else than victory the minute defeat comes. Well might he have repeated with the old Greek orator, "The end of this was in God's hands, not mine."

"If I can not save Canada, I can at least perish in its ruins." Had he not prophesied the woe to come? But now that his words are coming to be realised, how the man shrieks and quivers at his loss? "Death—and what is death but balm for his smarting spirit? "So much the better," said he, when given but a few hours of life. "So much the better; I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." Yet even when his eyes are darkened by the coming shadow, as he passes in at the door of death, he stoops to care for others. "If we stand some women waiting for the issue, and as he passes, all covered with blood, the tears flow from their cheeks. "It is nothing," says he, in his curt French way, "it is nothing; don't worry about me, good friends." No, don't worry, his duty has been well done, it is not strange that both men, even in death, keep no thought for themselves? Wolfe gasps an order through his death rattle, to cut off the retreat! Great intellect, too evidently his spirit was prim' mover in the defense. The surrender dropped down on the doomed city of Quebec, as if his single arm had held it from above her. In our more sober judgment, he was a bit given to deriding, perhaps; he was far more sociably inclined than Wolfe. But was his head ever found the less clear for it when head work was needed, or his hand the less steady when a blow was to be struck? Who knows if it be not the tale told by the singer:

"His mirth the world required, He bathed it in smiles of glee. But his heart was tired, tired! And now they let him be.

Well worth our admiration, well worth all our sorrow stand these two great men. Wonderful, because they are great intellectually and morally. Greatness rarely, rarely

The oration on "State Support for Denominational Schools" written in every worthy way of the man who was chosen by the Faculty to represent the students in Arts at the Centennial celebration in February, and whose master effort on that occasion won him the special praise of Chief Justice Fuller. We print the speech in full:

STATE SUPPORT FOR DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

REVEREND SIRS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: It is my purpose to discuss before you this morning a question which, though by no means new, is at any rate still fresh and vital. The last word on American Catholic education has not been spoken, and the problem is as far from solution to-day as it was a quarter of a century ago. It is not for lack of discussion surely that we have thus far failed to arrive at satisfactory results. The pronouncements of the public press, as well as religious, in all parts of the country, the utterances of pulpit and platform in the cities of the North and East, the recent debates which were heard not long ago in the Massachusetts legislature, and the recent movements of the state committee appointed by that body to inquire into Catholic teaching on the subject of the public schools, are signs for the thoughtful to ponder on. What does it all mean? Can we, with the memory of these things still fresh in our minds, say that the question is clearly grasped in all its bearings? Can we say that our opponents understand our position? Can we, when we recall the unwise and sometimes unchristian criticism of our co-religionists on the public schools say that we understand it ourselves? Again I ask, what does it all mean? What is it that the Catholics of these States want? What is it that their Protestant fellow-citizens will not surrender? Let us try to answer these questions calmly, and not in anger. Let our reply be framed in simplicity and in truth. I am convinced that for the most of us the real point at issue is enveloped in a haze. We are too ready to contest side issues. The question—let us insist on that clearly in the beginning—is not one of fact, but of principle. We are not concerned either with the evidences, or with the imperfections of the public-school system considered as a means of intellectual discipline. We are not even concerned with the failures or successes of this or that parochial school. What we contend is that the great bottom fact in the Christian life, the sole truth on which a sound parochial school. What we contend is that the great bottom fact in the Christian life, the sole truth on which a sound

