### NEWS OF THE MONTH.

On the evening of the 16th instant the Philosophers gave their regular specimen in Physics to the Faculty and assembled students. The subject was “Colour.” Messrs. McKechnie and Duioss showed by interesting experiments the many beautiful effects of light passing through different media. Experiments to demonstrate the properties of radiant matter were made by Mr. Murphy. The assistants in the experiments of the above-named gentlemen were Messrs. O’Brien, Knowlan, and Semmes. The judges of the final contest even from a higher standard than that of former years. The freedom and grace of gesture, the distinct enunciation, and intelligent conception must greatly miss its secretary.

The small porch outside the Fathers’ refectory and facing the picturesque Potomac has been torn down, and a more spacious one is now in the course of construction. It will form a most delightful gathering place for the community during their hours of recreation.

### ON LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

A young friend of mine—a Georgetown man, too, by the way—recently asked me whether he ought to adopt literature as a profession. He said that all his friends said, Don’t, crediting that terse advice to Punch, of course, and I fancy he applied to me in the hope that I would say, Do; his choice lay between literature and commercial luxury, that his love for his art will compensate him for many privations, or unless he is rich enough to be able to drudge in silence, but without anxiety till the fire comes from heaven which will make him great.

The other evening the wardrobe keepers’ of the St. Vincent de Paul Society went the rounds of the corridors and dormitories, and by the appearance of their overflowing baskets (which were filled many times by the liberal contributions of the boys) they need not give up the hope of clothing the greater part of the “poor boys” of Georgetown.

We are glad to note the return of Mr. Joseph Mattingly, who has been absent from the College for quite a while on account of illness, and whom the class of ’93 greatly miss as its secretary.

On Tuesday evening, May 20th, the preliminary contest in elocation was held in Gaston Memorial Hall. The selections (varying from the pathetic to the comic, the forensic to the dramatic, and the martial to the narrative) showed such proficiency that we may hope to judge the final contest even from a higher standard than that of former years. The freedom and grace of gesture, the distinct enunciation, and intelligent conception must have been extremely gratifying, indeed, to Mr. Hay, under whose guidance the elocution class has been conducted this year.

### CHATS WITH THE STUDENTS.

On Literature as a Profession.

**R. months are favourable to the oyster. Epicures know this from experience. The uninitiated learn it by sad schooling; our Preps know it by intuition, and it was this instinct that led them on the 25th ultimo to take advantage of the fast-waning oyster month to have an oyster roast on the Virginia side of the Potomac, a half a mile or more above the Three Sisters. These water sprites laughed knowingly and chuckled gleefully when they saw the boats laden with oysters and “pop,” fruit and cookies, and the size of the young feast-makers, for they expected to sing a funeral chant and lay some of them to rest in the coy and sedgy caves of the Potomac. These sad-eyed watchers of the tide were disappointed, for the boys on their homeward journey laughed them to scorn, and, pointing to the empty provision-boat, sang “What men dare, we dare.” The Three Sisters sighed and went to rest, for it was night.

**

“May Devotions,” that beautiful characteristic of the “Month of May,” are now held nightly in the College Chapel, when a short but effective sermon is preached, followed by the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. These are sweet reminders of the favours that our Gracious Mother ever will bestow upon her pleading suppliants.
crutch very much, for the drudgery of literature must have always been very weary and de-vitalizing in the beginning.

If the aspirant—by the way, William Cullen Bryant objected to this word, I wonder why—has no income of his own, he must drudge for the literary marts, because it is the unseen and unsigned work which keeps a writer alive in the beginning. He must compile books—a cook book if it be demanded, a pamphlet on racing, an attractive guide for tourists, perhaps—he must write what the publishers want; he must write well and quickly. If he earns fifteen hundred dollars a year by all kinds of pot-hunters he will be doing well in the beginning. Or, perhaps, he may go "into journalism," and that is like frost to the rose or a rude hand passing over the bloom of a plum.

If his best literary qualities stand this strain, he may be sure that he has an artesian well of talent to draw on. It is during this dreary time of drudgery, that the young man who loves his art needs encouragement; he will find critics enough and scoffers enough, and he will be made to feel that the useful does take care of itself with a vengeance, while the beautiful has neither the power nor the desire of taking care of itself nor anybody to take care of it. Then, if the young man finds somebody of his own sex who believes in him—a believer of the opposite sex is dangerous in proportion to the fervency of her belief—life is not altogether gloomy. There is an aspirant who would have given up his despair long ago, if there had not been such a friend to remind him that "the labor we delight in physics pain," and to show by his devotion to his art, under the most trying difficulties, what might be endured and accomplished. And this friend is Dr. Stafford, who used to make the George-town walks more beautiful with a philosophy which had the stimulus of Emerson and the inspiration of Christianity.

The man who adopts literature as his art must be sure that he loves it with a love only secondary to that with which the priest loves the altar; but, while there is a divine warrant for the priest's living by the altar, there is no warrant or promise that the literary acolyte shall live by his art; consequently, he had better find a crutch to bear his weight.

The story of Millet ought to be both an inspiration and a warning. And Millet was happier at Barbizon than he would have been as head of a great wagon factory, or as the director of a dry goods store. Don't imagine anybody who would not rather be Millet than Mr. John Wanamaker, great as he is. I fancy, too, that my friend in Texas would rather be Andrew Lang than the late A. T. Stewart. "The Autobiography of Anthony Trollope"—the best thing he ever wrote, except Barchester Towers—ought to be read and re-read by every young man with a literary bent; and Philip Hamilton's "Thoughts About Art" and "The Intellectual Life," a literary man ought to have simple habits and simple tastes, and to love his study as a monk his cell. If he follow literature for money, it will, at its best, yield him no reward higher than what he could gain as a collector of money—that is, three meals a day and amusements which will soon bore him. He may be sure that if the love of his art is not in itself more than half his recompense, he had better avoid it, except as a dilettante.

Maurice Francis Egan.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Prose-Writer and Poet.

How similar and yet how different are men of genius! We read the works of Shakespeare, but we search in vain for any single glance of the man himself. We might with equal profit look for Pompey in the Head of a Plutarch or the Odyssey. But we read "Hours of Idleness," "Child Harold," "Cain," and other poems by the same author, and behold! as in the magic mirror, we see Byron. Alike in that they were both cast in the mould of the gods, both endowed with what intellect, what imagination, something which we call genius, yet how dissimilar were Shakspeare and Byron. We read Shakspeare, and we love him with a sort of cold, intellectual love, begotten of the admiration aroused in our minds by his writings, and not by any regard for the man himself. In reading the tragedies, we forget for the time that Shakspeare existed.

No, we do not love the man; we admire him. But Byron, the pet of the Muses and sport of the Fates! Who that reads Byron does not love him, and love him for himself, even while pitying him? Whom the gods love they chastise!

So it is with Poe. We read his writings, prose and poetry, and he himself is conjured up before us. We see him, now ambitious of fame, then despising it; now hopeful, and again plunged into the abyss of remorse and despair. Petted, pampered and spoiled; then buffeted, ill-treated and reviled, he was, indeed, as Byron, the victim of the relentless fates.

Although during his life Poe was recognized as a powerful writer and a true poet, the greater part of his fame was posthumous. The reason of this is that the controversies aroused at the time of his death and shortly after it, by Griswold's "Notice" of his death and "Memoir," brought him into greater notoriety, and so caused every reader and thinker of the time—some from one motive, some from another—to study his works more thoroughly and minutely. The natural result was that, studied thus fairly and impartially, their just degree of praise and censure was accorded them.

It is difficult to say whether his fame rests more upon his prose works or upon his poetry. Leaving his prose aside, he would still be justly considered one of our greatest American poets—certainly the greatest as far as his range extends.

But it is in his prose that Poe displays the great versatility of his genius, the wide reach of his imagination. The great variety of theme, style and expression in these writings, is striking. From the sublime to the ridiculous, from superstition and horror to analysis and mathematics, from criticism to parable, his prose is always and ever brilliant, forcible, graceful, inimitable. Rarely do we find such varied powers in a single writer. In all of his tales the interest is aroused from the beginning, and never languishes for an instant until the denouement is reached. No matter how horrible the plot, the touch of the true artist keeps the reader ever on the qui vive. Poe certainly must have transmitted to his writings, through the medium of his pen, some of his great personal magnetism, as veritably as did the beautiful young girl,—the subject of the "Oval Portrait"—transmit her very life into that picture.

His descriptions are always clear, concise, and to the point, but his power of vivid portrayal is at its best in "The Domain of Arnheim" and "Landor's Cottage.

This very power of presenting a thing so vividly to the eye is in itself a mark of genius. We may read thousands of descriptions, and they will simply recall some scene which we remember; but who can read either of the above-named sketches without beholding the entire scene, as if a photograph of it were actually placed before him. In the former Poe has given full play to his imagination; in the latter he has held "the mirror up to nature."

It is remarkable to what a degree he possessed the power of imparting to fiction the semblance of truth. In "The Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym," "Hans Pfaall," "A M. Found in a Bottle," "A Descent into the Maelstrom," he has equalled—I had almost said surpassed—Jules Verne, not only in weaving about the wildest and most improbable adventures, by a series of demonstrations and reasonings, the appearance of pos-
sibility and probability, but in creating a belief in their absolute certainty. And while this is particularly true of the tales, it is also true with regard to his other productions. This is probably due to another faculty which he possessed in a remarkable degree—analytic perception. Thanks to this, he never omitted the minutest detail in the development of a plot or the treatment of a theme. Its effects are discernible in all of his writings, but it predominates in "The Gold Bug," "Maelzel's Chess-Player," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "Murders of the Rue Morgue." And these are among his very best productions.

At first sight it appears strange that a mind in which this faculty was so great should have inclined towards the occult and superstitions to such a degree as is apparent from very many of Poe's tales. "Mesmeric Revelations" and "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" are sketches in which an enthusiast on mesmerism might revel, while "Eleonora," "Ligeia," and "Morella" vie in boldness of conception and wealth of imagery with the black art tales of old. Upon reflection, however, we come to the conclusion that this bent of his mind arises from that very faculty of analysis—a faculty which impelled him to delve into hidden things.

Closely connected with these tales of the occult, are his tales of horror. The most striking of these is probably "The Fall of the House of Usher." I will speak of this faculty or taste, is expressed more fully in "The Philosophy of Furniture" than anywhere else.

In "The Premature Burial" and "The Masque of the Red Death" thrill us with a nameless terror, while they fascinate us with the charm of their strange beauty. The horrible theme of the former is also introduced into "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "Berencie." The drawings of remorse and conscience are strikingly illustrated in "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Black Cat," and "William Wilson." In the "Imp of the Perverse" he has shown a tendency—whether of the head or the heart—towards a belief in fate.

As an example of his lighter fanciful touches, I am far from quoting from his off powerful, unanswerable talents of character, but in all of them is to be found the chief characteristic of Poe's style in prose. Some of these sketches are examples of one or more of his traits of character, and reveal a firm conviction, on the part of the author, of being in the right. As Helen Whitman says: "Like DeQuincey, he never supposed anything, he always knew." DeQuincey, he never read, yet in every strain and on almost every subject, while his poetry is confined, we may say, to a single theme. One reason of this is that he was essentially a lyric poet; he despised materialism in poetry. Hence, when he came to compose poetry, he was always guided by his ruling passion—his all powerful, ungovernable love of the beautiful. Two paragraphs in "The Philosophy of Composition"—the analysis of the construction of "The Raven"—will serve to explain, better than lies in my power, why he confined himself to this single theme.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the tone of its highest manifestation, and all experience has shown that this tone is one of
sadness. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

"Now, never losing sight of the object supremeness, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" Death, was the obvious reply. 'And when,' I said 'is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?' From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious: 'When it most closely allies itself to beauty. The death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world.'

Bearing this in mind, we have the key-note to all his greatest lyres—The Raven," "Lenore," "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," and others. In considering his poetry, another question forcibly presents itself to us: Why did he write so little poetry? Was it from choice? Was it from his inability to conceive other poems than those he wrote? It could not have been from choice that he wrote prose in preference to poetry, for, loving the beautiful and knowing that poetry is more beautiful than prose, he naturally loved poetry more. Again, the great imagination displayed in his prose denies the supposition that he was less in his capacity to produce it. The only reason, then, that can be advanced is, necessity.

Before he was obliged to use his literary gifts as a means of support, his productions were almost entirely poetical. After he was thrown on his own resources, he was obliged to write that which would be of most profit to him in a pecuniary way—sketches, critiques, stories, and the like; for, ordinarily, poetry does not pay.

On opening the volume entitled "Poems Written in Yosth," the very first is a sonnet, "To Science." In this is shown that hatred of materialism of which I have spoken. Apostrophizing science, he says:

"Why preyst thou thus upon the poet's heart, Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?"

I am almost tempted to say that Poe's poetical genius should be judged by these earlier poems. James Russell Lowell says of them: "We call them the most remarkable boyish poems that we have ever seen." I call them more than remarkable. There is nothing more marvellous, even from Chatterton, than the poem "To Helen," written when Poe was but fourteen, and "The Coliseum," a few years later. I quote the former entire:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me Like those Niece barks of yore That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, The weary, wayworn wanderer bore To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam, Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thine own hand, hast brought me home, To the glory that was Greece.

And the grandeur that was Rome."

"So in yon brilliant window niche Where statues—like I see thee stand ! The moonbeams in thy hand, At Psyche, from the regions which Are holy Land !"

There is a delicate, classic beauty in these lines that takes us back in spirit to the times they reflect. Poe adopted literature as his life-work. The first among these is "The Raven," and it is so widely known that I will add only a few words to all that has been written about it. The poem was clearly written for effect. Poe admits that much himself when he says in "The Philosophy of Composition": "My next thought concerned the choice of an impression or effect to be conveyed." Mr. Stedman says of it: "The maker does keep a firm hand on it throughout, and for once seems to set his purpose above his passion."

Hence, for the sake of impression or effect, he perpetrated in cold blood a poem the least lyrical of all his poems—the least poetical; whose chief merit depends upon the grotesqueness of artificial and the highly artistic, use of rhythm and refrain. It is true, there are a few lines of beauty in the poem, the most striking being:

"And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor."

Still, I maintain that the credit of this poem belongs to the artist, not to the poet.

"Lenore" is a tuneful dirge, depending for its chief beauty upon the rhythm, the rhyme and the skilful use of the repetend. After beginning

"Let the bell toll, a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river"

he ends by saying:

"Let no bell toll! lest her sweet soul amid its hallowed mirth, Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damned earth."

In the little waif entitled "Hymn" there is no striking poetical thought, yet it expresses a beautiful sentiment that we hardly expect from Poe.

I can not agree with Mr. Stedman when he says: "He could do nothing with a measure like blank verse, which is barren in the hands of a mere songster. Neither in verse nor in prose did he cut loose from his minor devices, and for results of sublimity and awe he always depends upon that which is grotesque or out of nature."

By "his minor devices" he means, I suppose, rhyme, alliteration, refrain, etc. Now, "The Coliseum" and the lines "To Helen" are both written in blank verse; and I fail to see anything grotesque in either of them. In the former there is not the slightest approach to re-
frain or repetend. In the latter there is a slight repetition in three or four places, but they can not be called repetend. Towards the end are the two lines:

"And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire."

Would any one call this repetend? Nevertheless, without "his minor devices" they are among his best poems.

These lines from "The Coliseum" might do honor even to Byron—

"Here, where a hero fell, a column stands! Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold, A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat! Here, where the dames of gold their gilded hair Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle! Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled, Glides, spectre-like unto his marble home, Lit by the wan light of the horned moon, The swift and silent lizard of the stones!"

In the poem "To Helen" (not to be confounded with the poem of the same name mentioned before), there is certainly more imagination, more ideality, more fancy, than in any other of his poems—and more than in any sixty-six consecutive lines of any other American poet.

"The very roses' odours
Died in the arms of the adoring airs."

This figure is hardly surpassed—for ideality—in the whole range of English poetry.

As I have said, Poe was governed in his poetry by his love of beauty. "This is displayed not only in the theme, but in the form of his poetry. He used rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, repetend, and refrain, and all the figures of poetry with a master hand; and he subordinated all of these to sound. Add to this, he was a master of words. Ruskin himself could scarcely have desired anyone to be more thorough than Poe, in the knowledge and use of words. "The Raven," "Ulalume," and "The Bells," serve better to illustrate these qualities than any other poems which I have ever read—and in fact, their whole beauty depends upon these qualities. There is a single stanza from "Ulalume" (this very name is chosen for the effect in sound) which contains almost every element of form in poetry—

"And I said—'She is warmer than Dian: She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sights:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
She revels in a region of sighs:"

He went to an extreme, however, and committed the greatest error that a poet can commit—he forgot the theme in the form.

There was never a poet who put such an exquisite finish on all of his poems as Poe has done. Every line is worked up until it would be impossible to improve it. "The Bells" is an example of this, and is so widely known and appreciated that it needs no further comment from me. "Annabel Lee" is one of his most melodious poems, and is a favorite with the majority of readers. "The City in the Sea" and "The Sleeper," display more imagination and fancy than any other of his poems. "The Haunted Palace" is a striking allegory of the human soul after the loss of reason. How beautifully he expresses the conception of ideas, in these lines—

"And and every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A withered osier went awry—"

What a contrast with these, are the closing lines—

"A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more,"

There is one lyric—"Israel!"—which stands apart from all the rest of his poems, both in theme and form—as joyous and melodious as the songs of that spirit of which it sings—and I cannot help admitting that it is my favorite of all of them. If I had space, I would love to quote it entire. As it is I think that I cannot close this sketch better than by quoting the first and last stanzas:

"In heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute;"

"If I could dwell
Where Israel
Hath dwelt, and be where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

J. STANISLAS EASBY SMITH, '91.

THE PASSION PLAY.

THE Passions spiel at Ober-Ammergau, formerly known only as a local religious solemnity, is now a subject of attraction to the whole Christian world, and as such naturally suggests some inquiry into the origin and history of mystery and miracle plays once so common throughout Europe. This decennial celebration in a picturesque valley of Bavaria—poetic in situation and architecture—is the only mystery play extant worthy of the name, for we cannot consider those profane representations of sacred subjects, as was recently unsuccessfully attempted in Paris.

In retrospect we find that the Eleusinian plays of ancient Greece consisted mainly of symbolic representations of religion, and here is the vinculum between the classical and Christian drama.

From Demosthenes' attack on Aristides and the general disrepute in which the whole dramatic profession was held, we may judge what abuses, both in matter and manner, crept into the Greek mystery plays.

The Church, knowing the human instincts to which the drama appealed and the impressions it leaves, had been ever opposing its demoralising tendency, and to eradicate its vices originated the Sacred Mystery plays, in opposition to the old heathen rites, and thus phoenix-like, sprang up the Christian drama from the ruins of the Greek theatre.

We will not trace the yearly growth of the drama during ages of persecutions, subversions and reformatons, both in governments and literature, but look at the consummated and perfected Mystery play of the present year.

The decennial repetition of the Passion Play owes its inception to the fatal outbreak of a plague in Germany during the Thirty Years' War. The inhabitants made a solemn vow that if God would hear their prayer and remove the pestilence, they would as an act of piety remodell to its present form by the Benedicite Monks of Ettal, who also teach the three hundred actors who take part in the drama. It usually lasts from Whitsuntide till the end of Septem
In the sixteenth act, the climax of the drama is reached—the sea, as the scene is changed after the play of our Greek authors; for instance, it has a chorus which consists of sixteen singers in classical draperies, and whose duty it is to open the performance by a prelude and to explain the action of the plot as it proceeds. The play consists of eighteen acts, each of which is preceded by one or more tableaux of some incident in Old Testament history, typical of that part of our Lord's life about to be represented. In each tableau, which lasts but a few moments, the actors group themselves in characteristic rapidity, ease, and grace.

When the curtain rises for the first time after the prelude, we see the tableaux of Adam and Eve being driven forth from Paradise. The first act consists of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and His driving buyers and sellers out of the Temple. This is followed by a tableau of Joseph cast into the pit by his brethren, and another of the Jewish priesthood conspiring against Jesus.

Before the third act, which is our Lord in the house of Sallabyn and Mary Magdalen washing His sacred feet, we have two tableaux—the young Tobias leaving his parents, and the disconsolate Spouse of the Canticles with her maidens around her.

The fourth act consists of Queen Vashti as a tableau, and Joseph on His way to Jerusalem as the scene. In this latter, Judas, whose character is wonderfully well conceived, is still harping upon the money he declares to have been wasted by the blessed penitent in her holy act of adoration.

The next act, beginning the fifth act, are the Manna tableaux, with the demoralization of Cain, but the gruesome representation of the remorse of Cain, but the gruesome representation of the suicide that was formerly considered so effective, is now with better taste left out, and we only see the ineffectual misery of the wretched apostate.

The eleventh act contains one of the finest parts of the drama—Christ before Pilate, preceded by Daniel accused before Darius.

The twelfth represents Samson in the temple of Dagon and our Lord before Herod.

The thirteenth is a most painfully realistic scene; the flagellation and mocking of Christ, preceded by a tableau of the sons of Jacob showing Joseph's coat to his father.

Before the fourteenth act there is given, by way of contrast, first, the exaltation of Joseph in Egypt, and then the offer of sin under the Levitical law; the one being released and the other killed, they are taken as typical of Christ and Barabbas—the scene before Pilate's weak endeavor to save our Lord.

The fifteenth act is a sublimely touching one—Jesus on His way to Calvary, where He is met by His mother and the holy women, and accepts the veil from St. Veronica, a copy of which is in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York city. Three tableaux precede this act—Isaac carrying the wood for the sacrifice, the Israelites bitten by fiery serpents, and the brassen serpent on a cross.

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and Grief have buried their own; you may rest at the tomb of Metella and then return under the purple and golden light of an Italian evening sky with impressions that enter into your very essence, impressions that will last with you forever.

But whether my remarks against the luckless cicerone have led me; so with a draught from the fountain of Trevi, whose moonlit waters have the power, so says last with you forever.

But when my notes on the Vatican library and museum would be futile and uncalled for, my pen could not do justice to the sights nor, if it could, would so much read of a place prove interesting—so now to the Coliseum.

As a monument of antiquity the Coliseum is by far the most imposing edifice in the Eternal City, though some say a third of the original structure remains. It was here that the barbarity of the so-called civilised Rome was exhibited. I sat upon an overthrown block and gazed upon the lofty arches and ruined walls around me encrusted with earth, where creepers and vines have taken root and twined themselves over its walls like a mantle of charity, hiding the ravages of Time. I endeavoured to call to my mind scenes that were enacted in this self-same arena, now filled up with earth; all seems so quiet, the glorious rays of the setting sun playing upon the walls and corridors. Gradually the shadows deepen, and towards the west the vast remains of Roman ingenuity seem to be surrounded as if by a halo of glory.

The gorgeous purple clouds, fading into gold and rose colour, float lazily by; and the gladiators glide back into their chinks and cracks as the shadows approach, like the ghosts of ancient Romans; now and then a bird flies over the vaulted sky above and looks down upon these ruins

The souls of the miner on the way to their shafts or “drifts” that burrowed the hillsides across the river. It was the same at the station. The papers on the morning express from Pittsburgh told little of interest, more absorbing than the dance of the coming night. What cared they at this time that it was an even race between the Washington and Indianapolis teams for last place? Or that the Governor of Mississippi, in a prodigious rage, which lately seems to have been much softened, had issued a proclamation against our noble pugilists? The latter event did not disturb the equanimity of the miners on the way to their skiffs and thus on to the shores of the Mississippi across the river.

The pigs that always encumbered the pathway showed a more animated bearing, and discussed in more energetic accents than usual, amid the “tobies” and clouds of tobacco smoke, the much awaited event. An indefinable something, too, was manifest in the movements of the miners on the way to their shafts or “drifts” that burrowed the hillsides across the river. It was the same at the station. The papers on the morning express from Pittsburgh told little of interest more absorbing than the dance of the coming night. What cared they at this time that it was an even race between the Washington and Indianapolis teams for last place? Or that the Governor of Mississippi, in a prodigious rage, which lately seems to have been much softened, had issued a proclamation against our noble pugilists? The latter event did not disturb the equanimity of their spirits in the least, for these wise people knew that such little obstacles never stopped the manly sport of bruisings. However, as I was saying, excitement was in the air.

It was going to be a grand success. Everybody said so, and everybody said they said so afterwards (people always do say they said so, afterwards). Hadn’t that fiddler from Phillipsville promised to attend and enhance the festivities with his talents? Likewise the young bass fiddle (by which I rightly understood the player thereof) never played a finer tune from “up the road”? Weren’t the ladies for twenty miles around coming? And finally—and a clinching argument—were’t the United Order of Brakemen, at least as many of them as were off, coming in full force confident in the value of their manly wiles? Could it be aught but a success? Thus I agreed with those who would buttonhole me and dilate upon the pleasures of...
the coming fête. But in all this excitement, night, however, settled down as cool (in both senses of the word) and as quiet as she ordinarily did. Old goddess Night (for she ought to be old by this time) has seen too many dances and festivities in her time to be moved by them. When Adam and Eve gave their first ball, probably she entered in a flutter of excitement. But that was a few thousand years ago. Now she is blase. This time, moreover, she had the good sense and decency, though she is old and mostly crabbed, to settle clear and dark. No silver Diana offered to the country swain the license of waxing poetical and sentimental. However, the Milky Way shines the brighter, while the larger stars seemed to swell to small moons themselves; and for a while it seemed to be in accord with heaven. Far up and down the river gleamed the cabin lights upon the hillsides. Distant sounds floated over the water, shorn of their sharp tones and softened into a sweet cadence, until even an oath in a croak harsher my appearance, ok against the opposing hills more as a blessing than a curse. To this harmony of night—of nature—the rippling of the Nellie Chute added a running melody not jarring on thieves than one, for too much Kentucky mountain dew was evident in the movements of some), were " rubbing knives—nay, brave Freshman, that's not a metaphor—" to git to dancin' ", but was immediately crushed by the withering scorn of the question, " How in the, well— how were they a-goin' to dance 'thout music? " hurled from the mustached lips of a beau. I may add, in parenthesis, they might as well have begun, for time, either in the dancers or players, was a thing unknown. Yet the sexes remained rigidly divided. But even these laddies could not stand it, for, as one justly remarked, "Wot was the use o' comin' ef they wussent a-goin' to have some fun?" Presently some one in the crowd cried out:

"Give us 'shool, Bill.'"

This promised some diversion, and it fulfilled its promise. Bill demurred at first, however, but the request was so strongly seconded by the crowd that he was forced up on the musicians' stand.

"Pat it out fer me, Dick," says he, and making an awkward bow to the benches, whose occupants were giggling quite in the approved fashion, thus began:

"O, my true love's gone to France*
Hop'in a forchin to advance*
Ef she's git back it'll be by chance*
Skiddle-diddle-ding-dum-Ba'jo."

Here the audience could not restrain itself, but burst into the chorus with such a vim and carried it through at such a ranting pace that it left me in a sort of dazed condition:

"Shool, 'shool,'
'Shool like a rool'
'Sugar in a pem-stamp'
Fiddle an' a bow
With 'graf's in th' All'eghenny
King-a-ling-a-ling,
Skiddle-diddle-ding-dum-Ba'jo."

Doesn't the first stanza affect you rather queerly? It did me; but as the song proceeded, I got used to it, so will you. The chorus may be dismissed with the observation that there is more sound than sense. Bill then took up the theme and with the aid of the multitude at the refrain continued:

"Oh, my true love's gone to Spain*
Hoppin' a forchin to obtain*
She may get back by chance again,*
Skiddle," etc.

(Recipe,—accent as before and deliver with gusto.)

In addition to remarking the paucity of thoughts of this second stanza—or should it be called a " callida junctura "?—you will please observe the hopelessness of the strain. It is another link in the chain of sad fatalism. "Weland and the King of the Goths suffered and bore their weird, and so may I. " He bravely attempts it, as you will find further on. But as far as we have gone it equals one of Horace's most hopeless love songs. However he has had more correct information as to the whereabouts of his love—that's one consolation. In the third stanza comes the climax of grief:

"I'll go out on yonder hill,
An' there I'll set an' cry my fill—
Skiddle," etc.

But in the fourth stanza with the manly determination to " bear his weird " and not let sadness and fate overcome him (and, I may add, with entire irrelevance) the disconsolate and forlorn lover sings:

"Then I can sing without delay—
Sing in the merry month of May—
Sing to pass the time away,
Skiddle," etc.

* To read this correctly, put the stress where the accent is marked.
May, 1890.

THE COLLEGE JOURNAL

This latter stanza seems to have a tone of relief in it. Perhaps the peregrinations of his love saved him the expense of a breach-of-promise suit. "But even in that event," as Homer says, I don't see the force of "then." However, the applause was long and loud, and the musicians, coming at the same time, thought poor fellows, it was intended for them, and so fiddled much the better for it all the rest of the evening.

And now, at last, the dance began, or, rather, the preliminaries. According to an immemorial custom, the first set was free. For dances on these platforms were paid for by the set (5c.,) or how, indeed, were the owners to profit from such festivities? But profit they did, or this custom of dances would have perished long ago, for among the foothills of the Alleghenies, as in crowded New York, the goal is dollars and cents. The reason I mentioned above, and in consequence there were more couples than places. However, after much silent and some audible wearing and a few remarks addressed to the air on other people's manners, the music (begging the pardon of Euterpé) struck up.

And in out in many a maze, until it seemed that they were in inextricable confusion, did the dancers glide or stumble, according as they were female or male. The whole platform was alive; every available inch was in use, while the corners were packed with men, and the benches with women, only awaiting their turn. The gay chatter and the merry laughter told how they were enjoying themselves. But above all this and above the squeaking of the violins rose the nasal tones of the caller.

The caller was a gentleman from "up the road," and, as I ascended with confidential conversation with an habitual set of dances, was considered the most talented in that line for miles around. It was rather bewildering, I must confess, for after having listened with the greatest attention to the figures of the first set, imagine how unjust that was to the figures of the second set in a totally different order, sometimes going so far as to introduce new ones. I had recourse to my informant again. His whole face turned into an exclamatory point; contempt gleamed from his eye. And when he saw that I was sufficiently recovered from the effects of my ignorant question, he informed me that was the height of excellence, namely, the shifting of figures as much as possible and the putting of dancers through every kind of contortion. However, the performers did not seem to mind it—say, Mary rather enjoyed it, so then I, too, was quite willing to cede him the palm; for, I, for one, had never supposed so many combinations could be made.

This gentleman was also of a musical turn of mind. He would wrench his figures into metre, though he used Homer's licenses—doubling vowels and reduplicating. Some figures I could not catch, some I caught but have forgotten, and a few I still remember. Here is one which I warrant is entirely new, effective and attractive. He sings it out in a sonorous voice.

"Ladies swing in and gents swing out; jine your han's an' circle about."

Which consisted in forming an interlocked chain "ladies on the in, and gents on the out-side" and spinning around in a circle, much after the fashion of "Bull in the Ring." The complement of this figure was:

"Ladies swing out and gents swing in, jine your han's an' circle again."

With the sexes reversed the dance went on as before. But the final and crowning figure of each set was the climax. The length of every set was arbitrary, and when the caller became tired he cried with an extra flourish:

"Promenade all for the lemon-a-d-e stand!"

(Alas! I wonder if our dear printer will set that up just as I write it; if not the charm is gone, for that is an imitation second only to the phonograph.) The couples needed not a second invitation; they promenaded mostly on the run. And now again the problem presents itself. There was, I suppose, in the course of the night some forty sets, though I did not stay till the end, and after each one of these at the lemonade and peanut stand the young man squandered his cash on (for me) the belle in red and the dude quite in the height of fashion still leading the choric dance in the flaring light of the smoky lamps. What a delicate little ode, methought, could Horace have composed. But Horace was not there, and this must stand in its stead.

Far into the night lasted this festive scene. My eyes were already beginning to close, grown weary of looking on the kaleidoscopic colors ever changing, moving, twining and revolving till it made one's brain whirl. The loud whistle of the Buffalo midnight express roused me, and I thought it time for me at least to be in bed, and so set off down the path. A parting glance still showed me the whirling forms still moving as fast as they could. The length of every set was arbitrary, and when the caller became tired he cried with an extra flourish:

"Say, Bill, that wus er success, wussent it? an' I'll bet there won't be a skift on this side to-morrer mornin'!"

"That's what," says Bill, sententiously, as he smashed the lock of somebody else's boat and shoved off.

And that was what. Every boat, whether it was chained or not (for locks could be and were dealt with as Bill had done) was drawn up on the opposite shore, and that morning I went for the mail in a scow that leaked at a threatening rate, with a pole for a paddle.
The College Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

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The College Journal is published by a committee of the students towards the close of every month. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, to chronicle the news of the College, &c. It also serves the Society of Alumni as an organ and means of intercommunication. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for its patronage chiefly upon the students and alumni of the College and its Departments and their friends. These and all former students are urged to give it substantial support.

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FROM THE SANCTUM.
RUMMAGING.

Among the old Georgetown boys there are many who will remember a plan, adopted by Fr. Healy, for getting useful labour out of students who seemed not to have enough employment to fill up their days. He would take proverbial expressions, striking thoughts, and tell the boys to follow them back through the literature of one or more nations to their sources. For example, in Locksley Hall, Tennyson writes:

‘This is the truth: the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows
Is remembering happier things.’

Shelley (Prom. Unbound, A. II., Sc. 1.) says:

‘Thou comest as the memory of a dream
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet.’

Go back farther and we find Beaumont and Fletcher, which now is sad because it hath been sweet.

In the Rev. President's office there are on exhibition models of geometrical figures, made by Messrs. Vincent and Fr. Keveney, instructor in Geometry. Future votaries of Euclid owe a debt of deep gratitude to the above gentlemen, whose thoughtful industry will prevent an over-exerting of the imagination.

The Rev. Fr. Fox, Curator of the Coleman Museum, has almost completed the arrangement of the various collections; the department of conchology is exquisitely selected, while that of the minerals is very extensive. The coins, a rare and valuable exhibit, are in an octagonal case, specially made for the convenience of the student and visitor. A movable iron axis to which wooden leaves are attached is turned by a lever at the base of the case, so that standing in one position one may pass in rapid succession from the study of the coins of ancient Rome down to the latest issues from the mint.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

MR. E. FRANCIS RIGGS, of Washington, D. C., has presented to the library the MS. copy of Kreager's "Catholicity in Colonial Maryland, 1695-1777."

To Ector José S. Decoud, Paraguayan delegate to the International Conference, we are deeply indebted for a most interesting and learned volume entitled "Le Paraguay, par le Docteur E. de Bomgade La Darlyce."

Dr. Carlos Martinez y Silva, delegate from Colombia to the same Conference, gave to the museum a case of exquisitely beautiful butterflies. They were collected at Musso, near the mines of Bogota. As they are found in this region only, their rare species make them doubly attractive.

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SCHOOL OF LAW.

On April 22d, Mrs. Joseph J. Darlington, wife of Professor Darlington, whose serious illness the students had been apprised of by the secretary, passed peacefully away. No lectures were delivered that evening, but a joint meeting of the classes was held, in which appropriate measures were taken. A committee of six members of the school, namely, John R. Hampton, C. J. Wrightman, John Vinton Dahlgren, Wallace K. Stansell, W. H. Klopper, and U. V. Whipple, were appointed to draw up resolutions of sympathy. These gentlemen drafted the following:

"Whereas in the mysterious, yet wise and loving workings of His Providence, it has pleased God to take unto Himself, while still in the bloom and usefulness of her life, the wife of Mr. Joseph J. Darlington, our beloved professor; and

is picked up during the hunt. We are often shown the sources of an author's inspiration, and these researches have led to a habit of serious investigation that makes a real student of a man.

If some of the present generation would like to hunt, I suggest that they look for traces of Tennyson in Long-fellow's early work, and that they pick out Tasso's perulations from Virgil and Homer. Tasso, by the way (Cantos VII., 67, and XX., 18); says there were Irish Knights at the conquest of Jerusalem. Will some patriot trace the historical foundation for the assertion? From all accounts a dozen or more of Georgetown boys will take a trans-Atlantic trip this summer. Some of them will go earlier, others later, but at one time all will be in Europe together. So the Journal has a plan to propose. Would it not be most praiseworthy for all to meet at the Shrine of our Lady at Lourdes and there present a flag of blue and grey in the name of the Fathers and students of Georgetown? It would indeed be most appropriate for Georgetown's loyal knights thus to honour their Lady at her Shrine.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.
May, 1890. THE COLLEGE JOURNAL 159

"Whereas by reason of his courteous, kind and cordial manner toward each of us, we feel so closely bound to him by ties of admiration, respect, and love that whatever brings grief and loneliness to his heart moves us to keener sympathy; be it therefore

Resolved: That while bowing in humble submission to the supreme will and wisdom of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore the untimely death of the wife of our esteemed professor; and that, in his bereavement, our hearts go out to him in profound sorrow, and would share with him the grief and desolation which have invaded his life. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to Professor Darlington as an assurance of our sincere and abiding affection for him and his.

A suitable floral offering was also made.

Prof. R. Ross Perry, because of a protracted sickness, has been compelled to forego his lectures on Criminal Law. We are happy to announce, however, that this gentleman will next year lecture on Criminal Law, Domestic Relations, and Torts.

The Hon. Andrew C. Bradley will also resume his course.

The classes met in joint session May 17th to make the final arrangements concerning the William M. Merrick picture. In this meeting the wise plan was adopted of virtually leaving the matter in the hands of the Faculty, and a committee of three was appointed to inform the board of directors of the action taken by the school.

The article on Georgetown University Law School by Bernard D. O'Connell, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., mentioned in the Journal of April, will not be published in the Green Bag before the Fall—probably in the September number.

For the year 1889-'90 the classes respectively numbered:

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Category</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Post-graduates</td>
<td>50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>71</td>
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<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>84</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lecture students</td>
<td>17</td>
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Total numbers show an increase of 15 in comparison to last year. If we had a new building to look forward to next year, the figures for 1889-'90 would be 235. The Law Department holds the first place among the Law Schools of the county, and all that is now needed are lecture-rooms large enough to accommodate the students that flock from every side.

The examination on Notes and Bills took place May 26th, that on Equity and on Equity Pleading and Practice May 28th, and that on Corporations May 26th.

The commencement of the Medical School.

The forty-first commencement of the Medical Department of the University took place on Monday evening, May 5. One of the Washington journals, in its report of the exercises, said: "The seating capacity of Lincoln Music Hall was fully tested, there not being a vacant seat to be had, and many standing for want of one," The audience, then, was large, and we may add, it was "very select." On the stage were the Rector of the University with the Medical Faculty, many members of the profession from the city, the senior class, and the seven seniors graduated.

After the orchestra of the Marine Band had finished an overture, Rev. Father Richards conferred the degrees. After giving the diplomas he said that it is always a grateful office to confer merited reward, and, personally, he felt the greatest pleasure in bestowing reward upon medical students. The life to which they have devoted themselves is one of charity, mercy and bravery. Their labor for humanity will be exceedingly noble. This is true throughout the world, and from personal experience he testified that the medical profession has done untold good in the District of Columbia. The priest meets its members everywhere, and he finds them as solicitous for good in the pauper's hovel as in the home of the rich. It is hard to explain why pain should be permitted to exist, but perhaps one reason for its presence is that our physicians may give the world examples of charity, self-devotion, and patience. Their mission of mercy often leads them into dangers which only true heroism can overpass; these, then, were the reasons for his pleasure in rewarding the students after their long labor.

The gentlemen that received the degree were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Place</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Walter W. Alleger, Ph. D.</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter D. Cannon</td>
<td>Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry J. Crosson</td>
<td>Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malcolm A. Cudlipp</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. V. Dolan, LL. B.</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander O. Dragicevics</td>
<td>France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarence R. Dufour, Ph. D, M. D</td>
<td>Indiana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Eliot</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John H. Grant</td>
<td>Massachussets</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. H. Hayes</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. S. Helton, M. D.</td>
<td>Kentucky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernard Pulskamp</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Fry Sillers</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francis A. St. Clair, Ph. D</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James A. Watson, Ph. D</td>
<td>Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. F. Whitney, M. D.</td>
<td>Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William E. Wolhauper, Ph. D.</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Prof. G. L. Magruder, M. D. | the dean of the medical faculty, then introduced the valedictorian, Dr. Henry J. Crosson. Dr. Crosson spoke with a pleasing, clear voice while bidding the time-honored farewell to faculty and fellow-students. It is almost impossible to make a new valedictory, but the speaker for the class of '90 acquainted himself of his duty in a very interesting manner.

Rev. Father Richards finally introduced Prof. Swan M. Burnett, M. D., who addressed the graduates in a masterly speech. He began with a graceful allusion to the young men who had just received the diplomas. "This is their night," he said, "but we older men are here not as mere spectators. There are mothers present whose hearts are glad in their sons' triumphs; and there will understand how our hearts, too, are glad, for these youths are also our sons. We have striven to give them the best we had, the fruit of our labor and experience, and we must take a father's interest in them.

The main part of his oration was a consideration of the relations that exist between the community and the physician. He showed, in no vain-glory spirit, but that justice and right might be done, what the physician has accomplished for the public. How the medical practitioner has prevented disease, so much so indeed, that statistics may be given which prove that within the past fifty years the average duration of human life has been lengthened by ten years. Many other excellent points were developed. In treating of the obligations of the community towards the physician he said that the public is directly responsible for the kind of doctors they have. In this country medical schools are hampered by too much freedom. Doctors are made too easily. As long as our people elect representatives who make laws that let boys and men into medicine, that wonder is it that the German Universities have refused to recognize American diplomas. See to it, he also said, that the medical schools of the District may obtain the benefit of an anatomy act whereby the student may study what is absolutely necessary without being accused of crime.

After the commencement exercises the faculty of the medical school gave a banquet in honor of the graduates.
SOLVITUR ACRI S HIEMS.

Now Winter harsh and cold
Has loosed his icy hold
Before the gentle influence of Spring,
The ships, now tired of land,
Dry as their beds of sand,
Swell rollers to their native waters bring.
Nor men nor beasts in warmth delight,
No longer are the fields by cold hoar frost made white.

With Dian overhead,
The nymphs by Venus led,
Holding the comely graces by the hand,
With alternating feet
And measures ever sweet,
In dances lightly strike the smiling land;
While Vulcan, glowing in the light.
For the hard and labouring Cyclops kindles forges bright.

Upon thy glosier hair,
Made sweet with odinments rare,
A wreath of myrtle green and flowers place.
And in a shady dell
Thy adoration tell
Unto the faun sprung from a woodland race.

In dances lightly strike the smiling land,
While Vulcan, glowing in the light.
For the hard and labouring Cyclops kindles forges bright.

PRIZE TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.*

"What practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"

(In Memoriam, Canto LXXIV.)

In fear, made peace where war alone should rule.
Or ivory adorns my home.
Nor is it prudent to venture on
What practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"

(In Memoriam, Canto LXXIV.)

* Readers of the JOURNAL may remember that in the January issue an announcement appeared offering, as a prize, a gold medal valued at one hundred dollars for the best translation of two of Horace's odes. The conditions were: First, that one of the two odes should be the "Ccelo Tonantem." while the other was left to the option of the translator; and

in the one number, as well as the many translations of the one ode, "Ccelo Tonantem."
CELO TONANTEM.

THAT Jove reigns thund’ring on his heavenly throne
We all believe: but now let Caesar be
Our ruling deity, since he has quelled
And joined beneath his lordly sway the fierce,
Unconquered Persian, and the Briton bold.
Did not a soldier, who with Crassus fought,
Live, a base husband, with a foreign wife?

WHILE Jove reigns thund’ring on his heavenly throne
Live, a base husband, with a foreign wife?

Their name, their toga, and the vestal fires
Grow old while fighting for the Median King.

Did not the Marsian and Apulian brave
Eternal while yet Jove and Rome shall stand?

Against their brothers, mindless of their shields,
The far providing mind of Regulus

On future days would bring, unless the youth
Since he foresaw disgrace that such an act
Unpitied and a prisoner should die.

And little children; and as one disgraced,
By Rome’s sad downfall now is made more great!”

Then shall he willingly return to fight.

I’ve seen our citizens, their free hands bound
Behind their backs, and I the gates have found
Fling wide: and fields laid waste by Roman arms

Again are tilled, becoming fruitful farms.

Perchance the soldier just redeemed with gold
Will to the war return again more bold.

Ruin to shame you add: virtue once lost
Can e’er return it’s whiteness: when the dole
In tangled meshes caught shall dare to show

A present example of calamity

I’ve seen in mocking show;

Who once has faced the treacherous, hostile throng;

For life: there he his peace to Rome preferred

His summer home.

And Caesar earth’s shall be,

On Punic walls our banners hung in sight;

For whom thou glitterest untried.

We all believe: but now let Caesar be
Our ruling deity, since he has quelled
And joined beneath his lordly sway the fierce,
Unconquered Persian, and the Briton bold.
Did not a soldier, who with Crassus fought,
Live, a base husband, with a foreign wife?

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Then shall he willingly return to fight.

I’ve seen our citizens, their free hands bound
Behind their backs, and I the gates have found
Fling wide: and fields laid waste by Roman arms

Again are tilled, becoming fruitful farms.

Perchance the soldier just redeemed with gold
Will to the war return again more bold.

Ruin to shame you add: virtue once lost
Can e’er return it’s whiteness: when the dole
In tangled meshes caught shall dare to show

A present example of calamity

I’ve seen in mocking show;

Who once has faced the treacherous, hostile throng;

For life: there he his peace to Rome preferred

His summer home.

And Caesar earth’s shall be,
Thaliarch, the cheering wine twice two years old
Pressed from the Sabine vine, pour out more bold,
Pile the logs higher on the brightening fire,
And drive all the chill cold from thee.

Leave to the deities all other things;
Who on the raging seas stay the storm's wings,
My country's senate! ah, alas!
For shame! O Carthage, mightier far
Than Thracian Orpheus when he moved
To coward's hearts, who spirit lack?
Can valor, once 'tis lost, come back
An army's force? A price you place
Refused to save his life
In tower and in wall.

Of Rome's inveterate enemies,
Nestor Persian rule contend,
At peace abroad, at war at home.
For shame! O Carthage, mightier far
From ruined Italy's disgrace.

On which his life depends;
Upon the floor, defiled.

But well he knew that Punic guile
For him had nursed its wrath.
Yet through his friends he passed meanwhile,
To Median despot's power; and spent
Their age unholy in those fields
O deeds that state and laws defile!

Thus he leaves his friends.

Oves' thunder makes us all believe
That he in heaven reigns,
Then he, who to the foeman's strength
Had yielded up his arms, at length
"Then be, who to the foeman's strength
Has yielded up his arms, at length
Strengthen thus the Senate's mind,
And hastened then his face to hide
Upon the floor, defiled.

O'er Punic graves, and castles' moat,
Said he, "I've seen our standards float
Beyond the portals of the tomb,
Our people, under Caesars lead, this beg—
Our standards have I seen disgraced;
They do not give, they only lend;
In Honour, Justice, Truth unfeigned, more pure.

Quinetillus wakens nevermore.
Whence, when shall Virtue find
In Honour, Justice, Truth unfeigned, more pure.

Renoosed by many, died thy friend,
By none more wept than thee;
Who, bearing thongs, with spirit base,
And by your prayers let him drive hence the plague—
Before the folding form shall know.

Though more melodious in thy woe
Than Thracian Orpheus when he moved
The trees to hear his song beloved,
For him had nursed its wrath,
The victim joins the sombre band
Whence we had ravaged oft, unmatched,
Now ploughed and sown, with tillage crowned.

" Will soldier, freed by gold, e'er grace
And Vesta's flame undying e'er
Though more melodious in thy woe
But gods not thus their favours send,
My country's senate! ah, alas!
O deeds that state and laws defile!

And drive all the chill cold from thee.

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My country's senate! ah, alas!
O deeds that state and laws defile!

And drive all the chill cold from thee.
Our freeman 'neath the shameful yoke;  
The open gates of peace restored;  
And harvest fields where we have warred.  

"And he redeemed by gold, forsooth,  
A brave man comes home;  
To injury you add, in truth,  
Perdition.  
For the wool with loom  
Or purple dyed gives back no more  
The colours that it showed before;  
And long true when once it dies  
The coward breast, forever dies.  
If mountain stag from meshes free  
Will stop to tempt the hunter's blow,  
Or purple dyed gives back no more  
Who feeble felt the captive's chain,  
Of bravest heart he, too, shall be  
Who tempts his once victorious foe.  
Thus they tell from wife's chaste kiss  
And infant sons he turned away,  
Like one whose freedom's gone.  
His haggard face, removed from bliss,  
Upon his wasted bosom lay;  
Its manly beauty flown.  
He moved the wavering Senate's will  
To sanction laws, for him an ill,  
Not otherwise envenom.  
And then, between his wailing friends,  
His mournful journey slow he wends—  
A while great and bold  
What barbarous hatred held in store  
Italia's sons' abasement low!"  
To Ceesar bend the conquered knee,  
And oh, ye changed customs once renowned!  
Enslaved with alien spouse, consent to wed,  
In foreign climes grow old in the disgrace  
And best and bravest of the Roman race  
If hind, once freed from hunter's close-set toils,  
Now tilled anew and waving with their grain.  
Will captive soldier, ransomed with gold,  
As erst Rome's bulwark be with pride of old?  
What shame! once dyed, nor does the wool resume  
Its color, lost when destined for the loom,  
Nor does true valor care, when basely sold,  
To warm the breast that cowardice made cold.

O FONS BANDUSIA! gushing stream!  
Like crystal bright thy waters gleam.  
Ambrosial wine thou mayest drink,  
And twined roses crown thy brink:  
And thou shalt have ere morrow morn  
A kid with newly-budding horn,  
Whose love and strife both claim in vain—  
A kid with newly-budding horn,  
Meet sacrifice thy bower to grace.  
Which love and strife both claim in vain—  
A kid with newly-budding horn,  
Shall never warm thy gelid spray.  
The fiery dog-star's burning ray  
In fondness lingering here are found.  
And lowing herds, when homeward bound,  
Whence flows thy frigid crystal wave,  
As was Castalia famed in song;  
Gives back again the joyous sound.  
And babbling rill with merry bound  
In rich Venafria's fields, where olives grow,  
Or near where mild Galusia's waters flow.

A LETTER FROM A "B. A." OF '61.

DEAR Sir: Bound down by the relapse of a severe illness, I had to sit in uncheerful convalescence while all the old and young boys were feasting together last month; and I have had to glean after the reapers of that jovial harvest by following their doings in your April number. All of us absentees owe you thanks for your account of the day. But to me at least this is for another reason a specially interesting number. Probably no true lover of the classics has not loved Horace and tried to translate from his odes. I had that fever badly a good many years ago. In fact, Casserly of '62—probably the most accomplished all-round scholar of all the Georgetown graduates of his day—and my humble self had decided to astonish our generation with a complete metrical version of O. H. F., when Theodore Martin came out with his "Odes of Horace," and

"Sat on those young souls  
An incubus from nature's primal depths,  
Intolerably vast."

But though my gallant hobby has been quiet these many years in the stall of innocuous desuetude, I never read a translation from Horace without the same sensation that thrills through some ancient cavalry-horse when the bugle sounds. And now you sound me two bugle-calls at once, I fairly prance in my soul. It seems quite natural that my old friend, Tal. Lambert, should do this sort of thing neatly; he was always identified with verse in my mind. Not that any man could possibly be as poetical as Lambert used to look,

TARTARUS.

CELO TONANTEM!"

In wide expanded realms above  
Sole sway is held by mighty Jove,  
And thunderest forth his power o'erhead,  
While here bold Briton and proud Mead  
To Caesar bend the conquered knee,  
Esteemed scarce less a deity.  
Nor does true valour cave, when basely sold,  
Prepared by barbarous hands did him await,  
Dejected and oppressed by foul disgrace,  
Prepared by barbarous hands did him await,  
Confounded peace with war—from duty fled  
To live a slave—twere better he were dead.  
O shame! O mighty Carthage, raised so high,  
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O FONS BANDUSLE.  
O FONS BANDUSLE.  
O FONS BANDUSLE.
praise Lincoln; but he had a real taste for letters, and an ingenium molle atque facutum, with a certain natural elegance about him that I recognize instantly in these lines of his. Only I did not suspect him of this particular old foible of my own. All I can say is "Matte novis virtute, my boy!"

But what of James T. O., who comes down colo tonans with a regular English ode of his own, showing forth the stern Regulars of Horace? The first query to my absent friend’s mind is: "What’s J. T. O.’s opinion? For, of course, it is O’somebody. Anyhow, he lays it on the line. I concur cordially in your editorial "nice coda" opinion that when a fellow sets about translating a foreign poem, one good way to do it is by making an English poem of his translation. Only you rather speak of it as something undone. It seems to me J. T. O. has done it, and done it bravely and interestingly, and in places felicitously! True, his work smacks of youth; but what a pleasanter savour is there than that of youthful striving upward? For my own part, I think there is some odic force in it.

Here I could plunge into a critique on these two translations that would fill a column—and probably cost you most of your subscribers—for I’ve brought out my Horace and gone over with them the originals. But I forbear, only retracting my pleasure at finding these scholar-like things in my college’s journal. Some day, if you care for it, I may trot out one or two of the old versions we made for the Magnum Opus that was set upon, as afore-said.

Now two words to your boys, and I have done. First, I want to offer a reward for something. The reward shall be a nice book. The something is this: Thirty years ago, when my Gradus ad Parnassum, I casually ran on this line from some classic author, descriptive of some lady, since deceased: "Pallas, si clypeum, si ferret spicula, Phoebae."

It has haunted and escaped me ever since. Who will find it for me and report first to the editor and get the reward?

Lastly, where can I buy the poems of Toru Dutt? Will Mr. Charles A. White kindly inform me?

Faithfully yours,
FRANK RUDD.
New York, May 14, 1890.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

From the San Francisco News-Letter for May 10th we take the following paragraph:

"James V. Coleman left New York last Thursday for this city, and consequently, if there are no delays, he should reach here next Monday. He comes to make a fight for the nomination for Governor, and, judging from the strength he is developing, there seems every probability of his securing that honour. One thing must be said in favour of James V. Coleman: he does not believe in pretense, nor does he assume any mock modesty. He comes out boldly and says that he is in the fight for the nomination, and pursues an entirely different course from the strength he is developing, there seems every probability of his securing that honour. One thing must be said in favour of James V. Coleman: he does not believe in pretense, nor does he assume any mock modesty. He comes out boldly and says that he is in the fight for the nomination, and pursues an entirely different course.

He comes out boldly and says that he is in the fight for the nomination, and pursues an entirely different course.

While glancing over the columns of the Pensacola (Fla.) Daily News, we saw that the orator of the May-day festivities was Hon. John B. Jones. We congratulate you, John. Our friendship with you is too long standing to address you as Hon. John B.

From the Florida papers there is evidence of a strong current of public opinion in favour of Stephen W. Mallory (B. A., ’69) for Congressional honours. The Tallahassee Democrat voices the popular sentiment thus:

"Mallory is a good man—there is no mistaking that—and would make a good Representative in the next Congress of the United States; and from among the names we have heard mentioned thus far we are firmly convinced that no better man could be selected. There is plenty of time yet, however, and a stronger man may yet be brought out, though we are aware he would be hard to find."

Charlie and Dan O’Day (Ph. B. and B. A., ’89, respectively) remained with us lately for a few days. They took part in a friendly contest of base-ball between the Ki-Ki’s and the Second nine; it was like old times to see Chas. and Dan on the field again.

James A. Gray (B. A., ’88) passed a brilliantly successful examination for the bar before the supreme court at Little Rock, Ark.

In one of Jim’s last letters is contained an excellent hint to the members of the debating societies. "We have formed a Young Men’s Democratic Club, and this will give me ample opportunity for improving in public speaking. I spoke the other night, and, though lacking practice of late, I felt greatly the advantage offered by the debating societies at College. They are certainly a great help to a young man, if he will but practice impromptu speaking, as we were wont to do."

On May 5th Charles J. Faulkner Pierce, whose fame
and fortune are known especially in the great Northwest, was baptized in the private chapel by Rev. Fr. Welch, assisted by Rev. Fr. Richards. R. Dorsey Mohun, U. S. Navy, is a Catholic and fortune are now placed "where neither rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

EXCHANGES.

The faces of our old friends are always pleasing. To-day on our table we behold a new-comer, and welcome him heartily for his frank and manly face—the Trinity University Review, coming from Toronto. Its contents speak well for the University, and throughout the whole paper is a refinement and decision of form and thought that should be expected from a University. Among its admirable productions this month is the thoughtful sonnet by Mr. Lampman, and the sketch entitled "A Problem in Casuistry."

And now, in its attire of azure blue we meet the Salve Regina, from New Orleans. This is certainly one of the prettiest and most interesting of the exchanges on our list. This month's issue is especially commendable for its charming exchange of letters. "The Lady, whose name was St. Mary's" has a paper that well represents them. The articles entitled "Napoleon and Madame De Stael" are of most excellent taste and diction. The young ladies have our congratulations on this beautiful issue of their monthly.

Praise is also due the Polytechnic, from Troy, N. Y. Its appearance denotes life and energy on the part of its managers. Science is its chief topic. We do not think, however, that literature is sufficiently represented.

Our old friend, the Notre Dame Scholastic, is ever welcome. Among its literary tidbits this week, is a poem entitled "Reminiscences," full of much sentiment and delicacy of thought. Its rhythm proves the author a natural musician. Under the heading "Books We Have Read," is a clear and very interesting article on George Eliot's "Silas Marner." The reprinting of "The Scholastic is an honour to our Catholic college papers, and one of our most valued exchanges.

The Virginia University Magazine now presents itself. The April issue of this exchange is admirable. One of its especially good things is "Aunt Phoebe's Reminiscence." The author has an enviable command of his pen, and his touches here and there in a poem show him to be sympathetic to a high degree. The article entitled "And in the Day of Judgement" is also worthy of the highest praise. It also contains one of the numerous Marie Bashkirtseff sketches now appearing as quickly as the buds of May. The author's personality is so strong that we are all heartily sympathetic with his subject whose good work.

The Nassau Literary Magazine is one of our most admirable and artistic exchanges. Refined elegance is one of its chief characteristics. "At the Masked Ball" is a poem very French in tone and expressed in "loose numbers wildly sweet." He must be a gloomy indeed who can read S. Grant Oliphant's article, "The Muse of the Nettle Crown," without a broad smile.

We must express our admiration of Mr. Evans, Jr.'s, "Death of Rustem," which, though not in strict adherence to what we consider the correct version, that published by the Oriental Translation Fund in 1852, is still a spirited and beautiful adaptation. The management and editorial departments of the Nassau are all that could possibly be desired. The magazine is a valuable contribution to college journalism and in the scale of merit ranks with the finest journals of the country.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

On Thursday, May 1st, the 'Varsity team met the University of Pennsylvania on the home grounds.

The game was not what we would call interesting, as the home team was never in a way that they might win, still we were all very much pleased with the game our boys put up. Although the 'Varsity boys were behind during the whole game, they played a magnificent up-hill game, and some of their plays were well applauded by the spectators. They showed that they were all good ball players; the principal thing needed was more steady practice and team work. The University of Pennsylvania men played a beautiful game and justly deserved the applause they received.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>B H O A E</th>
<th>C. A. C.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Gleason, p</td>
<td>2 3 5</td>
<td>James, 2b</td>
<td>2 3 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hauptman, 3b</td>
<td>1 2</td>
<td>Cahill, 3b</td>
<td>3 1 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. Gleason, 1b</td>
<td>1 2</td>
<td>Brent, 1b</td>
<td>2 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Green, 2b</td>
<td>1 2 1</td>
<td>Long, cf</td>
<td>3 2 1 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoemaker, cf</td>
<td>1 2 7</td>
<td>Darragh, ss</td>
<td>1 6 9 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boucher, ss</td>
<td>1 1 1</td>
<td>Valentine, If</td>
<td>2 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maderia, rf</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
<td>Ross, rf</td>
<td>1 2 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rackey, c</td>
<td>1 3 6 1</td>
<td>Lansing, c</td>
<td>0 0 7 4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals | 3 9 18 12 6 | Totals | 12 14 21 16 2 |

Earned runs—Georgetown, 2; University of Pennsylvania, 4.

Three base hit—Ross, James.

Home run—Ross, Cahill.

Two base hit—W. Gleason.

Stolen bases—Graves (2), Cahill, Hauptman.

Umpires—Robinson and Heineman.

Time of game—1 hour and 25 minutes.

Thursday, May 8th, the 'Varsity team played the Columbia Athletic Club at Atlantic Park. The team, together with some of the boys, went out to the grounds in a tally-ho. When time was called both sides agreed to the regular 'Varsity umpire, who, contrary to his desire, undertook to umpire the game alone. A decision that was made on 2d base by him caused the C. A. C. to put in Simms, their manager, to help him. From that time on the game was one of confusion and ill-feeling.

Simms seemed wholly devoid of judgment. His decisions were erratic, and some of them were perfectly ridiculous. However, the less said the better, as all who were present have joined their opinions as regards Mr. Simms in the capacity of an umpire.

The 'Varsity boys thoroughly outplayed their opponents in every way. The features of the game were the battery work of W. Gleason and Rackey for Georgetown, and the batting of Dickinson for the C. A. C.

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<tr>
<td>W. Gleason, p, &amp; 2b</td>
<td>2 3 5 1</td>
<td>King, If</td>
<td>1 2 2 0 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hauptman, 3b</td>
<td>1 2 3 0</td>
<td>Wade, rf</td>
<td>3 0 0 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. Gleason, 1b</td>
<td>1 3 1 0</td>
<td>Green, 2b</td>
<td>3 1 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boucher, ss</td>
<td>2 1 0 2 1</td>
<td>Sprigman, 1b and p</td>
<td>4 3 2 7 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoemaker, 2b &amp; p.</td>
<td>1 0 0 1 1 0</td>
<td>Dickinson, e</td>
<td>2 3 1 0 0 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rackey, c</td>
<td>3 1 1 0</td>
<td>Bowdacy, ss</td>
<td>1 2 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cauliflower, cf</td>
<td>1 0 0 0 1</td>
<td>Harban, cf</td>
<td>1 0 2 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maderia, rf</td>
<td>1 0 0 0</td>
<td>Burke, p</td>
<td>0 2 8 4 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total | 12 19 27 27 5 | Total | 14 14 27 18 8 |

Earned runs—Georgetown, 3; Columbia 1.

Home run—Hauptman.

Three base hit—Rackey, Shoemaker.

Two base hit—Shoemaker, Gleason, Dickinson, Burke.

Stolen bases—Carlton, Boucher, Cauliflower, Dickinson (2), Sprigman.

Hit by pitched ball—Keyworth.

Passed balls—Dickinson.

Struck out—By Shoemaker, 6; by Gleason, 4; by Sprigman, 5; by Burke, 4.
The Varsity team made their annual trip to Annapolis Saturday, May 16th, to play two games—one in the afternoon with the St. John’s Cadets and another in the afternoon with the Naval Cadets. The first game was played, but rain prevented the second. The Varsity team found it an easy matter to defeat the St. John’s team. C. Gleason was put in pitch, and he pitched a beautiful game, only two hits being made off him. The features of the game were the battery work of C. Gleason and Rackey, and the battery of W. Gleason and Hauptman. The Cadets secured their only run on an inexcusable muff of a fly-ball by Madera.

W. Gleason, p; 6 6 7 2
Hauptman, 1b; 2 4 0 1
C. Gleason, cf; 4 3 1 0
Boucher, ss; 2 3 1 0
Shoemaker, 2b; 3 4 1 0
Rackey, c; 3 1 1 4
Cauliflower, ef; 1 0 0 0
Hennon, If; 2 1 0 1
Madera, rf; 3 1 0 0
Total; 20 25 27 24

Georgetown E R O A E St. John’s; E R O A E

C. Gleason, p; 1 2 0 2
Hennon, 1b; 1 0 0 1
Rackey, 3b; 0 2 0 2
Cauliflower, cf; 0 0 0 0
Boucher, ss; 0 0 0 0
Hennon, If; 1 0 0 1
Madera, rf; 1 0 0 0
Total; 1 2 2 7

Earned runs—Georgetown, 15; Two-base hit—W. Gleason. Hit by pitched ball—Gleason, Hennon (3); Rackey (2); Janar. Stolen base—Madeira. Passed ball—Ramsey. Struck out—By Gleason, 7; by Johnston, 4; by Yellot, 2. Will pitches—Johnson. Umpires—Robinson and Jones.

The best game of the season by far took place on the College grounds on Saturday, May 17th, between the Varsity and the Columbia Athletic teams. The Varsity boys were bent on having fair play, and two umpires were chosen, one by each club, who were known to be of the very best. This settled, the game started. It was a grand game and one that met with the approbation of all present. It was a pitcher’s battle up to the seventh inning, when the Varsity boys found Keyworth’s delivery and lined him out for eight runs. The grand stands were well filled by an enthusiastic crowd and all good plays were literally applauded. The Varsity boys played a superb fielding game, one error only being made by them. It was the most popular victory of the season, as Georgetown was anxious to prove their ability to defeat the C. A. C., when they had fair play. The tournament for singles is now going on, with the participation of officers.

The tournament for singles is now going on, with the participation of officers.
classes urging on their champions to success. The day was not what had been wished for, as heavy clouds swept threateningly across the sky and a rather stiff breeze had sprung up. However, as the morning advanced the sky cleared and at ten o'clock play was called off.

So numerous were the entries that it was not until after two days' play, when all had dropped from the race save Messrs. Dickson Walsh, De Mun Walsh, Keyes and Shannon Walsh, that the real interest in the tournament was exhibited, and when time for the final sets arrived the court was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of spectators.

The first set of this series between De Mun Walsh and Keyes was won by the former after a number of brilliantly contested games had been played. The second set between Shannon Walsh and Dickson Walsh, after a most exciting contest, was won by the former. And then the final set between the winners of the last two.

For the first few games the play was about even and neither seemed to have the advantage of his opponent, but after the score stood 3 to 3 Shannon Walsh took the lead and won the set with three consecutive victories, thus winning the tournament and cup.

The tournament was a success throughout and shows that the real interest in the tournament was exhibited. The second setting between Keyes and Shannon Walsh, after a number of brilliantly contested games had been played. The second setting between Shannon Walsh and Dickson Walsh, after a most exciting contest, was won by the former. And then the final setting between the winners of the last two.

The character of the impetuous, passionate "Nita," the young wife, is capitally drawn, as is also that of her husband. Altogether it is a very bright and entertaining story, though no moral obtrudes itself, it certainly points one, and a good, strong, healthy one, too.

A paper upon George Henry Boker is contributed by the eminent critic, R. H. Stoddard. Stoddard and Boker were intimate friends, and the paper is not only valuable as a just and fair critical estimate of Philadelphia's poet, but also because it contains reminiscences of a very interesting character and copious quotations from letters of Boker to Stoddard.

No organizations in the United States have multiplied more rapidly in the past ten years than the sick-benefit, funeral-aid, death-benefit, and other kindred societies. As they are generally confined to those who are in the humber walks of life, the good they have done is incalculable, carrying substantial aid to thousands of stricken families and inspiring those who are fortunate enough in being members with a courage which might not exist in their hearts without them.

The members of these organizations will be glad to learn that Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Eleventh Census, will endeavor to secure the statistics of the noble work these associations are doing, and it is safe to say that no other branch of the census will be more interesting.

The business of gathering the data has been placed in charge of Mr. Charles A. Jenney, special agent of the insurance division, 38 William street, New York City, and all associations throughout the United States, whether incorporated or private, should assist by sending to him the address of their principal officers.

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