And chippings here and there alone
And looking always for his light.
Transformed to a flower, turning ever as he moved
Spoke of a crude, unfashioned stone.
The stiycly rock was gone,
The artist from his reverie awoke
And nobly strove against the hardened stone
His mind revolted at such bitter food—
He soared aloft to think of grander things,
Of love reflected, insensible of ill,
Of present grief and by-gone love.
That made the contest half a blank and smile;
And through adorned with naught that mortals
Fragrant clouds that rose around them that the
Priceless ostensorium and the brilliant robes of the
Ecclesiastics in this celebration, while the inhabitants, far from acting a passive part as spectators, cooperate with the greatest energy in rendering their favorite Festival as solemn and magnificent as possible. The streets of Seville are for the most part extremely narrow. Those through which the procession was to pass were sprinkled, and thickly strewn with small green bunches, and crimson cloth tightly stretched across from roof to roof, shutting out the ardent rays of the southern sun, cast over all a most beautiful crimson glow, the effect of which is almost indescribable. The fronts of the houses were decorated with wreaths and festoons of drapery, particularly the miradores, a sort of large bay-window, enclosed by lattice work, in which the families sat to observe the glorious pageant. The procession passed out of the front portal of the grand old Cathedral, the glory of the city, and moved slowly along, amid strains of sweet music and the fragrant fumes of numerous censers, the streets being thronged with devout and silent spectators, decked out in their gayest holiday attire. A remarkable and unique feature of this procession was the manner in which the relics were transported. About fifteen of the most celebrated of these sacred treasures were mounted in immense jewelled reliquaries, fastened to large hollow frames, each borne upon the shoulders of four stalwart men, who were completely concealed from view by folds of rich drapery which hung over the frames to the ground. The appearance of the procession was greatly enhanced by the numerous ranks composing the societies, each society bearing a beautiful banner. Companies of military in their brilliant uniforms, deputations from other cities with their insignia, the Archiepiscopal cross preceded by the processional crosses of twenty-six suffragan Bishops, who were, of course, themselves, in line, long files of ecclesiastics, both regular and secular, all in their proper order of precedence, passed along. Each member of the procession bore a tall wax taper, those of the laity red and those of the ecclesiastics white. Then came a truly glorious group. First, the Chapter of the Cathedral in their rich purple robes and ermine mantles. Then the venerable Prelate assisted by a number of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and the most illustrious members of the nobility, himself bearing high the Holy of Holies. It was only when the gentle breeze wafted away the.
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was the eve before Christmas. Throngs of eager purchasers or of mere sight-seers filled the streets, and the crunching of the newly-fallen snow under the feet of the pedestrians had that festive sound that seems peculiar to the season. I had remained at my place of business long after my book-keeper had made his last entry for the day, wished me good night and a happy Christmas, and departed for his home. After finishing the correspondence and the calculations that had detained me, I hastened to my bachelor apartments, too much occupied to divest myself of my outer coverings, and to set upon a little stand near the etagère to make a polite curtsey: at the same time, the little shepherdess rested her piping voice, and with a slight foreign accent,—"Pray, what does a little heathen like you know about Christmas?" exclaimed I, somewhat frowning his remark,—"and how came you to speak English so well?"

"You see Mary Ann up there?" said he, pointing to the little shepherdess. Mary Ann rose, curtseyed, and sat down again.

"Yes. Well, we have been neighbors and even friends for a long time. In fact, we are engaged to be married." (The little shepherdess blushed, turned her head aside, and exclaimed in a voice like a young canary, "Oh! Augustus.") "But she vowed she would never marry a heathen, and so she has made a Christian of me, and taught me English, besides. Moreover, she has changed my name from Ching-a-ling to Augustus, which she says sounds pretty." (All this with great volubility and emphasis.) "And you passed her too, without paying her any portion of the good things you yourself have only your avaricious self to feed, clothe, and house." "Oh! don't, don't," cried I, quite abashed at the picture.

"And you had your pocket full of money, and could have easily made those two little orphans happy to their hearts' content; and you didn't. Then you passed by the market, and saw a poor woman haggling for a bit of salt pork for her Christmas family dinner, while you turned your eyes away maddeningly from the turkeys and chickens that festooned the market stalls—while, poor thing, she could no more afford to buy than you could to buy the Emperor's summer palace at Pekin, or what is left of it after it was footed by those friends of humanity, the English." I pleaded guilty to the indictment. "And you passed her too, without a thought for the poor creature and her household, whom you could so easily have made happy, had you cared to find a means of doing so without wounding susceptibilities. Then, one of your old schoolmates met you this morning, and after talking about the pleasant times you had when you were at school together on the hill yonder, showed you a beautiful little paper cut out by your successors there, and called the College Journal.