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plain the many difficulties that arise? Well, they may be accounted for in this, that while the opinion of mankind is on this point universal, the proper application of them to the school question is, by the majority, either impracticable, or altogether forgotten. Everybody will admit that there exists a necessary relation between the State and the family, and they will go even farther with us; they will proclaim as universal, the proper application of them to the history of the Romans; you may study the literature of the best nations in Europe; you may study the thoughts of your own country, and nowhere can you find recorded, nowhere can you discover a want of appreciation of the value, of the necessity, even, of religious education. And yet, though, in our own country we, as Catholics—and it is in behalf of Catholics I now speak—meet with nothing but commendation for our opinions on the importance of the religious element in the training of the young, still we are met with nothing but reproach when we demand that our views on this point be carried out to their just and logical consequences. Everybody agrees with us when we say that good citizenship necessarily implies sound religious training; and nobody, moreover, is so ignorant of the foundation truths that underlie our theory of government as to refuse us liberty of conscience; and yet we demand in accordance with the dictates of our conscience, that protest that by means of the public schools our dearest convictions are violated, our most sacred traditions outraged, the majority fling back the heartless answer, “Well, we don’t care whether you are satisfied or not; this is what we offer you, and you must take that or get nothing at all.” The State comes to you and says: “I insist on so much money by way of tax for the education of your child.” But you reply, “Your offer is doubtful well meant, but I can not, in conscience, close my eyes to the ignorance of the child of my child; I shall try to educate him myself, and at my own expense.” Nevertheless, says the State, “You must pay me.”

If ever there was justice in the hearts of men, whither has it gone? If the State is bound by all the sacred ties of its foundation to insure liberty of conscience to all its subjects, and if at the same time it obliges Catholics to expend enormous sums for the proper purposes of a system which they believe, before God, to be dangerous and false, where is the justice of it? In this case, the State serves as a children’s corporation body, a “parochial” corporation body, and nowhere can you find recorded, nowhere can you show on accredited testimony, on the testimony of Government record required to educate the same number of children now attending a public school. The State has no right to say it can do this work more cheaply; with regard to the wages of teachers, with regard to our fellow-men and our relations to them. Who, when he considers all he has gained during his years of study, the mental training he has received, the varied knowledge he has acquired, the very experience he has obtained in such education as is befitting a good citizen, why should the State experience any great difficulty in returning to such corporate body just as much money as it knows is required for the education of these same children, and why, I ask you, should it be bestowed on the children of another corporate body? It is indeed an injustice! An injustice, alas! to which our fellow-citizens of the majority will not open their eyes. Yet we will not be satisfied with the expenditure of the capital; we can see that we are no longer the capital of that we are now debased shall yet be guaranteed to us. Ours is no losing battle; truth never fights that kind of contest. Even as it was in the days of Eadred the scribe, so is it in these latter times. “Truth is mighty and it will prevail.” The struggle is not ours only; it belongs to the clear-seeing, fair-minded Protestant as well. It is the struggle of every high, erected, truth-loving soul in whose life God and the things of God hold the first place, and who is not prepared to surrender, at the cry of a false enthusiasm and at the bidding of a misguided patriotic zeal, the rights that God ensured to him from eternity, the rights which would be forever true even though the State never were. We shall go on, not in rancour or bitterness, not in the striving of party spirit, but with a calm, and kindliness, yet always firm for conscience’ sake, in patient expectation of that day of justice that shall crown us with the fulness of our rights.

DANIEL J. GEARY, B. A. ’89.

THE Valedictory.

REV. FR. RECTOR, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: It has often been observed that old age lives in the past, and we can easily understand why this should be so. The aged man feels that his day’s work is nearly accomplished. He has finished already the greater part of all that he can ever hope to do. The friends of his youth and of his early manhood are gone; the future on this side of the grave has little to attract him, and there is nothing to recall him to the scenes and lives over again the departed years. Not so with youth. The young man looks forward; he sees before him that wonderful world which promises so much. The glittering prizes which it holds out to the successful few he hopes himself to gain. He is full of courage and eager to enter the lists where fame awaits him.

And yet there are moments when even the young man is compelled to stand still for an instant and look back upon the past, even as the most adventurous traveller, though he will be ready to pursue his journey to-morrow, must needs rest at the close of the day and rest on all that he has seen and heard and done. And surely if there be any such moment, it is that when the student bids farewell to his Alma Mater, and is on the point of going out into the world. What a change awaits him! For a change has taken place in himself; he has passed within them, and to himself. He must choose his occupation, regulate his own actions. He will be left in future to great part to his own prudence and resources.

