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LITERARY WORK.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

From the Boston Daily Traveller of November 23d we cite the following:—

"'From the Heights.'

"When Tennyson or Swinburne produce a new poem it is considered, in England, a great event. The press chronicle and commend; the reviews criticise it with care and thought. Yet, in our country, while occasionally some enterprising journal publishes a poem from one of the great English poets by cable, more as a sensational feature than as a literary event—while occasionally this is done, yet when one of our ownpoets, and our own greatest poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, gives to the world a poem that has in it the greatness of immortality, there seems to be no recognition of this as a very important event. In this issue there appears Mr. O'Reilly's latest poem, 'From the Heights,' read at the opening of the Catholic University in Washington, on November 10, a poem that takes rank with the best production of Wordsworth and Tennyson.

"The poem is an expression of the noblest wisdom of life, of its extended vision, and its highest recognition. There is nothing in American poetry to which it can be compared save with that wonderful creation of Emerson, the 'Initial, Daemonic and Celestial Love,' in which, while there is no similarity, there is the same greatness of vision and serene outlook on infinite life. The sublimity of the expression where the 'Guides who lead their charge from Ills,'

"'Leap from mountain-top to star,' and the succeeding lines:

"'Higher still, from star to God,
Have the spirit-pilots,
Setting lights for mind and soul,
That the ships may reach the goal.'

such lines as these sound the highest note of poetic exaltation. The poem has a message to give. It teaches that 'sight is wisdom'; that it is on the heights that safety dwells; that it is in vision that wisdom, riches, and safety lie. On the lower level knowledge is dimmed with sorrow; effort is spasmodic, like the leaping fountains. 'Blind endeavour is not wise,'

"'For the seer is the knower,
Is the doer and the sower.'

"For the one poet of our country who has a message to deliver; whose words call us to the noblest achievements, the celestial vision, we must look to John Boyle O'Reilly.'"

The daily posting of the weather predictions in the lower class-room corridor shows that the appointed observers for this year have commenced their meteorological observations. Heretofore the "weather prophets" have been most successful in their predictions; however, their prophecy of "rain or snow" for Thanksgiving Day failed to be realised. Many thanks, "Probs"!

The Juniors have moved into the study hall vacated by the Seniors, while theirs, in turn, will be used by the Seniors as a dormitory.

The annual Spiritual Retreat of the students ended Saturday, December 7th. It was conducted by Rev. Fr. Denny, of St. Francis Xavier College, New York city, who, by his logical exhortations and admirable presen-
tation of the Parables, held the attention of his hearers throughout the three days, and infused into their minds firm resolves for the better.

The number of communicants at the Mass on Sunday morning proved the success of the Retreat.

The class of First Grammar (Freshman), in a meeting called during the last month, elected the following officers:

President Mr. Kane, S. J.
Vice-President James A. Henchey.
Secretary Joseph C. Mattingly.
Treasurer W. R. C. Neale.
Orator Francis Sheehy.
Historian Mark McNelis.
Poet C. Piquette Mitchell.
Prophet Guy Laffoon.
Beadle F. Drexel Mullan.

After a short discussion the following appropriate mat-
sor was selected: " Dulcis erit mercede labor." A passage-way has been cut through the terrace of St. Joseph's garden and the fence that bounds the Philosophers' old " before-meal" assembling place.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel. The celebrant was Fr. Fox, S. J., with Fr. Flynn, S. J., as deacon, and Mr. Dawson, S. J., as sub-deacon. The choir sang Kienzle's Mass in " F."

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Solemn Benediction in the evening, at which the Magnificat was sung. The same celebrants officiated at the Mass.

On Tuesday, December 3d, the Senior students bade a fond farewell to the old Study Hall, and with books in hand ascended the stairs to Gaston Memorial Hall, where they will in future apply themselves with former vim to their respective studies.

The old room over the Chapel in former years was de-
icated to several purposes. Besides being used as a study-hall, it was the scene of the students' triumphs in the histrionic art, when it was often crowded with appreciative and delighted audiences. Here, too, at the beginning of each month the ambitious and zealous student wished to show his self-sufficiency. After taking the incident to show his self-sufficiency. After taking the

"Full well the boding trembler learned to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face."

Thus pleasant and unpleasant memories are associated with the old hall; but by far those which are pleasant, and on these only do we now dwell. However, this is an age of progress and we have progressed with the age. We can only hope that our students will continue in the new hall the advancement along the path of knowledge which was sure to fall upon him for his gross shortcoming.

A miserable column it was, too, that finally filed away in the rear of the pontoon train from our camping ground.

"He's a fool," disrespectfully commented Captain C., ignorant of the honour soon to be bestowed on him. Several times during the day did our men have to dismount to pull and tug at the wagons. The roads were but upon Sister Paulina, who planned them.

**LITERARY WORK.**

**A WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS.**

I had been a hard march. Two hundred and ten miles in fifteen days. One poor fellow of the ranks reined up too suddenly his horse which had started unexpectedly forward. Its hoofs, as it reared up, slipped in the yielding soil. Backward fell rider and horse. The thud that followed was sickening, but such an event is among the least a soldier must behold. The horse struggled to its feet, but the rider only uttered a groan and lay still. Two companions were off their horses in an instant and found that he was only badly hurt, so he was immediately carried to the ambulance. The train continued, and in five minutes I doubt if a single man remembered the acci-

"That I will put down in my journal as Fussy's
incident to show his self-sufficiency. After taking the
work out of the engineer's hands, and imagining that he was accomplishing it, he finally vanished to his quarters. Then the work began, and after a few hours' delay we crossed the new-made bridge and again entered the pine woods.

"He's a fool," disrespectfully commented Captain C., ignorant of the honour soon to be bestowed on him.

"But wisdom certainly don't come out of six mouth," further commented Major N.—— However, we soon had more cause to grumble than his mere lack of sense.

"That I will put down in my journal as Fussy's Creek," I said, as I rode over the bridge, "named in honour of our illustrious general."
in a miserable condition, and men and mules tired and weary. Often, too, trees and brush had to be cleared out to allow the wagons to pass. To make these discomfitures greater none of us knew whether the expedition was bound. Its destination was a profound secret.

Toward evening an orderly came galloping up from the advance and delivered two orders to Major N.— After reading he handed them to me to publish, which I did. When the men were brought into line in clearing, some mile or two further on. One was an order detaching Captain C.— and his company to act as a body guard to General D.— (the honour before mentioned), and the other an order dismounting Fourteenth New York Cavalry, for, as it stated, utlsoldierly conduct, plundering, etc. The men received the latter in silence, as indeed they were obliged to, but I should not like to have been the recipient of so many blessings as were silently bestowed on our general.

"What do you think of it?" I asked the doctor as I fell in beside him.

"It's a shame—a downright shame," he said explosively; "besides from a humane point of view. If this worthy general wants to do any fighting he is getting his men more fitted for it than for the one ordered for it."

"That's not the worst," said I as he stopped, "its unjust. Our men never committed any depredation; it was the train men. They would skulk off among the pines and hide till the guards passed and then begin plundering. And now we've got to suffer for them."

After a weary day's march we arrived in camp at 8 P. M., so worn out that some of the men seemed ready to fall from their horses. The horses themselves were in bad little better condition. Fine woods still surrounded us and the weather was still rainy. In consequence, our beds that night were about as comfortable as a wet sponge. O, the beauties of a pine forest! May he who partaken of too deeply, "commented Captain M.—"

Such was the average day's march during this wet season, varied, however, by different little unpleasantnesses. For instance, getting the wrong road and counter-march. Occasionally, too, we would do without some meals, while the horses, poor hearts, had often to go without theirs. Yet some of our friends at home considered that a soldier's life at this time of the war was next to nothing at all. A few times on our march we sent out forage parties, but they were next to useless, as it was the pride of Major N.— and his company to find in the woods. One of these parties brought back a few prisoners on one of their expeditions. Nothing except these things varied the monotony of our rainy way.