Here, a sudden movement of mine upset the empty ale bottle, which tumbled upon my foot, causing me to start up in great wonder, and with no inconsiderable pain. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me. The porcelain shepherdess stood as stiff, and apparently immovable as ever; the small Chinese occupied his position of supreme repose, and was smirking with no more meaning than before.

I had been asleep. But I laid the lesson of my dream to heart, mended my ways, became thoughtful of others, and people even began to call me generous. I sent my name at once as a subscriber to the well, perhaps I had better not say. But I ever had a great respect after the many friends of the Congregational Library.
“THE BEAUTIFUL.”

As the prominent College Composition of the calendar year just elapsed, it will not, we are sure, be deemed an inappropriate office on the part of the College Journal, to notice the Essay under the above title, written by Albert W. Madigan, of Maine, which received in June last the Prize Medal offered by the Philodemic Society, at the same time that its author received his degree of A. B. from the College. We would have wished to publish it entire, but its length and the limited space at our command will not permit us to do more than give a sketch of it, accompanied by a few extracts.

The material interests of the day do not lack for advocates,—advocates always earnest, often eloquent; and seeing the tendency of the age to give an exaggerated value to the industrial triumphs and the developments in science and mechanism which are so characteristic of it, the author comes forward as the advocate of a different order,—The Beautiful, as beheld in the physical, the intellectual, and the moral world. The Usefulness he does not condemn, but he contends is that there is reason to fear it will monopolize the hearts and minds of men to the exclusion of all that is elevating and ennobling. Speaking of the mighty activity which prevails in the material order, he says:

“Praiseworthy as all this most undoubtedly is, and essential to the general prosperity, is there not some danger, amid the stern realities which must naturally arise from such a state of affairs, that men should become oblivious of the many indefinable graces and sweet harmonies of existence!—that, wholly taken up with the struggles and rough combinations of the busy world, their lives should comprehend only a round of mechanical activities, unheeded by the sight, and unappreciated by the spirit of those gentler influences which the Creator has spread in such lavish profusion around!”

** ** “Actuated by the desire to stem in some degree the all-pervading harmony? Do they not resolve themselves into one moral and spiritual beauty, upon which they all depend? Where is the object, the thought, the action which is beautiful in itself alone; but which is not rather beautiful in proportion as it expresses an all-pervading intelligence? In every animal object, and pervading inanimate nature, whether in the depths of earth or in the highest heavens, an Immortal Spirit shines through the thickest coverings—a spirit which is the animation of every noble thought, the light and glory of every heroic deed. All are but the faint reflections of one superior Beauty which they do not realize. Existing through His power, and basked in the shadow of His loveliness, they are but faint glimpses vouchsafed to mortals of the glory and effulgent majesty of Him who is the Lord and Life of all.”

Entering into the divisions of his subject, the writer says of Physical Beauty: “Though not perhaps more extensive in itself, it exerts a more frequent and general influence over mankind;—an influence, however, which must from the nature of the case be far less lasting in its impression than either of the others.” (Intellectual and Moral beauty.) “By it, without any exertion of its own, the intellect is affected with whatever of grace in the visible world is presented to us. Simple, and easily comprehended, few there are insensible to its influence. While, as the number of thinkers is comparatively small,—for intellectual beauty presupposes thought,—and because the number capable of appreciating in its fullest extent the excellence of moral beauty is comparatively limited,—intellectual and moral beauty exert in point of number a somewhat less extended sway.”

The illustrations which the writer employs to exemplify the influence of physical beauty on man, we are obliged to pass over. He next proceeds to the consideration of Intellectual Beauty, of which he says: “Lying without the immediate limits of the senses, and requiring for its appreciation the action of the intellect, it is a beauty of a somewhat more vigorous nature. It resides in works of art, making the cold marble beam with animation, and the rough cavass teem with forms of life and natural loveliness. It is the life, the very soul of poetry and her lovely sister, music,—music which pervades all nature—rising from earth’s thousand voices, from the sighing reed, from the rushing torrent, majestically to the sea, and perceiving from the faint and far reverberations.”

To which the planets roll,
Now lifting from the lover’s lute its low and plaintive notes, now bursting into triumphant tones that nerve the warrior’s soul, now rising on the massive organ’s swell, that exalts the mind to God, how fashioned she is to move the human frame, to soothe its pain, to melt to kind emotions or stir to deeds beyond man’s natural strength?”