Is it strange, then, that, in leaving these walls, we should feel impelled to pause a moment and think of the years we have passed within them? At once a sentiment of gratitude arises in the mind as we reflect on the many opportunities of acquiring knowledge which have been afforded us, through they have been denied to so many others. In our college course the great writers of antiquity—the models of taste for all time—the poets, orators, and historians of Greece and Rome have become in some degree familiar to us. History has taught us her manifold lessons. For years we have devoted ourselves to the various departments of mathematics. We have gained some knowledge of the living tongues of Europe, and, finally, philosophy has come to answer those questions which must ever arise in the heart of every reflecting man with regard to the soul—its origin and its destiny; with regard to the universe and its first great cause; with regard to our fellow-men and our relations to them.
that little world we call the college, and reflects on the immense advantages that all these will give him in the struggle of real life that awaits him, can fail to be grateful that he has been enabled to experience such a life.

Not but that regret must often mingle with this feeling of gratitude. Much as we have learned, how much more, perhaps, we might have learned! How many opportunities of advancing our own knowledge have we allowed to pass by unimproved, how many possibly we have thrown away! But still we have gained almost inestimable treasures, and therefore our hearts swell with grateful emotions toward a kind Providence, towards loving parents who have enabled us to pursue our studies for so many years, towards devoted teachers who have been our guides, and who have made these years sweet and easy.

But there is another reflection that suggests itself as we look back and consider the peculiar favours we have received. Why have we been exempted from the usual law by which man must gain his bread by the sweat of his face? Why have we not been obliged to toil for our very subsistence? Why permitted to devote the morning of life to our mental and moral culture, to the great work of gaining an education, to the halls of legislation, to every position to which we may aspire to put them to profit. Nothing is taught here which is not open to us: remember, then, always the incalculable advantage to be derived from the man of education than from him who has not been educated.

Here, too, we have been taught that it is not precisely success in life, nor does he belong to his family alone. He is one of that great body of individuals uniting their efforts for the attainment of a common end which we call society. As Providence gives great wealth to some that they may be the almoners of others; as the nation bestows her honours on her favoured sons for the benefit of their fellow-citizens, so our education has been given us for the advantage also of those around us, of society at large. How much more is justly expected from the man of education than from him who has not enjoyed this advantage. The refining influence of letters should be visible in our daily life; the discipline we have received should make us an ornament to the bar, to the bench, to the halls of legislation, to every position to which we may be called. The great examples of the past are before our eyes and we must imitate them. In obedience to the law; in devotion to our country, to our fellow-men, towards the devoted teachers who have been our guides, and to ourselves.

But I forbear entering on any further reflections; I remember that my sole duty to-day is to bid farewell in the name of the class of '89 to these hallowed walls, to our beloved fellow-townsmen, brothers of nearly the same age. How much harder, then, for us to part who have been united by so many ties, have been children of the same home, brothers of nearly the same age. How much harder to bid farewell to scenes where nature herself has been so generous, scenes of such surpassing loveliness! Those daily walks through the charming woods around us we can no longer take together. The mighty river that rolls beside us, and its bewitching banks, will no longer press in every instant to our view, nor shall we see in the distance any more that noble Capitol, the seat and home and centre of the most beneficent and of the most conservative of governments; but if the friendship we have formed here will, I trust, last all our lives, and the memory of what we have been taught will ever remain fresh in our minds. We may not all be what is called successful in life, great misfortunes may await some of us; doubtless there will be sad moments for every one; but we have learned here that there is a Providence that extends to every event, and that the misfortunes which come to us without any fault on our part are the chastisements of a loving Father who has at heart the best interests of his child. Yes, we have learned here that it is not precisely success, but duty, that we should aim at; but fidelity to every trust—the exact performance of our duty to God, to our country, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. 

Leaves to the Lord the rest.
The College Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Terms: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.

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.

Editor in Chief: EDWARD D. O'BRIEN, '90.


Exchange Editor: F. JOSEPH SEMMES, '90.


THE NEW STAFF.


FROM THE SANCTUM.

THE CLASS OF '89.

Mr. John V. Dahlgren, the Valetudinarian of his class, was married to Miss Elizabeth Drexel, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Drexel, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, on Saturday, June 29th, four days after graduation. He is the first of his year to exchange the estate of single blessedness for that of wedlock; and the Journal, in presenting its congratulations, prays that he may thus always be beholding a good Valetudinarian prove a pattern to his class. Mr. Dahlgren will study at the Georgetown Law School next year.