Behind the pontoon train came the prisoners—a very few, some ten or twelve. Among them was a man remarkable in more than one way. Lieutenant C.— was the proud one who took him prisoner, for it was only after a hard fight that it was done. It happened somewhat in this wise: On the morning of Thursday, December 22d, at about half-past two reveille sounded. The camp was awake in an instant, and in a few moments "boots and saddles" sounded, together with the "assembly." Instantly all were in line and ready. The bugle sounded the advance, and we started out over a most desolate road. After a march of about nine miles, all the while keeping in the arc of a circle so as to strike our camp again near the Mobile road, Captain M.—'s company having the advance, ran upon the Confederates. And now we got to suffer for them. Considering further, we again ran upon them and soon after struck the main body of reserves stationed at Davis' Creek. They formed and followed our rear guard, which was under command of a lieutenant of the Sixth Missouri cavalry, and soon afterward drove in. We formed a battle line, the Fourteenth New York on the right and the Sixth Missouri on the left, and opened fire. Then there was a lively time. At one time they attempted to turn our right flank, but Lieutenant C.— was sent by Major N.— to protect it. The attacking party was under command of the prisoner before mentioned, and our lieutenant had all he could do to hold the enemy at bay. However, he did, and a chance ball grazing the brave Southerner's head ended the fight at this quarter. He was very slightly wounded, however, and soon recovered. But he found himself a prisoner when he did. The enemy forced us back about a mile and a half, but they had then taken advantage of their position, could have captured us all. But they did not, and our artillery soon came up. This turned the tide in our favour, and we drove them back till the recall sounded.

This prisoner who had fought so valiantly was a captain, and he seemed in every way fit for his position. Indeed, though a captive, he walked like a general. He never spoke unless spoken to, and then only in monosyllables. His inaccessibility was felt by all—prisoners and guards. One would as lief talk to a cold stone for all the satisfaction, or anything else, one could get. Most of the time he would walk with his hands thrust in his pockets and his eyes cast on the ground. What seemed to affect him most was his inactivity—he never cared for the hardships. I have seen his lip curl with a scornful smile—and his smile was scornful, it cut like a knife—when some of our boys seemed ready to drop from their saddles with weariness. There was something pitiably about his dejected yet proud figure. He never seemed galled by the fact that all action for him was over. His well-defined features and haughty manner stamped him as a Southerner of culture, though from his poor bedraggled gray, one would have thought him less than the least of our privates. But he wore a captain's honours as I said before, and, for my part, I thought he would have made a better general than the one we had, providing, of course, he was on our side.

We had been moving since we left Baton Rouge and now on December 22d settled down, to what we considered a well-earned rest. We had been sent from East Pascagoula with dispatches for General G.—, who was encamped at Franklin's Creek.

We had left the pontoon train, thank Heaven! We used to say: "Blessed are the Pontoonists, for, when the train is gobbled, they shall have rest." Not only had we been marching, but at Pascagoula we had unloaded two transports—rather tiresome work. So we prepared for Christmas with all the enthusiasm of soldiers. Any one of these guesses might have been correct, for the doctor had but one way of expressing joy, and that was in the manner above described. So I concluded to withhold my verdict. He soon came puffing up, red in the face and panting, almost exploding with his delight.

"Say, you fellows," he began his pantings. "I've struck it. I tell you! We'll spend our Christmas—jolly. Wait— a minute—and I'll tell you! Know all about it. The doctor named it, as indeed he had to, for he needed all his breath for breathing purposes. We stood dutifully expectant, till he regained it.

"We'll enjoy this Christmas, boys, anyhow," he said
when he could talk connectedly. "I hadn't got far down that road, round the bend there, before I saw a plantation-house. It's nigh hidden in the trees, which is the reason, I s'pose, that none of the boys have been over there yet. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'I'll find something around here.' So I went up to the front door and knocked, for you might as well ask for a thing before stealing it. An old auntie opened the door, but she throwed her hands up in horror when she saw me."

"Sir," said I aloud to our host, "I believe you said to the doctor, when he was here before, that you had a son in the army." "Yes, sir, I have," he answered, "and a noble boy he is. Ever since the first shot was fired, I have been impatient to go and enlist, but I would not let him. I was too jealous of him; too fearful of losing him. Too soon, I feared, I would have to let him go. But I love my country, too, and I did not hesitate. Now, when our lines are being crushed in and our remnants of armies driven back, every man counts, and so he went, and so would more go if I had them, even myself, if I were able; for though I am entertaining you as guests, don't think that I have the slightest feeling or sympathy with your—" and he continued, his voice softening, "I have never heard from him since he left. The Unionists have upset the whole country, and no news of him could reach me. I can only hope that no harm has come to him and that I may receive him back again some day."

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showed us our room, and naturally wanted to have a few words with us foreign curiosities. So she began talking of Uncle B-b-bony is a good hal'fed nigga', an' yo'ld think he'ud be a Christian ater goin' th'ough all the troubles he been, b-b-but he ain't; he chock f-f-full of Blackrockism; he'll go to the d-d-debil sho'.

"Blackrockism! What's Blackrockism?" asked the major, rather puzzled.

"Why, Lawd! honey, doan' yo' know w-w-what dat is? Why, it's when a nigga b-b-bleeb what is, is Uncle B-b-bony's done took ma'm de mos' influen-

shy m-m-members frum Lebanon ovva' to Blackrockism. De d-d-debil has done tol' he kin do w-w-what he wants." And Aunt Helen retired proudly, being con-

scious that she had interested "de Linkum ossifers."

"Well, boys," began the major, sitting down on the edge of his bed. We were all put in one room at our own request. "Uncle Bony and Blackrockism having been disposed of, I've a proposition to make. A ques-
tion first: What do you think of our host?" All voted

"Yes! yes!" cried the old man, eagerly starting for-
ward, his eyes glistening and his voice trembling. "It's
he! It's he! O, where have you seen him? Tell me!

"Sir," answered the major in that sympathetic voice
the major, emphatically, frowning down the applauders,
"I think I see a way of repaying him. I have an idea
that our haughty prisoner is the son of our chivalrous
host. To make sure of it we can take Mr. Rae to camp
to-morrow. If it's so, then by getting his release, we
will square accounts. What do you think of the plan?"

"I agree with you," continued the major. "We can't repay him with coin, and, since we are enemies, in any other way either. But we would not have it said that a Union man was freed for any favor from the Southern (faint applause from Captain C and the doctor, who were plus a little too much wine). "But," continued the major, emphatically, frowning down the applauders, "I think I see a way of repaying him. I have an idea
that our haughty prisoner is the son of our chivalrous
host. To make sure of it we can take Mr. Rae to camp
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will square accounts. What do you think of the plan?"

"I respect your wish," said the major, bowing. "So
be it. I can only offer you now my sincerest thanks for
your hospitality, and I shall always cherish your memory
as that of a dearest friend. Again I offer you all that I
can, thanks for myself and my companions."

"And I," returned Mr. Rae, with a stately bow that
sat well upon his aged person and gray hairs. "I accept
them in the spirit you give them. My hospitality has
always been open to whomever has needed it, and, I hope,
will always be. My boy," he continued, tenderly turn-
ing to his son, "I know you have fought bravely and
done your duty, because I know you. That gives me as
much pleasure as though you had won a general's prise.
Perhaps you have fought your last, as the war may
soon be over, but at least you have the satisfaction of
having done your best."

