VALE ATQUE AVE.

Old Year, art leaving me? Like autumn grass
My heart is withered and my full blown hopes
Are strown like the petals of a dying rose.
When in thy blood the morning life was strong,
Rich words of sympathy were on thy lips
And thou didst bid me fill my darkened soul
With thine own golden light of hope and love.
I placed my hand in thine confidingly
And thou didst lead me, how unkindly on.
And now a stranger in a fruitless land,
Thou leavest me amid a starless gloom
With broken ideals of a sorrowed past,
And soul as songless as the shepherd's lute
Which pipes for maidens on a sculptured urn.

Old Year art dying! What, thou bid'st me sing?
Aye, Mortorum te Saluto—go!
And with thy death a larger life of faith
Comes unto me; for in the hopeful morn
All tremulous with song the New Year comes
To lead me from the past.

O new-born Year! In love I kiss my finger-tips to thee,
And scatter fairest lilies at thy feet.
And Old Year—Vale—Cypress wreaths for thee.

VALE ATQUE AVE.

YEs, work has its advantages after all; it renders rest
a luxury. That we have deserved our holiday is
evident from the several specimens held in the classes;
that we shall enjoy it is with youth no prophecy, but a
gospel. That we have deserved our holiday is
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evident from the several specimens held in the classes;
that we shall enjoy it is with youth no prophecy, but a
gospel.
Apropos of our northern visitor, Mr. Frost, the au-
It is to be dammed for the winter. A skating rink
will be formed, and there in immunity from all
will spend every recess in graceful evolutions on the ice.

We have several charming trebles and altos
among the boys of Preparatory that will render these
chanters of the sweet and joyous Noel as exquisitely as any
instant choristers.

The mass will be sung by the Rev. Father Rector, Father
Richards, S. J., who will also preach. We hope to have a
fine congregation of our invited friends and alumni.

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Richards, S. J., who will also preach. We hope to have a
fine congregation of our invited friends and alumni.

If we can realize our present programme, never before
will our enthusiasm professors of the Postgraduate
has thrust into our hands a volume of the "Library of Early English Writers," just arrived from Lon-
don. He hails this impression of several ancient Eng-
lish manuscripts with great satisfaction, not merely be-
cause it is valuable as a contribution to philology, but
also because it is made for the purpose of being in-
formed to others as well as to the original students.

But who is this Richard Rolle, known also as the
Hermit of Hampole?

And now, have we not everything to be thankful for?
We may not live in the sunny months, but we have
the benefit of every day. We may not have all the
benefits of nature, but we have the privilege of
enjoying those that are given us. We may not
have all the comforts of life, but we have the
courage to bear our trial. We may not have all the
blessings of the world, but we have the privilege of
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not have all the pleasures of life, but we have the
courage to seek those that are within our grasp.

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January, 1896.] GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL. 39

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ITS CUSTOMS AND FESTIVITIES.

"Oh! how cheerful now, the grandmas eyes
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
And thankful is she that's spared to see this day
Beloved as mother and as wife;
That God would shed a blessing on their heads."

—Drake.

THE first of January, as the natal day of the year, holds a position of great prominence in the holiday calendar of the civilized world. With most European races it has ever been a custom to bid adieu to the old year and welcome the new with gay social and convivial demonstrations. In our own country it is not so generally celebrated nor with like enthusiasm; in consequence, I suppose, of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas coming so shortly before; but here in Washington New Year's Day is kept with at least a semi-foreign splendor. As the great occasion for public reception, it is of especial moment with society. All mornings, elegantly equipped carriages may be seen rolling along the avenues, stopping here and there in front of residences, at the doors of which baskets are placed to receive the cards of the callers. The President and heads of the various departments hold formal levees, and the consequence New Year's day a pair of gloves containing forty gold pieces. Sir Thomas returned the money accompanied with this note: "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to keep the gloves, but as for the lining I utterly refuse it."

In Peru the practice of giving presents among relatives and friends is still ardently kept up. It is the usual day for parents to make settlements on their children, husbands on their wives. In France, everybody but ladies makes presents, and it is uyour means uncommon for a man of 10,000 francs a year to give presents to the amount of 500 francs. Everyone receives and every man gives according to his means. From these circumstances the day is termed Le jour d'Étranges. A beautiful lady of high connections may estimate her New Year's presents at something considerable. Jewelry, though not usually given, is never refused. The ladies display all their presents in the drawing-room; it is somewhat ungenerally suggested, that they may excite emulation and obtain as much as possible. Bonbons form the customary present, and are given to everybody, young and old; and in fact they are pointed out with more pride than any other gift. The morning is passed purchasing the bonbons, and the gossiping at the confectioners' shops presents many agreeable scenes. All the streets are alive with wagons loaded with the artistic products of the confectioners, souvenirs, and the various et ceteras with which children are humored. Here and there one may see pastry cooks going about with trays loaded with churches, palaces, and playhouses made of fine flour and sugar, and the embellishments which render French pastry so inviting.

NEW YEAR'S Day is la fête par excellence of the French people and especially of the children. The Parisians love, on New Year's Day, to decorate their drawing-rooms with roses and white lilies, and it may be usual to add that for such occasion the "Parisiennes" make a good provision of "bonne grâce" and give the best welcome to everybody, young and old.

Thus Paris, the gayest city in the world, celebrates; while across the Channel the celebration is by far less enthusiastic, the old customs having died out to a great extent, although at one time the day was honored in fervent style. Wassailing was the principal characteristic of the rejoicing. It has not been determined when the practice was first introduced into England, but in all probability it was about the time of the Saxon invasion. In the large manor the family assembled around the table over which the head of the house presided. From a large cup filled with the wassail beverage, which was called lamb's wool, he drank their healths; then each in turn toasted the rest. Before drinking, the old Saxon phrase, Was Heil! was uttered, that is, "To your health!" Hence, this was called wassail or wassel bowl. This is Shakspeare's Gossip Bowl in Midsummer Night's Dream. The word has been interpreted as signifying to heap together, grow with, finally, it came to denote conviviality in general, especially drinking carousals. Ale, spices, sugar, toast, and roasted apples were the chief ingredients of the mixture. The poorer classes went in troops about the village streets carrying a bowl adorned with ribbons, and stopping in front of the "big" house used to ask for means wherewith to fill it. While they performed this kind of serenading, they rendered songs suitable to the occasion, of which the following stanza is an example:

"Wassail, wassail over the town!
Our toast is white, our bowl is brown,
Our bowl is made of the Mulpin tree,
We be good fellows all, I drink to thee."

Although many of these customs have fallen into disuse, yet the first of January is far from being a humdrum ordinary day. Would it not be well if similar customs and prac-
ties were introduced among us? Always, of course, excepting the wassail, which belonged to a semi-barbarous age and has now fallen into laudable desuetude, never forgetting to be re-erected in the great middle class, the bone and sinew of our modern nation, would make this day their especial festival; and as Thanksgiving Day is the day of intimate family gatherings, let New Year's Day be one of neighborly entertainment.

On this day, the first of the year, such social meetings would dispel many an unpleasantness that may have arisen among neighbors during the past year, besides being a source of pleasure and enjoyment. Let us hope, then, that New Year's Day celebrations may become more and more universal, that it may not be left to fashionable society alone, but be taken up by all classes; that as a festival it may be enjoyed by all, not after the manner of a boisterous holiday, but one of kind-hearted, neighborly entertainment.

Might we also in conclusion praise the custom that obtains in our sister republic of France, which with many of us has the undeserved brand of irreligion placed upon pious features? We read in the Almanach Hachette for 1896: "Memento. Janvier. 1er: Circoncision: for 1897: Aidez un Filtre pour implorer les bénédictions du Ciel sur l'année qui commence." What a sight is there in our oratories during the season when the young maidens knot their rosaries together; when the family group by the fireside, and the children, innocent of the idea that they might grow universal if not in our churches, at least in our domestic circle and in the oratory of each heart.

THE DEAR DOMESTIC FEAST.

It would never do in our College family to overlook the Junior Division at this season when the young own the place called the Christian world. Hence, we are happy to regard as the Journal's special Christmas gift a contribution sent in to us by a youth of fifteen. No; push it not aside as old and hackneyed: any story at all can have its interest having taken place. But after we had passed a few days, we began to feel that this too might grow universal if not in our churches, at least in our domestic circle and in the oratory of each heart.

TIMOTHY WELCH, '97.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was during the summer of 1849, when everybody was going to California to hunt for gold, that I was also seized with that desire. As my mother naturally would have given a contribution sent in to us by a youth of fifteen.

before, and by that time I would be safe from pursuit. I was going to California to hunt for gold, that sun except

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TIMOTHY WELCH, '97.
January, 1896.] GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.  41

SOCIETIES.

'98's Festival.