Mr. McClusky will take up the study of law in his native State.

Mr. Lantry, we are told, will do like his friend Mr. McClusky.

Messrs. Grant and O'Donnell will prepare for the priesthood.

Mr. Palms will go to Europe to continue his studies; probably at Inspruck.

Mr. Harvey will study law.

Mr. Bradenbaugh will go into business with his father.

Mr. Kelso will take up law.

Mr. Nicholson does not manifested his intentions as yet. Those who have studied him closely declare that he will be found in the Seminary before the year is over.

Mr. Geary will go into business with his father; though his friends insist that he will be found in the Pennsylvania legislature within five years; after which he will go to Congress. That is only another way of saying he will drift into politics. We ourselves, however, have heard him repudiate any such course. Do what he will he can not fail.

The Messrs. O'Day will likewise engage in business in Buffalo. Charley forgot to leave us his class poem and we were obliged to go to press without it, much to our disappointment. It will appear in the September number.

Mr. Prendergast will study medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

LITERARY WORK.

OUTAVIUS AUGUSTUS, THE PLAYER AND THE MAN.

E'ery thought that flashes through the brain of man finds its counterpart in word or in action. It is by his conduct and speech that we learn to know a man. His deeds may often belie his thoughts, but they can not do so forever. Thoroughly to understand a man, to see him as he is in heart and in brain, to know him in outward habit as well as in inward spirit, is as desirable in life as it is instructive. There is no more effective discipline in the pursuit of wisdom than the study of character. All the foibles and follies of human nature are exposed to view; the motives that inspired great and heroic deeds laid bare; the incentives to guilt and crime probed through and through, and every secret mechanism in the wonderful organisation of the human soul examined and subjected to the most rigid tests. But while the advantages of such studies are very alluring, yet the barriers to be overcome before success be attained are so many and so hard as often to discourage many from the attempt. It would be arduous enough to try to fathom a character of our
own times, and, if we go back a century, still more so; but when a leap of twenty centuries is taken and the character chosen is more than anomalous, is unaccountable in its manifestation, one can hardly expect to arrive at any certainty even after weeks of study. History can always mar the truth and justice of their stories. Tradition can hardly be credited if the two former are not; so that on every side new difficulties seem to crop up for the searching. In the case of Augustus, whose character I propose to analyse in this paper, I may add a fourth drawback to the attainment of a right conception of the man, and this is that so many different accounts are given of him that all fall under the same ban of incredibility. Horace, Ovid, Plutarch, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, and others have written about his life, but no two of them agree on some of the most material traits of his personality. The modern estimate of Augustus is, on this account, rather unsatisfactory, even though it be for the most part flattering. There is no doubt whatever that he was a man who planned enterprises with extraordinary forethought and skill, but, of his intrepidity the accounts given are so very divergent that it would be indiscreet to put forth any one opinion as a final judgment. What is most peculiar in the man is the sudden change of temper he manifested after his victory at Actium. A transit from selfishness to generosity, from impatience to patience, from the studied observance of natural and divine law, from luxury to hardihood and temperance, could scarcely fail in attracting to itself astonishment and admiration. In his early life Octavianus had been prodigal in his abuse of the privileges consequent on his high rank and abundant wealth. But now that fortune had designed to bind his temples with the fillet of victory, and all other claimants to the imperial dignity had bowed low in acknowledgment of his superior right, satiated with the gross sensuality of debauchery, the tenor of his life shifted its course and began to move along the path of usefulness and fame. Yet these inclinations toward good were not fully developed until after their salutary effects had been felt. As the smoke is seen issuing from the mouth of the cannon before the explosion is heard, so did the benefits that result from a generous and manly disposition become palpable before the new bent of spirit actually became decided and permanent. There is an incident on record, by one of the historians of the period, which is true in itself, but still valid as an argument to prove that the old tendency toward cruelty at times became too powerful for the young emperor's control. It was remarked by Mucianus on one occasion, while standing near Augustus, who was then, perhaps, one of the most influential men of the state, that Augustus expressed displeasure when any talk of the subject of a traitor was brought up in the presence of the prince. Augustus made a point of excluding from the council chamber, the lustre of his fame was only through the breakers that on every side threatened to demolish what the pilot is to the ship's commander, guiding him to the best course in every emergency. The most prominent character possessing a most unwavering influence over his disposition, naturally prevailed under trammels of any sort. Like the stately yet home-like matrons of old and forgotten times, she practised the art of balancing very weighty monarchical authority with marvellous and distinguished talents, he was to Augustus what the pilot is to the ship's commander, guiding him through the breakers that on every side threatened to demolish what the pilot is to the ship's commander, guiding him through the breakers that on every side threatened to demolish the craft, and perceiving with the most profound wisdom the best course in every emergency. The most prominent character of the emperor's household was Livia, his wife. By her conjugal virtues and attractive manners, she acquired the most unwavering influence over his disposition, naturally prevail under trammels of any sort. Like the stately yet home-like matrons of old and forgotten times, she practised all their virtuous avocations, yet beneath her calm exterior she fostered a dark design. One by one the nearest heirs to the throne fell sick and died, Marcellus, the young Agrippa, the brotherly love he ever evinced for him. A most consummate general, a tried and fearless soldier, a far-seeing and trusted statesman in the council chamber, the lustre of his fame was only equalled by the rival star of Mucianus. The latter was entirely of another stamp. Possessed of every attribute that aids in the formation of a skilled diplomatist, and endowed with marvellous and distinguished talents, he was to Augustus what the pilot is to the ship's commander, guiding him through the breakers that on every side threatened to demolish what the pilot is to the ship's commander, guiding him through the breakers that on every side threatened to demolish.
