For many weeks the students, during the regular services in the Dahlgren Chapel and their brief visits to the Blessed Sacrament, stolen from hours of leisure and sport, have been tempted to allow their attention to wander to the two altars rising day by day in snowy whiteness and ever-increasing symmetry of form in the transepts. At last the work is complete, and the altars will be consecrated on next Sunday, December 20th, by the Right Rev. A. A. Curtis, Bishop of Wilmington, who takes the place of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons for this occasion. The Bishop will also say the students' Mass and preach on the occasion. The donors, Mr. and Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, who have signalized by this recent acquisition of youthful voices from the Junior School, blend very harmoniously with the deeper ones of the older students. Their light treble voices in unison with the choirmaster's, deserve the warmest thanks and ardent prayers of all members of the College, whether professors or students.

Rev. Father Ennis, Vice-President, and Father Shannon, Dean of the Graduate School, represented Georgetown at the tenth annual convention of the College Association, held at the University of Pennsylvania on the 27th and 28th of November. Not only were the most distinguished men of the Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland present, but also eminent teachers and presidents from New England and the West.

Gaston Hall became, for the time being, on Friday, the 3d instant, the temple of Jupiter Stator, and its classic walls re-echoed the orations of Rome's greatest consul. Future senators, in the persons of the members of First Academic, were seated on the stage, and these, together with all the students of the Lower Schools, were addressed by four young, but ambitious admirers of Cicero. Several parts of the first oration against Catiline had been committed to memory, and these were delivered with true Ciceronian eloquence. After each delivery the class had its knowledge of the translation, parsing and elocution of the passage delivered by the last speaker, Edward J. Smith, who threw himself, heart and soul, into the peroration of the speech. His accurate emphasis, well modulated voice, and vehement gestures conveyed even to those of his hearers who could not understand Latin, the full meaning of the paragraph, and conjured up in the minds of all, the indignant Roman calling down the vengeance of the gods on a shameless traitor.

That the specimen was a success is proved by the fact that the Reverend Prefect of Studies and the professors present complimented the men on their excellent showing. As regards the specimen Mr. Thompsons' class may be said, indeed, to have quite a feather in its cap.

The Journal congratulates Mr. O. P. Johnson, '99, one of its assistant business managers, on his appointment as manager of the Georgetown Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs. Mr. Johnson has always been a most zealous worker in the interests of the Journal, and well deserves this honor which has been bestowed upon him. Judging from his past business abilities, we can certainly predict that under his management the various clubs will have a very successful year.

At the meeting of the Philodemic Debating Society on December 3d Messrs. Maher, Fox, Curley, and Welch, all of the class of '97, were chosen for the Merrick Debate, which will, as usual, occur on the evening of Washington's birthday.

Many noticeable improvements have been made among the College buildings since the occurrence of that memorable storm of the 29th of September, that night which proved so destructive to College property. New roofs had to be put on three of the buildings, and the skylights over the Riggs Library, which were so badly demolished, had to be entirely renovated at great expense. The which presented such a scene of confusion for a long while after the storm, are now entirely cleared of debris.

Our Reverend Choirmaster is to be congratulated on the remarkable improvement shown by the Choir since the recent acquisition of youthful voices from the Junior side. Their light treble voices in unison with the deeper ones of the older students blend very harmoniously and produce quite a happy effect.

William Downey, assistant to the Infirmarian, died at the Infirmary on November 30th, after a prolonged illness. He was for a long time identified with the Infirmary, and was well known to the students of former years. The funeral services took place at Holy Trinity Church, in Georgetown.
Literary Work.

Watching and Waiting.

I.

"Look out, Hal, you'll get moon-struck."

"Rather, Jack, I am sun-struck. That slap of yours awakened me from my reverie."

"Are you trying to get an inspiration for a poem," said Jack, "which shall tell the open-mouthed reader how Cynthia's bow shot darts of silvery sheen against the moonbeams to kiss the dimpled waters which laved Virginia's shores?"

"That was very sweet in your mother," said Hal. "It is not the coming of Christmas and absence from home which make me heavy hearted. Last year, as a Freshman, I felt like one forgotten. It was my first Christmas away from home—the first Christmas, too, after my father's death. And I assure you, old fellow, I felt homeless and friendless. Your mother and yourself invited me last year to spend the holidays at Cedarhurst, but I didn't accept, fearing that my dark heart would make me the ghost at a banquet."