At the beginning of the foot-ball season it was agreed that the class which possessed the champion team would be tendered a banquet. This happy lot fell to the Class of '98, which did not lose a single game, nor was it at any time scored against. The feast, which took place on the evening of the 12th ult., was probably the most sumptuous affair of the kind ever held at the College. The forty-five members of the class, together with the Vice President of the College, Reverend Father Ennis, and its professors, the Reverend Fathers Mulvany and Fox, were gathered around the "festive board" as the evening hours rolled merrily on.

At the close of the fête, the toastmaster, Mr. Pierce, introduced Mr. Watkins, manager of the Inter-class League, who in a very able and eloquent speech expressed his appreciation of the achievements of '98's foot-ball team. The second speaker, Mr. Gower, president of the class, responded to the toast, "The Class of '98." The manner in which the gentleman's address was received proved his abilities in this line. Mr. Green sang a comic song, which was wildly applauded, and Mr. Poulson, after a brief but pithy reply to "The Olee Club's Labours," "Love's Labours." The other speakers of the occasion were Messrs. Ryan, J. McAleer, Coffee, O'Leary, captain of the foot-ball team; Stafford, and Ferguson.

Mr. Pierce then called upon Father Ennis, the guest of the evening, to express his opinion of the class, which he did in a very fervent and complimentary manner. Father Fox also made some brilliant remarks concerning the golden prospects of the class, and the feast closed with a very forcible speech by Father Mulvany, the professor of the class, evidencing his intense affection and interest for his pupils, whom he is determined to devote to Mercury, god of the lyre and the palaestra as well.

D. J. Ferguson, '98.

THE LATE M. J. SULLIVAN.

It is but neighborly to notice the death of a worthy and estimable man, Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, the father of John J. Sullivan, '98. The funeral took place from the Church of the Holy Trinity on Monday, December 16th. Fathers Scanlan, Rocoffort, and McTammany were the sacred ministers of the solemn requiem. Father Ennis made a prayer in the sanctuary. The class of '98 was represented by a committee composed of Messrs. Samuel Waggaman, Abner Ritchie, James Alexander and Herbert Patterson. In him the family of eight children lose a devoted father, the community a man of character and respectability, and the Church a staunch and zealous supporter.

The SOUL's NOVEMBER.

Once more the blighting frown of athenian sky
The festive fields with sudden puffy flies,
As throbbing pulse at midnight spectre chills,
While wailing winds o'er lifeless stubble sigh,
And doings.

Adown the darkened vistas of my soul
As sombre doubts my sky of hope's o'ercast;
All sere my trust, like withered leaves that roll
Along the woodland paths, with plaintive dole,
And keep us supplied with all you know about their sayings and doings.

Whilst Father Shandelle, S. J., is building up the Postgraduates' Library, Mr. Corbett, S. J., is busy among the Seniors, laying in new books and multiplying the most useful.

HOME FOR HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

With nothing of the Briton and not too much of the Oxoontian, all the festive cradle and haunts, Robert J. Collier, '94, son of the founder of Collier Hall, visited us during his vacation. He dined with the Faculty and was welcomed by his old chums. He returns to Oxford to pursue his studies after New Year's; and we may soon again enjoy an epistolary visit as we did in the November issue.

HELENE.

olan Jonathan, the Olive Grove,
Y
ination from Andre Theuriet.

M. O. F. '96.

"Quo dono"—

To whom this new-born book of mine
So trim with polished phrasings?
Cornelius, dear, it shall be thine
Who brooked my trivial grazings.

You scorned me once in the time
When foremost of Rome's sages
A Roman thou of Rome's own clime
And doings.

Were't other worth may be,
And may their lives outspan a year !
Minerva, grant this me !

Besides carrying us forward some few months, ninety-six will bring us back some hundreds of years and remind us of at least two events, one of which should be of interest to us as Christians, the other as scholars and athletes. The first is the celebration at Rheims of the fourteencentenary of the conversion of France to Christianit", when, on Christmas, 496, Clovis, King of the Franks, together with his court, was baptized. The other event is, the restoration after fifteen centuries of the great Olympic games at Athens. There athletes from far and near will strive, as of old, for the coveted prize which will, however, to meet the ideas of the practical present in this Olympiad, be something more than the simple olive wreath of ye ancient times.

The beginning of the New Year is also a fit time for stirring up the Old Boys. In the matter of dollars and cents they treat us pretty well, but, though cash is always welcome, we want something more. We want contributions, principally in the shape of Old Boy items, but anything will be gladly received.

If they will turn back to a recent issue they will find that we said therein that the Journal pages were open to any and every student and alumnus of the University, and we meant it. So we would like to hear from you, Old Boys. The Journal is, in a certain sense, as much yours as it is the students, for your part ownership by no means ceased when you left the College halls; and the way for you to make it interesting to your fellow Old Boys is to keep us supplied with all you know about their sayings and doings.

"There are some sorts of love which are permitted only to God. He alone, for instance, may love and worship images graven by His own hands."—Patmore.
January, 1896.

Georgetown College Journal

Published by the students of Georgetown University.

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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 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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Walter M. Egginton, ’96.

FROM THE SANCTUM.

We feel light and happy as we are sending out, even ahead of the season, these compliments of the season, with wishes most cordial. There is an exhilarating sense in thus discharging, at least in part, the debt which our fellow-students and our large circle of friends have laid upon us by their kind support. We can thus leave with each this card of recognition and thanks for many an encouraging expression that has come to us with the renewal of the annual subscription. To all who have rendered our journalistic year so serene in prospect, we wish health and prosperity for the calendar year 1896!

* * *

The next leap year will be the dawn of the twentieth century. Four twelve-months more to complete the nineteenth, upon which we are already gazing back with amazement, not unmixed with admiration. What can we do with this brief interval to fill out the deficiencies that we must, with all our indulgence, admit to exist in it, and round it off in glory? What preparation can we make in religion, morals, intellects for the solemnities with which we ought to inaugurate the possibly more perfect age that events the score of centuries since the Redeemer set up the golden millenium that starts the anni Domini on their race? What can you and I do to prove men of the grander stature we desire to be when the Christian era shall have passed her teens? Now is the time to resolve upon growing up to the ideal standard.

* * *

Yes, and men of Georgetown, a resolution anent the Journal, your own Journal. You know you haven't done the right thing by us, or rather by yourselves, the first quarter. You acknowledge that you have not given us your literary support. Your College paper has not contained the best academic efforts of your best talent. Why, you haven't even handed us in to print your criticism, much and multifarious, which you were sure would be more welcome than the encomium of extra-parietal friends. We could have created copy by responding to stricture, but it looked to us like conceit and advertisement to publish eulogy. This must be otherwise. Take off your modesty; your early effusions must needs be maiden, but without the blush, with masculine bravery. Or is it indifference? Abst the impulsion. We will not even argue against it, or exhort to its utter abandonment hereafter. When you return, the bulletin box will be temptingly ready to receive each coy, sylvan contribution. Meanwhile, set it down in your diary: "Mm. I intend this year of grace to write for the Journal, that is, lay the corner-stone for the proper and respectable expression of myself to the world, if not for literary and stylistic fame."

The current number brings with it what we hope will be a welcome supplement in the shape of the Georgetown University March, by L. A. Callan, our instructor in banjo and guitar.

Our object in obtaining this addition of the march was a twofold one. First and foremost, of course, it was to please our readers by increasing the attractive contents of the Journal, and, secondly, it is to introduce the march itself. It is dedicated to us, it bears a name we all hold dear and it has, moreover, merit of its own and that of no mean order; three recommendations which it brings for securing your favor.

* * *

Since our last number the inter-class football championship has been won and lost. And '98 stands on a pedestal as the proud possessor of the banner and cup. But, though defeated, the other classes are by no means disgraced. Each and every one of them deserve credit for the fight they put up against the winners. Although we do not wish to make disagreeable distinctions, we think that it is just only that we should mention and commend the plucky way in which '99 went into the fight and stayed there, although her men, even from the start, fully realized the fact that they had little or no hopes of victory. They did it solely because they did not wish to break up the inter-class schedule by refusing to play, and by doing it we think they showed a spirit of which the class may well be proud.

The series was noteworthy in other ways than helping to still the question of class supremacy. It showed almost conclusively, we think, that if football is brutal it is only extrinsically so, and there is nothing in the nature of the game itself to call for brutality. No 'Varsity team ever played harder than did these class teams, and yet they have a whole season with some dozen or more games and only one accident, and that by no means dangerous.

Any sport in which men come into personal contact can be made brutal if the participants so wish; and the only objection that we see that can be brought against football is that the game is such that it gives greater opportunity for the use of unfair tactics.

This same series reminds us of another thing which we knew before, but of which we cannot be reminded too often, and that is the indisputable fact that individual ability is powerless when pitted against training and discipline. Man for man, the team of '98 was, in our opinion, certainly inferior to '96, and but little if any better than '97, and yet '98 won from both these teams, and won fairly and squarely, because they had the best team when the time came for the decisive games. They worked hard and steadily, and played as one team and not merely as eleven men, as their opponents were but too fond of doing.

Now, we do not wish to be understood as raking any body over the coals, for we have distinctly said that all deserve credit for their work. But there is one fact which, we are glad to say, has come to our attention, and that is that each team won or lost on its merits, and not through any unfair or even "shady" tactics.
A SUMMER IN ALASKA.

It is truly surprising and inexplicable how Americans living in a country full of natural wonders so diverse, so interesting to the scientific, so pleasing to the artistic, cannot devote some of their leisure to it, rather than to Europe and other continents. About 1854, for instance, there was a great excitement attending the discovery of gold in California, and the country seemed to have settled down; a more humane policy obtained towards the Indians; explorations were made by American and English navigators; the boundary was fixed, and the ports opened to commerce. After this, little of interest presents itself. If Alaska is included in the computation, the center of the United States would fall on the coast of Puget Sound in Washington. In it are situated Mt. St. Elias, the highest peak on the continent; the Yukon River, estimated to be 3,000 miles long; glaciers greater than any but those of Greenland; limitless forests, vast mineral deposits and everything to make it one of our richest and most productive possessions. This huge territory contains about 31,000 people, one to every 19 square miles; the aborigines number about 3,200, of which the Esquimaux of the mainland count 12,285, and the Aleutian Archipelago, the mainland, and the southeast coast tribes, Thlinket and Haida, 5,130.

Alaska divides itself naturally into three parts: the Aleutian Archipelago, the mainland, and the southeast coast, which is the subject of our story. Of the others, we hear only from missionaries, traders and the more adventurous travelers. These come back to tell of monstrous storms, of a veritable desolation of the earth and confusion of nature unparalleled in human experience, endless darkness mocked by the living light shot from a hidden sun; days blazing from the earth, and heaven blinding the eyes with unremitting light; boundless plains of snow and ice, swept by silent hurricanes, with ice hovering on the north of creation, and covering chaos, without a past, a present or a future, is what the Esquimaux drive him back with lances of ice when he puts forth his hand to touch it. This awful region, an enigma among the nations of the world, a very chaos, without a past, a present or a future, is what the nomad Esquimaux driven from place to place by the unpitying nature which tempts man with her treasures of gold and then drives him back with lances of ice when he puts forth his hand to touch it. This awful region, an enigma among the nations of the world, a very chaos, without a past, a present or a future, is what the nomad Esquimaux driven from place to place by the unpitying nature which tempts man with her treasures of gold and then drives him back with lances of ice when he puts forth his hand to touch it. This awful region, an enigma among the nations of the world, a very chaos, without a past, a present or a future, is what the nomad Esquimaux driven from place to place by the unpitying nature which tempts man with her treasures of gold and then drives him back with lances of ice when he puts forth his hand to touch it. 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The peculiar fringe of islands, the deep fjords, the islands seem like towers up in massive heaps, topped with a crown of rocky pinnacles. In many respects this trip is like that on the primeval forests. More potent than all this, how-ever, are submerged mountains, and shut out the sea so that the islands deep, dreary and echoing. The islands seem to rest upon the sea in sullen state. But in Alaska all is different. The deep green of the forests softens the lines and blends to tints, or casts out in high relief any bare promontory that breaks its even tone. The islands are submerged mountains, and shut out the sea so that we glide day by day on peaceful lakes almost in the midst of the primeval forests. More potent than all this, however, is the charm which history and tradition cast over all the Norseland. Every fjord has its story, every mount-ain its legend, every village its grotto and memen-tos. Here lived some chief; from this fjord went forth the Vikings, those heroic pirates, in their great breasted cliffs and rifted crags stand out aggressively; the fjords deep, dreary and echoing. The islands seem to rest upon the sea in sullen state. But in Alaska all is different. The deep green of the forests softens the lines and blends to tints, or casts out in high relief any bare promontory that breaks its even tone. The islands are submerged mountains, and shut out the sea so that we glide day by day on peaceful lakes almost in the midst of the primeval forests. More potent than all this, however, is the charm which history and tradition cast over all the Norseland. Every fjord has its story, every mount-ain its legend, every village its grotto and memen-tos. Here lived some chief; from this fjord went forth the Vikings, those heroic pirates, in their great...
down the sides and caught in the valleys and pockets below. This continues until the banks are compressed by their own weight into solid ice. The ice itself is then set in motion, acting in all respects like a highly-viscous liquid, and running in streams rather than sliding. In its course immense quantities of rock, earth, and trees are picked up and carried along, and deposited at the terminus in the form of moraines. It is related that even the bodies of men lost years before have been thrown out by the glacier. As it descends the ice stream melts on reaching the warmer regions, but the supply and loss being equal, the glaciers do not seem to move, although they have actual motion. The tide-water glaciers, peculiar to either polar region, are, however, different. They move intact along their channels to the sea, and here break off, partly on account of the warmth of the water, but more because of its buoyancy, which floats the whole stream and breaks it off in huge chunks, making its front one of the grandest and most terrible objects in nature.

The Taku glacier was the first tide-water glacier we met. It sweeps down through a narrow coten between high walls of polished stone, the whole surface peaked till it looks like the vast encampment of a spirit army. The front is a mile wide and 150 feet high, of pure, clean white and blue ice. Beside it was a dying glacier, somewhat larger in size, but utterly inferior in effect. There is something almost pathetic in these vast masses, once so powerful and now visibly melting away, moraines building up before them, as if defying that power which once hewed its way through whole mountain ranges. The same night we arrived at Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska. It is perhaps the most curious and unexpected sight of all this wonderful country—a California mining camp planted in the semi-polar regions. It was founded in 1877, but the discovery of the gold mines, and its central position, have made it the center of the social and commercial life of the Territory. In 1892 a corporation was chartered, and it now possesses all the requisites of metropolis life—a newspaper, schoolhouse, opera-house, church, no laws, twenty-two saloons, and 1,500 inhabitants. The situation on a steep hill permits of little architectural beauty. Its moral character, however, is surprisingly good for the headquarters of a rough mining element, with all the adventurous spirit which gold-seeking gives rise to. I was impressed to learn from the district attorney that only three or four cases of homicide had occurred in as many years. This he attributed to the somewhat depressing effect of the climate, which, however, he hoped might improve with time. Across from Juneau is the Fredwell gold mine, the largest at present in Alaska. The gold pocket is a vertical stratum, which is worked entirely on the surface. The ore is of low grade, from $4 to $7 a ton, but, with the excellent milling facilities, it pays splendidly. The mill is the largest in the world, working 640 stamps and consuming 600 tons of ore a day. The claims were originally purchased for about $500, but very lately a bid of $16,000,000 was refused on the ground that four times that amount of gold was already in sight. The greater number of Alaskan mines, however, are not as profitable as this. They are situated, as a rule, far inland, can only be worked three or four months in the year, and all the ore has to be transported 700 miles overland before it can be milled.

The following morning we arrived at the Muir Glacier. I remember that we were in bed when a sudden shock and rolling of the ship awakened us and a strange bright light filled the cabin. We saw through the window a mass of blue and white color which seemed scarcely a hundred yards away. It was a monster glacier. By the time we were on deck the steamer had anchored some distance away, and I shall never forget the impression it made. The narrow inlet, walled with huge bare mountains, towering up over the great moraines, was shut in at one end by a wall of blue and white transparent light and below it the sea was all flecked with myriads of tiny bergs. No conception can be had of the hugeness and majesty of the glacier. Looking back far into the mists that hung over Mt. Fairweather and Crillon, we saw streams and streams of living ice, curving along like rivers, joining their forces and moving on till they met, twenty-six streams generally larger than the greatest Alpine glaciers, in one grand mass, which heaved its gleaming front far out into the sea, two miles wide, three or four hundred feet high and nine times as deep. The glacier drains 800 square miles of territory, 300 of solid ice. The mass moves from 40 to 70 feet a
day, and casts out on an average 200,000,000 cubic feet of ice. Every moment as we looked avalanches swept down; the great walls toppled and hurled their pinacles and arches, thundering into the sea; the spray shoots up sky high, and in a moment the shattered fragments of hundreds of tons in weight would heave up from the depths, rise and fall and send the waves coursing through the whole bay till the ship itself rocked in a gentle sea. At times these displays were lulled, and a low roaring and crashing could be heard more awe-inspiring, because without apparent cause, as the ice churned and crushed inside the great mass.

The lesser of these glaciers to be the homes of their most terrifying demon, the Ice Spirit, who delights to crush their canoes with these fragments, and whose roaring is heard in the thunder of the glacier.

We reached Sitka the following day. The capital presents almost nothing of interest. The cathedral is about the only remnant of the Russian rule now standing. There is quite an extensive museum of native curios.

There is quite an extensive museum of native curios. The governor and other officers of the Territory reside here, and also the small detachment of troops representing the Federal Government. From this point we began our return, and the impression left was one of mingled sorrow and satisfaction: delight in the grandeur and splendor of the scenery; sorrow and regret that all this house no life worthy of it; for the cloud of bitterness and helplessness dims all the future of Alaska, as its past is covered and forgotten in a veil of mystery.

WALTER S. MARTIN, '96.

ATHLETICS.

WITH the opening of the calendar year all out-door athletics are, of course, at a standstill, but the winter season gives the managers the time necessary for the formation of plans to be followed during the coming season, and the various athletes an opportunity gradually to round into form for their Spring contests. George-town should make an excellent showing throughout the '96 season, both in base-ball and field and track circles; the material is present and all that is necessary is to work it into shape. But this lull in athletics is not an opportunity for the managers and athletes only; without financial aid they can do but little, even though they exert themselves to the utmost, and since whatever glory is achieved by the College reflects also on the students, everyone should regard it as a personal matter to advance, at this time, the interests of his College in the best possible manner. The managers have the energy and the athletes present the ability to make a successful season, but the necessary funds must come from the students.

The second game between '97 and '98 was played December 4th. Although '97 was weakened by the substitution of other classmen, the winter season gives the managers the time necessary for the formation of plans to be followed during the coming season, and the various athletes an opportunity gradually to round into form for their Spring contests. George-town should make an excellent showing throughout the '96 season, both in base-ball and field and track circles; the material is present and all that is necessary is to work it into shape. But this lull in athletics is not an opportunity for the managers and athletes only; without financial aid they can do but little, even though they exert themselves to the utmost, and since whatever glory is achieved by the College reflects also on the students, everyone should regard it as a personal matter to advance, at this time, the interests of his College in the best possible manner. The managers have the energy and the athletes present the ability to make a successful season, but the necessary funds must come from the students.

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THE teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>'98</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>'97</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Greene</td>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>Donahue</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coleman</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
<td>Dugas</td>
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<tr>
<td>O'Leary</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
<td>Donalda</td>
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<tr>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>Tremoulet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brennan</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
<td>Sullivan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flaherty</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
<td>Curley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dixon</td>
<td>Left End</td>
<td>Laube</td>
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<td>Devereux</td>
<td>Quarter Back</td>
<td>Walsh</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reardon</td>
<td>Right Half-Back</td>
<td>Devereux</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Guillen</td>
<td>Left Half-Back</td>
<td>Walsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Walsh</td>
<td>Full-Back</td>
<td>Dillon</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


The final game of the inter-class series, on the result of which depended the College championship and the possession of the trophies offered by Saks & Co., Parker & Bridget, and Robinson & Chery, was played December 7th, between '96 and '98. It was expected from the showing made by the two teams in their previous contests that this game would be thoroughly interesting and close; contested, and the result proved that such expectations were well grounded. A drizzling rain fell throughout the whole game, but the spectators showed their appreciation by defying the weather and awaiting the final play. The game opened with '98 in possession of the ball; Nelson carried it back ten yards on the kick-off, and '96 advanced by short gains to the middle of the field; '98 got the ball on a fumble, and by a series of end plays advanced it to the 35-yard line, when Walsh skirted the end behind excellent interference, and by a pretty run carried it over the line for the first and only touchdown; Nelson kicked off and Reardon carried the ball back twenty yards, but after this the ball continually changed hands, both teams advancing to their opponent's 25-yard line, but neither side succeeded in scoring. Dillon's work was of the star order; he made numerous pretty runs, and his line-breaking was superb. Dugan ran well with the ball, and made frequent gains, while Dyer and Sands put up a strong game in the line. Reardon played a magnificent game, and would have been a valuable acquisition to a 'varsity team this year—in fact, throughout the whole the presence of the material necessary for a strong team was made manifest. Greene and Devereux tackled hard and often, while Walsh and Guillen proved good ground-gainers. There was no scoring in the second half, and time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

TO AN ATHLETE.

I. May these roses give you pleasure,
   Of my love a token small,
   Of your glory sung by all.
   Nor from abbeys old and gray,
   Greet you with my simple lay. B., '96

II. Thou not plucked from ruined towers
   Nor from abbeys old and gray,
   May this little bunch of flowers
   May these roses give you pleasure,
   Of my love a token small,
   Of your glory sung by all.
NY style clothes won’t do! Going to a tailor and paying $40 or $45 for a suit won’t do! It isn’t good judgment, when we can sell you equally stylish clothes and fit you faultlessly for half the money. The next time you want a suit drop down and look through our stock. If the clothes are not fully satisfactory you do not have to keep them.

PARKER, BRIDGET & CO.,
315 7th Street N. W.

Your Christmas WANTS can be supplied many times over from our vast variety of appropriate gifts in gold, silver, porcelain and leather. If you are uncertain what to give, probably we can suggest something. Your gifts can be purchased through the mails just as satisfactorily as though you called in person, and with much less trouble.

Makers of Georgetown University Pins.

J. E. Caldwell & Co.
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Fine, Pure, Delicious
BONBONS AND CHOCOLATES

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Quick Work. Skilled Workmen Assure Satisfaction.

Wells Steam Laundry,
Main Office: 1250 32d St. N. W.
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Chiffonier, $5.40.

Plenty of drawer room for your clothes and a very small price to pay for it. SOLID OAK CHIFFONIER, large, well made, smoothly finished, neat and substantial.

W. B. MOSES & SONS,
F Street, corner Eleventh.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

JANUARY, 1896.

Friday, January 3, Christmas recess ends at 6 P. M.

SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE AND LAW: second term begins.

Saturday, January 4, English theme examinations begin in Lower Schools.

Friday, January 17, Greek examinations, written.

Monday, January 20, Repetitions in Latin begin.

Friday, January 31, Latin examinations.

Wednesday, February 5, Examination in Mathematics.

The mid-year examinations that occur during January have undergone two important changes:
1. They are written instead of oral.
2. They are distributed over a period of thirty-two days, so that intervals for repetitions in the principal courses are inserted. We lack space to reproduce the long schedule drawn up by the Prefect of Studies, Father Ennis, S. J.; besides, it will reach our students in printed form.

No doubt the Faculty had good reasons for the first change. The second is evidently an amelioration on the former method of overcrowding and exhausting the brain with matter during the last week or ten days of the month. Besides, should a man stumble in one branch, he will have heart to pick himself up in season for another and not throw up the entire examination in sheer despair.

BALLADE OF FOOTBALL.

It is a sight, soul-thrilling in these days,
To watch the canvas clothed youths at play,
A-toying with the " pigskin " in a maze
Of legs and arms, and in most amorous way
One clasps it, till his rival starts the fray
By " tackling low,—then comes a piteous "down."
" Line up,"—" Now rush it for the Blue and Gray."

This is the game wherein to win renown.

It is a sight well worthy of all praise
To watch these youths in all their brave array
Of padded gear, " bucking "—in football phrase—
Against their foes; long runs their " backs " repay.
Like brave young gladiators, or lions held at bay,
They crouch and spring—the foe is overthrown,
While cheering crowds the " merry war " survey:
This is the game wherein to win renown!

It is a sight that well may cause amaze,
To watch the eager zeal these youths display.
It is heroic work, but naught dismays
The youth who seeks for glory in his day.
His sweetest music is the horn's loud bray
Proclaiming that he's won the victor's crown,
And joyously his heart sings out its lay:
" This is the game wherein to win renown!"

L. EVNOII.

Alas, for those who, made of weaker clay,
Upon the noble sport of football frown:
Confound it not, O shriveling friends, I pray—
" This is the game wherein to win renown!"

J. E. ALEXANDER, 98.
The Holy House at Loreto.
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE VISIT IT EACH YEAR.

THE SIX HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TRANSLATING OF THE HOLY HOUSE FROM NAZARETH TO LORETO, ITALY.

A party will sail February 12th, 1896, for a tour in Egypt, the Holy Land—Easter at Jerusalem—Turkey, Greece, Italy, a special visit being paid Loreto and the Jesuit College, the Cathedral and the Holy House, Saturday, May 9th—Switzerland, Paris, Whitsunday at Notre Dame; London, Trinity Sunday at Cathedral.

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MRS. M. D. FRAZAR & CO.,
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As the party is limited to twenty-four persons application for membership must be made at once.

Send for circulars and references.

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SHRINES, STATUES,
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PULPITS,

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I Manufacturers of our modern ecclesiastical furnishing in store and office fixtures.
I The firm combines artistic study and formation in Germany, with a practical application of American business principles.

A SPECIALTY:
New Systematic Sacristy Furniture.

The old haphazard equipment of vestries has been superseded by a methodical and, at the same time, practical and economical arrangement of wardrobes, presses and other furniture.

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Ball Games and all other occasions.

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how to please you.

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MEN'S FURNISHER,
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919 F Street N. W.

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DEALER IN
+ DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, +
CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c.
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DRY GOODS
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TAILOR,
Cor. 12th and F Streets Northwest,
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You should wear our
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(Successors to H. W. Offutt)
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