she might in any way forward her designs. Deceit was the prominent characteristic of her nature, and it was owing to this that Caligula so aptly styled her "Ulysses in petticoats." Dark rumors began circulating through the streets of the city, and, on every appearance in public, simister glances were cast at her by the passers-by. While these tragedies were enacting in the very household of the emperor, a rose which had seemed as disgraceful as it was shocking, Julia was the daughter of Augustus by Scribonia. At the age of seventeen she entered the home of Agrippa, where a wife was made to surrender her place to the young princess. On the death of her husband, eleven years succeeding her marriage, she again took a master and was wedded to Tiberius. It was now that the terrible seeds of prodigality, which she had to a certain extent inherited from her father, began to take root and finally grow into crimes and disorders that we dare not describe in these pages. 'The licenses of the age, already so unbound, that modern society in its worst circles would shudder at the bare mention of them, were burthened with restraints for the young libertine. Ostenstuous followed her footsteps in every direction, till she ruled her home; womanly modesty was flung to the winds in disdain, and every conceivable outrage was perpetrated on society with the utmost self-complacency and glee by her nobility of demeanor and of dishonour attached to the name of the emperor by the degrading habits of his youth, and long since atoned for by his strict self-containment and exemplary morality, stained his escutcheon anew with a dye so deep that all hope of purification was vain and foolhardy. But the time of reckoning had come. The patience of Augustus, taxed too far, at last gave way and the straw seemed crushing the camel to the earth beneath its weight. Worked up to a fit of passion exceeding all control by cautious tale-bearers, he ordered her slaves to be seized and put to the torture in presence of the senate, and hastened to denounce her daughter's infamy and his own dishonour was related between the screams and moans of the mutilated slaves, to the gaping senators. The anguish father, being told that her freedwoman Phoebe had hanged herself in despair, gruffly answered, 'would that I were Phoebe's father.' The horizon was stormy for Julia. Death alone could retrieve her conduct, and this sword of Damocles was ever hanging over her head, waiting only for the hair to be severed to fall and slay her. But what was so tortured a fate that Caligula so aptly styled her "Ulysses in petticoats," was ever uplifted and fell with a crushing blow, annihilating noble and weakness. Against luxury and avarice his arm boasted that "he had found a city of brick and left one of marble in its stead," we see in him a strange blending of the inscrutable ways of Providence had not so ordained, and we were soon in a mass of moving humanity. We walked out to say which of the two was his veritable self? Guise or no guise, the man was truly great and the actor incomparable. When he had attained the zenith of power and had no restraint over his evil nature as to bring it under control just as it was shocking. Julia was the daughter of Augustus by Scribonia. At the age of seventeen she entered the home of Agrippa, where a wife was made to surrender her place to the young princess. On the death of her husband, eleven years succeeding her marriage, she again took a master and was wedded to Tiberius. 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Against luxury and avarice his arm boasted that "he had found a city of brick and left one of marble in its stead," we see in him a strange blending of the inscrutable ways of Providence had not so ordained, and
during the time of Washington. I wouldn't be surprised if he had taken an excursion on one of them long years ago. Every one seemed to have a dozen children, about four mules, and half a dozen or so horses; so much on board, we were assured that it is not altogether a lonesome place, or any too quiet. The poor old mules—I say poor because I could count the ribs in any one of them—looked as if they were enjoying the flood very much, as it caused them a holiday and a good long rest from their tedious labour. The men were the worst looking creatures of the lot. Most of them were barefooted, with their sleeves rolled up, and an old slouch hat covering their unshaven and sunburnt faces. The bottom of the canal was covered with turtles and ccl tracks. As we approached nearer to the bridge the water became deeper in the canal. This was caused by a break which the rapid waters above had made. We were kept busy most of the time trying to keep out of mudholes in the road, or dodging some passing vehicle. We noticed many cool and refreshing springs shooting out from the green hillsides, and stopped several times to partake of the gushing and tempting flow. Here and there along the road-side were old-fashioned negro cabins with the old "mammy" sitting in the doorway puffing at her clay pipe, while a group of children, with an unchilled and barefooted youngsters were amusing themselves in the front yard. There was a group of them standing at one of the springs with water-glasses in their hands shouting at each passer-by: "Boss, can't I sell yer a glassful of cool watah fer a cent a glass?" This shows the enterprise for which we Americans are so noted is rooted even in our country darkies. As we passed a church we saw a great many of the congregation coming down a lane which lay between two hills. Near by the church was an inn, on the opposite side of the road. The stable-yard was filled with a lot of horses and mules that looked as if they had strayed there to get protection from the high water. All the time there was a constant stream of people going up and down the road. We were going some distance within a limited time, we set out and enjoyed a quiet walk home after all the excitement we had gone through.