"But, father! father!" burst in the son in impotent
longing, "I might have done more as much more if I could
ning a gun from a guard and making a break for liberty,
fighting and killing till I fall. But it is madness; I fear

I will become mad if this lasts much longer. I hope an exchange will soon be declared, and then, father, I can fight for our dear South again."

The major looked at the prisoner in some surprise. His face was transformed; now he was all animation and hope and courage gleamed from his eye. But he also heard the words and believed him capable of attempting such a thing.

Then came the farewell. The major again pretended to be watching a groom at the other side of the camp. "Farewell, my son, bear all with a stout heart, and you will show a courage as great as that in battle line."

"You may truthfully say that he fought well," said the major as he went back to the house with Mr. Rae. "Lieutenant C——should tell you of it, as he saw it, and I only know from hearsay, but I will tell you the best I can." And he told of the skirmish and how his son was captured. "You may be sure," he continued, "that he did all the damage he could. And," continuing laughingly, "altogether I'm glad you did not take my offer. But," again becoming serious, "you may be sure that I will treat your son as leniently as I possibly can, and he shall have all the comfort that I can get for him."

"God bless you!" said the old gentleman brokenly, wringing the major's hand, "God bless you! as I know he will. Farewell!" The major watched him enter the house supported by "Uncle Bony," "How near the grave are both," thought the major, as he strode back to the camp. What remains to be told? Little. In a few hours orders came to move. The younger Rae was not exchanged as he had so hoped to be, but remained a prisoner till the end of the war, and arrived home in time to close his father's eyes in death.

This Christmas is but one of the scenes among the many that my memory, like the magic-lantern, loves to retrieve. I will become mad if this lasts much longer. I hope an exchange will soon be declared, and then, father, I can fight for our dear South again."
ments cast a shadow over Raphael's life. Death took away his grandfather and brother, which greatly distressed his father; soon after, his mother died; and while he was yet but twelve years of age his father, Giovanni Santi, was taken sick and died. So we find him at this tender age, with no one to care for him, save an aged aunt, an object of love and sympathy. In spite of all these misfortunes, Raphael, unlike Michael Angelo, was ever sweet of nature and of a gentle disposition. He, too, was of high personal beauty; his thick chestnut hair fell almost to his shoulders, lit up by the elegant lines of a long and graceful neck. His clear deep brown eyes, expressive mouth, straight and pointed nose, and noble forehead, all made up a countenance full of distinction. Raphael, though, was not of that firm and steady character as Michael Angelo. He would imitate first his teacher, Perugino, then Bartalomoee, and then Michael Angelo, whichever at the time might seem to him most worthy of imitation. His nature has been described as that of a calm river, flowing at its own sweet will and reflecting peacefully the passing figures of life."

Not long after his father's death, we find Raphael in the studio of Perugino, performing the duties of an apprentice were in the employment of this master. For though he did not remain long under the tutelage of Perugino, a love of the deepest nature grew between master and pupil, and Perugino was not only a kind teacher but a model for his pupil; a fact which was of great advantage to him. About the year 1504, Raphael, having acquired a proficiency in his art, established himself at Florence, the art capital of Italy, where better facilities were offered him for proceeding to him the faults remaining in his work. Florence the great rival contest between Leonardi da Vinci and Michael Angelo was at fever heat, in which Raphael showed great interest and from which he greatly profited. At Florence he painted a number of works which justify fully his pupil's name. This work of his pupil, a fact which was of great advantage to him. About the year 1504, Raphael, having acquired a proficiency in his art, established himself at Florence, the art capital of Italy, where better facilities were offered him for pursuing his study. While Raphael remained at Florence, the great rival contest between Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo was at fever heat, in which Raphael showed great interest and from which he greatly profited. At Florence he painted a number of works which justify fully his pupil's name. This work of his pupil, a fact which was of great advantage to him.

Raphael remained at Rome till his death, and there it was that he added a lustre to his name that the tides of time shall never wear away. He soon realised his own abilities, and from that time he was armed with the will as well as the power to rival his two illustrious predecessors. His grand works, indeed, have shown him to be a worthy rival. While he was at work in Rome, it is told that one day when he was out, Michael Angelo entered and drew upon the wall near by his fresco a colossal head, saying to the guard: "If Raphael wished to know who came to see him, show him my card there on the wall." Raphael returned, and the lesson taught by that colossal head did much. He knew that his work was too light, not massive enough, and well he profited from the lesson. Raphael was not only a painter, he was an architect, poet, and sculptor. In the role of architect many great works were entrusted to him—the continuation of St. Peter's, the completion of the Loggia, the construction of the Villa Madama, and many others, in all of which he showed wonderful taste. So great was it that Bramante, on his death-bed, sought the Pope to appoint him as his successor in the completion of St. Peter's. Still later in life, perhaps moved by the allurements of Angelo, he tried sculpture, and one of Michael Angelo's servants, apprising his master of Raphael's new turn, writes: "Be warned." Two of the chief pieces of sculpturing done by Raphael are the statue of Jonah and Elijah in the Desert.

Now, lastly, we may look on him as a poet; as a poet in whom the expression of thought was by the pen, not by the pencil; for where can we find deeper poetry than in the Parhassus? Though Raphael did not write poetry to any very great extent, many beautiful little sonnets are found among his poems.

On Good Friday, April the 6th, 1520, the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth, Raphael died. With what sorrow did all Italy receive the sad tidings of his death. The Pope is said to have wept bitterly. It is, indeed, a strange coincidence that he should have been born and died on Good Friday; but who would have been more worthy to have begun and ended his existence on that day than he? Just a few words might be said about the dark side of his life, if there be any shadows. It is maintained by some that at the early age of thirty-seven all his powers were fully developed, and that he preferred to bask in the sunshine of his laurels during the latter part of his life, rather than gain new ones. This is the only fault that can be found, and this is not entirely true, for though he did not work as much as his extraordinary talents so developed themselves that he left his master and pursued his studies at his own studio. While under the tutorship of Perugino, a love of the deepest nature grew between master and pupil, and Perugino was not only a kind teacher but a model for his pupil; a fact which was of great advantage to him.
the exegeses of the Scriptures. Among the throng St. Gregory stands holding his "Liber Moralis." St. Ambrose lost in meditation, and many others. To complete the picture heresy and indifferentism are typified by the bald and beardless old man, but by his side stands the ardent believer in the person of the beautiful youth. In every case the grandeur of the figure does not exactly correspond to the illustrious character which it represents, but throughout the entire work great weight of thought appears, and the wonderful symmetry and expression contrast to this feature of the highest expression of humanity in painting.

We wander a little farther on, and now we stand before the Battle of Ostia. At first sight one is much attracted by this engraving, but after carefully looking into it we do not find there that presence of thought which exists among the greatest. The expanse of the field, the figures, the crowd. Their presence may be explained in several ways. While the high-priest is absorbed in prayer, Heliodorus points out to the other what has just occurred. The entireness of this work, the combination of the beauties of composition with those of eloquent expression, make up an admirable scene.

The next engraving is the Deliverance of St. Peter. The original of this, at the Vatican, is said to be so life-like that one imagines himself almost in the real presence. This fresco was finished immediately after the almost miraculous escape of Cardinal Giovanni, Leo X, wishing to assimilate his escape with that of St. Peter. The horrible perfection of the cell, the old man bound in chains, the appearance of the angel amid dazzling splendour, the terror of the sleepers, and their lighted torches, all are so true that, as Vasari says, "they prove Raphael to have been the painter of painters."

We now approach the Mass of Bolsena, an engraving dedicated to the most noble and touching of religious sentiments. On the right the Pope kneels surrounded by six prelates or courtiers; opposite him is a throng of people who seem to have wonder and respect written on every line of their countenances. The Pope, Julius II., wears an expression almost divine as he beholds the host which appears to the Muses to be Raphael. (Since Raphael had represented Apollo in two preceding paintings with the lyre, it is said that, to vary the monotony, he on this occasion substituted a violin.) He is surrounded by the Muses, some pensive, others enlivened, all uplifted by the savour of their work. Vasari says, "they prove Raphael to have been the painter of painters."

Now proceed to The School of Athens, a work which perhaps has spread the fame of Raphael over broader lands than any other. The triumph of religion is represented in the Dispute of the Sacrament so that the victory of science is depicted in The School of Athens. It would be too long a task, besides an almost impossible one, to enumerate all the characters represented in this painting, so let us suffice to name the chief personages, as will be seen by studying the faces in the book of Maccabees. Archimedes, the famous Greek mathematician, stands near. Descending to the front on the left we see Pythagoras busily engaged in writing, and the gloomy dreamer in the foreground is Heraclitus. Just across to the right are Plutarchus and Euclid, leaning on their globes. Archimedes bends over, drawing geometrical figures for the young ones. From the arrangement of the personages, as will be seen by studying the faces in the foreground, one is evidently that Raphael intended to picture the lights of Grecian philosophy from the fifth century before our era down to the year 212 B.C. So the masterpiece of Raphael, the dream of the Renaissance. Every form of admiration has been lavished upon it, a model of painting to which no man has ever since attained.

The next and eighth engraving is The Parnassus. In this Raphael has cast aside all religion, all philosophy, all prose. This painting is, as it were, a tongueless nightingale of poetry. Through every feature, through every position of it, there seems to appeal to the aesthetic faculty. The Parnassus has justly been styled a series of lyrical effusions. Seated on the summit of the mound beneath the shade of the laurel grove, Apollo, with harmonious strain, draws his bow over the strings of the violin. (Since Raphael had represented Apollo in two preceding paintings with the lyre, it is said that, to vary the monotony, he on this occasion substituted a violin.) He is surrounded by the Muses, some pensive, others enlivened, all uplifted by the savour of their work. Vasari says, "they prove Raphael to have been the painter of painters."

The last engraving in this hall is The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple. This painting contains neither poetry nor any very great weight of thought, it is merely a lesson to the King of France. In it Raphael followed out almost to the very word, the Bible; the different events follow each other in the book of Maccabees. While the high-priest is absorbed in prayer, Heliodorus is smitten and driven from the Temple as the crowds show signs of pleasure and delight. Pope Julius II. wished to have this painting symbolise the expulsion of the French from Italy, for at the time a great hale ex-
personal reminiscences of father curley: convent chaplain for five decades.

Our Father! That word in its fullest and holiest human signification expresses the mission of Rev. James Curley among us from the fair June morning which, with sunny smile and balmy breath and rich floral offerings, gave welcome to the young Levite just entering the Holy of Holies, to the last days which crowned his long and holy career.

His ordinance to the priesthood took place in our chapel on the 7th of June, 1826, at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop Whitefield, of Baltimore, and shortly after commenced his actual work amongst us. He fulfilled the duties of Chaplain with scarcely any intermission until 1833, when the infirmities of increasing age made his superiors deem it prudent to withdraw him from the wall, the water-carriers, all go to make up an admirable scene.

The meeting of St. Leo and Attila represents the papal victories over the French. "The true Attila," says Roscoe, "is the French King Louis XII.," and the person of Julius II. has been substituted for that of St. Leo. Attila becomes so frightened by the appearance of the two Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, that, filled with dismay, he retreats. A marked contrast may be noticed between the appearances of the civilised groups around St. Leo and the half-savage followers of Attila. The meeting of St. Leo and Attila is, besides a flattery to the reigning Pope, a representation of one of the most historic battles ever fought. We must now take our leave of Raphael's work. As will be seen, time, space, and instability have prevented an adequate account of any one of them. Indeed, ten times the time would be necessary to rightly appreciate them; we can but exclaim with Horace, "Haec placuit semel haec decies repetita placet." And now we bid farewell to Raphael, the flame of whose glory shall burn when kings and kingdoms have passed away, and one whose worthy and noble traits have won for him the honourable epithet "Divino." —Cornelius Manning Combs '92.

SONG TO DIANA.

D'Emus sumus in fede, Puellaque et pueri integri; Dianam pueri integri Puellaque canamus.—Cicatellus.
Youths and maidens pure and gay, We are 'neath Diana's sway; For her weave a roundelay, Youths and gentle maidens!

Peerless child of mighty Jove And Latona, whom we love, Thou wert born within a grove On the isle of Delos, Of the mountains to be queen, And the woods of richest green, Of the mountains to be queen, And where hidden wells are seen Flow the babbling streamlets. By fond mothers in their plight Kind Lucina thou art bright; Trivia we, or, from thy light, Love to call the Luna. Goddess, by thy monthly wane Meting out the yearly stain, Fill, we pray, with golden grain Barns of simple rustics. Huntress of the wood and lea, Sacred wight thou ever be By what name that pleaseth thee, Guardian blest of Romans! —Patrick Henry O'Donnell, '92.
Quaker lady who explained away the ardent zeal with which Quakers knit and sewed for the Union soldiers as ‘not working for war, but to oil the wheels of state.’ On one occasion, a friend tells us, she was much amused at the way dear Fr. Curley endeavoured to avoid answering a question which involved charity. The conversation happened to be on cranks, and some one appealed to him to know if there were not cranks sometimes found even among Jesuits. Fr. Curley could only laugh in reply until, urged by his interlocutor to answer, he said, ‘Oh, well, as I can’t say it, you perhaps believe me but I live in the same house with a person to know what he really is!’ which reply caused much amusement, as it certainly left it an open question as to whether there could be a Jesuit who was a crank! His retentive memory was so remarkable it regarded poor friars, so disreputable as to client- sient as a means of benefiting others. His knowledge was freely imparted to the higher classes of the Academy in earlier years, and he sometimes aided in training the younger teachers. One of our Sisters who was at school from 1832 to 1834, being then very young, tells of his presence at the chemical experiments which took place in the old Odson, and of his concern at an accident which a girl fell from in the us in the use of phosphorus or some other combustible.

And his charity to the poor and suffering! How often did he appeal to us in their behalf, and how ardent was his desire to relieve all kinds of misery. No doubt of his deep penetration of human nature, or his quick sympathy with his fellow-creatures. He concealed his talents and essayed by various other means to imitate the humility of our Saviour. He would condense with easy good nature to the smallest children and even play with them, thus winning their confidence and often drawing their young souls to God. But only when the secrets of hearts were unfolded, did he know the depths of humility hidden in the heart of our beloved Father.

I append a few extracts from letters of former pupils which will be found interesting:

"I can give you only the general impression that dear Fr. Curley made upon the girls of 1851; he was our Father and we appealed to him as such. Once on Washington's birthday the Sister-Directress was determined we should have school. We were a patriotic set, bent on having a holiday, so we managed to get a note to our Father begging him to get us free of hook or crook. We were all quietly seated in the study-hall—our hope of freedom gone—when suddenly Fr. Curley stood before us. 'Holiday,' was the shout we all sent up; and the next instant we surrounded him, overbearing him with questions and thanks. Besides being the Refugium Pecatorum of our souls, he was also our helper in our bodily ailments, for we regarded him as a saint as well as our Father. His prayers and blessings often effected cures which seemed quite extraordinary."