We must needs pass over the illustrations that intervene, and proceed to the writer’s third point. Of Moral Beauty he says: “Rising above the beauty of mere sensible objects and above that strictly temporal type of intellectual beauty which we have been considering, it soars towards the Divinity. Regardless as it does the relation existing between free will and the moral order instituted by God himself, it is the foundation of the ineffable beauty of virtue. In it are united the relations existing between man and his fellows, man and his country, and man and the Creator: and its manifold beauties approach nearer than all else to the infinite beauties and perfections of the Principle of all beauty and the Father of every good. Prominent among the beauties of this order is Charity, which has been called the mother of all the virtues: Charity, which is forgiving, kind, amiable, and forgetful of self; which with an angel step moves through the troubled and anxious scenes of life, smoothing the brow of care, cheering the face of dejection, diffusing along its path the radiance of its ever reining and exalting sway.” The Sister of Charity affords a type familiar to all, of charity in action, and the writer describes its feeling and eloquent language his life of heroic labors and sacrifices. “Another beauty of the moral order, springing from the relations between man and his country, may be found in the sentiment of patriotism: signifying that ardent affection for one’s native land which prompts for her on his heart a hold which time cannot shake, and representing her as possessing charms such as no other land can
own. — 'For such the patriot's boast where e'er we roam, / His first best country ever is at home.' How beautiful it is, how lofty the sentiment it excites! Under its inspiration no effort is for man too toilsome, no danger too threatening. When his country calls, he will suffer even all! Next to God, he is his country's next to God, dependent upon her for his happiness and his welfare; than in her behalf he can suffer for no higher earthly good." In her defense he will act nobly; and if for her he falls, 'tis so

The brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.

But fairer than all this is that beauty of a heavenly type uniting at once in a supernaturally degree the beauties of faith, hope, and charity, which exists in the idea of martyrdom. The martyr in the Roman amphitheatre, his faith, fortitude, his abounding joy in the presence of that goal to which his severely heeded sufferings will presently conduct him, are all finely touched upon.

"But, is there not still something lacking? Do we not feel that all the glories and beauties of earth are but fleeting shadows, faintest reflections of the Real Beauty whose glorious loveliness even the imagination, with all its powers, in vain attempts to realize?" "When the gates are pass'd and heaven is won,—when the joyous soul has nestled down in the presence of its Maker,—in that realm where night shall be no more, which hath no need of the sun nor of the moon, 'for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof,'—then indeed will it realize that the Real Beauty is 'a joy forever,'—aye, forever!"

FLYING.

We are getting too rapid now-a-days to tolerate much longer an impeded progress along the earth. Already impatient glances are turned upward to the clouds, and bows are knelt over the problem of aerial navigation. The era of this mode of traveling may not be so far off as some imagine. An article in the Cornhill Magazine a short time ago, summing up the progress made in that direction, would seem to indicate that all the necessary principles are discovered, and only await the genius who will combine them in a practicable machine.

The mistake that many inventors have made has been in attempting to introduce the balloon in its contrivances; or rather they have aspired only to find a means for propelling a balloon. Now, this was impossible, for under the most favorable circumstances, that is to say in a dead calm in the aerial ocean, the resistance generated by a moderate speed, say thirty miles an hour, would tear the frail globe to pieces. A head wind would of course increase the resistance. In fact, any attempt to propel a balloon, except in the direction of the wind, has always proved futile.

Too little confidence has been placed in the buoyant powers of the air. The force which not only lifts a large and heavy kite into the clouds, but also carries the adventurous ricer off his feet, is the power which it is proposed to take advantage of. A few years ago a large kite was sent up in England, to which an arm chair was attached, in which a lady was bold enough to take her seat. The huge kite (which had fifty-five square feet of surface) carried its fair burden steadily and lightly up with it, and brought her as safely down, answering the side braces and the main line perfectly. The action of the kite in a wind is the same as that of an inclined plane carried horizontally forward through the air. If some apparatus can be devised by which the motion of such an inclined plane can be controlled, so that it may be carried forward at any rate of speed desired, may ascend or descend at will, and obey the direction given it, the problem would seem to be solved. Another difficulty remains to be mentioned: that of balancing a flying machine in the thin fluid in which it must move. The principle of the gyroscope has been proposed for this purpose; which is the principle that a heavy rotating disc tends to maintain its axial pose. Prof. Fizeau Smith relates that while on ship board he arranged a telescope so that it could not move without changing the axial pose of a heavy iron disc, which he directed the sailors to set rotating rapidly. He then pointed the telescope toward a vessel on the horizon, and on looking through it they were astonished to find that, although the ship was pitching heavily, the vessel to which the glass pointed remained steadily in the centre of the field of view, so unswerving was the rotating disc.