\[\text{J. Winslow Robinson, '92.}\]

The death of Dr. James Edsall Morgan, which occurred in this city Sunday morning, June 2, 1889, removes from Washington one of its oldest and most distinguished citizens.

Dr. Morgan was born in St. Mary’s County, Md., September 25, 1822, and received his collegiate education from St. John’s College, Frederick, Md. In 1845 he graduated in medicine from the Columbia Medical College, D. C., settled in Washington and during the past forty-four years has been engaged in the active and successful practice of his profession. Coming to the city in its earlier days he grew up with the citizens. He was one of the best educated that the enterprise for which we Americans are so noted is rooted even in our country darkies. As we passed a church we saw a great many of the congregation coming down a lane which lay between two hills. Near by the church was an inn, on the opposite side of the road. The stable-yard was filled with a lot of horses and mules that looked as if they had strayed there to get protection from the high water. All the time there was a constant stream of people going up and down the road. We were going some distance within a limited time, we set out and enjoyed a quiet walk home after all the excitement we had gone through.

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An earnest student of Colonial history and a finished classical scholar, Dr. Morgan retained his proficiency in, and fondness for, beeves until to the last. He leaves a widow, the daughter of Dudley D. ggez, of Prince George's County, Md., and granddaughter of Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, and six children—theirs the late Emory Speer, United States judge for the southern district of Georgia, and two unmarried; three sons, Dr. Ethelbert Carroll Morgan, the well-known laryngologist; Dr. J. Dudley Morgan, who has succeeded to his father's practice, and Cecil Morgan, clerk of the United States courts at Macon, Ga.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

The Frederick Daily Times of June 24th contains a notice of the successful examination of an old Georgetown boy who was here from '82 to '87.

