In this age of ours we are nothing if we are not sceptics. Scepticism pervades the sciences, literature, theology, and in fact everything to which it pleases our enlightened minds to turn. We dig deep down into the bowels of the earth, and immediately we begin to quarrel over its age. We scour the heavens, and dispute as to the inhabitants of the planets. We build up theories in the morning, and before the dawn of the succeeding day we throw them down, only to build up others for a like fate. We measure everything by our knowledge; judge all by our experience. We have puzzled mankind for ages to the exceeding day we throw them down, only to suspects those abstruse problems which we set up as our god, reason; of all that is opposed to it, or all that cannot of itself explain. Hence, it is not strange that the poetry of the period should tend toward the exaltation of reason and the debasement of all that is opposed to it, or all that cannot of itself explain. Hence, without faith there are many things in religion which reason cannot explain, faith must fall. Taking the broadest meaning of the word theology, the prominent poets of the day are theological poets. It is said that poetry is the voice of the soul. If this be true, then when the soul is doubtful, so must be the voice. With sorrow must it be confessed that the souls of our great poets to-day are doubting souls. Yea, more than that, oftentimes we perceive not only doubt, but unbelief.

Read Swinburne through and what is the tendency of his beautiful verse? Naught but the glorification of pagan-ism. On every page is stamped as plain as day the indelible mark of a declared and defiant anti-Christian spirit. Take Browning, who contests for first rank among our poets, strip from his verse its too heavy robe of obscenity, and what do you find? Let him answer for himself: "To be a Christian is hard."

What is Matthew Arnold? A confirmed unbeliever. Morris, "the idle singer of an empty day," is an exception, only because he sings exclusively of those times when beliefs were not to be contested, but were unquestionably settled. Tennyson, whom many rank with Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley, and who certainly is one of the leading, if not the leader of the poets of the age, confesses himself a doubter. It is not so? Read "In Memoriam;" read "The Two Voices."

After this hasty glimpse at the superficial scepticism and unbelief of the poets of the day, our eyes next turn toward the school of poets known as the Roman Catholic poets. It includes among its members the names of Cardinal Newman, Aubrey de Vere, Father Faber, Coventry Patmore and Adelaide A. Procter. It is not my intention to claim for these a place among the poets of the first rank. That is not claimed for Lord Tennyson, except perhaps by a few fanatical admirers, whose admiration gets the better of their judgment.

This is not my intention to claim for these a place among the poets of the first rank. That is not claimed for Lord Tennyson, except perhaps by a few fanatical admirers, whose admiration gets the better of their judgment.

What are the reflections to be drawn from this comparison? First, that the search after theological truths is not the province of the poet. It is only in this age that poets would take upon themselves such an unfitting task. They tell of a Cambridge mathematician who was laughed at for asking what Milton's "Paradise Lost" proved. That was years ago. To-day a poet is as good as condemned if it proves nothing. We, in this pottering nineteenth century, can read nothing as it is written. See the hosts of beglassed expositors raking Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and even good old Homer, to discover the inner meaning of their verse. How very truly did Horace sing:

"Naught is too high for the daring of mortals; Heaven's very self in our folly we storm."

Theology is not poetry, and the less we have of it in poetry the better. It is not wonderful that in this age of progress, so called, poems written under the auspices of such a period should imbibe the argumentative temper, and poetry so far forget its mission as to set men by the ears and plunge them into the dismal vortex of contradictory conclusions. Poetry is not theology, but if poetry must be theological, shall we not rather choose as our exponents of poetry those who have conclusively proved to themselves, if not to others, that they are right, and are not afraid to say so, than those who wave a twisted and that in the midnight abyss of doubt?

Dr. Juniper.

DR. JUNIPER.
It was now seven years since Ozma had ascended the Persian throne, and during these years success had attended him in every enterprise. The boundaries of his kingdom had been extended far beyond their original limits. Caliphs from the far East prostrated themselves before him, in token of their submission, and the wandering sheiks of the desert acknowledged his sway. And now, when all his enemies had been conquered, and when smiling peace had once more spread her white wings over his vast domain, we behold Ozma sitting on his lofty throne. The walls of the spacious apartment are hung with golden tapestry, and from time to time soft strains of music steal through the lofty halls. Numerous attendants stand ready to obey, and even to anticipate his slightest wish, yet Ozma was not happy, and a glance at his care-worn countenance would convince you of this. On this day he had collected around him his ministers of state, and to their great surprise he announced to them his formal abdication of the Persian throne. The secret which weighed so heavily on the heart of Ozma and caused him to resign the Persian throne was this: Even in early youth Ozma burned with a desire for glory and power, but there was one obstacle which stood in his ambitious way and that obstacle was a young prince, who had a better claim to the throne than Ozma himself. Carried away by hatred and blind ambition Ozma succeeded in having the young prince basely assassinated. No sooner had the deed been done than fear and remorse took possession of his heart. He sought escape from his thoughts by giving himself up to all kinds of pleasure and by carrying on many wars, but it was all in vain, for the thought that he was a murderer was ever present before his eyes, nor could he escape it, and it was for this reason that he had abdicated the throne and had determined to spend the remainder of his life in solitude and piety in atonement for his crime.