It could not, of course, be expected that even with a suitable machine, man should at once be able to navigate the air. To do so will require experience and practice. But there seems no reason to doubt that after outstripping the fleetest animals of the sea and land with his engines he will also surpass the swallow, the pigeon, and the hawk in their flight through the air. What a revolution such an invention would work it is needless to indicate. No doubt it will be strange, at first, to us or our children, to see the clipper-built air-ship Eagle, loosed from her moorings, putting swiftly through the morning sky, and leaving her long trail of black smoke behind. It will be strange to see the closed-up rolling mills, and the deserted railroads and abandoned bridges, and all the other apparatus of railroad man, facture and railroad travel laid aside throughout our land. It seems a marvelous thought that we shall ever read in our morning paper: "Great American Aeroloon Co.'s Air-ship Charles L. Curtis collides with the Phoenix, one mile over Albany! Dauntless conduct of the engineers! All saved by their Parachutes!" But in time aerial travel, with its attendant circumstances, will grow a familiar thing, and we shall learn to snatch up our valise and parachute and hasten down to the depot to catch the morning airship, never doubting that it will land us safely in London by noon.

College Jottings.

Eulogium.—The College Band serenaded Fr. Early the day after his return. In acknowledgment of the hearty welcome given him by the students in general, and in appreciation of their good taste in not asking any abridgment of class duties prior to the time fixed for the breaking up of the schools before the Christmas holidays, the announcement was made by his authority at dinner, on Saturday, the 21st, that school was dismissed for the day. The cheers were terrific, and "there was mounting" (the street cars) "in hot haste." Luckily, there was just time for the distribution of the second number of our Journal before the exodus,—which was nearly general.

ORDINATION.—Mr. Holland, S. J., successor, as First Prefect on the small boys' side, to Fr. Bahan, was ordained by Bishop Becker, of Wilminton, Del., at St. Mary's Chapel, Baltimore, on the 21st of December. He returns to his post, as Rev. Fred. Holland.

The O'Connor Don.—This gentleman, and his cousin, Mr. O'Connor, both members of the British Parliament, visited the College on St. John's day, the fete-day of our President, and dined with the Faculty. They were to take a steamer from New York for home, on the following day.

Mount AQUIN.—We must introduce to our scholars this new title for the apartments formerly occupied by the scholastic philosophers and theologians, whose home is now at Woodstock, Md. Since April last, the rooms have been in the occupancy of the College Philosophers. The new title was bestowed by last year's class, on taking possession, in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Master of Philosophy. Their recitation room is the ascetory of meeting for the College Societies. The old philosophers room is used as a class-room. The adjoining one to it is permanently appropriated to the use of the Reading Room.

GATELEY.—After a lingering and painful illness, on the 14th of Jan., John A. Gately, a native of County Roscommon, Ireland, died, at his home in Washington, in the 39th year of his age.

This announcement will no doubt strike with pain all of our old students who remember the deceased, diligent as a student, affable as a companion, and exemplary as a Christian youth.
The History of the Philobemica Society for the first year, although in type, is deferred to give room for matter more acceptable to the great mass of our readers. Those of an elder generation, whom this History would particularly interest, number comparatively so few on our subscription list, while the History itself is so bulky as a whole (the first year would fill a page), that it is probably safe to say that the College Journal will not contain it at all.

We give the “Christmas story” in this number, partly because it was crowded out of our last, and partly because it is not of sufficient substance to keep through the summer months to another Christmas.

—The author of “Clytie,” who, by-the-way, is a benefactor to our printing office, and is himself in training for the chariot of Phoebus, says of the statue which suggested his piece, that it is a charming production, and has created quite a furore in Baltimore, where it has been exhibited. “The artist, a Marylander by birth, looks on it as his masterpiece. Chief Justice Taney in bronze at Annapolis is by the same artist.”

—A notice of S. T. Wallis’s address at the unveiling of this statue, is one of the articles crowed out of this number.

—We consider the practice demoralizing, inasmuch as it leads to a false premise and empty show of knowledge, and encourages negligence: and injurious because it leaves the student indifferent as to what he has acquired with his author, and deprives him of any just claim to real scholarship. The tenor of the article is the same that referred to above, to urge greater self-reliance and more manly spirit among our youth. Calhoun, whose purity of heart and strength of character were his distinguishing traits, (says our author,) when he gave the lesson to our own students, while we spare those steps, the work that seemed so irksome to them while at college, will prove of great advantage.

The pressure on our columns for more room, is met in part by the present number; still, without enabling us to give place to all the matter on hand. Inter alia, we have been obliged to defer the interesting “Reincarnations of 1850-1,” contributed by an esteemed Baltimore friend and former graduate.

—Another contributor, whose contribution is equally incisive, and equally founded on just observation, enters his protest against the use of printed translations, a practice which has been rendered really unnecessary since the beginning of this scholastic year, on account of the limits set to matter given for translation. The writer considers the practice demoralizing, inasmuch as it leads to a false premise and empty show of knowledge, and encourages negligence: and injurious because it leaves the student indifferent as to what he has acquired with his author, and deprives him of any just claim to real scholarship. The tenor of the article is the same that referred to above, to urge greater self-reliance and more manly spirit among our youth. Calhoun, whose purity of heart and strength of character were his distinguishing traits, (says our author,) when he gave the lesson to our own students, while we spare those steps, the work that seemed so irksome to them while at college, will prove of great advantage.

—F. J. B.’s account of a religious ceremonials which he witnessed in Seville, presents an incident which has been rendered really unnecessary since the beginning of this scholastic year, on account of the limits set to matter given for translation. The writer considers the practice demoralizing, inasmuch as it leads to a false premise and empty show of knowledge, and encourages negligence: and injurious because it leaves the student indifferent as to what he has acquired with his author, and deprives him of any just claim to real scholarship. The tenor of the article is the same that referred to above, to urge greater self-reliance and more manly spirit among our youth. Calhoun, whose purity of heart and strength of character were his distinguishing traits, (says our author,) when he gave the lesson to our own students, while we spare those steps, the work that seemed so irksome to them while at college, will prove of great advantage.

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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, FEBRUARY, 1873.

ENLARGEMENT.—As will be seen, we have added four pages to the JOURNAL; and, if necessary, shall enlarge still further, if our friends will zealously endeavor to add to our subscription list and to the number of our advertisers. The pressure on our columns for room is still very great, and in this connection we must urge upon our writers the practice of patience, if their communications do not appear as promptly as they wish.

—We never could imagine, and we can’t yet, why Dickens’ works should be illustrated by such caricatures of them from the engraver. We cannot see the fitness in this selection.

—We have only to regret some typographical errors, which were unavoidable, and some lack of literary matter in our second number, owing to the sudden abandonment at that time of our plan of enlargement. Nevertheless, a critical friend, who had only seen the second number, in sending a subscription, pronounced it the "Gem of Periodicals."—We never could imagine, and we can’t yet, why Dickens’ works should be illustrated by such caricatures of them from the engraver. We cannot see the fitness in this selection.

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—We recognize the friendly hand of one of our former mates, W. H. D., in writing the notice of the project. The project had indeed been much talked of for some years, inasmuch as College papers had long ceased to be novelties, and our "boys" were unwilling to be surpassed by students of other institutions in any way indicative of literary spirit and scholastic train-
we traveled through a beautiful, finely cultivated region, and after a pleasant ride of two hours or more, arrived at Oxford. We were met at the depot by Dr. Mayo, a fellow of New College, who had served as a surgeon during our late rebellion, and who consequently feels great cordiality towards Americans. As we drove through the queer old town, he informed us that though his college was called "New," it had been founded nearly five hundred years ago, and having had a long name, was called "New," for short.

Having reached the entrance of the College, we were admitted by the janitor, and stood within its sacred limits. The buildings are in a rectangular form, and though very old, are still handsome. The walls, built of sandstone, have begun to crumble, and the statue over the arched gateway was almost defaced. In the centre of the rectangle was a soft, velvety grass plot, ornamented by beautiful flowers of various kinds; and through the opposite archway we caught a charming glimpse of the College Park.

As it was vacation time, the College was empty, and open to inspection. The students’ quarters are very commodious, each set having a parlor, bedroom and servants’ room; and we noticed with interest their pictures, books and furniture; wondering if some Tom Brown, or other, still occupied those venerable lodgings. A pleasant dinner was given us at New College, and we were admitted by the janitor, and stood in the record rooms are kept the Bulls of England, and for a long time was owned by Alfred the Great, and for a long time was owned by Alfred the Great, and for a long time was owned by Alfred the Great, and is said to have been founded by him. It has been in continuous existence ever since, and is one of the oldest and most famous universities in the world. It is noted for the walk in the meadows adjacent to the river, and for the large church which stands on the banks of the Cherwell, known as "Addison’s Walk." Christ Church is noted for the walk in the meadows on the river bank, and for the large church which adjoins it. The Bodleian Library, with its two hundred and sixty thousand volumes, is the most important institution at Oxford, and the handsome Museum, lately erected, shows a practical encouragement of the modern sciences.

The University is said to have been founded by Alfred the Great, and for a long time was used to educate poor young men for the priesthood. Various institutions connected with it were founded at different periods by noblemen or bishops, and the prelates of old still stand as patrons, looking sadly down from their niches on the numerous changes that have since occurred. There are about twenty Colleges, and they are governed like the states of a little Republic. Each has its own faculty and professors, and each has its special rules; but all are subject to the control of the University. This head has certain general regulations binding on all alike, and has officers to enforce its rules. The government is a very good one and has for ages kept in control the best youth of the nation; but the progressive spirit of the present time is fast doing away with those restrictions which have long been the safeguard of Oxford.

A pleasant dinner was given us at New College, and all went through with the ceremony of drinking from the Claret Cup, a large, two handled goblet like those of which we read. Having cordially bade farewell to the "dons" and having taken our last look around us as we drove back through the town, we left, with regret, this beautiful old seat of learning. T. E. S.

WASrington, D. C., January 5th, 1873.

My Dear Journal,

Having considered the matter, I have come to the conclusion that a letter may not prove distasteful to your readers, and in view of this fact will vary somewhat from my usual style of composition.

Washington presents at this time a fair promise for a season of gaiety and enjoyment. Already are the magnificent streets and avenues thronged with representatives from every nation in the world, and from each one come a cry of universal admiration for our beautiful Capital City. The great and marked improvements have wonderfully enhanced the value of property, and caused the dingy, dirty city of four years ago to become a thing of the past.

The Capitol buildings are every day being made more and more attractive, and when the park surrounding them shall have been completed, this magnificent pile will be displayed to its fullest advantage.

Among the many places of interest which present themselves for the edification of visitors in Washington, none is more attractive than the studio of the accomplished Miss Vinnie Ream. Miss Vinnie, personally, affords to her numerous visitors attractions not excelled even by her own creations. A wealth of rich black hair, large, lustrous black eyes, and a mouth of exquisite symmetry, all unite to produce a face as beautiful as man can conceive. Her genius as a sculptress has elicted, of every one who has seen her remarkable productions, unbounded admiration. Her statue of our lamented President, Lincoln, is well worthy of the high praises that have been bestowed upon it by those competent to judge. She is at present engaged on a statue of Admiral Farragut.

Her studio is profusely lined with proofs of her skill. One could almost imagine that her statues possessed the power of motion, so perfectly are they wrought; nor is her genius as an artist her sole intellectual distinction; her literary attainments are of the highest order, and an evening passed in her company is bound to be looked back upon with pleasure and profit.

Christmas and New Years have come and gone, and with them the many pleasures incident thereto. During the entire holidays, Washington was one continued scene of gaiety and pleasure, and Georgetown was by no means behind her sister city in this respect; joy and revelry were the order of the hour. In Georgetown, Christmas night, the evening was most delightfully spent by your correspondent at Mrs. D's, where a party of masquenaders assembled, consisting of about fifteen young gentlemen in full masquerading costume. The evening was passed in dancing until the approaching morning warned the revelers that the hour for departure was at hand.

Princes, counts, wild-irishmen, clowns, &c., together with the bright and smiling faces of a bevy of beautiful young ladies, formed a scene varied and striking in the extreme. The evening did not close before every participant owned that he had never enjoyed himself more in the whole course of his existence.

Monday evening, December 30th, the rapid approach of the new and spotless year, was duly celebrated by a sociable given by the gentlemen of Georgetown. In the intricate mazes of the dance the dark and forbidding past was forgotten, and the delicious present and hopeful future alone were considered.

New Years day was universally observed as one of festivity and of friendly reunion. In Washington and Georgetown all who entertained were eminently successful in contributing to the pleasure of their numerous callers. There is much which might be said concerning the "Open Houses," but I will not particularize, suffice it to say, that the day passed off most delightfully for all concerned. May they all enjoy "many returns."

Hoping that during the new year the "Col-
New Troy.

race of giants, sons of Neptune and the goddess Troja Nova

London, which he called.

ised him by the oracle, and landing he founded

in the case of the Britons, the claim is asserted

satisfied that this was the resting place prom-

1

Now void, it fits thy jieople: thither bend

Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,

that they are descendants of a colony of Trojan

exiles, who settled the island under the leader-

spirit of true poetry. They have furnished an

enchanted palace, suspended from heaven by a

about the basin that hangs in the court of the

King Arthur (as he is called) and his times, as

inexhaustible source of song to all our bards,

of the Round Table.

The spacious times of great Elizabeth

"The first warbler, whose sweet breatli

Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill

With sounds that echo still."

Even down to the present Laureate.

Is there anything in the "Arabian Nights"

more fancifully wild than the old Welsh legend

about the basin that hangs in the court of the

enchanted palace, suspended from heaven by a

golden chain? But in treating of this good

King Arthur (as he is called) and his times, as

we have to deal chiefly with fables and mythical

beings, perhaps it would not be amiss to sketch

out the origin sometimes ascribed to the

nations of ancient Britain. It has always been

a ruling passion among men to trace back for

themselves an illustrious ancestry, and hence it

will excite no great astonishment to know that

in the case of the Britons, the claim is asserted

that they are descendants of a colony of Trojan

exiles, who settled the island under the leader-

ship of Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas.

Brutus had consulted the oracle in regard to his

future home, and received the answer that,

"Far to the West, in the ocean wide

Beyond the realms of Gaul, a land there lies,

Seagirt it lies, where giant dwell of old:

Now void, it fits thy people: thither bend

Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;

There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,

And kings be born of thee, whose dreamed might
 Shall awe the world and conquer nations bold."

On discovering the island of Britain he felt

satisfied that this was the resting place prom-

ised him by the oracle, and landing he founded

London, which he called Trojan Nova—the New Troy.

England had heretofore been inhabited by a

race of giants, sons of Neptune and the goddess

Terra (so the legend goes), but owing to the con-

stant warfare which they kept up with one an-

other, their race had become almost extinct.

Of Albion, the last hero among them of any

note, from whom the island received its name, it is said:

"For proof of his great puissance

Out of his Albion did on dry foot pass

Into old Gaul, a thing now is called France,

To fight with Hercules, that did advance

To vanquish all the world with matchless might,

And there his mortal part, by great mischance,

Was slain."

Our Trojan progenitors for a long time after

this seem to have kept the even tenor of their way,

since we hear of no remarkable passages in

their history, until near the beginning of the

Christian Era. Molmius was the first to en-

terge from this dark night of history. He enact-

ed laws relative to sanctuary, and extended a

religious protection even to implements of hus-

bandry and the labors of the field, hoping there-

by to encourage the cultivation of the soil. Of

him Shakespeare says: "Molmius, man of laws,

Who was the first of Britains that did put

His brows within a golden crown, and called

Himself a king."

Soon after him the famed Caiusbedan, the

great dramatist’s Cymbeline, most signally up-

held his country’s honor against the Roman

invaders, and

"Was once at point

(O giglio Fortune!) to master Caesar’s sword,

Made Lud’s town with rejoicing fires bright,

And Britains strait with courage."

Having thus cast a lusty glance at the myth-

ical ancestors of our legendary heroes, let us

come now to the age of Chivalry, where King

Arthur stands foremost among the goodly

Knights of the Round Table. We presume

King Arthur’s reign began about A.D. 500-

though Milton, in whom we must not repose too

much confidence, as his matter-of-fact mind

made him sceptical on points of legendary lore,

observes, “as to Arthur, more renowned in songs

and romances than in true stories, who lie was,

made him sceptical on points of legendary lore,

and whether ever any such reigned in Britain,

hath been doubted heretofore, and may again,

with good reasons.” A renowned Welsh schol-

lar suggested that Arthur is a synonyme of the

Great Bear, as his name literally implies, deri-

ving it from Arctos orArchaios; and perhaps

this constellation’s being so near the Pole, and

visibly describing a circle in a very small space,

suggested the idea of the famous Round Table.

But, throwing aside all doubts and conjectures

on the subject, we who repose confidence in fa-

thers, may ask where in all the range of this

class of fiction, whether we look to Moorish

Spain, to Germany, or to Arabia, that golden

land of fable, can we find a more imaginative

and romantic than the Round Table? We have

already mentioned the Round Table; we shall

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and romantic than the Round Table? We have

already mentioned the Round Table; we shall

now sketch out the origin sometimes ascribed to the
Personal.

—Last month we had the pleasure of a visit from our old friends, the Messrs. Risque. Both were looking remarkably well, having come East on a short visit home. Ford, has already returned to his post in the 3rd National Bank of St. Louis, carrying with him his genial smile which is sure to win warm friends for him wherever he goes. Johnnie is still in town, but returns soon to Santa Fe, where he is in a law partnership with the States Attorney.

—Walter Abell, of '69, dropped in to see us so near New Year’s. He says the Sun still sheds light sufficient for Baltimore and its many subscribers. That the number of the latter may equal the Journal’s wish.

—Jas. Mackall, of ’70, cheers us by his presence occasionally. He is one of the hopefuls for ’73 in the Med. Dept. of Georgetown College.

—We occasionally see Jas. V. Coleman of ’69 and G. Ernest Hamilton of ’72, both of whom filled chairs in the Prep. Dept. of Gonzaga College, Washington, and attend the lectures at our Law College.

—Clayton Elliot, of ’72, honors us now and then. He is studying law in the office of a cousin in Washington.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.—The Board’s frugal efforts to grade the Georgetown streets produce results like the rages of an earthquake. The deep cut on High street affords a fine field to the geological explorer. The citizens thereabouts have been obliged to practice great prudence in their Christmas libations, for a fall from the side walk into the gutter means death. The filling on High street near the Courter office has reduced the dimensions of that establishment to the condition of a Troglodyte, whose existence is varied by occasional floods of water from the backing up of the drain flow, or the bursting of the adjoining underground sewer. The deep cut on High street affords a fine field to the geological explorer. The citizens thereabouts have been obliged to practice great prudence in their Christmas libations, for a fall from the side walk into the gutter means death. The filling on High street near the Courter office has reduced the dimensions of that establishment to the condition of a Troglodyte, whose existence is varied by occasional floods of water from the backing up of the drain flow, or the bursting of the adjoining underground sewer.

—Peter F. Cunningham, of ’69, has constantly on hand the largest assortment of Gent’s and Ladies’ SLEEVE BUTTONS & SHIRT STUDS at $1.00 each.

—Among the graduates of the Law Department, June 4th of the present year, were Eugene D. F. Brady of Del.; graduate of the College Class of 1882-7, and Edward S. Reilly of Pa. of ’65-66. Mr. Brady has, since his graduation here, taught in the College. To him was assigned the charge of instructing in “Special Classes,” a division inaugurated last year. Mr. Reilly was also a teacher here for two years after his graduation.

—During the last two years he taught at Gonzaga College, Washington. Both gentlemen will practice law at their respective homes, and we wish them the same success they have so honorably acquired as instructors of youth.

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LYRIC POETRY.

Impassioned language, expressing the emotions which stir the heart of man under the manifold circumstances and relations of life, must by its very nature partake of the poetical. There are states of the mind, especially those in which the feelings are highly wrought upon, or the sympathies excited, which demand a certain elevation of speech, and which readily interpret themselves in metaphorical expressions. It seems, as if almost by an instinctive force, the heart in its inner workings should seek some form of outward utterance, that will give expression to the emotions that are pent up within.

In every age of the world, and among all races of men, there must always have existed some individuals possessed of talents, which gave them a facility, or of genius, which gave them precociousness in clothing their vivid ideas and emotions in striking and elegant diction, illustrated by an imagery that immediately elicited the admiration of their hearers. It was only necessary to observe a certain rhythm, that lyric poetry might emerge from its crude state. This was early accomplished among nations who had arrived at a stage of considerable culture and refinement.

One of the causes most influential in giving rise to, and developing lyric poetry, was undoubtedly the religious sentiment. This powerful motive which so profoundly agitates the mind and fills the soul with mingled emotions of awe and admiration, reverence and love, hope and fear, gratitude and supplication, will ever strive for outward demonstration. Language is the most natural, and perhaps the only competent vehicle by which this can be effectuated.

Now as religion concerns itself with things which are of the most sacred and elevated character there is no other theme that can equal it in dignity, and it follows that invocations of aid and effusions of thankfulness addressed to the Deity, either unconsciously assume the poetic form, or lead to the use of figurative expressions worthy of the subject. But the very vehemence and intensity of religious feeling necessitates the alternation of repose and action, like the heaving of an overladen breast, or the frequently suspended outbursts of joyous emotion. Nay, it does more.—The feelings that seek to relieve themselves by articulate speech, prompt at the same time to the employment of the voice in melody, and the use of instrumental music, as auxiliary.

The celebration of the national games of the primitive Greeks naturally gave a great impetus to this species of poetry, and could hardly fail to exercise a powerful influence in moulding the national character. Under the great masters, Pindar and Simonides, lyric poetry reached its highest degree of elaboration, and the richly plastic and musical language of classic Greece points for us in showing numbers the social and national life of an extraordinarily gifted people, who attained the highest pinnacle of fame and greatness among nations, and whose poetry still lives to attest their right to this place.

In nobler and more solemn strains the psalmody of the Hebrews renders the words of the inspired bard on occasions of the appointed festivals and holidays—The hallowed productions of the sweet singer of Israel, whether conveying the sentiments of sorrowful repentance, or employing the accents of earnest prayer, or breaking forth in joyous expressions of thankfulness, or breathing the consoling words of faith and hope, are a perennial source of edification and of pious thoughts.

Modern lyric poetry has, among the most advanced nations of modern times, been cultivated with remarkable success. This could hardly be otherwise, for the feelings and passions that will always affect and move mankind even in the most primitive social conditions, become greatly diversified, enlarged and complicated by the new aspirations and purposes which characterize a high grade of civilization and refinement.

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