"I have lost a kind Father and friend such as few can hope to have."

Another writes: ‘The priest at the altar prays for all present. Only God can know how many owe their conversion and salvation to such prayers at such an hour.'
Might it not have been a moment of grace for me when, over thirty years ago, a Protestant child just entering school, I was present for the first time at the Sacrifice of the Mass, but present only as a witness of a novel sight, for in my eyes it was all a scene of excitement? The officiating priest was Fr. Curley. How well I remember his venerable appearance, his almost silent bearing, and even the green vestment he wore! I knew not then what he was doing or saying, but I knew he was prayed that morning "for all those here present," and I love to think that then and there a share was mine in those sacred petitions.

And here is a tender remembrance from a graduate of 1874: "Our dear old Father gone! How many pleasant memories of my never-to-be-forgotten school-days are brought back by the sad tidings of Fr. Curley's death! It seems but yesterday that we gathered around him in the dear Convent hall, to beg, as only school girls can, for some privilege that we felt his all-powerful intercession could obtain from those in charge. His kindly, genial smile invited even the most timid to approach him with confidence, and we never feared a refusal, how importunate soever might be our request. It was during my last year at school that our dear old friend, prompted by a desire to give pleasure at the same time that he wished to add to our fund of information regarding objects of interest in the Nation's Capital, suggested a weekly trip, under his chaperonage, to some one of the public buildings, confining the much-esteemed privilege to the two highest classes. Need I remind you of the enjoyment those Saturday afternoons held for us? I for one would have known little of Washington's beauty had it not been for the thoughtfulness of one whose delight it was to contribute to the happiness of all who surrounded him!"

**Convent of the Visitation.**

**With the old boys.**

MARRIAGE bells are again ringing. This time the announcement is of the marriage of Mr. Henry Hall, Jr., and Miss Lelia Cary, of Mobile. Amid the garlands of roses that deck the marriage feast, we are interwined the best wishes of the JOURNAL.

John J. Beall, M. A. '54, visited the College with his wife, and longed for a return of the dreamy days of boyhood as he went through the building with Fr. Brady.

It is with great pleasure that we copy the following item from the columns of the Baltimore Sun of November 23d: "The directors of the Second National Bank of Baltimore held a meeting yesterday, and unanimously elected Mr. Charles C. Homer president to fill the vacancy created by the death of Mr. John S. Gilman. Mr. Homer is about forty years of age. He was elected as one of the directors in January, 1879, and in January, 1887, he became the vice-president. For the past year he was practically the acting president, President Gilman's numerous other business engagements occupying much of his time. Mr. Homer was formerly in the bacon trade at Canton with his father, and after that became the secretary and treasurer of the Rasin Fertilizer Company. He stands high in the estimation of Baltimore financial circles."

We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from the genial city solicitor of Erie, Pa., Joseph P. O'Brien, B. A. '80. After a few consoling remarks on matters intimately connected with the existence of our paper, he says: "As an old editor, permit me to congratulate my successor of the "Exchange" on his latest encounter with the Niagara Index. **Please encourage your "Personal" editor to fill as much space as possible. To us that is the most important department of the paper."

This gives us an occasion to remark that the brevity or length of this department is altogether in the hands of the old boys. The force of that very prevalent idea that what one may read or hear has been read or heard by all can account for a great deal. Let the old boys understand that there is a stone wall encompassing our enclosure, and that a respect for "bounds" is incompatible with promiscuous news-gathering. If, then, you want news, supply us, even at the risk of wearying the "Personal" editor. Let it be understood that we are not writing in a complaining mood. We are greatly indebted to thoughtful old boys for many courtesies, and we have one in prospect, which we await with considerable interest—an account of Harvey B. Barlowe, from the elegant pen of one who knew him quite intimately.

Charles Louis Palms, Ph. B. '89, our Harvard correspondent, sends the following: "Students who use tobacco in any form are denied admission to the University of the Pacific, at San Jose, Cal.

"The University of Michigan has entirely done away with the marking system, and has abolished all prize competitions and class honors.

"The Catholic students at Yale have formed a society called the Yale Catholic Union. The aim of the club is to rush the main literary, and all Catholics in the university are eligible to membership."

Luis de Sibour, a student of ten years ago, visited the College. After leaving Georgetown, he studied architecture in Columbia College, New York, for two years. He afterwards entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts, of Paris, where he has spent two years in the study of architecture. After another year in this famous school, he will return to practice his profession in this country, probably beginning in New York. In addition to his handsome and graceful bearing, he possesses all the polish of the French.

Georgetown's sons are earnest in doing honour to their Alma Mater. We must extend our congratulations to his excellency, F. Cipriano Zegarra (L. L. D. '89), Minister of Peru, who has been elected first vice-president of the International American Conference. As Hon. James G. Blaine's appointment as president was to some extent ex officio, this election makes Mr. Zegarra the leading man of the conference and bestows upon him the highest honour in its gift.

We had the pleasure of hearing indirectly from Robert Douglas (B. A. '67 and Honour man), of Greensboro, N. C. His integrity and influence are powerful factors for good throughout the whole State. That his unswerving uprightness is appreciated is clearly seen from the position of trust to which he has been appointed—master in chancery, attorney for the Chamber of Commerce, the Piehon and People's Bank. He practices with distinction in the Federal and State courts.

In a Bob, Jr., Stephen A., Martin Francis, and Madeleine there is growing up around him a charming family. For them and for him, Georgetown's ever-devoted upholder, the JOURNAL prays the fullest realisation of the fervent hopes of the present.
The College Journal.

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FROM THE SANCTUARY.

Why is it that Christmas has so strong a claim upon our expectations? Why is it that for young and old, grave and gay, rich and poor, this talismanic word is fraught with a meaning so consoling, so joyful? Is it the many-sided aspect of Christmas, its capacity for adapting itself to the circumstances of every one, its capacity for bestowing upon all some share of that joy which the Angel came to announce? All are not interested in its religious character, all cannot take part in its customary secular observances, all cannot even partake of its abundance and good cheer; and yet the prevailing feature of the Christmas holidays is the joy and gladness written on the countenance of every one. It is not the time for sorrow, nor sadness, nor fear. "Fear not: I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people; for unto you is born a Saviour; and you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Certainly, when the Lord of all creation is lying in cold and want, and we are still hidden to rejoice, mortal man should forget for the time his struggles and miseries to hail this great blessing. And the universal celebration of Christmas tells us that men do forget their daily pursuits to take part in the joy of the feast. In all ages, like a thread running through the tapestry of the centuries, we are able to trace the existence of the beautiful customs of a general rejoicing. A feast, appealing so directly and so strongly to the human side of our nature, could not long confine itself to a purely religious observance. The love, begotten of the lessons taught, must needs find a vent in act, and resulted in the social customs which have been the basis of a literature, beautiful, tender, and touching. Custom, legend, and song—what potent factors for surrounding the Christmas of to-day with that charm and happiness of association which make it so welcome! Here one would be strongly importuned to linger. The literature of Christmas is a tempting field to enter upon, and yet one is constrained to forego the pleasure; for each one has his own favourite Christmas tale or poem, cherished with fervour and recalled with delight, preserved in a setting which one fears to disturb. And yet might we not be pardoned for just hinting at "gentle Will Shakespeare and the warmth and tenderness of the beautiful lady where he speaks of the time 'wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated'? He who knew so well how to appeal to the sympathies of human nature both felt and expressed what we all feel at this hallowed time—that feeling of fellowship, for which the world is so much the better. It is a custom, and one which is in keeping with the season, to extend a hearty Christmas greeting to the friends and patrons of this paper—a grateful duty and one which we perform with the utmost pleasure and sincerity. But our audience is rather heterogeneous in character, and there is a difficulty in reaching each one. Our message must be earnest and all-embracing, joyous and far-reaching, tender and kind; for what thoughtful greetings would shape themselves in our minds in the presence of hoary age, would not reach home to the hearts of the very young genius of the preparatory department, and again, the hearty and over-flowing utterances we would have ringing in the ears of our lusty athletes as they hurry to their swift rivalries? How should we meet to move such gentleness as our fair cousins across the way embody? Our audience is a mixed one, but custom steps in just here with kindly aid. We would fain imagine ourselves a joyous host at a family gathering of the Journal's friends, where holly and mistletoe make a meet-ground for the merry laughter of beauty and youth and the calm gladness of old age and there we would have the tutelary genius of our paper jingle the bells of Santa Claus and extend our warmest greetings. To one and all "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."
December, 1889.