The bar examining committee, consisting of Hon. M. G. Urner and Mr. John C. Matter, Mr. C. V. S. Levy being unavoidably absent, this morning had before them an applicant for admission to the bar Mr. J. Roger McSherry, son of Chief Judge James McSherry. He passed successfully, acquitting himself throughout the examination with great credit and brilliancy. He is a popular and studious young attorney and has the well wishes of his many friends for his success. The Journal adds its congratulations to those of his many friends.

Anson S. Taylor, '81 (Law), has been appointed Justice of the Peace and assigned to the city of Washington.

James Dudley Morgan, B. A. '81, M. D. '85, has an article on Acute Edematous Uveitis with notice of a remarkable case of the disease in The Medical Record of June 22. The Journal adds its congratulations to those of his many friends.

James M. Willcox, of the Authors, who had been described to him were myself, and I am glad to say that I recognised him at once, notwithstanding I don't believe in the "alter ego"..."alter ego hos versiculos feci." No, I don't believe in the "alter ego"..."alter ego hos versiculos feci."

Sed the beeches, writes to us as follows: About the walks and the old boys whose names are carved on the benches of the College, I am positively dazzled (not "razzled") at the thought-twisting of Polonius. "Sarun, Museus." Order, Pye Neale, S. J.

THURSDAY, May 23d, the College team played the Alerts, the champions of the District. For the two first innings it looked as if the latter would win the game, but our boys made ten runs in the third and fourth innings, and after that they had everything their own way. The features of the game were Gleason's home run in the sixth, O'Neil's batting, and the base-running and fielding of Prendergast. For the Alerts the principal feature was the brilliant batting of Hauptman, who, out of five times at bat, had two singles, a two-bagger and a home-run. The same player also did well in the field. We hear that the same clubs are to meet at Capital Park in the near future, and the Alerts will then, no doubt, give the men in maroon and black a hard pull for victory.

The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>Alerts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B.</td>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Gleason, 3b. and p.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaul, cf. and 1b.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, 1b. and c.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. O'Day, p. and 1f.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cochran, rf. and 3b.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCann, 3b.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prendergast, if. and cf.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. O'Day, c. and rf.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Neil, ss.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Tuesday, May 28th, easily won a game from the Episcopal High School of Alexandria, on the latter's grounds. Our boys won as they pleased, batting the High School twirlers at will. Alexandria showed that they were outclassed and that they were more suited to play our Reserve instead of the regular team. The score:
July, 1889

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THE RESERVES.

The College Reserves, composed of the best players left in the yard after the selection of the regular College team, were organised sometime ago. The following are the players: Bolan, catcher; Neale, pitcher; Gleason, first base; Nichols, second base; Kennon, third base; Driscoll, short stop and captain; Henchly, left field; and manager; Tremaine, centre field; D. O'Day, right field; Kauffman and Bradenbaugh, substitutes.

They played their first game with the Hoy's, a strong amateur club of Georgetown, on May 19th. The game was a pitcher's contest, in which the Reserves came out second best by the following scoring:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reserves</th>
<th>Hoy's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Hoy's were defeated by the score of 19 to 9.

Tuesday, June 11th, the team played the Wilmots, of Washington, on the College grounds, and defeated them rather easily. The features of the game were McCarthy's splendid catching and batting, C. O'Day's pitching, and Biser's excellent first-base play. For the Wilmots the principal features were Shoemaker's pitching and A. Shoemaker's batting. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>Wilmots</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The third contest was played on the College grounds with the Jeffersons. This game was splendidly contested, and the Reserves, owing to Neale's steady pitching and Scullin's lucky hit in the eighth, won a well-earned victory by the score of 8 to 7. Owing to the unaccountable disappearance of the score-book, we can not give a record of this or any other of the succeeding games.

On Thursday, June 6th, the Reserves got even with the Hoy's for the defeat of May 19th, winning from them by the score of 12 to 5. Neale again pitched an excellent game, while Hanlon, of the Hoy's, seemed to be an easy mark for the batsmen of the Reserves.

The fifth game played was with the Emersons, and again the Reserves went down before that excellent team. The Reserves seemed to be trying to play ball as badly as they possibly could, and that they succeeded in their efforts may be seen from the fact that, in seven innings, they were defeated by the score of 19 to 9.

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