"Jack, until a few days ago I looked forward to a pleasant Christmas; but my bright hopes were soon turned to gloom. Read this letter, Jack. It's from my sister Agnes."

Jack walked over to the light and read. Hal turned and looked out of the tower window on the waters of the silent river. The letter ran thus:

"Sisters' Sanitarium, Denver, Colo., December 12, 1896.

"My Dearest Brother Hal: Dear mother received your birthday letter on the morning of the day. It did her more good than the light, dry air of Denver. If you saw her face as she read it you'd know why her heart would have felt its own love increase for mother, if that were possible. She was proud of your little greeting in verse; and when she finished she said: 'God bless my darling boy! may God allow me to live to see my Harry, my only son.' Then, turning to me, she made me promise that I wouldn't tell you how you wrote. God, I wished to telegraph you to come."

"I joked about your cowardice to practice poetry on a sick mother; but she defended you, Hal, with all of that sweet love which her devoted heart has for her absent son and for my own dear, noble brother. Oh, Hal, if you had seen her take the letter up time and time again; she read a sentence, then close her eyes as if to picture you writing at your desk; and when she had finished it she would kiss the closing sentence and your name; tears would stream down her cheeks as she said: 'God bless my darling boy! may God allow me to live to see my Harry, my only son.'"

"Why, you would be the talk of coming generations of foot-ball players. One year ago they had both entered Carrollton College, and similarity of character had brought the two together. Companionship has grown and ripened during the Freshman year and a friendship was formed that would go far beyond the College world into the busy outside life."

"The meeting of the two took place on the broad resting-platform of the College's south-tower, whence the view is always attractively new. Under the moonlight the scene is softened into a picturesque nocturne which composes itself deep in the memory. There were the wooded heights and tree-fringed shore of Virginia, Analostan island fire" will wing away like a rocket into the dark sky, or a single word "pregnant with celestial calm" will follow, or a trolley-car over Long Bridge by the intermitent flashes of purple light along the wire."

"Hal, old fellow, let my silence speak my sympathy and the pressure of my hand the intensity of my con- dolence."

"He was repeating the old thought in his own words, that often there are thoughts too deep for tears. What an afflicted heart needs is not the studied phrase, nor a lengthy discourse, set with prettily pathetic patches, or cold consolation. The heart is beating, throbbing, leaping with sorrow. It is turbulent and dark. It must be checked and soothed at the same time. A glance full of love's own spirit will oftentimes bring peace: sending our heart's pulsation through the grasp of the hand will meet the wave of unrest in another's heart and calm will follow, or a single word 'pregnant with celestial calm will wing away like a rocket into the dark sky of a soul shrouded in gloom and, bursting, will scatter its golden shower of friendship and loving kindness. Then darkness recedes and light appears. Jack's few words and glance and affectionate, manly embrace brought comfort to Hal. They walked away from the window in silence and both were in tears."

"Many doubt the sympathies of young men. Who- soever they may be, they are ignorant of a boy's heart. There may be no outward expression of sentiment, but tender compassion, unselfish devotion and unfeigned affection are always to be found in every noble and unselfish heart. And such hearts had Harry Ingolsby and Jack Stuart. They were class-mates and bosom friends. Both were excellent students and in athletics were con- sidered among the best. Jack ran a good mile and Harry could make a hundred yards in ten and a quarter seconds. Jack played right guard on the class-team, while Harry was half-back, and it was Harry's trick that won for his class the last inter-class game. His sixty-yard run with a touchdown behind the goal will be the talk of coming generations of foot-ball players."

"Some years ago at the thought of going home at Xmas from the convent school, you, my dearest Hal, bid your class-mates a short 'good-bye' for the holidays, and then go to your room and with nervous fear wonder whether Xmas, merry for so many, will be sad for you. For my brother, Hal, you are my only brother; I must have an outlet for my suffering, so I tell it all to you. The doctors say that the crisis will come about the 23d. I shall send you telegrams every day to be on the safe side."

"Do not worry; that would be unreasonable. Bear up strongly for mother's sake, and for mine. We are mother's only ones in this world, and the sorrows of one become the other's burden. Oh, how hard I find it to tell you of dear mother's condition. You know I was away some years ago at the thought of going home at Xmas from the convent school. You, my dearest Hal, bid your class-mates a short 'good-bye' for the holidays, and then go to your room and with nervous fear wonder whether Xmas, merry for so many, will be sad for you. For my brother, Hal, you are my only brother; I must have an outlet for my suffering, so I tell it all to you. The doctors say that the crisis will come about the 23d. I shall send you telegrams every day to be on the safe side."

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numberless ripples widened into a bay, and in the distance you would fancy that the river had been shaken into a frozen sea of silver light.

This was the scene of rest upon which Hal was looking when Jack broke in upon his thoughts of sorrow and unrest.

II.

Unless one is used to receive telegrams a flutter of the heart follows the taking one into the hand. The envelope is torn open hastily, and, as though someone clutches you at the throat, you read the sender's name—then the message.

Poor Hal longed for the daily telegram, yet shrank from opening it. The burden of most of the telegrams was:

"Mother's condition unchanged. Very weak, yet conscious. Love from both. Agnes."

Several days before Christmas the tone of the messages was despondent, and Hal's heart was pierced by these arrows of sorrow:

"Mother is low—crisis expected hourly. Says not to come. Agnes."

During these days of anxiety Hal was away in spirit at his mother's bedside. He was there in the sick-room with his mother's hand in his. Agnes was moving about as not uncommonly as a shadow. He smoothed the pillow, laid his hand gently on his mother's forehead, stroked her hand and looked yearningly at Agnes, as though to beg what he could do to relieve his mother's suffering. When she dozed his big eyes would fill with tears and he would sob with suppressed emotion. Agnes would press her fingers against her lips, and with stern yet loving eye bid him be quiet. For women are more heroic in the presence of sickness and death than men. They would sacrifice all for whom they love, and when danger threatens, their weakness seems to put on a giant's strength, around which twine the delicacy and refinement of womanly devotion and her loyalty and love.

Hal's classmates knew of his sorrow, and each one, in his own way, testified his sympathy. Jack was ever with him, striving to divert his mind or build up his hopes. They walked around the romantic pathway of the "Monks' Walk," as the walks through the woodland in the College grounds are called. A stroll through the city, a visit to the Babel of the Nation—the House of Representatives or the sedate Senate—a walk through the fairyland of the New Library, all distracted for the moment. Yet these changing views were the background of the sick chamber where his mother lay sick unto death.

His professors consoled him, for the system at Carrollton College, though one of discipline, was one of influence, not only over the intellect, but over the heart and affections which was brought about by the easy and familiar relation between master and pupil.

But in the quiet of his room and the stillness of the night Hal was alone with an imagination fired by fear and familiar relation between master and pupil. He grasped the Master's hand and said, with tearful fervor: "Thank God. My mother lives, and it will be a Merry Christmas from mother and me. Agnes."

He started up in a daze. It was no dream. He heard singing along the avenue of golden light stretched upwards to a triumphal arch of amethyst and white, upheld by fluted columns of opal. Far up the avenue beyond the arch he saw his mother and sister, who beckoned joyfully to him, whilst unseen voices sang the Christmas carol:

"Weave with tender hands the crown For our new-born King.
Christ is born in Jewry town;
Come, your anthems sing."

He was called from his vision and his sleep by someone one touching him on the head. He started up in a daze. It was no dream. He heard singing along the corridors near his room. It was the Glee boys awakening the sleeping Masters and pupils for the midnight carols with their Christmas carols. Ah, yes, it was all a dream; one of the Masters stood near him with a-telegram in his hand.

"Oh, sir," said Harry, "what news of my mother? Is she living or dead? I was watching and waiting for the message all afternoon and night.

"Harry, your mother is living," said the Master. "I opened the telegram, fearing bad news, which I wished to break gently to you. But God has been good—your mother is saved. Here's the telegram—read it."

Hal took the telegram and read it:

"We are happiness and joy.
Hope he sent his mother a crayon sketch of herself and, though open to criticism, she would prize it exceedingly. I hope hope it will be a Merry Christmas from mother and me. Agnes."

He grasped the Master's hand and said, with tearful fervor: "Thank God. My mother lives, and it will be a Merry Christmas for Agnes and me."

And the two walked down stairs and out across the quad to the College Chapel, where Hal heard the midnight Mass with a heart of thankfulness to Him Who had brought such peace and solace after the darkened hours of his watching and waiting.
TO THALIARCHUS.
[Ode IX., bk. I., Horace.]

SEE how Soracte towers bold,
White-mantled with deep snow;
The struggling treetops scarcely hold
The weight that bends them low;
And bitter frosts deliver
To icy chains the river.

The bitter cold and whipping thaw
For fell the fire to stock
With fogots, Thaliarch, and draw
From mellow Sabine crock
Of wine; and softly measure
The four year old 's our pleasure.

Give it to the God's to guide
All other destinies
When they the winds have pacified,
That war with angry seas.
The cypress ceases moaning,
The olden oak its growing.

To ask what thee to-morrow waits
Of weal or woe refrain;
Each day allotted by the fates
Esteem it as thy gain,
Nor scorn love's winsome glances
To youth, nor shun the dances.

What a hoary and morose Old Age
His advent yet retards.
In campus sports thyself engage,
And pleasant promenades,
Or, lover's part pursuing,
The twilight spend in wooing.

Now let the laugh repeated be
That gentle maid betrays
In covert, hiding modestly,
Who in sweet forfeit pays
Bracelet or trinket golden
By finger weakly bolden.

JNO. P. O'BRIEN.

A TÊTE À TÊTE.

The old-fashioned clock in the wide hallway struck six, the last carriage rolled away, James, the butler, his stiff collar somewhat wilted by his manifold exertions to appear properly imposing, had retreated to an arm chair before the fire in the long drawing room, while his face was complete. He poured some into a cup and praved taste people say I am charitable I tell you that I rejoiced the other night at Rodman's ball, when I saw a girl who prides herself on her popularity, sitting next to her chaperon unattended, while I was surrounded by a force of four.

"I could not dance with five, could I? I like to appear generous. I am introspective enough to know it was self-love."

"I wish I could judge you as harshly as you judge yourself. The count has been very devoted: I am waiting for..."

She looked angrily at him for a moment and then said, with a shrug of her white shoulders:

"I am waiting for bargain day. He will be reduced by the end of the season. He was here this afternoon. We have had a great many callers. I have followed directions, and talked about the latest dances, the latest weddings, the latest fashions, the latest books. I managed to convince the foolish that I knew nothing, and they took pleasure in instructing me. I imbibed the learned with a respect for my knowledge; they will think it worth while to cultivate me. With the self-assertive I was amusing; with my admirers I was self-assertive. I heard only one truism. There was a wizen-faced little woman, president of a foreign mission. I refused to aid her in her distant design. She said, in audibly tones, to my aunt: 'Your niece is looking pale and thin, far different from the way she looked when she first appeared, last winter. Blondes fade so very soon.'"

"You do not care for society?" he asked, eagerly.

"Aunt has taught me that it is my duty to mingle in society for the sake of my younger sisters. I might carve out a career for myself, but I have not the strength of mind to become a professional woman, and I know my own deficiencies too well to dream of be-
coming anything remarkable. I might go into seclusion, but I think the life of a recluse is a selfish one, unless some great good comes of it."

"You are in a curious mood to-night. Why do you complicate your faults so openly?"

"Because— I want you to hate me!" she replied, passionately.

"Hate me? Then there is no hope."

"Hope that I will reform?" She laughed, nervously.

"I am afraid not. I am getting old and faded. I have talked too much about myself—I forgot."

"I thought you never forgot yourself."

"Not often. I should have said I usually regret my lack of memory"—there was an embarrassing silence—"tell me where you have been; how you have enjoyed yourself."

She had heard she had gone to California. Did you see my brother Dick?"

"I first went to Nevada," he said, gazing steadily at the fire, "masqueraded as a cow-boy and met with many startling adventures. We were attacked by Indians one day. I managed to escape with my scalp and our tomahawks cold."

"How did you escape?" she asked carelessly, anxious to direct the conversation to more unpersonal subjects.

"It all drifted into the papers. I suppose you read an account of it. I was in a small ravine when the firing began, and not trying to leave my bones bleaching in the sun. I stayed where I was concealed from the enemy. Strange to say, the Indians fled, and did not even approach my hiding place. After waiting an hour to see if there was any danger of a return, I retraced my steps to the battlefield; the six men were dead. It was rather inconvenient for me, because I had to return to the village alone. I was detained several days."

"And you staid in the ravine and did not make one effort to save your companions?"

"I preserved my life," he answered hotly. "Of course it would have been more dramatic if I had been killed too; then there would have been no one left to tell the story. Those six men were a reckless lot, and expected to be shot sooner or later."

"They were brave men."

Her auditor moved uncomfortably in his chair. Suddenly he turned and said, with a triumphant ring in his voice, "You asked me if I saw Dick. Yes, I regret to say that I did."

"Regret that you did? Yours must be a strange sort of friendship, Mr. Koeting."

"You shall judge. I came here to-night to talk of Dick."

He paused, cleared his throat, and continued: "You told me that he had gone West to practice law and not to engage in politics."

"Yes; he has been gambling a fortune away," he replied, sneeringly. "You say you are not rich. I will not go. They were brave men."

"Uncle! good, kind uncle!" and with a joyful cry Polly rushed into the old gentleman's arms. Amazed and delighted, he bent down and kissed her. At that moment a tall, handsome man stepped from the drawing-room into the brilliantly-lighted hall, and, taking his hat and overcoat from the rack, he gave Dick a sullen nod of recognition and hurried away into the darkness.  

"Geha," 1938.
YULE-TIDE OF OLD.

Few, indeed, are the hearts which do not feel the benign and joyful influence of Christmas. It is the one feast which the hard and unsparing utilitarian spirit of the nineteenth century, with its usual disregard of whatever is ancient, beautiful, and pious, has not dared to abolish or desecrate. A season when all are busy making plans for that merriest time of all the year.

"Let’s dance and sing and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year."

Thus sang our Anglo-Saxon ancestors; and every one of them, from the king to his lowest subject, did dance and sing and make good cheer. Poverty was allowed to prevent none of them from doing so, for

"Christmas is come in, And no folk should be sad,"

was the spirit that ruled them all, and those who had plenty considered it their bounden duty to share with their less-fortunate fellow mortals.

As London’s festivities were generally more elaborate than those in their own neighborhood, the nobles and more opulent commoners had, at one time, acquired the habit of flocking thither to spend the Holidays, and left their poorer neighbors to get along as well as they could without them. The king sent them all back to their poorer neighbors to get along as well as they could without them. The king sent them all back to

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen, For to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe.
The heir, with roses in his shoes That night might village partner choose; All hailed, with uncontrolled delight And general voice, the happy night."

In many parts of England it was customary to wassail the orchards on Christmas Eve. This song gives the reason:

"Wassail the trees, that they may bear Many a plum and many a pear; For more or less fruits will they bring As you do give them wassailing."

And this invocation was sung during the wassailing:

"Stand fast: root; bear well, top; God send us a youngling top. Every twig apple-big. Every bough apples snow."

More common than the wassailing of orchards was the singing of Christmas carols. Bands of waits, or minstrels, strolled about and sang for the usual reward, ale.

As late as 1857 this custom was observed in Worcester-shire. What "a-gooding" means may be derived from another old song:

"Come, bring with a noise, My merry, merry boys, The Christmas log to the firing; While my good dame, she Bids you all be free And drink to your heart’s desiring."

If a squint-eyed or flat-footed woman approached a house in which a Yule log was burning, death would be the penalty. Herrick composed the following song for the introduction of the Yule log:

"Come, bring with a noise, My merry, merry boys, The Christmas log to the firing; While my good dame, she Bids you all be free And drink to your heart’s desiring."

Another old bard sings of—

"Brown pudding and souse and good mustard, Beef, mutton and pork withal, shred pies of the best;"
The feast was opened by the bringing in of the boar's head, which was accompanied with a great deal of ceremony, while the guests all sang:

"Caput aprí defero
Reddens landes domino.
Boar's Heade in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary;"

I pray you all sing merely,
Suf eels in convivio,
Caput aprí defero
Reddens landes domino.

"The Boar's Head, I understande,
Is the chief servyce in this lahde;
Look wherever it be fande.
Servite cum cantico,"

"Be gladde, hordes, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordainde our stewarde,
To cheere you all this Christmasse
The Boar's Head with mustard.
Caput aprí, etc., etc."

The boar's head was the first dish of the meal, as an old song says:

"At the beginnyng of the mete
Of a bory's hed ye schalle hete,
And in the mustard ye schalle wete,"

"The Boar's Head with mustard.
For this hath ordayned our stewarde,"

"Reddens laudes domino,
Caput apri, etc., etc,"

Those ancient Englishmen were very particular in regard to their liquid refreshments, and always wanted the best obtainable.

"Twas Christmas broacheo, the mightiest ale,"

runs an old song. Indeed, the Anglo-Saxon word "yule" is said by some antiquaries to come from a word meaning "ale." At all events, without ale the English Christmas of old would have been a rather vapid festival. Iago, speaking of the bibulous penchant, says:

"Of a bory's hed ye schalle wete,"

"And ye schall ringyn or ye gow,"

"The rose has lost her crimson leaves,
And in the mustard ye schalli wete,"

"The Boar's Head with mustard.
Caput aprí, etc., etc,"

Thus passed the ordinary English rustic's Christmas, and the next day was heard—

"Yule's come and Yule's gone
And we have feasted weel,
Sae Jock maun to his flail again.
And Jenny to her wheel."

But the leisure and idle folk of the town and country had maskings, dances and revels of all kinds until Twelfth Night.

Then in the halls of the great nobles, at the universities, at the inns of court and at the royal palace it was customary to close the Yule-tide celebrations with a play. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was written to be played then.

Moreover, Christmas Day itself was celebrated with much greater célébration by these leisure and idle folk. They elected the dignitary known as the Lord of Misrule. The Lord had a complement of courtiers, who obeyed his most trifling mandate: and the more ridiculous his orders were the more successful was deemed the Lord in his brief reign.

From the same class were the mummers or masqueraders. Disguising themselves in fantastic costumes, parties would go calling upon their friends and neighbors for sport. This is a specimen of the songs they would sing:

"My good, worthy masters, a pittance bestow;
Some oatmeal, or barley, or wheat for the crow;
From the poor man a grain of his salt will suffice,
A loaf, or a penny, or e'en what you will;
From the poor man a grain of his salt will suffice,
For the crown swallows all, and is not over nice."

In England the older Christmas was always more a day of unstinted merry-making than of solemn religious observance; still, it was properly observed by the Church. When the Puritans came into power, however, a law was enacted forbidding any public observance of the day. Shoekapers were ordered to keep their stores open and clergymen were ordered to keep their churches closed; and all social festivities of whatsoever nature were tabooed. The people were told to mourn, not rejoice, on Christmas Day. One old song bitterly resented the change, saying:

"Carols, not minced meat; make Christmas pies.
Tis mirth, not dishes, that sets a table off.
Brutes and phanatiks eat and never laugh."

Then for a while Yule-tide was not so merrisonable, but the old customs gradually returned; though they were never again so generally, or so joyously celebrated as formerly.

J. LIVINGSTON CULLEN, '99.

A DIRGE.

Y
E chill north winds, why come so soon
To chase the flowers away?
The rose has lost her crimson leaves,
The robin fain would stay;
To chase the flowers away.
But ye blow shrill
The west wind soon will bring us May,
While oak grows red and maple sear—
With its thousand blossoms fair—
Ve shunt the dirge of the dying year.
And fragrance burden'd air.
Ah me! Not so
The lily, rose and violet sweet,
While oak grows red and maple sear—
Of blind man buffe; and of the care
And fragrance burden'd air.
Of blind man buffe; and of the care
When spring is past and summer o'er,
That young men have to shoe the mare."

Another song says:

"Christmas is a merry time, good mirth, therefore, to make Young men and maids together their legs in dances shake."

Thus passed the ordinary English rustic's Christmas, and the next day was heard—

"Yule's come and Yule's gone
And we have feasted weel,
Sae Jock maun to his flail again.
And Jenny to her wheel."

The dinner over, those who had not imbibed too freely played cards, sung Christmas carols, danced or took part in other games.
THE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

In Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, where dear, delightful Sir Joseph Addison loved to roam, it is not without significance that England's first great poet and her late lamented singer rest side by side.

Chaucer and Tennyson lived apart. The history of civilization during their times presents a remarkable coincidence. We do not hold that the earliest poet is the greatest. The foremost epic poet is great because of inherent ability, not because of an accident of time and birth. There was nothing new in Tennyson's day, neither was there in Chaucer's time; nor in the age of Homer.

Chaucer's work, a translation of the "Roman de la Rose," the fountain head of gallantry, which, as a translation of the "Roman de la Rose," served as a kind of copyists there were many.

Chaucer was at first a translator, but he was original withal, and his education and genius enabled him to depict nature and man to the delight of his own and succeeding ages. He frequented the most splendid court in Europe, and he took a conspicuous part in the pomp of Italy, Flanders and France, with all the grandeur that the times inspired. He knew Petrarch, and probably Froissart and Boccaccio. He was an acute observer, and the observer precedes the artist. