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NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The 'Varsity team sent Mr. Joseph Sears, on the occasion of his recent marriage, a handsome silk umbrella and cane with the fac-simile of his signature, the whole bearing the inscription, on a silver plate, "Compliments of Georgetown University Football Team."

Though interest in football has somewhat flagged since the Thanksgiving Day defeat, yet some of the more enthusiastic and energetic among the men have succeeded in reviving sufficient ambition to form another team. It is to be composed of those members of the first and second eleven who wish to continue playing. It will be called the Georgetown Light Consolidated Eleven, and will meet such teams as the Elkton, Frankford Athletic Club, University of Pennsylvania Reserves, etc. The team will be composed of the following members: Left end, Walker; left tackle, Callahan; left guard, E. Dyer; centre, Denver; right guard, Archer; right tackle, Smith; right end, P. D. Martin; left half, Fleming; right half, Gately; quarter-back, Hennon; full-back, Garvey; substitutes, Seger, Baben, Hogan, and Douglass.

Sophomore and Freshman met in a most equal and exciting contest on the afternoon of December 6th. At the end of the first half, '94 was two points ahead, the score standing 8 to 6. In the second half, however, the Freshmen braced up and scored another touch-down by the fine work of Fleming and V. Smith. No goal was kicked and the game ended with the score 10 to 8 in favour of '95.

Some of the older students have no doubt recognised a familiar face in the Reverend James W. Collins, S. J., Vice-President in 1887-88, who has lately been attached to the Faculty.

The Reverend Benedict J. Guldner, S. J., erstwhile Prefect of Studies at Woodstock College, and Professor of Philosophy at Georgetown in 1886-83, has returned as Assistant Prefect of Studies.

Mr. V. Howard Brown, S. J. (B. A., '79), Head Prefect of the Junior Division in 1888, is on a short visit to the College.

Two admirable lectures were heard at the late meetings of the Toner Scientific Circle. Mr. Edward L. Keyes, '92, read an entertaining and instructive paper on "The Atmosphere," and Mr. Joseph C. Mattingly, '93, gave an interesting exposition of the methods and theory of "Grafting." The progress of the Circle during the past few months, owing to the incessant efforts of its director, Mr. James F. Dawson, S. J., has been remarkable.

The last production of the Camera Club, a photograph of the football eleven, is worthy of high praise, both for its grouping and its excellent finish. In our opinion this picture is equal to professional work.

The Reverend Peter J. Cassidy, S. J., Professor of Poetry, has been elected president of the Philonomsonian Debating Society.

On the evening of December 10th the upper classmen were invited to the first of a series of lectures in the Postgraduate course on "Journalism." The lecturer, Mr. H. A. Preston, who was for fifteen years the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, showed himself fully conversant with the various aspects of the question he was considering, "The Freedom of the Press."

On Tuesday morning, December 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated by a Solemn High Mass, with the Reverend Benedict J. Guldner, S. J., celebrant, the Reverend John A. Chester, S. J., deacon, and Mr. James F. Dawson, S. J., sub-deacon. The ceremonies were unusually impressive. The choir was reinforced by a number of singers from Washington. Mr. Condé M. Nast, '94, rendered a flute obligato with exquisite taste.

The solemn reception of members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was held in the evening. The Reverend Father Provincial pronounced a very earnest discourse to the candidates for admission, who, to the number of forty-two, occupied the forward benches in the Chapel. After the ceremony of investing with the medals and the reading the act of consecration, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Provincial.

The following students were admitted into the Sodality: Maurice Lee, Horace Briscoe, Robert Douglass, John Wesel, Ralph Hopkins, Andrew Berry, Philip Banni- gan, Edward Tobin, William Joyce, Edward Linehan, James Connor, David Walker, Martin Crimmins, James Whedbee, William Herman, James Sappington, Wilson Young, Jeremiah O' Connor, Henry McCullough, Charles Burke, Paul Callahan, Hugh Callahan, Arthur Callahan, Jean des Garenes, Henry P. Waggoman, Louis Prince,

At ro o'clock Tuesday morning, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Kenneth B. Turner, of the class of Second Grammar, was baptised by the Reverend Rector, assisted by the Reverend William B. Brownrigg, S. J. Charles halach stood as godfather. The ceremony took place in the Students' Chapel, and was witnessed by some of the Faculty and students. Kenneth received the name of Francis, in honour of St. Francis Xavier. He made his first Communion on Sunday, December 20th.

Rev. Father Provincial, accompanied by Father Rector, visited the upper classes on Saturday morning, December 19th, and expressed himself as very much pleased with what he saw of the workings of the classes.

Last, but best of all, Father Provincial kindly granted the students a holiday, which Father Rector has prefixed to the Christmas vacation; thus the holidays will begin on the 22d, and not on the 23d, as announced in the catalogue.

As we go to press, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, assisted by the orchestra, the Glee Club, vocalists from the city, and Mr. Pierce J. Grace (postgraduate), is giving in Gaston Memorial Hall a grand entertainment for the benefit of the poor of Georgetown.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, being in the neighbourhood of the College on Sunday, the 14th inst., availed himself of the opportunity to pay a visit to the Observatory. He spent an hour in inspecting the instruments and in examining the results of the recent discoveries and experiments of the Director and Assistant Director. As soon as the students heard that the Cardinal was on the grounds, they appointed a delegation to wait on him, instructing it, of course, to ask for a holiday. This was graciously granted, and will be added to the Christmas in instructing it, of course,—to ask for a holiday. This was

ROBERT

J.

Vernon Walsh, William Tierney, and Thomas Evans.

LITERARY WORK.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

WHAT splendour filled the earth,
What grandeur spread the sky,
When at our Saviour's birth
First gleamed that star on high.
Peace!—All was peace that night,
While the world was yet a child.
In every soul there was a light,
A gladness that was mild.

Beneath Re-soft, redeeming light
Made all the land in triumph ring
With praises for their Infant King,—

"Glory be to God on high;
Peace on earth—within the sky;
Peace and salvation most sublime
Spans every sea, fills every clime.
To men good will and peace we bring—
Sing, all ye stars—ye planets, sing!'"

II.

And every vale around
Beneath that brilliant star
Came up that heavenly sound—
The breezes bore afar
That song, andspeeding o'er the main
Forever sung, that sweet refrain,
And told to nations of the earth
The tidings of our Saviour's birth—

"Glory be to God on high;
Peace on earth—within the sky;
Peace and salvation most sublime
Spans every sea, fills every clime.
To men good will and peace we bring—
Sing, all ye stars—ye planets, sing!'"
"I don't remember when I didn't know Charlie Wilson. His father was our nearest neighbour, and a dear friend of my father. From infancy we were together. We sailed our little ships together; we begged all the empty spoons from our mothers and cut them in half to make wheels for our toy wagons; we few our kites to get it seem that, no shadow passed between us. A happy, friendly rivalry existed between us. If he could beat me running, I could swim farther than he; though I was the better shot, he could beat me at fence; and when ever one was victorious, it was a pleasure to both. And never a would come without each other. There was no coldness between us, but we found ever one was victorious, it was a pleasure to both. And when we grew older we went to the same school, swam, fished, hunted, and rode together; and never a shadow passed between us. A happy, friendly rivalry existed between us. If he could beat me running, I could swim farther than he; though I was the better shot, he could beat me at fence; and when ever one was victorious, it was a pleasure to both. But as we grew older Charlie and I were less together. There was no coldness between us, but we found out by degrees that we could do without each other for days at a time. Perhaps this was my fault. Charlie had a sister Helen, a year or two younger than we were, and I began to find myself making excuses to desert him for her. She and I would take long strolls down through the orchard and across the hills, count apple seeds and daisy petals, gather violets, and hunt for rare ferns. I would climb up the steepest rocks or go down into the deepest gullies to pluck a stray floweret for her. I would have gone to the ends of the earth to win a smile from her, or to save her a single pang.

"Ah, the pure, unselfish, confiding love of childhood! that love comes before our hard, cold, cruel human nature is fully awakened; when all is dreamy and romantic; when a single untrustful thought would seem a sacrilege. Even yet the memory of those days that passed unheeded and unnumbered brings me a pleasure and consolation, for it teaches me that all our nature is not bad.

"But I am moralising.

"The estrangement between Charlie and myself, if it could be called an estrangement, was often broken through. At times we were as much together as in the old days. When we were about seventeen it was planned that we were to go to college together, and we had the same tutor to prepare us. Our old riding and hunting trips were resumed.

"At this time it was a mooted question between us whose horse was the faster. He had a superb roan, by name Bill, that took the highest fences in the country, and usually brought him in first at the death; but on my little Maybird I pressed him closely, and often distanced him in a long hunt.

"The very thought of a duel was horrible to me in the extreme, for, although they are by no means uncommon at home, I had always been taught to look upon them in their true light. And I was entirely in the dark as to the meaning of what Charlie had said. So I called him back.

"He turned towards me, his right hand on the door knob, a riding-whip in his left. The fire of his passion was gone, but as he stood there in his cool, unrelenting anger, with a hard, bitter smile contracting his eyes and lips, I could not bring myself to believe that this was the Charlie that had been my friend since infancy. Nerving myself to be calm, I said:

"'I presume, sir, that you will favour me with some explanation of your conduct. There must surely be some reason for you to act thus.'

"'I desire no explanation, sir, and will make none. I will simply tell you how I have been informed.'

"'Without changing expression, and with his hand still on the knob, he proceeded to tell me, that from my consistent bearing before and after, the race, he had suspected that I knew more than I should about the death of the horse. However, stiling these suspicions as much as possible, he had gone to Abe, the stable boy, and had asked him how he had been feeling, and how he had been stung by the negro stoutly held in that he had been particular to follow Charlie's directions as to the care of the horse. But, after some hemming and hawing, he admitted that he had seen me go into the stable the night before, pour something on an ear of corn, and give it to Bill:}
And here, continued Charlie, 'is the bottle. He found it in the stable-yard.'

'All of which I deny most emphatically!' I exclaimed. 'I never saw that bottle before. And are you going to believe that nigger's word and not mine?'

'There is no question of belief where I have proof. I shall expect a message from you.'

With this he opened the door and left me almost speechless with fury. Never before had such a combination of circumstances overpowered me. Anger, hatred, and wounded pride, like the demons that they are, rose up in me, and their tumult drowned the voices of love and friendship that, like guardian angels, whispered to me to be calm. I tossed aside my slippers and pulled on my riding-boots, saddled Maybird, and was soon speed- ing in a mad gallop toward the home of Joe Harvey. He was merely an acquaintance, but I knew that he was intimate with Miller.

It was a three-mile ride from the house, and before I got there my mind was made up. It should be at sunrise the next morning. I was determined to risk my life if necessary. One reason for my choice of a duel was that I was a better shot than Charlie. There could be no chance of surviving a duel if I was in as bad a case as he was. The only excuse which I could present to myself was that I was weak, and could not refuse. I was forced to fight. The only way to save my honor was to risk the issue. I knew then as well as you know, as well as I know now, that no man has a right either to seek another's death or to risk his own; I knew that a duel included the crime of murder; I knew that no man has a right either to seek another's death or to risk his own. I could hardly realise that I was to fight a duel; I, who up to this time would as quickly have thought of cutting off my right hand as of fighting a duel. The only ex- cuse which I could present to myself was that I was forced to fight. I was not weak; I was not mad, and could not refuse. I knew then as well as you know, as well as I know now, that no man has a right either to seek another's death or to risk his own; I knew that a duel included the crime of suicide as well as of murder; I knew that all the talk of honour being reserved by man for that purpose; All this I knew, and felt then, but I was weak enough to think that it was beyond my power to remedy the affair.

Then the thoughts would come to me—what will my mother think? And how will Helen feel towards me? These thoughts would almost drive me mad. But by de- gree I became more calm; I took down a book and began to read, and by supper-time I was, to all appearances, as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had hap- pened.

After supper Joe Harvey came in. He had arranged all with Miller. We were to meet the woods near the cross-roads at sunrise the next morning.

'The sun rises at half-past five to-morrow,' I said, as he rode off. 'I will expect you at five.'

'I then went to bed, and strange to say fell into a heavy slumber, from which I awoke with a start. I looked at my face and saw it was five o'clock. The day had already broken and I hurriedly dressed. I was all excitement now. The only time that my heart fell was when, like a thief, I crept past the door of my mother's room. As I walked across the yard the chill morning air struck me to the very heart. I went into the stable and saddled Maybird on the road. In a moment Harvey drew up at the gate. I saddled Maybird and was soon with him.

It was a short ride to the cross-roads; but when we came in sight of the little patch of woods the rays from the rising sun were already beginning to glance among the golden and crimson leaves. We led the horses into the woods and hitched them; Charlie and Miller were already there. A clear space was chosen, and I tossed off my riding-jacket. Charlie gave me one rapier and handed one rapier to Charlie, the other to me. Charlie was pale, and his face had lost the bitter expression of the day before. He looked as if he regretted the meet- ing as much as I did; but when I suggested that we might have a peaceful settlement he asked me if I was going to play the coward. Even then, as I thought of the old days, as I thought of my mother and of Helen— even then I would have flung away the sword. But pride conquered me.

We took our positions, and in a moment there was no sound save the ring and rasp of steel against steel. I looked over the end of the rapier into Charlie's deep brown eyes. Ah, how often I had looked into them be- fore—and over this very rapier! But then each rapier had a wooden button securely fixed on its point, and we both wore masks. We thrust and parried, advanced and retreated; and over and over the rapier rose the next morning, and with swords. One reason for my choice of swords was that I was a better shot than Charlie. I found the rapier the cross-roads at sunrise, and I knew that I could not bear for a moment to think of killing Charlie.

I looked over the edge of the rapier into Charlie's deep brown eyes. Never before had such a combi- nation of circumstances overpowered me. Anger, hatred, and wounded pride, like the demons that they are, rose up in me, and their tumult drowned the voices of love and friendship that, like guardian angels, whispered to me to be calm. I tossed aside my slippers and pulled on my riding-boots, saddled Maybird, and was soon speed- ing in a mad gallop toward the home of Joe Harvey. He was merely an acquaintance, but I knew that he was intimate with Miller.

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It was a short ride to the cross-roads; but when we came in sight of the little patch of woods the rays from
in a tiny stream from each expanded nostril. I threw the bridle over my arm, and walked home. I could not bear to ride her. I could only wish that as she had been the innocent cause of the duel, she might also have been fleet enough to prevent it from terminating in death. "When I went in the house I broke down completely and sobbed out the whole story to father and mother. "It was not as bad as I thought. Thanks to the prompt arrival of the doctor—thanks to my dear little Maybird—Charlie was declared out of danger a week afterward. But the families are forever estranged. "There is nothing more that will interest you, and I feel I am wasting your time. A lecture here the other day was given. The lecturer urged the young people to read the classics. "I travelled last year with father, and then studied under a tutor, took the examination, and entered your station and we were soon bowling along over the old pike towards "The Oaks"—Dick's home. It was about ten minutes before sunset, and we arrived about sun-down. Judge Hampton met us on the broad front piazza; and as we stepped into the passage we met Mrs. Hampton, Stephen, about seventeen, and Bessie, about fifteen. An hour later we were all at supper. Of course the conversation turned on Dick and he had a hard time to answer the thousand and one questions that were shot at him. Everyone wanted to know how he liked Georgetown; what kind of fellows were there; what he did all the time; and the like. Then Dick's turn came and he wanted to know all the home news. "I hear," said his mother, "that the Wiltons are going to have a grand Christmas fete to-morrow night. And makes his harp in the grove, alone: "You don't mean"—and he hesitated. "My friend, the light of mine eyes is dim, And grief like a bud in my heart has grown; And its petals fall on his dark cold stone. "When I went in the house I broke down completely, and sobbed out the whole story to father and mother. "Dick, Dick, can you ever forgive me? It was all a lie, a base lie!" He thought he was going to die, and sent for me. He then told me that his tale about you was not as bad as I thought. Thanks to the good critic has become more strenuous advocates of the latter party, are moved to be forced to remark in passing that many, and the prevalence of the more common species has brought the very name into disfavour. And so we were all over at Wilton's the next evening. I shall not attempt to describe the fête. However, I have a faint recollection that whenever Dick and Helen were wanted they had to be hunted up. When Dick and I came back to Georgetown he didn't say anything more about going North. He was a different fellow entirely. He had been so unpopular during his first few months at Georgetown that for awhile the fellows still avoided him. But by degrees they grew to like him, and when he came back the next year as a senior he was the most popular fellow in college. I have nothing more to tell you now. But wait a moment. Do you remember when Dick came back as an "old boy" last year, to visit Alma Mater—do you remember the blushing little bride that clung so confidingly to his arm? Well, that was Helen Wilton. JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH, '91.

"IDLE TEARS." [Form of the Persian Ghazal.] The tuneful monarch leaves his throne, And makes his harp in the grove, alone: "Youth is gold that Time consumes, A flower that wilders, a flower unknown. His bowers are built of a thousand tombs, And there are the seeds of his pleasure sown. But the cheerful sun will wake on a day, When he is far and his friends make moon, And his garland of roses shall fade away And its petals fall on his dark cold stone. Who shall say that his life was vain, Now the light met of his days have flown? Who shall not call from the tomb again The bowers returned to the dust and bone? My friend, the light of mine eyes is dim, And grief like a bud in my heart has grown; Sorrow's cup is full to the brim— The pride of thy life to the dust is thrown." THOMAS WALSH, '92.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THERE are few tasks more difficult and embarrassing, few requiring more true taste and discriminating discernment, than that which devolves upon the critic who essays to pass judgment on the work and literary standard of works whose authors are living. Then, the many considerations that enter in—questions of false taste, conventions, prejudices, social and political conditions—render the task at first view almost appalling. On the one side are enthusiasts shouting the praises of the new divinity; on the other, stand arrayed that great band prompted by jealousy, prejudices of birth, religion, and education to down the successful rival. It is painful to be forced to remark in passing that many, and the most strenuous advocates of the latter party, are moved by motives purely personal; and it is this stamp of critic that seems to have leavened the greater part of the present body critical. The good critic has become almost as rare as was the philosopher's stone of old; the prevalence of the more common species has brought the very name into disfavour. Viewed from this standpoint, the task which we have undertaken in the present sketch of Coventry Patmore's poetry increases in difficulty. As Patmore is a living poet, a Catholic, a Tory, and a man of strong political and literary feelings. Critics have found in his poems a battle-ground on which to quarrel over the respective standards of taste and good writing. Some of them have praised him as extravagantly as others have maligned him, and a few reviewers, have treated him with the coldness and moderation required. Before leaving the subject of criticism, it may be of interest to state that Mr. Pat-
more is not satisfied with the criticism which deals only with impressions and mere sensitiveness. To quote his own words:

"To criticise is to judge; to judge requires judicial qualification; and this is quite a different thing from a natural sensitiveness to beauty, however much that sensitiveness may have become heightened by converse with refined and beautiful objects of nature and works of art. 'Criticism' which has been the outcome only of such sensitiveness and such converse may be, and often is, delightfully pleasing, but it is far more logical than criticism which is truly judicial. The pseudo-criticism, of which we have had such floods during the past half century, delights by sympathy with and perhaps expression of our own sensations; true criticism appeals to the intellect and rebukes the reader as often as it does the artist for his ignorance and his mistakes."

From this it may be seen that Mr. Patmore is not a votary of the criticism arising from "Esthetics"; so we shall strive, with what ability we may, to judge him after his own manner and after his own desire. As a fitting preface to our theme, we proceed to give a short sketch of the poet's life.

Coventry John Deighton Patmore is the son of the late Peter George Patmore, a writer of some distinction and the author of "Literary Reminiscences." He was born in Woodford, county of Essex, England, on July 23, 1823. In his twenty-first year he first essayed literary honours in a volume entitled "Tamerton Church-Tower and Other Poems." His "chef d'œuvre" and the poem on which his reputation stands undoubtably is "The Angel in the House," written between the years 1854-1862. It was while assistant librarian of the British Museum, a period lasting from 1846 to 1868, that the principal part of his literary work was accomplished. Since his retirement from that office Mr. Patmore has published "The Unknown Eros" (1879), "A Memoir of Barry Cornwall," and "Amelia" (1878). The literary magazines of higher standard have also found in Mr. Patmore a contributor of the greatest value and distinction. In many of his essays, and notably in his "Principles in Art," he has proved himself a critic of clear and precise judgment.

In later life he became a Roman Catholic, and, like many of the earnest souls who sought and found the "Light" during the period of England's new apostleship, he has proved by his devotion, zeal, and exemplary life the strength and loftiness of his convictions. An American author of distinction, who lately returned from a sojourn abroad, in the course of a recent conversation touched on the life of the now venerable poet, with whom he had been intimate. He dilated on the virtues and piety of Mr. Patmore, who, he said, makes a spiritual retreat of eight o'clock in the morning, and is a daily communicant at the Catholic church in Hastings. The inspiration of what is best in his poetry, Mr. Patmore attributes to his religion; and it is a fact that, although his poems before his conversion were distinctly noble and pure in sentiment, since that time they have been marked with a repressed and nobler impulse that bespeaks truer passion and more delicate sense of the soul.

This brings us to a consideration of Mr. Patmore's poetry. We shall treat only of his early poems and the volume "The Unknown Eros," recently "Amelia," and "The Angel in the House" for a future essay. In the early volume of his poems we find "Tamerton Church-Tower," "The Woodman's Daughter," "Sir Herbert," and "The River."

From the very beginning of his career our poet's work gives promise of the fullness that was to be reached in "The Angel in the House;" for throughout several of these early poems—notably, "Tamerton Church-Tower"—there breathes much of the identical sentiment of poetry and reverence for the marriage-tie which mark his later poems. He had not, however, attained in the former the quiet calm which is so characteristic of "The Angel in the House," nor do we find in them the evidence of his deep-and subtle analysis of life and passion.

"Tamerton Church-Tower" is a poem of love, marriage, and summer outing. It abounds in descriptions of natural scenery and, with the exception of the "Angel in the House," which it somewhat resembles, is the most rhymical of Mr. Patmore's longer poems. It opens with an account of a trip into the country by the poet and a friend, and a description of both their sweethearts. Then follows a short account of a double marriage, and another outing, which is made by a party of four—the two lovers and their brides. A storm arises while the party is on the water, and Blanche, the bride of the poet, is drowned.

"We left the church at Tamerton In gloomy western air; To greet the day we galloped on, A merry minded pair.

"My life, 'twas like a land of dreams, Where nothing noble throne; Dull seem'd it as to maiden seems The verse that's not of love."

"So subtly love within me wrought, So excellent she seem'd, Daily of Blanche was all my thought, Nightly of Blanche I dream'd."

"O, bolt foreseen before it burst! O, clashing hard to bear! O, cup of sweetness quite revolv'd And turn'd to void deep."

"So subtle love within me wrought, So excellent she seem'd, Daily of Blanche was all my thought, Nightly of Blanche I dream'd."

"My sight, once more, was dim for her, Who slept beneath the sea, As on I sped, without the spur, By homestead, heath, and lea."

"O, o'er the perfect moon kept pace, In meek and brilliant power, And lii, lii, loong, the eastern face Of Tamerton Church-Tower."

"The River" has more dramatic power and deeper pathos than most of Mr. Patmore's poems possess. It tells the story of the fate which followed the lowly lover of a high-born lady, who rushes away from the sound of her marriage revelry to an untimely death.

"The leafy summer-time is young; The yearling lambs are strong; The sunlight glances merrily; Dull seem'd it as to maiden seems"

"To criticise is to judge; to judge requires judicial qualification; and this is quite a different thing from a natural sensitiveness to beauty, however much that sensitiveness may have become heightened by converse with refined and beautiful objects of nature and works of art. 'Criticism' which has been the outcome only of such sensitiveness and such converse may be, and often is, delightfully pleasing, but it is far more logical than criticism which is truly judicial. The pseudo-criticism, of which we have had such floods during the past half century, delights by sympathy with and perhaps expression of our own sensations; true criticism appeals to the intellect and rebukes the reader as often as it does the artist for his ignorance and his mistakes."
is so individual in tone as to make it almost impossible to confound the poem or to attribute it to any other source.

"And even our own women, listly grumbles Ben, Leaving their nature, dress and talk like men!"

A dance, as our train stops at Five Acres.

Down to the station in a dog-cart dashes. A footman buys her ticket. Third class, party. And, high-button'd coat and Champagne Charley.

With 'twixt her shapely lips a violet

Perch'd as a proxy for a cigarette, She takes her window in our snaking carriage. And scorns us, curiously scoring men and marriage.

Ben frowns in silence; older, I know better Than to read ladies' behaviour in the letter.

And Ben began to talk with her, the rather.

Because he found out that he knew her father, Sir Francis Applethorp, of Fenny Compton, And danced once with her sister Maude at Brompton; And then he started until he quite confused her.

More pleased with her than I, who but excused her: And, when she got out, he, with sheepish glances,

Said 'he'd stop, too, and came old but insect.

After the "Angel in the House," the most important poet that Mr. Patmore has produced is his "Unknown Eros." In its present form it stands as a collection of poems, allegorical, descriptive, and psychological, which are connected by a slight bond of kindred sentiment. The title-poem, "The Unknown Eros," is the first of a series of allegorical poems, giving "a mingled mystic and sensuous explanation of the conjugal union, the bond I know not of, nor dimly can divine."

In this series may be counted the odes "Psyche," "Eros and Psyche," "De Natura Deorum," and "Psyche's Discontent." These are interwoven with a large number of corollary poems, treating of subjects akin to the former.

A writer in the Athenæum for November 22, 1890, in speaking of Mr. Patmore's "Unknown Eros," then appearing in its third edition, makes some remarks on the ode-form as Mr. Patmore uses it, which may be of interest.

Much that the reviewer states seems to have been prompted by an unfriendly spirit; still we can yield assent to his objections to the "structure and expression, and mode of thought" of some of the odes, while refusing to accept many of his other conclusions: "That peculiarly plant form of verse (the ode), which, as Mr. Patmore notices in his preface, is by some accused of lawlessness, should be, above all things, flowing and musical; but, by introducing constraint and severe abruptness, Mr. Patmore makes his 'catalectic' verse, law-abiding though it be, create a sensation of irregularity and jerkiness which would not be produced by catalectic verse more euphoniously modulated, even if it were far less correctly measured."

Though we own that this charge holds good for passages in the volume, the careful reader cannot but feel that it is by far too severe and general. In these odes Mr. Patmore consistently obeys the metric laws which he has established and has put into practice with varied results, so that even the critic in the Athenæum is forced to admit "the marked dignity and self-possession" of his poetry. Furthermore, the reviewer states of Mr. Patmore's poetry that "if it never becomes impassioned, it never becomes phrenetic and never inept; and its importance, if sometimes a little beyond the need, gives appropriate emphasis to the quick fervour of sentiment and intentness of thought which distinguish most of this volume."

That Mr. Patmore's poetry is "far too constrained" is, with some of our poet's other works before us—"The Angel in the House," and "Amelia," his sweetest of poems—we are led to assert that the statement is without foundation in fact.

The proem to "The Unknown Eros" has been justly admired as a very excellent writing too rare, indeed, in the present age. The poet seems to have realised that his volume would prove too lovely for many readers and some critics; that few would be able to penetrate the high and mystic sanctuaries wherein were veiled the inspirations of his poems. Thus he sings:

"Lo, weary of the greatness of her ways, There lies my land, with hasty pulse and hard, Her ancient beauty marred, And in her cold and aimless roving sight, Horror of light."

Therefore no 'plaint be mine Of listeners none, No hope of reader'sd' use or proud reward, In hasty times and hard; But chants as of a lonely thrush's throat At latest eve, That does in such calm note Both joy and grieve: Notes few and strong and fine, Gilt with the sweet day's decline, And sad with promise of a different sun."

The ode to the 'Unknown Eros' is a beautiful invocation to that divinity which watches over the conjugal bond, and flames the soul with mystic thoughts and feelings. It cannot be called a love poem, as Mr. Aubrey Vere justly protests, but a poetical 'exposition of the poet's philosophy of love.'

"O Unknown Eros, sire of awful bliss, What portent and what Delphic word Such as in form of snake, forebodes the bird, Is this?

What in its rayy orbit lifts the blood Like a perturbed moon of Uranus,

Reaching to some great world in unaged darkness hid;

And whence this rapture of the sense

Which, by the finger tip is stirred,

Reverse with obscure rite and sacramental sign

A bond I know not of nor dimly can divine?"

The second poem in this allegorical series is "Psyche." This is hardly equal in merit to the preceding ode, and is open to the charge of abruptness and restraint. The following lines strike us as particularly beautiful:

"Uncertain troubles sanctify That magic well-spring of the willing tear,

Thine eye."

The next, "Eros and Psyche," is one of the most lengthy poems in the volume. It describes a love scene of most impassioned nature. Among other lines of mingled love and mysticism, we find in the conversation between Eros and Psyche the following lovely thoughts:

"Much marvel I That thou, the greatest of the Powers above, Me visited with such exceeding love.

Should a high King, leaving his arduous throne, Sue from her hedge a little Gypsy maid, For far-off ancestry bewray'd,

By some wild beauties, to herself unknown, And should he bid his dames of loftiest grade

Put off her rags and make her lowlihead, . . .

What would he do, if such a fool were she As at his grandeur then to gape and quake, Mindless of love's supreme equality,

And of her heart, so simple for her sake?"

Critics have found much fault with "De Natura Deorum," another of this series of mystic-sensuous poems, and, we believe, with some reason. There is a spirit of Bippiancy and disrespect of sentiment throughout that is not at all in keeping with the supposed character of the poem or with the rest of the volume. We instance some of the passages that sin in these respects:

"Good morrow, Psyche! What's thine errand now?"—

a most undignified salutation from the aged priestess of Delphi, one rather suggesting a modern gossip than the interpreter of gods. Again, this old lady offends against classical etiquette when, in dismissing Psyche, she remarks:

"Now go, child! For thy sake I've talk'd till this stiff tripod makes my old limbs ache."

Mr. Patmore's Psyche is not a character to win the heart. There is too much questioning, too much cold philosophy of passion, and the thoughts that would ring golden from the lips of the poet himself fall but
coldly from the mouth of this love-stricken Psyche. However, there are some sweet passages, as:

"Love is not love which does not sweeten life
For having something dreadful to forgive."

And:

"A woman is a little thing,
And in things little lies her loveliness."

In "Psyche's Discontent," the last poem of the allegory, Mr. Patmore is more philosophical than ever; and in consequence, perhaps, renders himself liable to a charge of obscurity, which, indeed, some have made against him. Mr. Aubrey De Vere remarks: "Obscurity is a word with many meanings. Obscure poetry of one kind suggests the idea that the author has acquired a trick of 'thinking in short-hand' (if such a phrase is permissible), and forgets that the reader has never been initiated into the mysteries of his abbreviations. This is not the darkness in some of these poems. A different sort of obscurity is one which rises mainly out of the recondite nature of the theme. It exists not seldom in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who probably would have excelled in their defence the example of Dante. This is the obscurity which occasionally marks the work before us."

A few of the more beautiful lines may please the reader:

"Not, Eros, yet!
I ask, for day, the use which is the wife's:
To bear apart from thy delight and thee,
The fardel coarse of customary life's
Exceeding injudicious."

"Sleep, centre to the tempest of my love,
And dream thereof,
And keep the smile which sleeps within thy face
Like sunny eve in some forgotten place!"

These allegorical poems form the chief motifs of the volume, and around them are grouped others of various merit and sentiment, which together form a harmonious and happy whole. No better test of the breadth of Mr. Patmore's fancy can be found than the list of contents of the "Unknown Eros." Among these poems, interwoven with the odes of the allegorical series, we find songs of love, reverence, and patriotism; odes of masterly invocation to the unknown mysteries of life; and critical and philosophical cantos.

From these we turn to a little poem, "The Toys," which has been justly admired on account of the truth and tenderness of its pathos and the delicacy of its treatment.

"My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
To God, I wept and said:
"So when that night I pray'd
To God, I went and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranched breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys, . . .
And Thou rememberest of what toys
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
And six or seven shells,
He had put, within his reach,
I visited his bed,
And I, with moan,
Rising away his tears, left others of my own:
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I went and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranched breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys, . . .
I will be sorry for their childishness."

We have thus far been striving to present, as well as ability and space permitted, a true estimate of Coventry Patmore's characteristics. To give a complete analysis of his many-sided genius would require more time and space than we have at our disposal. What he himself states of the true poet, in his essay "Poetical Integrity"—"that this mighty element of character resides . . . in the spiritual consistency and integrity of his mind and heart as it is to be inferred from the cumulative testimony of his words"—might be applied to Mr. Patmore. Not only from his words may he be judged, pure, lofty, and noble as they have always been, but from the integrity of a life whose many years are heavy with honour and whose words and deeds are hallowed in the hearts of his readers.

Thomas Walsh, '92.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WASHINGTON.

THROUGH the kindness of Dr. J. M. Toner (M. A. '67; Ph. D. '89), who is probably the greatest living authority on the life and writings of Washington, the Journal will be able from time to time to present its readers with some interesting letters of Washington, which have never before been published. The first letter at hand is dated January 27, 1756, about six months after Braddock's defeat (July 9, 1755). It was written probably in Alexandria; since, according to Washington's letters, all of Washington's letters from January 14 to February 8, 1756, were written in that town. Aside from its other qualities the letter might serve as a model of style for the ingenious way in which blame is blended with praise.

January 27th, 1756.

Captain Charles Lewis,
of the Virginia Regiment.

Dear Charles: The first of March I appointed for a Rendezvous; as I conceived a plan of operations for the ensuing Campaign would be concerted and ordered by that time: However, your's is hereby prolonged until the twentieth of that month; at which time without a further prolongation, you are ordered to repair to Winchester without fail.

I am greatly astonished at Mr. Stark's behaviour, but more surprised at the Court's opinion; who must (at least ought) to know, that if Captain Dagworthy really was Commander (which, by the by, is a point I have never yet agreed to) that there are certain Compliments due from troops to their own Field Officers which cannot well be dispensed with—but more of this anon.

If you can inform me particularly of these proceedings it will be agreeable, in a letter, when opportunity offers, to Alexandria.

It gives me infinite satisfaction to hear Colonel Stephen express his approbation of your conduct. Assure yourself, dear Charles, that activity and Bravery in officers are the means to recommend them to their Country's applause—and will ever endear them to me! Your courage and abilities were always equal to my wishes:

But I dreaded the pernicious effects of liquor, especially as I knew it bereft you of that prudent way of reasoning, which at other times you are master of. Such inconstant behaviour as liquor sometimes prompts you to, may be borne by your Friends; but cannot by officers; and in a Camp, where each individual should regulate his conduct for the good of the whole, and strive to excel in all laudable Emulations. This comes from me as your Friend, not as a superior officer; who must when occasion requires, condemn as well as applaud: though in sincerity I tell you, it would grate my nature to censure a person for whom I have a real love and esteem; and one too who I know has a capacity to act as becomes the best of officers.

This timely admonition will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable. I am influenced by friendly motives to give this advice and offer it as a proof of the regard with which

I am
Your friend, &c.,

G. Washington.
December, 1891.]

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Our Library Table.

Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly. Arranged by Katharine E. Conway.

"Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" is the name of a little volume of selections from his poetry and prose, arranged by Katherine E. Conway, who introduces them with an estimate of O'Reilly as poet and literary worker. The book is in press with the well-known publisher, Cupples, and will be gotten out with the artistic beauty of typography, illustration, and binding for which this house is famous. The tinted portrait of the poet is admirable, and so are the page pictures and head and tail pieces within. The book will be ready in a week, and will be in great demand as a Christmas book. Orders are coming in numerously to The Pilot office, where it will be on sale. Retail price 50¢.

The compiler's proceeds go to the O'Reilly Memorial Fund.

Carmen Jubilaris, by the Reverend Joseph Paroili-Alizeri, C. M.

In these days of the decline of Latin verse-writing, it is an unexpected pleasure to meet with a treat so purely literary as the "Carmen Jubilaris" of Fr. Alizeri. For many years prior to his ascending the Papal Throne, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., following in the footsteps of many a churchman in the golden ages of poetry, produced several excellent poems in classic Latin metres. There was an age when at least a facility in Latin verse-making was a necessary requirement of every scholar and gentleman; and the names of Vida, Sarbiviusus and our own Milton recall a period in Latin poetry that almost rivalled the Augustan Age itself. But Fr. Alizeri's verses show much more than mere facility in verse-building; which at most is no more than a very refining kind of gymnastic exercise with words; they bear the stamp of true poetic spirit, and a deep and delicate sensibility.

The poem opens with an "Invocation" to the Blessed Virgin, which is both artistic and striking:

"Hic adsit precor, ego Calapasa sereno,
Hic adsit, Christi Tu sine labe Parens:
Te nostri rogant, uno velut, ore, pupillo,
Adstabant plures nostrse, pia turba, sorores,
Jeste perpetua, alma milii gratissima sedes,
Cum mortem usque tuum servis.

The Blessed Virgin, accompanied by the Saints and Martyrs of the Congregation of the Mission, descends from heaven and enters the College-church to impart the benediction to the multitude assembled to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of the Very Reverend P. G. Kavanagh, C. M., the President of Niagara University, to the dignity of the priesthood.

"Adstabant plures nostrae, pia turba, societes, Dixeris Angelicis assimilare choros.
Lilia gestabant munibus bene oleantia puris
Alpina, juro, candidiora nive.

After these are mentioned the souls of the blessed still detained in Purgatory.

"Vestibus adstabant niveo candore venustis
Quas paucos nsevos commaculare vides.

One can almost hear the ring of Ovid in these flowing lines, and later, when the Fallen Angels are introduced, the reader is forcibly reminded of Virgil's Descent of Aeneas.

"Horida fundebo vibratis sybila linguis, Enoeis quamquam, ore vocamis somnium,
Lavlor ast allis fuit Aesmodens acober
Quis semper ecce redditur invisibilis
Virgo me supera fides constant Nuestra.
Nemo potet morbis Juve nowe injuriam.

This is followed by the benediction pronounced by the Queen of Heaven upon the College:

"Esto perpetu, alma nbi gratissima sedes,
Erecto sancto constituto sancta,
Qua pietas floet, quae, me custode, fideli
Addustat cleru plura membria noae.

Esto rubra virtutis, Mr. Iseman was large-hearted and generous, ever ready to help in a good cause, and popular with students and all who knew him.

Her discourse is continued in form of an admonition to the students, in which the poet treats of Humility in these beautiful lines:

"Praeterint tempus spiritus gestare coronam,
Genem enmatis charae in diem Deo.

Chastity, Temperance, Liberality, Self-denial, and Vanity form several divisions in the poem, until the Blessed Virgin ends her address with a blessing:

"Substitut sponsos noster Vincentius bist,
Et grases semper sint tibi, Mater, sit,
Subfraeare omnes, grates retulere decoras,
Ac oeulis vanuit visio sancta meus.

This is followed by what might be called the poet's envoy to his poem, in which the reverend author appears in his happiest mood, and this, in our judgment, forms the most beautiful part of the whole poem.

Hac canone ausubem qui tot per iustra Cumanum
Jussus deservi, nobiliora sequis,
An crat in viae mutam revocare relictam
Cum mortem urget dira sentecia mee.
Nam Matri me cogit amor, me fervibus urget
Graui animi senex quom colliam nives.

Thomas Walsh, '92.

OBITUARY.

JOHN A. PIZZINI.

Prof. George E. Iseman, our organist and professor of music, died on the morning of the 15th inst., at his residence, 1008 Tenth street northwest, from typhoid fever.

Mr. Iseman was born in Washington in 1865, and was educated in the public schools. His musical studies were begun at an early age, and prosecuted under local teachers until 1884, when he went to Weimar, remaining four years, and taking high rank, being frequently called on to take part in student concerts. On his return he was made organist at the College, and for some time had been organist at St. Augustine's Church. In 1889 he married the daughter of Mr. Chr. Xander, who with one child survives him.

His death following so soon after that of Prof. Bernays will be a severe blow to the musical circles of Washington. Last Sunday night was the date originally fixed for the concert of the Musical Assembly, at which Mr. Iseman was to have played a concerto, under the direction of Prof. Bernays. On the Sunday before Thanksgiving Mr. Iseman complained of feeling sick, and Mr. Bernays, who was present, in an off-hand way made light of his friend's complaint. On Tuesday of the following week Mr. Iseman attended Mr. Bernays' funeral, and now he has passed away. Mr. Iseman was large-hearted and generous, ever ready to help in a good cause, and popular with students and all who knew him.
The Georgetown 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, etc. It also serves the Society of Alumni as an organ and means of intercommunication. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it includes the views of the student body, frequently quoted by 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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Assistant Business Managers: JOSEPH O'NEILL, '94. JOHN DAVID LANNON, '94.

FROM THE SANCTUARY.

A MID the cold of winter, amid snow and ice, and bitter, chilling wind, comes the brightest, merriest time of all the year. May you enjoy it, dear reader,—may you be thrilled with that happiness which admits of but one utterance, Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! The wind no longer moans; it laughs, and its touch, formerly so chilling, now serves but to set the ice flashes back the sunlight in a thousand different hues. Meanwhile, the church bells burst forth in one grand "Gloria in excelsis Deo." Shall we, then, in one grand "Gloria in excelsis Deo," serve under a Sophomore, whose head stands the revered and beloved of this earth King of Kings and Lord of Lords? Shall we, the disciples of our Lord and Master, raise to Heaven, in one grand "Gloria in excelsis Deo," our King and Lawgiver? Shall we not confess for Christ and His Kingdom? Shall we be the possibility, nay, the certainty, of the recurrence of a season as fruitless as the one just closed.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Central Inter-Collegiate Press Association, held in Philadelphia on December 5th, interesting papers were read and discussed, and officers elected for the coming year. "Method of Choosing Editors," proved quite instructive and brought to light many praiseworthy schemes. The methods in use by the various journals represented may be divided into three classes. The majority favour the election of the new editors by the retiring board. Many, however, elect their staff from two rival literary societies, either by vote of the retiring board or of the whole college, while others still adhere to the method of competitive examination. Many modifications and combinations of these three plans were dwelt upon at length, but we failed to see that any of them would prove more satisfactory than our own plan, which empowers the director of the editorial staff to name at least two members from each of the University classes. Thus we eliminate partiality as far as possible, and at the same time avoid the inconvenience that would ensue from the loss of almost the entire board on the departure of the graduating class. We might profit, however, by the methods of electing a business manager advocated in the discussion which followed the paper "How Shall the Business Management of a College Paper Be Conducted?" which subject, by the by, was well handled by the manager of the Dickinsonian. He suggested that the manager be always selected from the Sophomore class, and be allowed to retain the position three years, so as to become accustomed to his duties and acquainted with the humours of the advertisers with whom he has to deal. The difficulty with this plan seems to be in the fact that the assistant managers, who will of necessity be taken from the then Freshmen, will, when the manager graduates, be in the Senior class, and therefore ineligible, and hence will have either to resign or to serve under a Sophomore.
The representatives of the *Pennsylvaniaian* and *Red and Blue* then described their system of paying a man outside the college twenty-five per cent, on all advertisements collected. It was also suggested that subscriptions and advertisements should constitute two separate branches of the business department, and should be managed by different men. This last plan strikes us as a very good one, and by combining it with the one used by the *Red and Blue* we are inclined to the belief that an increase in the finances would result. The time-honoured subject of the Honour System was discussed, as were University Extension and an Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, and finally came the discussion of that antediluvian institution—Dinner.

**EDWARD LOUGHBOROUGH KEYES, '92.**

### UNIVERSITY NOTES.

#### THE OBSERVATORY.

**DURING** November several new stars varying in brightness have been discovered by the Director of the Observatory. All of them are in the neighbourhood (within less than a degree of arc) of other variable stars which have been known for many years; but this fact would indicate that the sky is beset with innumerable stars varying in brilliancy, though perhaps within such narrow limits of time and brightness that they escape detection, unless patient and systematic search is made.

The most remarkable of the newly-discovered variables are near the three stars: *R Ceti, R Geminorum, U Canis Minoris*, i.e. in the constellations the Whale, the Twins, and the Little Dog.

The first two of these new stars pass through all their phases of brightness in about a week, and their light changes appear to be the result of a great increase in magnitude. The period of the last star is not yet sufficiently known.

Notices of these discoveries will not be given to scientific papers before the elements of variation (period, greatest and smallest brilliancy) have been fully determined.

#### THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The oral and written examinations in Mechanics were held on the 15th and 16th instant, respectively. The paper on Major Logic is set for the 21st. At the public disputation, which will take place on the following day, Messrs. Stephen O. Hayes and Edward L. Keyes will defend eleven theses, and Messrs. B. Carroll Shipman and Jeremiah J. O’Connor object. Mr. Joseph S. Rogers will read an essay on the "Province of Major Logic."

The second sermon in the Advent course in St. Aloysius’ Church, was delivered by the Reverend Peter Cassidy, S. J., Professor of Poetry, who preached on "God’s Purpose in the Incarnation." The Reverend Henry Shandelle, S. J., Professor of Rhetoric, and the Reverend Wm. B. Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who recently gave an interesting clinic at the Providence Hospital, were present.

The three classes were assembled in the large lecture hall to hear the opening lecture of Mr. Justice Henry R. Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who will deliver a series of lectures on that subject. The lectures will be delivered every Saturday evening at half-past six, and will be so arranged that all the students can attend.

The new building is a marvel of beauty, elegance, and convenience. The lecture halls, reading rooms, and library are comfortable and commodious, well heated and lighted, and nothing is left to be desired. As a description of the building, together with an illustration, has been published in a former number of the *Journal* it is unnecessary for us to say more.

Everyone is looking forward with interest to the Moot Courts which begin soon—especially to those in which...
the students of the School of Medicine will participate. There is no lack of room in the new building as there was in the old, where the halls were crowded and uncomfortable. Hence, the courts of this year will be more enjoyable than they have been in years past.

There is dearth of news at the Law School. Everyone is busy preparing for examinations. We overheard a Senior, with a woe-begone expression on his countenance, telling a Junior not to look upon anything as hard until he struck Pleading.

We would most heartily welcome a change in the arrangement of the examination hall. Individual desks should be substituted for the present long tables. The reasons for this change are too obvious to be mentioned.

The number of students is steadily increasing. If this increase continues in the same proportion in the future it will not be many years before the present building, large as it is, will be too small to accommodate the students.

The schedule of examinations is as follows:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Real Estate</th>
<th>Friday, December 18th.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Personal Property</td>
<td>Monday, December 21st.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleading</td>
<td>Wednesday, December 23rd.</td>
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</table>

The Christmas vacation will begin on December 23rd and end on January 4th.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

We have read with pleasure in a recent number of the St. Louis Sunday Mirror, the charming article on Archbishop Kenrick by the Hon. Alex. J. P. Garesche (M. A., ’42). Old age has not rusted Aleck’s facile pen.

John Martin paid a flying visit to the College late in November, to introduce his bride to the scenes of his labours and triumphs from 1879 to 1882. The lady was formerly Miss Healy, of Scranton, Pa. Fortune is smiling on John, and certainly no one has conquered her favour by more sturdy worth and endeavour. His patent metallic steam piston packing has been taken up by a stock company organised for the purpose, and comprising several old Georgetown boys among its directors. Manufacture is being pressed on, and subordinate companies are in course of formation in various sections of the country.

James M. Healy (B. A., ’72, M. A. ’89) dropped in for a few moments in the early days of December. Jim is more robust and handsome than ever, and tells of a little seven-year-old boy preparing for the College. May he follow worthily in his father’s footsteps. The contest for Speakership of the House of Representatives was the occasion that brought us the pleasure of this visit; for though not yet himself a candidate for Congressional honours, Mr. Healy devotes some attention to political matters, and is fast becoming a power in his district.

The wedding of Dr. James Dudley Morgan (B. A., ’81, M. D. ’85), of Washington, with Miss Mary Abell, only daughter of Edwin F. Abell, Esq., one of the proprietors of the late Arunah S. Abell, founder of that newspaper, was an ideally beautiful union, says the Baltimore Sun, the Baltimore and Grandmother of Charles street. Few, save relatives of the contracting parties, were present, but they formed a goodly throng. At 12 o’clock the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, marched up the aisle to the music of Lohengrin’s “March,” by Itzel’s stringed band. At the altar gate they were met by the groom, attended by his best man, Dr. Hattan Harris, of the Navy. In the sanctuary, awaiting the bridal party, were the Reverend Dwight E. Lyman, the pastor; the Reverend J. Havens Richards, S. J., Rector of Georgetown University; the Reverend John Abell Morgan, S. J., President Loyola College, a relative of the groom, and the Reverend P. J. Donahue, of the Cathedral.

The Reverend Fr. Lyman, after a few most touching remarks, made the happy pair one. A wedding breakfast followed at “Woodbourne,” the spacious country house of the bride.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Abell, Arunah Abell, Walter Abell, Mrs. Morgan, mother of the groom; Miss Fox, Miss Fannie Abell, Miss Lucy Brady, Mrs. George Abell and Miss Abell, Miss Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Robert O’Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Monier and daughters, Mrs. Lackey and daughters, Miss Byrne and Miss Ruth Johnston, daughters of Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston; Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge, Miss Mary Wade, Dr. Morris Murray and Mr. Frank Taylor, Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder and Mr. J. H. Magruder, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart (nee Capron), of New York, and a large number of other relatives and friends. The toasting presents were numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan took the evening train for a bridal tour North, and on their return will take up their residence at their home in Washington.

We clip from the Burlington Independent the following very complimentary remarks on J. W. Singleton (B. A., ’88, LL.B., ’88): “Prof. J. W. Singleton, who for three years has honoured Burlington with his presence, will leave us on Monday next and take up his residence in Eau Claire, Wis., where he will associate himself with T. F. Frauley, one of the leading and best known attorneys of Wisconsin. The first two years of Prof. Singleton’s sojourn here he taught an advanced class in English, and an elementary class in Latin at St. Joseph’s College, while at the same time he pursued the study of law in the office of Col. John H. Foster, Esq., was admitted to the bar of Chittenango County, and in the following month of July opened a law office in the city, and has since practiced in the United States and county courts, sitting with marked success. At the earnest solicitation of the leading Democrats, Mr. Singleton accepted the nomination of State’s attorney upon the county ticket, where his popularity was demonstrated by leading the ticket in the county and for the first time in history carrying the city against his competitor. He has during the last year served as secretary of the Young Men’s Democratic Club of this city, and to his faithful work is due largely the success of the organisation. Mr. Singleton came among us as a stranger, but during his stay he has made a warm and loyal friend of every acquaintance, and while we regret exceedingly his departure we can but congratulate Eau Claire upon receiving into citizenship one of the truest men Vermont has ever parted with.”

It would appear from notices in several Maryland newspapers that J. Roger McSherry is quite a favourite for Speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates, but expressions of many are well expressed in the following excerpt: “Not since we have been a resident of Frederick County has this county had a high officer in the Maryland Legislature, and now that a delegation wholly in accord with the majority of the House of Delegates we feel like asking that the honour of the speakership be conferred upon us. In J. Roger McSherry we have a brilliant young man, thoroughly equipped for the station, and it is assuredly not asking too much of the other sections that have enjoyed that honour for so long a time, to the
exclusion of our county, to recognise as well the merits of Frederick County's claim as Mr. McSherry's peculiar fitness. We shall be gratified beyond measure should the members of the press in Western Maryland find it consistent with their desires to second our suggestion."

We are indebted to James R. Randall for the following pen-pictures of two eminent Georgitownians:

"Reverend Robert Fulton, S. J., who from time to time was long identified with Georgetown University, has gone to Spring Hill College, near Mobile, for his health. Fr. Fulton is an English scholar of the first order, in his devotion to his other scholastic attainments. He is one of the most entertaining talkers among the priesthood, and has not a superior for wit and epigram. The Spring Hill Fathers and their students will have a fount of diversion in this extraordinary priest, who only bewails that physical disability has shorn him of some of his unction. No doubt that society were first developed those talents and an elegant and profound orator. With an ample private fortune, skilled in the law and state-craft, and a perfect deportment, as becomes a Christian gentleman, there is every reason to expect from him a most creditable career in the Senate. He will honour the State from which he comes."

James A. Gray (B. A., '88, M. A., '91) writes as follows:

Manager College Journal.

December, 1891.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Dr. Irving C. Rosse (M. A., '89) has received many complimentary notices of his book on "Physical Training." The latest is from Sir Morell Mackenzie, whose late papers on "Physical Training" have been read all over the English-speaking world. He writes from London expressing to Dr. Rosse the pleasure it has given him to read what Dr. Rosse has written on the same subject. As the publication of Dr. Rosse's views regarding athletics antedate considerably those of the great London doctor, it is very flattering to Dr. Rosse to receive this acknowledgment along with kind expressions of approval over the fact of mutual agreement on the important topic of athletic sports and physical training.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

FOOTBALL.

The second consolidated team went over to Alexandria, Va., on the 2nd inst. and won from St. John's Military Academy of that place, to the tune of 24 to o. We cannot find words wherein to express our thanks to the professors and students of St. John's for the kind hospitality shown our boys. And we sincerely trust that the day is not far distant when we will be able to return the favour. When Referee Fleming called "play" the two teams lined up as follows:

Georgetown—Young, Left End, Hubbard; Manley (Capt.) Left Tackle, Ficklin; Horsey Left Guard, Delaney; Vinson Centre Guard, Randall; C. Burke Right Guard, Hart; M. McNeal Right Tackle, Casey; Lannon Right End, Nock (Capt.); Briscoe Quarter-Back, Bridges; Babin Half-Back, Gas; Cook (Seeger) Half-Back, Lane; Smith Half-Back, Bischoff.

St. John's—St. John's Cadets.


Georgetown placed ten points to her credit in the first half, by Babin's dashing around the right end for thirty yards and a touch-down, from which Smith kicked an easy goal. The second half opened with Smith placing the ball down the field, and pushing Cook over the line for a touch-down. Smith in his trial for goal failed. Cook, who was injured, was replaced by Seeger. In the second half Seeger made three touch-downs; Smith kicked but one goal. Noticeable features of the game were the running of all the backs, interference and tackling of Babin, Lannon and Seeger for Georgetown; the punting of Bischoff, the running and tackling of Lane and the dodging of Gas, for St. John's."

JOHN C. GAVAN, '95.

FRESHMAN 10, SOPHOMORE 8.

THE Freshmen and Sophomores lined up on the 6th inst. and played the hardest game of football seen on the campus this year. Despite Sophomore's heavy rush line, the Freshman backs again and again dashed through for gains. Sophomore worked the Freshman line for many gains also. Harley, our great fielder, proved that he could handle the leather spheroid, and that he could plunge through the rush line for a long gain. To him may be attributed Sophomore's number of gains also did his share. For the Freshmen, Dougall, the Varsity quarter-back, played great ball, dodging very cleverly the Sophomore team when he scored his second touch-down. He also kicked a pretty goal at an angle of two yards from the line. Smith, Woodward, and Craig, particularly the last, played well for Freshmen. When Referee O'Donnell called play the teams lined up as follows:

Manager College Journal.

SECOND CONSOLIDATED 24, ST. JOHN'S CADETS 0.

ANTONIO MANLEY, Left Tackle, Ficklin; Horsey Left Guard, Delaney; Vinson Centre Guard, Randall; C. Burke Right Guard, Hart; McNeal Right Tackle, Casey; Lannon Right End, Nock (Capt.); Briscoe Quarter-Back, Bridges; Babin Half-Back, Gas; Cook (Seeger) Half-Back, Lane; Smith Half-Back, Bischoff.

For Georgetown—Young, Left End, Hubbard; Manley (Capt.) Left Tackle, Ficklin; Horsey Left Guard, Delaney; Vinson Centre Guard, Randall; C. Burke Right Guard, Hart; M. McNeal Right Tackle, Casey; Lannon Right End, Nock (Capt.); Briscoe Quarter-Back, Bridges; Babin Half-Back, Gas; Cook (Seeger) Half-Back, Lane; Smith Half-Back, Bischoff.

GeorgeTown college journal. [December, 1881]

Freshman. Sophomore.

D. Murphy Left End....Carval.

Seger Left Tackle....Speegles.

M. Murphy Left Guard....Smith.

Manley Center Archcr (Capt.)

Douglas Right Guard....Walker.

Joyce Right Tackle....Gavan.

Tolin Right End....O'Donnell.

Constable Quarter-Back....Seger.

Woodward Left Half-Back....Harley.

Smith Right Half-Back....Seger.

Dougal (Capt.) Full-Back....Smart.


Freshman won the toss and took the ball, Sophomore taking the goal on the north. Smart failed in his trial for an easy goal. Then Sophomore worked the ball gradually up the field, on runs by Seger and Harley, and finally succeeded in rushing Seger across the line for a second touch-down. Smart again failed at goal. Things began to look gloomy for the Freshmen, and so they lined up at the twenty-five yard line to die or score. Again long, however, they had six points placed to their credit on a great run of Dougals around the right end for twenty-five yards and a touch-down, from which he kicked a magnificent goal. Time was soon afterwards called, with the ball in Freshman's territory. In the second half, with the score against them, Sophomore became dispirited. Dougal soon succeeded in making a touch-down, but failed in his trial for goal. Sophomore repeatedly sent Harley and Seger for gains, but they could not succeed in crossing the line. Thus the game ended, with the score 10 to 8 in favour of Freshman.

Cullevot, '95.

G. T. C. Consolidated 16, Elkton 0.

The Consolidated team played a team from Elkton, Md., on the 12th inst., and won by a score of 16 to 0. There were but few spectators on the grounds, owing, probably, to the early time the game was called. The second half was a far better exhibition of football than the first. Our boys did not know their signals very well, consequently, many fumbles were made. The score would, in all probability, have been higher had not Half-Back Gately been hurt in the beginning of the game. The playing of Captain Fleming, Hennon, Callahan, E. Dyer, and, above all, Walker, who distinguished himself by breaking through the line and dropping on the ball several times, was also commendable. Dougal soon succeeded in making a touch-down, but failed in his trial for goal. Sophomore repeatedly sent Harley and Seger for gains, but they could not succeed in crossing the line. Thus the game ended, with the score 10 to 8 in favour of Freshman.

Juniors, 16; Picked Team, 4.

Hoo! Rah! Hoo! Rah! Hoo! Rah! Ray! Georgetown! Juniors! Blue and Gray!

I was on Wednesday, December 2d, that every throat on the Junior Division yelled and shouted, and again yelled, the above cry. For on that beautiful afternoon over came a picked team from the other side, with their heads in the air, to give us a Waterloo. But instead of giving them received one themselves (the Juniors following the scriptural passage: "'Tis nobler to give than to receive"). "We are going to utterly rout the 'youngsters,'" was the answer made by one of them when questioned as to the probable result of the game. But who did the routing? The "youngsters," as the score, 16 to 4, tells to the seniors' sorrow.

On the line-up the picked team got the ball. Drew and Kirby by their excellent work secured a touch-down soon after the ball was put in play. O'Brien failed a difficult goal. The Juniors got the ball at the twenty-five yard line and, by Lawe's excellent bucking of the center and a run around the end by Daly, soon placed the ball affectionately on the seniors' fifteen-yard line; but that was all, when time was called: Score, Seniors, 4; Juniors, 0.

The second half opened with the ball in the Juniors' possession. They worked the V for fifteen yards and Daly got fifteen around the right end. By smart centre play they landed the ball on the seniors' fifteen-yard line. When the sign was given, Lawe was shoved through the centre for a touch-down.

Craig failed an easy goal, as he did all the others, on account of a very sore leg; but his splendid line work fully redeemed him. The picked team never reached our territory in the second half, thanks to Green, O'Neil.
December, 1891.] GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

fifteen-yard line. P. Callahan now made a splendid run around the right end, scoring a touch-down. Craig kicked goal. Score: Juniors 6, C. P. 4.

From the centre the C. P. advanced the ball steadily until a second touch-down was added to their score. Sears again failed to kick goal. Score: C. P. 8, Juniors 6. Shortly afterwards time was called.

The second half was by far more interesting, as both teams played with more dash. Referee Murphy soon discovered an extra player on the C. P. team, and declared the first half null.

Callahan made repeated rushes for the Juniors, but sharp tackling prevented any gain. The ball was rushed to and fro over the field from one side to the other, neither team gaining. When the game was called the ball was close to Georgetown goal. Score: Juniors, 0; C. P., 0. For the Juniors, Callahan and Daly played great ball, Greene and Craig holding their own in tackling. Lauve is a tremendous rusher, as his gains showed.

Malin Craig, '95.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO | 185
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