Years after, in a dense forest, far from the habitations of men, a hermit might be found. A narrow cave served as his abode. The sparkling water from a neighboring spring and herbs, gathered in the forest, furnished him with drink and food. The first bright rays of the morning sun and the last beams at evening beheld the hermit prostrate in prayer before the throne of Him who rules all things. In the bent and emaciated form of the hermit you would with difficulty recognize the Ozma of old, so greatly was the change that penance and piety had wrought upon him. One evening as Ozma sat musing before the entrance of his cave he fell into a quiet sleep, during which an angel appeared to him and said, "Ozma, thou hast already learnt that there is no enjoyment in that which is gained through crime; I now tell thee that by prayer alone will thy sin be forgiven thee. Observe the brooks, the trees, the animals about you, and from their activity read what the actions of thy own life should be." Having spoken thus the angel vanished and Ozma awoke with a start. He felt the cool air of the morning fanning his brow, and saw the morning star shining brightly in the heavens. The hermit prostrated himself in thanksgiving, arose and departed, and that night the dark forest was once more devoid of human habitation.

A terrible plague raged in a neighboring country, countless numbers were perishing daily. All who were able fled from the country, and none remained to nourish the sick or comfort the dying. One evening a stranger might have been seen approaching one of the plague-stricken cities. The fleeing inhabitants warned him of his danger, but he only smiled and passed on. Within, the city resounded with the groans and cries of those asking for water to slake their burning thirst. The stranger, for it was no other than Ozma, passed around among them, placing a cooling draught to the parched lips of this one, and soothing the burning brow of that one. Day after day he labored heroically among them, and blessings were called down upon him wherever he appeared. His eyes once more became bright, and his step elastic, for in these acts of mercy his troubled spirit found that rest and confidence of forgiveness which charity alone can give. Finally the plague ceased its ravages and the people began to return to their country. Death, which makes no distinction between the young and old, the king and the peasant, had carried off by the plague the whole royal family of Persia. It then devolved upon the nation to elect a new king. The fame of the stranger, who had assisted them in their distress, had spread all over the nation, the people struck with gratitude and admiration for his character, called him with an unanimous voice to the vacant throne. Words cannot express the joy of the people when they discovered that the stranger was Ozma, their former king, who had resigned the throne and departed, no man knew whither, many years before. Ozma once more ascended the throne, not through a desire for glory or power, for he had already learnt how little they conduct to true happiness, but that he made use of his high position to teach his people, both by word and example, that no contentment can ever come from ill-gotten gains, and that of the practise of all virtues charity is by far the most pleasing to God.

THREE POETS.

Upon the three great American poets who have each a claim to first place, their countrymen have as yet given no decisive judgment. By some to Bryant, by others to Whittier, and by others still to Longfellow, the honor of being America's greatest poet would be ascribed, and though the last poet can claim for himself perhaps the greatest number of followers, he has won their favor not more by the simplicity of his poems than by their personified beauty in his later years of life. His admirers had but to read his poems and then turn and see all their beauty realized in the home of his old age. All the sweetness of his writings, the calm beautiful music of their descriptions, were there turned into living reality from their fanciful existence in the writings of the poet. But to poetic qualities other than this music of rhythm and sweetness of description, he has very little claim. Depth of thought and a fiery imagination, neither were his.

Often I have seen his power of description, as in "Hiawatha," hold a knot of children spellbound around an older reader's knee, but no one yet ever bowed his head in thought over the hidden meaning of his verse or felt his blood boiling up within him at the passion in his lines. His one quality is a popular one, however, and carries him far in the estimation of that class who love a book that carries them on, as a fast trotter would, with never a hitch or stumble, or now and then a line which brings their brain into active play to solve the intricacy of the thought.

Of the three the one with most depth of meaning, and on this account less widely popular, is Bryant. He possesses this gift alone, it can almost be said, of American poets. Deep thought has no place in the poetry of a new people, but neither have the passionless style and the cold solemnity of its accompaniments. A thinking poet is rather an after production of culture, no child of the first.
tumultuous desire of metrical expression, and thus Bryant wrote for an age neither appreciating to the full his productions nor calculated to develop in the best degree his peculiar turn of thought. Surely he who at nineteen wrote "Thanatopsis" might under other circumstances have risen far higher as a poet than he did. He has written and passed, however, and it only remains not to undervalue what he left.