THE COLLEGE JOURNAL.

ness or its intensity. There is not a village without its wonder-working, time-worn statue, or its favourite picture, black and indiscernible with age, while the numerous ex votos prove that the confidence of the faithful has not been vain. In the cities, too, there is scarcely a church without a miraculous chapel containing its sacred treasure, whether pilgrims for centuries have been wont to worship. It would need a volume to relate the histories of the sacred places of Rome alone from the time of Saints Peter and Paul down to the days of St. Joseph de Bann, the first visit as it is to Rome, in particular, to be pre-eminent in these sanctuaries, where God has designed in an especial manner to manifest His power and His goodness, and to reward the faith of His children, yet one shrine there is—the most famous in all the world, the place from whose altar devout Catholics will be pleased to see the walls adorned with pictures of the Madonna or of the aged image of Loreto.

After a good night's rest, for which the fatiguing journey of the previous day was the very fittest preparation, the devout Catholic will be pleased to see the walls adorned with pictures of the Madonna or of the aged image of Loreto.

A delightful ride that from Rome to Loreto; but all rides in Italy are delightful. The very stones beneath your feet seem eloquent, and every few minutes new and pleasant memories are being awakened. Let no one imagine that Italian railroad travelling is as poor and as unpleasant as it is in other European countries, for it is noticed more for its attention to practical comfort. The second-class passenger in an English coach, or, still more, in a French one, has much more unpleasant time of it than an Italian one. It must be confessed that the Italian railroad works are the smallest of God's good works; where the angel announced to Mary that the fullness of time had come, and that she was to be the mother of the long-expected Messiah; where, too, she conceived of the Holy Ghost, and the Word was made Flesh. And there, too, on the walls at that four-story little building from which Our Saviour so often passed whilst He lived and moved amongst men; in this same room it was that Mary worked and prayed and conversed with her divine Son. The thing that surprises one most, perhaps, is the smallness of the House of Loreto, which has only about thirty feet by ten, a space too limited for three persons. There is, however, a tradition that the structure in Loreto is only part of the original house at Nazareth, that it is in fact nothing more than the Blessed Virgin's apartment. The fact nothing more than the Blessed Virgin's apartment. It is not indeed necessary to go to Loreto to verify the truth of the remark of the fallen warrior, yet now, to be wondered at when you see the devout kissing the happy walls that the divine hands have more providential escapes than the average American traveller at home; unfortunately not all our travellers which no natural agency can account for; this is the Holy House of Loreto, standing over against the Adriatic, on the spot where the angels left it centuries ago, after having transferred it from its first resting-place in Dalmatia, where too, they have supposed it to have from a quiet little nook in Nazareth. Few traditions are more beautiful than that which tells us of the wondering peasants gazing at the angelic band bearing the sacred house through the quiet air away to the favored West; and most beautiful of all, that walls which have been so often hallowed by theoly House of Loreto, and to bestow ridicule upon the history of its miraculous transfer.

The Catholic pilgrim, however, who generally wishes to complete his visit to the Eternal City by worshipping at this august shrine, gives but little heed to the snears of sceptics or the sophisms of the malicious. He is filled with the idea—overwhelmed with it—of kneeling on the spot where Our Saviour so often passed whilst He lived and moved amongst men; in this same room it was that Mary worked and prayed and conversed with her divine Son. The thing that surprises one most, perhaps, is the smallness of the House of Loreto, which has only about thirty feet by ten, a space too limited for three persons. There is, however, a tradition that the structure in Loreto is only part of the original house at Nazareth, that it is in fact nothing more than the Blessed Virgin's apartment. It is not indeed necessary to go to Loreto to verify the truth of the remark of the fallen warrior, yet now, to be wondered at when you see the devout kissing the happy walls that the divine hands have more providential escapes than the average American traveller at home; unfortunately not all our travellers which no natural agency can account for; this is the Holy House of Loreto, standing over against the Adriatic, on the spot where the angels left it centuries ago, after having transferred it from its first resting-place in Dalmatia, where too, they have supposed it to have from a quiet little nook in Nazareth. Few traditions are more beautiful than that which tells us of the wondering peasants gazing at the angelic band bearing the sacred house through the quiet air away to the favored West; and most beautiful of all, that walls which have been so often hallowed by the

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as the external ones are, and remain just as they were two thousand years ago. To the initiated it seems to be built of bricks, red blocks rather larger than our common brick, and for many centuries I believe it was declared to be really brick. Jeering science, however, in these later times discovered a very awkward anachronism, to wit: "That two thousand years ago brick was unknown as a building material in. The building science laughed and loudly proclaimed that the Holy House of Nazareth had never been in Nazareth at all."

But, fortunately, all science is scoffing. There is a true science, whose object is not to establish its views per far et nefar, nor to ridicule what it disapproves of. Its object is the truth; and this true science discovered with surprise that the supposed bricks of the Holy House were in reality a kind of red stone peculiar to the country around Nazareth. Thus the scoffs and jeers of the unbeliever were the occasion of a still more striking confirmation of the common tradition. The small house now contains an altar enriched with numerous indulgences, and every visiting priest seeks the privilege of saying Mass at this special altar, around which the pilgrims throng to receive the Bread of Life. Pendent from the ceiling are many silver lamps, the gifts of many centuries, emblematic of the burning love and pure, bright faith of the donors. Over the altar is the famous image of Our Lady of Loreto, sought to be the work of the artist evangelist St. Luke. From below little more than the outlines of this image can be seen, which is blackened with age and covered with the diamonds and precious stones that faith and gratitude have sacrificed to it, but the church will be seen the other magnificent gifts of gold and silver, which, for six or seven hundred years, the great ones of the world—kings and emperors and princes—like the Magi of old, have been accustomed to lay at the feet of Mary and her Son. To us who believe and yearn to be better, the longing for a warmer faith, for a closer intercourse with God, nothing can be more touching or heart—it was the inspiration of faith and love, and even the unbeliever could scarcely remain unmoved by that delicious harmony, and the feeling arose in me so sweet, so tender as that simple hymn to the Madonna sung by those rude peasants. On they marched through the muddy street, unheedful of the rain that was pouring down steadily, and when they reached the steps leading to the church, as if by common impulse, as if overborne by the sacredness of the place, they fell down upon their knees, and, kneeling, dragged themselves up the many steps, and along the cold stone pavement until they reached the Holy House. Here their expression of fervour was inexpressible; they kissed the walls repeatedly, and, bending down, they kissed the holy pavement, and, still kneeling, dragged themselves along the whole length of the House with the same manifestation of love and emotion. The man who could have beheld that spectacle unmoved was not to be envied, and the tears rolled down the cheeks of the bystanders, strangers from distant lands who had never before seen such an expression of devotion. It was an elevating sight, such a thing does not happen to one not which tradition and truth of lore, art and work of the artist evangelist St. Luke. And earth re-echoes loud, "Go.ood-will and peace."
UNIVERSITY NOTES.

With the permission of the Reverend Chancellor we print the names of those undergraduates who have led their classes since the opening of the Fall Term:

UNIVERSITY CLASSES.

Rhetoric (Junior):
September   Thomas F. Carney 96 per cent.
October     James E. Duross 97.8 per cent.
November    James E. Duross 97.5 per cent.

Poetry (Sophomore):
September   C. Manning Combs 98 per cent.
October     C. Manning Combs 99.5 per cent.
November    Edward L. Keyes \textit{Exeqvo} 97 per cent.

First Grammar (Freshman):
September   Mark McNeil 96 per cent.
October     Mark McNeil 98 per cent.
November    Mark McNeil 98 per cent.

In the class of Philosophy (Senior) no marks are given.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Second Grammar:
September   James E. Krug 89.8 per cent.
October     Samuel B. Gregory 96 per cent.
November    William B. Cleary 96 per cent.

Third Grammar:
September   Jean des Garennes 95.2 per cent.
October     John Devine 95 per cent.
November    Jean des Garennes 97.5 per cent.

To all the Alumni living in the District the following letter was sent. A few followed the exercises, but it is to be hoped that a larger number next year will answer the invitations to come aside and rest for awhile.

Dear Sir,

You are cordially invited to take part in the spiritual exercises of the Annual Retreat, to be given to the students of Georgetown College, by Fr. Harmar C. Denny, S. J., beginning on Wednesday, December 4th, at 8 o'clock P. M., and ending on the morning of Sunday, December 8th. The meditations will be given at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 and 8 o'clock P. M. daily.

Those whose occupations will not allow them to be present at all the exercises will be welcome to attend the first and last meditations of each day.

Dinner and supper will be provided at the College for all who wish to make the full retreat.

Kindly let me know whether you will attend or not, and oblige.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. Havens Richards, S. J.

President.

The Reverend Professor of Philosophy, Fr. Russo, is giving the Advent Course of Sermons in the church of St. Aloysius, Washington, D. C. The subject of the first sermon was "Christ the Cause of True Civilisation," which was admirably and clearly proved by the fact that the true idea of civilisation cannot be divorced from virtue and that there can be no virtue for those who do not follow Christ.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Owing to a severe attack of bronchitis, Professor Baker was unable to lecture for two evenings. His genial manners and logical lectures have been sadly missed. Each and every one of the students extend to him their deepest sympathy.

Professor Magruder gave the "Boys" a surprise in the shape of a "Quiz" and caught them napping. On this occasion they showed very plainly that it was more pleasurable to listen to his lectures than to give a resumé of them. His lectures are always sound and practical, and, if properly digested, will be of much value when called to apply them at the bedside of the sick.

Dr. C. A. Bryce, a physician of much prominence both in medical and social circles and editor of the \textit{Southern Clinic}, of Richmond, Va., paid the University a visit on Thanksgiving Day. His critical observations on the School of Medicine were most gratifying indeed. His annual visits to the most prominent colleges throughout the country warrant his giving opinions which may be received as very valuable. He was loud in his praise of his cordial reception at the School of Arts, and said that the scenes caught up during a short stay within the classic walls of Georgetown would remain in his memory forever.

Professor Murphy is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis. This is particularly unfortunate at the present time, when his clinical classes in Obstetrics, a new and valuable addition to the curriculum, are proving so valuable and instructive to the students.

In the loss of his brother, Professor Lovejoy has the sincerest sympathies of the students.

Mr. A. O. Dragicevics, of the Third Class, has been appointed Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy. He is doing admirable work.

The professors and students of the School of Medicine extend their warmest thanks to the Reverend Rector of the University for his thoughtful invitation to the lectures in the Gaston Memorial Hall of the School of Arts.

For the information of those who are interested in the immediate growth of this department, we would say that our first session opened with a large and appreciative class, and has been steadily increased by subsequent arrivals.

AU REVOIR.

EXCHANGES.

At this number our Journal precedes Christmas only by a few days, we take the opportunity thus present to us of extending to our friends our best Christmas wishes and fondest hopes for the New Year. Without hope we could support the burthens and trials of life poorly, and this is the reason, perhaps, that even they hope afresh with the beginning of each year, whose past experience offers them small guaranty of the fruition of their desires and expectations. But we do not intend to moralise on the extravagance of human hope; our intention is far otherwise. We mean to point out to our friends the mistake they made before in leaving all to hope and tacitly awaiting the golden shower without making any effort to deserve it at the hands of fortune. Thus, then, that our friends, one and all, may not only hope for a bright and prosperous year, but may take the precaution necessary to insure them against disappointment, is the heartfelt desire of the Journal.

The last number of the \textit{Ave Maria} contained a clearly drawn portrait of the "Philistine," by Maurice Francis Egan.

The author of a "Study of Habit" in the \textit{Welshman Advocate} is too materialistic in his mode of presenting the subject. The exclusion of the intellect and the will as efficient causes in the acquiring of habits led him to introduce that farroge of the different disposition of the molecules in our nervous structure.

The \textit{Bates Student} comes to us laden, as usual, with elegant literary productions, but, unfortunately, we are inclined to disagree with it regarding the following idea, which we quote from one of its articles, entitled "Old Men at the Front": "It was Wickliffe's philanthropic purpose that made the Bible what it is to us to-day." Was it not rather Wickliffe's motives of self-interest that turned him from the mother church to be-
come the "king's special clerk"? Was it with a philan-
thropic purpose in view that he left the rectory at
Lutterworth to spread his religious doctrines and an
sured church and state alike and sowed the seeds from
Watt Tyler's rebellion? May it be called a philan-
thropic purpose to misuse the Holy Writ for one's selfish
interests? And, finally, have not modern researches
proved that Wickliffe had very little to do with the trans-
lation of the Bible, and that to his co-laborers that honour
must be attributed?

The Owl combined its October and November issues
into one last month, and this accounts for its tardiness
in coming to us. The union was made in commemo-
ration of the inauguration of Ottawa University and of
the unveiling of the statue of its founder, Rev. J. H.
Tabaret, D. D. Its pages, of course, are filled with the
accounts of the different ceremonies performed on the
great occasion, and the speeches of the orators are also
given in full. Elegant engravings adorn its pages, in-
cluding one of the founder, and also of the monument
erected to his memory. But the Owl needs no praise
from our humble pen, because it has attained and has
ever kept an enviable position among the worlds of col-
lege journalism. We cannot criticise its literary pro-
ductions, as no essays appeared in this issue.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we speak ad-
versely of the Harvard Lampoon this month, but the call
upon us to respond to them that we cannot refrain
resisting. The Lampoon really detracts very much from
the well-merited reputation it has always hereto-
fore sustained for innocent wit, and especially good
humour, by evincing so much chagrin and bad temper
over the Princeton's effrontery. The publication of a
display is not only childish in the extreme, but even
a compromising evidence of the poor taste of its editor in
allowing anything of the kind to be published. We
must pass over either the false and even prejudiced and
abused statement it venturés about the character of the
Jesuit doctrine. It seems to hint that the Jesuit dogma
is that "the end justifies the means," and that "on ac-
count of this heresy the society was banished from
several European countries." The assertion is false in
its entirety, and deserves severe rebuke. But as we are
more inclined to attribute all such language to rhetori-
ical hollowness than to any malicious intentions on the
part of the author, we merely pass it by with a frown.
The Monthly of Hamilton College sets a fine exam-
ple to us a clever and interesting exchange. Seldom have we derived as much
positive amusement from anything as from its editorial.
In it the charming editor explains the mission of the
College, for it was the greatest victory we ever
saw, and this accounts for its tardiness in coming to us.
Proud of their eleven, for after the game on Thanksgiv-
ing Day not the students only, but many people of Wash-
ington, were proud to think that the city possessed so
strong a team.
The game was one that will be handed down in the
annals of sport, both in the College and in Washington;
that game, so pithy and sparkling with such genuine human interest as to merit a partial repeti-
tion. The truth of the whole editorial must be galling to
the ink-horn fraternity, but to others intensely jocose.
Says the Sunbeam: "We do not intend to 'cheer' or
'encourage,' our mission is to scintillate! to beam!!! to
burn!!! after us—the deluge."