The third, Whittier, rests his claim more upon the poetic gift in which the other two were deficient, fire.

He is not altogether lacking in melody, it is true. Witness those oft-quoted lines—

"I love the old melodious lays
That softly melt the ages through."

But on the whole compared with the other two his verse is harsh and relies more fittingly in its claim to equality on its passionate, imaginative tone. His Quaker origin brought with it no peace-loving spirit, though it did bring a delight in domestic joys and home descriptions which called his "Snowbound" forth. His fiery muse found full play in his attacks on slavery, and these are the poems in which his passionate nature displays itself to the full. Longfellow’s poems on the same subject compared with his, show their different natures well. Longfellow prefers entreaty, Whittier has no patience for that. His wrath needs stronger expression than can be found in gentle words.

Other poets there are to contend with these, Holmes and Lowell, for while there is the possibility of doing; no fixed place can be assigned, but whether either has as yet reached the rank of these three, we will not presume to judge. Poe, although widely favored, is barred from equality by the many ever ready to affirm that he was no more than a word artist, a poet of jingles, but jingles though they be, "Annabel Lee" and "The Bells" will last by side by side with the songs of his greater contemporaries, though they may not win for him an undoubted right to be classed with the "three poets."

A LETTER TO VIRGIL.

TO PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO: As a student, young in the classics, but charmed by the beauty of your Aeneid, I address you, Virgil, prince of Roman verse. You have not, indeed, excelled all other poets in every quality, for no man has done that. Homer was your model; he, therefore, excelled in invention. But in vivid and pathetic description you have almost equaled your model; in eloquence of diction you have surpassed him.

You seem to have been familiar with every class of life. In your pastorals, you describe shepherd life as though you had lived among the mountains from youth; in your Georgics, you pay many a worthy tribute to the happiness of the rural home; but in the Aeneid, you make a happy blending of all your powers.

What a fortunate thing it has been, Virgil, for admitting generations which have come after you, that your friends refused to destroy those precious manuscripts as you had directed. Your poems have been the study and delight of every scholar. All the great modern poets, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Dante, have paid tribute to your name, have acknowledged you as a master and a friend. Of all the classic writers, your lines are the most familiar to the students of literature. Even among the students of Roman rhetoric you, rather than Cicero, were looked upon as their model and the source of their inspiration.

Among our modern orators your authority is pre-eminent; as Canning when he repeats:

"Quos ego—sed mortis praestat compone
nere fluctus—"

Or Chatham, who muttered, as he crossed to his seat—

"At Danaum proceres, Agamemnoni
aque phalangetes,
Ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per
umbra
Ingenti trepidare metu."

Or Gladstone, repeating—

"Exoriare aliquis, nostris ex ossibus ul-
sumbras
aeque phalanges,"

Or,

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tom-
pus."

How pure are all your writings, Virgil. How different in your public and private life you were from other contemporary poets at Rome! And again, what an exquisite sense of propriety characterized all your poems! Unlike your contemporaries, whose works constitute their best biographies, you make so few allusions to yourself that you pass before us in much of the same shadowy grandeur with which you envelop the shades of Elysium.

Your Aeneid has stood for ages, and will stand for ages yet to come, the proudest literary monument of ancient Rome. It is a masterpiece from beginning to end. How vividly you picture to us the Trojans on the angry waves, the thunder and lightning terrifying the men, the looks of despair on every countenance, until at last the shattered remnants reach the African coast. And what beautiful sentiments does the address of Aeneas contain, ending—

"Durate, et vosmet rebus servare secundis."

True to your prince and patron, you most skilfully shadow forth in Aeneas the character of Augustus:

"Nascetur pulchra Trojanus origine Cas-
sar."

Aeneas is in every respect a hero; of surpassing intellect and personal beauty, of deep reverence to the gods and love of his country, and of great courage in the hour of danger.

How admirably is the sense of your passages raised by the beauty of the words! With what elegance and harmony do you clothe your descriptions! You have beautified your poem by a matchless diction, as the artist does his painting by a skilful use of his colors.

Do you not think, Virgil, as you look down upon us from those happy Elysian fields so familiar to your readers, that your labors have been recompensed? Do you not think that the homage of centuries has rewarded your efforts? A little tomb near Naples is still pointed out to the traveler as your earthly sepulchre, and is visited by pilgrims from every land; but long after the last vestige of that marble has crumbled into dust, when the spot which it marks has been forgotten, the offspring of your poetic genius will continue to exercise a powerful influence on the mind of civilization.

Farewell, Virgil! Would that I could sing of you as did the poet-laureate of England:

"I salute thee, Montovano,
That loved thee since thy days began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
Ever moulded by the lips of man."

N. '90.

CORRESPONDENCE.

By permission of an alumnus we lay before our readers an interesting letter, which though originally written with no view to publicity, will repay us for the space here surrendered, with grateful acknowledgments to our friend, to its reproduction.—[Eds.]

VIENNA, Dec. 15, 1886.

My Dear * * *

Since I wrote, I have been to Budapest, a sort of semi-oriental city, beautifully situated on the Danube, about two hundred miles from Vienna. It is a larger city than I had supposed, having about 360,000 citizens. As among the interesting points at Fribourg you mention a suspension bridge, so there.
is a fine chain suspension bridge at Buda-
pesth, on either extremity of which are
two magnificent great stone lions lying
as if on guard. This bridge connects
the city with the sister city of Ofen
just across the river; it is built up on
the terraced sides of the Pestumpberg,
or Fortress mountain, which rises ab-
ruptly over 400 feet from the river,
and makes quite a picturesque scene,
crowned as it is on the summit by
the royal palace, which extends 350 feet
along the sky line. The range of
mountain continues about a mile and
terminates in the citadel mountain,
Mount St. Gerhard, on which is a so-
called citadel, although out of date as a
defence, yet it might from its sharp,
sudden rise from the river to a height of
763 feet, undoubtedly prove formidable
to a fleet below, at near range, if the
garrison only fired stones. Monks,
and Turks, Romans and hordes of pre-
historic migratory people have left their
traces and relics about this part of
Hungary. The Turks made a mosque out
of the parish church of the Festung (the
Church of the Ascension of Mary),
"Maria Himmelfahrt." The church is
being restored now, but when the Turks
were driven away its walls were covered
with inscriptions from the Koran. The
museum of Pesth, or "Magyar Nem-
zeti Museum" in the Hungarian, as it
stands on the "Kalangy" or Catalogue,
was very interesting to me, as it con-
tained the best collection, in some
respects, of prehistoric relics that I
have seen, and it has a very fine col-
collection of Roman remains, taken from
the vicinity. There are many natural
warm springs here and booths are fitted
up about them; one or two yet show
the architecture of the Turks. Indeed
the Oriental, globular-formed spire tops,
crowned with minaret-like structures
often, are found now all through Hun-
gary and Austria, and indicate that
some influence remains of Turkish in-
vasion even to this day. The Hunga-
rians are extremely tenacious of national
prestige. The streets are named in
both Hungarian and German, but the
horse-cars are entirely Hungarian and
the common people can't understand
German. I attended the theatre and
saw Hamlet, in Hungarian, and the
Museum catalogue is in Hungarian, and
when you go into the theatre, or a
depot, it seems unnecessary and
somewhat exasperating to be com-
elled to go through the "Bemenet,
" and come out of the "Kimenet," in
stead of the good old-fashioned Eingang
and Ausgang. It seems absurd to per-
sist in the obstinate struggle to promote
the growth and development of the
Hungarian language which must event-
ually succumb to German, and is really
in the process of dying into a dead
language. Nevertheless Hungarians are
extremely tenacious on this subject and
insist that the official language of the
country shall be Hungarian and that,
while German-speaking officials shall
be compelled to know Hungarian, the
Hungarian official shall not be com-
pelled to know German. Furthermore
there is a strong effort being made to
have the schools entirely Hungarian
notwithstanding a large German popu-
lation. The Hungarian is intensely
proud of his nationality and is averse
to the German element of the Empire.
The same question is mooted in respect
to other languages spoken in this motley
Empire, and the Bohemians, Croats,
Gallians, Dalmatians, Poles, etc., all
insist on having their own language rec-
ognized as official, which would make a
very great confusion in the adminis-
tration of the various public offices, as
the post, etc., of the Government, and
this is indicative of an element of
weakness. Nevertheless this impove-
rished and motley Empire of Austro-
Hungary appears to be unanimous in
determination to resist Russia's en-
croachments on Bulgaria with war if
they exceed a certain limit, although it
is uncertain what the limit is. The
mere glance at any regiment or de-
tachment of troops, or the cursory ex-
amination of any soldier, serves to con-
vince me that if all the army is com-
posed of the same material it must lack
fatally that stamina and power of en-
durance which are absolutely essential
for the winning of battles. The im-
pression one receives, certainly any one
who has had experience as an army
medical officer, at any parade, drill, or
march of troops, or from the appearance
of a single soldier, is that of short,
too youthful, beardless, narrow-chested,
round-shouldered, meagre-faced, stupid,
lean and dispirited, half-hungry and ill-
formed soldiers with unwelcome faces,
A look at army statistics confirms this
view, and from a medical standpoint they
demonstrate the physical inferiority
of the Austrian army. Thus at the last
enrollment of recruits 866,696 were
found to be physically unfit, and but
142 complied in all respects to require-
ments, and were accepted as fit; 114
out of the 1,000 were not tall enough
even to comply with the short Austrian
standard, 1554 millimetres, or 67 less
than the short German standard. Finally,
100 out of every 1,000 did not appear
at all, but evaded military duty. Again
out of every 1,000, 33 per cent. cannot
write, so that these official army figures
do not show any better result than a
cursory glance at the soldiers them-
selves affords in respect to the reliance
that will be placed on the army as an im-
portant factor in the present condition of
affairs. Furthermore, the army is not
well supplied with an effective arm,
although the very sudden adoption re-
cently of the Manley repeating rifle,
and the preparations to manufacture it
on a large scale, as rapidly as possible,
indicate the grave importance attached
to the crisis in Bulgaria, and the weak-
ness of the present army weapon in
comparison with the latest repeating
arm. In fact they seem to have just
walked up to the fact that repeating rifles
are absolutely demanded nowadays, and
read the statement recently that they
were first employed in warfare in the
Turko-Russian war at Plevna. Not an
idea seems to have existed apparently
that Winchester rifles, and Colts and
Sharps rifles, were used in our war. I
believe that the Turkish rifles used with
so much effect at Plevna were revolving
rifles made in America and mostly at
Providence. It will hardly be probable
that Austria will venture into war unless
some flagrant cases bell, more exasper-
ating and humiliating than the affairs,
already and continuously imposed by
Russia, occurs.

The soldiers here are enrolled at alto-
gether too early an age, viz., 17, and
these boys in the process of growth into
manhood are unfit for serious service,
and in fact all the garrison hospitals are
always full of these youths in time of
peace. Russia is determined to have
her way, and as she sacrificed about 100,-
000 men in the war with Turkey that
secured Bulgaria's independence, I
don't wonder she feels as if she might
dictate somewhat in respect to its gov-
ernment. The nomination of the Dan-
ish Prince, and the Prince of Minyrelia
is now followed by that of the Prince
of Cobourg, and it appears as if Russia
would not accept it either. Austria's
navy is more of a force than the army,
but, as I apprehend, from an article I
read in an Austrian army and navy
journal, her fleet is far behind what is
demanded to-day, and Admiral Zy-
thoff's victory at Lissa is not likely to
find a counterpart in an engagement of
the present fleet with the latest iron-
clads of Russia and France.

Russia seems determined to have her
way, and it seems probable that she will
achieve her ends in spite of the "Ber-

lin treaty." The war, if it must come, as it is not improbable of course, will likely be deferred a year or so. Every one seems to think that the death of the Emperor William will be a signal for war. General Moltke recently made a very strong appeal for increased army force and supplies at Berlin, and referred to the immediate imminence of war in which Germany would be involved with Austria against Russia and France, but Bismarck maintains silence and that is significant.

—Locals.

—Now that the warm weather has come the billiard-room is losing its attractiveness, even for the most ardent admirers of the game.

—The classes of '87 and '90 have withdrawn from the class league, and it remains for '88 and '89 to show which is the stronger—'89 has already won one game from '88, and one or two games will decide who wins the pennant.

—The Merrick Debate, which has been postponed until May 12th, one week later than the date first settled upon, promises—from the earnestness with which the contestants are at work—to equal the best of those former years.

—During the Easter holidays Mr. Pittar, aided by a number of students who spent that time at the College, wrought quite a change in the ball-field, leveling here and filling in there, until it presents quite a fine appearance. From what we can gather much praise is due Mr. Pittar and his co-workers for this badly-needed improvement.

—What was mentioned some two or three months ago about the Toner Scientific Circle changing its hour of meeting proves to be true. The time selected, we understand, is eight o'clock Saturday evenings, the hour formerly occupied by the Dramatic Association, which body, just prior to the beginning of the Easter recess, adjourned sine die.

—On Monday, April 25th, the faculty and students of the College spent one of the most enjoyable evenings imaginable. Mr. Turner, a native of England who has spent much of his time in traveling through Europe, Asia, and Africa, and who is now making a tour through the United States, was the cause of all the enjoyment. With him his audience visited, by means of the screen and calcium light, all the objects of interest in the principal cities on both sides of the Rhine, and many of the other important cities in Europe. The gentleman is a pleasing speaker, and explained his views in a most effective manner, never forgetting to relate in a most droll way any little amusing tale which might be connected with the view.

—On Sunday evening, April 24, Rev. Father Croonenberghs, of the Jesuit mission in South Africa, delivered a most delightful lecture to the students in Memorial Hall. The lecture was to have been illustrated, but as the gases furnishing the light (oxy-hydrogen) gave out, we were deprived of that pleasure.

In a most pleasing and charming manner the reverend gentleman spoke of the many different tribes of Africa, their various characteristics and occupations, and described at length the country which they occupy, interspersing his remarks with many anecdotes drawn from the adventures of himself and companions during their stay there.

During the lecture many wrong impressions we had received concerning that country and its inhabitants were dissipated, and much that was new and novel to us learned.

We hope to be given the pleasure of listening to him again at an early date.

—Visitors.

Charles E. O'Connell, A. B. '78, paid a visit to the College, week before last. For some years past, Charlie has been practising law in New York. The destruction caused by the earthquake at Charleston last August, having rendered uninhabitable his beautiful home in that ill-fated and ill-faring city, he has his mother's family now residing with him in New York; so that, as Charlie says, the only link, other than those of affection and memory to bind him to the City by the Sea, is an occasional tax-bill. From our friend we heard pleasant news of other Georgetownians, Thomas Blake, Frank Duffy, &c.

Thomas Tasker Gant's, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo., called to see his venerable friend, Father Curley. When we state that Mr. Gant, then from Maryland, entered College in 1830, it will be readily understood that he found in the old place no one except our venerable patriarch, with whom he could exchange reminiscences of his college days. Though well advanced in years, Mr. Gant is in the enjoyment of good health.

James Duffy, Jr., in all the splendor of cadet gray and brass buttons, was down on a visit from the Military Institute at Chester, Pa., where he is pursuing his education. Jim has grown tall and has quite a military bearing.

Ignatius P. O'Neill, A. B., '80, has met his fate hymeneal, rumor hath it, and will soon marry one of Charleston's most popular ladies. Heart are our congratulations.

Dominick F. Sweeney, from Hazleton, Pa., dropped in upon us a few days ago. He is in the line of business of which Mr. Mould, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," was so splendid an exponent. Our friend D. F. S. is able, no doubt, to "provide silver handles of the very best description, ornamented with angels' heads from the most expensive dies," should excess of grief over departed friends exact such emphatic expression.
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APRIL, 1887.

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

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Thomas V. Bolan, '88.

Assistant.
John B. McPaul, '87.

To our alumnu, Edward E. Sheib, A. B., '71, now president of the Louisiana State Normal School, we are indebted for an invitation to attend the closing exercises of the institution April 27, 1887. In making our acknowledgments for this courtesy on the part of our friend, we are gratified to have to chronicle the great success that has attended President Sheib's labors since he assumed the responsible position which he fills. The result fully justifies the wisdom of those who made the selection.

Some two or three weeks ago when a vacancy on the Supreme Bench of the District was to be filled, rumor and more substantial indication, the expressed wish of the greater number of lawyers who practise in our District Courts, pointed to the selection of a Professor of our Law School to take the place. For reasons satisfactory to himself, the President of the United States made the choice of the ex-Commissioner of Patents, Judge Montgomery. Last week another vacancy was created on the same bench, by the death of Chief Justice Carter, and this time the place was offered to the senior professor of the school, Mr. Martin F. Morris. The honor thus proffered by the President, and the acceptance of which was by him urged in terms most flattering to our friend, was finally declined, and another, Judge Bingham, of Ohio, received the appointment. Mr. Morris, however, enjoys the honor of having been deemed worthy of the position, while he may also claim the hardly less honorable distinction of having declined an office, which gentlemen of his profession regard as the crown of their career.

In what estimate Mr. Morris is held, the following taken from the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore Sun abundantly testifies:

THE DISTRICT BENCH.

The bar of the District, while having nothing to say against the personal character of the newly appointed chief justice, is of the opinion that embarrassments and delays are apt to be the consequence of the appointment to the bench here of two persons entirely unfamiliar with the mode of legal procedure here. The jurisdiction here is one of common law almost exclusively, while the two new justices come from "code" States. Ohio is particularly a "code" State, and members of the bar say a judge coming from the bench of that State will require four or five years to get over his preconceived notions and adapt himself to the common law practice of the District courts. This consideration, certainly an important one, has been above all others the controlling influence in the demand of this community that residents and not strangers should be put upon the bench. It is to be regretted that Mr. Martin F. Morris, who has a lifelong experience at the bar of the District, could not bring himself to the point of accepting the tender of the chief justiceship twice made him by the President. The President appreciated the point in favor of making a local appointment, and personally urged Mr. Morris to accept. When Mr. Morris declined finally, the President went outside for his selection rather than make a choice between the dozen or more gentlemen who have been persistently pressed for a place on the District bench.

OUR CLASS PICTURES.

The graduate group for 1867, which, next in order of time, holds a place in our gallery, bears testimony, in the uniform worn by each and every member of her class, to the prevalence of a military spirit in the college, the outgrowth of civil war, only then recently ended. When the last shot had been fired at Appomatox, and the "stars and bars" were to be henceforth only relics for museums, many young lads, who had been handling Springfield rifles when ordinarily they would have been turning the leaves of Lindley Murray, entered college with the hope of repairing lost time and supplying early deficiencies. All their military ardor had not been drained out of the system in the trenches around Petersburg, and some of it found an outlet in the holiday soldiering, with which they sought to diversify the monotony of college life. The ex-Inspecter General on the staff of Gen. D. H. Maury, was a professor in the college at the time, and as commandant of the Corps of Cadets, he organized a well disciplined and well drilled battalion.

The men, who graduated from college in 1867, and whose pictures stand before us, were Samuel H. Anderson, of Maryland; Robert M. Douglas, Illinois; Bladen Forrest, District of Columbia; George H. Fox, New York; Charles C. Homer, Maryland; Arthur Lee, Maryland. The honor men of the class were Douglas and Homer. The former is the son of the great Senator from Illinois, whose name, fame and achievements are part of our country's history. Since graduation "Bob Douglas," as all collegians call him, has resided in North Carolina, though for a short time he was one of President Grant's private secretaries, when the latter was in the White House. This President appointed him Marshal of the United States for the Western District of North Carolina and his administration extending over many years, was honest and vigorous. Uncommon praise, we are reluctant to admit. Charles C. Homer is a resident of Baltimore city, and enjoys the esteem of his many friends, who hold him high among the solid men of that city. Bladen Forrest is practising law in the District of Columbia. George H. Fox was the base ball giant of those days, and no one
in succeeding years has held quite the place in the collegians' estimation that George was given. If "Brother Paddy," known to all Georgetowners, were asked to name the greatest man that ever graduated from G. T. C. he would promptly respond, "George Fox." He has for a number of years been a special agent of the Revenue service of the United States, and is esteemed an efficient and entirely trustworthy officer. Did we contemplate the importation, by the underground route, of diamonds or cigars across the border, we should much care to know beforehand the exact whereabouts of George. Samuel H. Anderson is a practising physician in Anne Arundel County, his success having been from the outset very gratifying. Arthur Lee removed, after graduation, to St. Louis, Mo., where he now resides.

Douglas and Homer are occasional visitors to the college and George Fox as well. But the others rarely come up to report of their doings or send us word of their successes.

**EXCHANGES.**

The March number of the North Carolina University Magazine filled, as usual, with interesting matter, has reached our sanctum. The article, "The Heroes who Fail," is well written and contains many good ideas. It is written in a manly and interesting style and freed from all signs of carelessness. The magazine contains another good article, entitled "Adam Bede." The author begins by praising George Eliot, whose works he classifies with those of Dickens, Bulwer, and Thackeray. He shows us what a strong character Adam Bede is, and thinks there are no men to-day living equal to him. There may have been, but they have died or were named Julius Caesar or Napoleon. Here we disagree with him, for we think there are many characters now existing as strong and noble as Adam Bede. Again we see no similarity between him and Napoleon. The former was a good, honest, and noble, but not a great, influential man, the latter was just the reverse. His descriptions of the other characters were just. He paints Dinah as "earnest, sincere, conscientious, self-sacrificing," and Hetty as "weak, frail, pretty, and foolish." This style of composition we consider good, as it benefits both the writer and reader. The writer has it tends to make him careful and observant in reading, to the reader who is acquainted with the book it recalls pleasant scenes and, perhaps, presents in a new light the different characters; and it may also serve as an incentive to others to read the book criticized. Hence, we hope the author of the above-mentioned article will furnish the University Magazine with more of his criticisms.

Our sanctum is once more illumined, The Sunbeam has entered into it. This is a spicy and interesting journal, and in appearance neat and pretty, like those, no doubt, who edit it. The locals are written in a pleasant style and are noticeable for the absence of those of one line, which seem to be so popular with other journals. The exchange column is rather short. At this we are surprised, as we have often heard that ladies were long and sometimes severe in their criticisms upon their neighbors. The Sunbeam entirely disproves this account. It has, however, the correct idea of what an exchange column should be, for it says: "We think that the business of the exchange editor is to make a few comments on articles which particularly attract his attention." According to this "The Apparent" should claim a notice. This article, while it has nothing of high literary character, yet possesses some good ideas expressed in a plain, clear manner, and for one of the latter sex shows depth of thought.

The Illini, of April, comes to us with a short life of Patrick Henry, written in a manly style; a scientific article containing a large amount of information, and with this question: "Why do they call him the devil?" Knowing nothing at all about "him," we could answer this question as quickly and easily as we could discover what the Niagara Index intended to say about "the Georgetown ex-garcon and the man from Missouri." Possibly our friend from Missouri fathomed his meaning; if so, we hope to receive an interpretation of it by mail.

The February number of the Emory Phoenix, from Oxford, Ga., contains a long and interesting account of the "Class-Tree Exercises." The opening speech is written in a clear, manly style, and in some places rises to the eloquent, showing that Georgia's sons still continue to uphold the reputation she has made in the field of oratory. The prophecy is written in an interesting manner, and we hope none of them will fall short of their mark. However, there is one thing wanting to the Phoenix to make it a complete college journal, and that is an exchange column. We are glad to learn that the Bates Student agrees with us as to the necessity of an exchange column, for it says: "In our estimation the exchange department is a valuable one." It advises those who complain that their exchanges are not read to devote as much time to that department as they do to others, and then they will cease to complain.

From College Hill, Mass., comes the Tuftonian, an exchange to which we extend a hearty welcome. It has a neat appearance and contains a well-written article, entitled "The Drama of Ten-nyson." In this the author, while showing us the beauties, does not neglect to point out the defects of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." He shows us that, although the poet's descriptions are beautiful, and his diction pure, nevertheless he is wanting in that chief essential to a dramatic poet, namely, the true portrayal of character. As a proof of this he tells us that in "Queen Mary" there are many personages but few distinctive characters. In short, he acknowledges Tennyson to be a lyric but not a dramatic poet. The justness of this criticism all will admit. The article is written in a clear and concise style, shows thought, and does credit to the journal. Following the order of the author of the above-mentioned article, we shall point out the defects of the journal. They lie in the exchange column. The criticisms are too vague. To illustrate we quote the following: "Outing for March contains a variety of articles on out-door life and sport, the most interesting of which is the continuation of the wonderful trip of Thomas Stevens around the world on his bicycle." He does not show us in what the interest consists, whether it is the wonders seen on the trip or the manner in which they are described. With an improvement in this department we think the Tuftonian would be a good college journal.

**BASEBALL.**

It has been rumored that the College team will visit Annapolis to play the Naval Cadets on the 14th of May.

Several changes, calculated to strengthen the nine, have been made in the playing positions. Shanahan, who covered third base so acceptably last year, will play at first, and Shea will guard third base.

The opening game of the season for the College nine was played on the College grounds with the Monumentals, of the District League. The College presented their "point" battery, C. O'Day and Bolan, and their fine work surpassed even the most sanguine
On Tuesday, April 26, the Pallus Club, also of the District League, assisted the College boys in playing their second game of the season and in securing another victory. Taylor pitched for the home club and did some excellent work for it, being quite evident that the new rules affected him but little, as the visitors obtained but five hits. Shanahan again, as in the preceding game, distinguished himself at first, although his batting was weak, in fact the weakest on the team. However, there is no ground for complaint, as "Ned" is sure to hit the ball, and hit it hard too, just when hits are most needed. Miller, who pitched for the visitors, seemed to have no terrors for the College boys, as they pounded him for 22 hits. Both the fielding and batting of the College boys were miserable, while the home team played a brilliant game in every point. McCarthy caught his first game and held Taylor in admiring style; his batting was one of the features of the game.

### College

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
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Total: 49 19 24 20 17 11

*Miller called out on being struck by batted ball.

### Monumentals

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Total: 44 10 10 27 15 16

### Pallas

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Total: 4 5 18 10 1 9

### Score by Innings

- Georgetown College: 6 6 6 1 0 1 5 10
- Pallas: 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 4

Two base hits—Shanahan, Bolan. Passed balls—Wright 2.

### Score by Innings

- Georgetown College: 1 2 2 4 5 6 7
- Pallas: 0 0 0 0 1 2 4

Two base hits—McCarthy. Struck out—By Taylor 9, by Miller 2.

**MARRIED.**

- Cobb—Casilear. On Wednesday, April 13, 1887, our former student, George B. Cobb, of Indiana, was married at the residence of the bride's father in Georgetown, D. C., to Miss Rose Casilear. The young lady has been for a year past one of Georgetown's acknowledged belles, and if one title of the good things said of her be true, heartily is our friend George to be congratulated. The young couple will reside in Rochester, N. Y.

- Aldigé—Koenig. Georges Aldigé and Miss Lily C. Koenig were married on Friday, April 1, 1887, at New Orleans. Without comment or further notice, the foregoing announcement has reached our office. But George was always too modest. He is none the less a splendid fellow, and deserves, as we are sure he has obtained, a good wife.

- Owing to a mistake in the names of the successful contestants in the Billiard Tournament were not correctly announced; they should have been A. J. Doyle, Wm. J. Treacy, and Rufus H. Garland, who finished in the order named.

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Professor of Anatomy.
G. I. MAGRUDER, M. D.,
Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
JOHN B. HAMILTON, M. D.,
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Clinical Professor of Ophthalmology and Otology.
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(Government Hospital for the Insane),
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C. V. N. OALLAN, M. D.,
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