A subject of much discussion of late has been the choice of a National flower. Many and various as
the suggestions have been, none seem to us to have
selected so happily as the ladies of Hamilton Col-
lege. The Monthly of Hamilton College sets before
us several of the best selections yet advised, but ex-
plains why each, though favourably to be adopted in
many respects, yet lacks the essential quality of be-
ing the universal flower of the States. The three things
that the chosen plant should conform to are, according
to the Monthly, these: "it should be native, widely dis-
tributed and capable of self-propagation." It objects to
the sunflower because of its comparative scarcity; to
the arbutus and lark-spur for the same reason. It would
suggest the "shamrock," but it has long ago been taken
by old Ireland, so it offers as the most obvious choice the
"golden-rod," and we earnestly endorse the selection as
not only appropriate but also beautiful.

The St. Mary's Sentinel contains an essay entitled "What
have Catholics done for our country?" that, both from a
literary standpoint and an instructive, is highly com-
mendable. We learn in it facts undeniable even by
our most bitter antagonists, and such as place the utility
of Catholics in the past far beyond all discussion.
We see how a Catholic was the discoverer of our coun-
try, aided by Catholic countries and monarchs; how all
the great discoverers were members of the Catholic
Church; for example, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Magel-
nan, Verrazzano, the Cabots, Cartier, and many others
of world-renowned distinction. Among soldiers it points
to us the Marquis de Lafayette, Pulaski, and the
courageous Sergeant Jasper, also the Baron de Kalb
and Washington's favourite aide-de-camp, Fitzpatrick.
During the Revolution the man who did most for his
country's liberty after the great Washington is substan-
tially shown to be our own noble, heroic, and reverend
founder, Archbishop John Carroll. This remarkable
man, called by England's king the "rebel bishop," "Washington's Richelieu" and "prime minister of Con-
gress," was not only a Catholic, but one that, with-
out any exception, must bow to as the chosen minister
of God, and the saviour, in great measure, of his country.
We have only given a bare outline of a portion of the
patriotic essay, but such as it is, every one must admit
its cogency in proving the author's position.
The Weslayan Lance says that "modesty is a sign of mer-
it," and so heads an article. No truer saying was
ever uttered, and certainly none more wholesome for
morality in the nineteenth century. The writer explains
why the ancient philosophers came to be called
philosophers, and thus shows the very greatness of
modesty. Deeming sooth too bold a name, they chose, or
rather Pythagoras chose for them, the title of philos-
opher; and finally, after study had enlightened them in
the secrets of human nature, the philosopher sounded too highbrowed, and, though they still
retained the name in public amongst themselves, they
were known as moralists. The sagest reflection in the
piece was, we think, incomparable; in its very wording
it smacks of the utterances of an Aristotle ora Diogenes.
"A person never appears so ridiculous by the qualities
he has as by those he affects to have."
The Fordham Monthly for November has just arrived.
"Leafless Days," a charming little waif that greets us on
the first page, is as crisp and dainty as one of Her-
rick's lyrics.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

FOOT-BALL.

G. T. C. vs. DUPONTS.

The students of the College have every reason to feel
proud of their eleven, for after the game on Thanksgiv-
ing Day not the students only, but many people of Wash-
ington, were proud to think that the city possessed so
strong a team.
The game was one that will be handed down in the
annals of sport, both in the College and in Washington;
the game, for it was the greatest victory we ever
achieved; in Washington, for it was the first public ex-
hibition of the game that is now absorbing the attention of
the "city of beautiful distances."

Everything was favourable for the game. The weather
was all that could be desired, the audience larger than
we ever expected, and had the rain not fallen in torrents
on the previous evening the grounds would not have been
able to accommodate the crowd; as it was, 1,500 people
shouted themselves hoarse urging on their favourites.
Mr. Sam King, of the Columbia Athletic Club, offi-
ciated as umpire, and Mr. Henry P. Wilson, '91, acted as
referee.
The game started with Georgetown in possession of the ball, and by active work the famous V was formed by which the College gained a few yards. Now the work started in earnest, for now came the first down for the College. Gleason passed the ball to Scullin, who started like a flash and made desperate effort to advance five yards, but was tackled by Ayers; this was the second down, and last down without the five yards advance, the ball became the property of the Duponts, who by a favour of blind fortune carried the ball within a few yards of our goal. The horns that were blown by the beaters of the blue and gray were deafening. At this instant, a "sizzle-dazzle" did not rend the air. The boys were obliged to do excellent work to prevent the Duponts from gaining territory, and the famous seven rushers stood like a stone wall; for when they rushed, everything went before them, and in three successive trials the Duponts could not drive through those "Seven against the Ball." It was Georgetown's ball, and here is where Tobin's good kicking availed much, for when Gleason passed the ball to Tobin the latter sent it spinning through the air almost to the opponents' goal-line. The Duponts gained the ball and carried it to the centre. It was at this crisis that our heavy rushers showed themselves to their best advantage, for they forced the Duponts towards their own goal and gained the ball. Captain Gleason now secured the ball and made a brilliant run, and had it not been for a tackle which some claimed to be foul, a touch-down would have been scored. The ball was now within five yards of the Duponts' goal and all kinds of tactics were employed to carry the ball across the line. Georgetown lost the ball, and the ball was carried to the centre. It was at this crisis that our strongest in the District, and were the following:

**G. T. C. vs. EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL.**

On Tuesday, December 3d, the College eleven met and defeated the eleven of the Episcopal High School of Alexandria. The game was not as interesting as the one on Thanksgiving-Day, nor was the victory as joyful. Captain Gleason won the toss and took the ball. The game started with the College boys forming the V, which was quickly broken and the ball placed for a scrimmage. The High School saw that only a brilliant play could score, for they were excelled in every point by the College. The ball was caught by McCoy when it open field was left for him to run in and score a touch-down. The ball was brought back for a try at goal and by a pretty kick was sent spinning over the cross-bar. This finished the first half and the boys were almost astonished to think that the High School was six points in the lead.

In the second half Henchey was taken sick and when Scullin went on the field to relieve him he was greeted with applause. It was quite dark, and quick playing had to be. The ball was put to the line and run out by Keys. It was fumbled, a scrimmage ensued and another touch-down was made by Gleason, thus making the score 8 to 6 in favour of the College.

The features of the game were the running and tackling of Scullin, Tobin, Gleason, and Kauffman for the College, and of Massey and Greenway for the High School.

We regret that we are not in possession of all the names of both teams, as we would list them, but are sure that had not our full-back returned the ball at critical moments the 47-0 might have been increased two-fold.

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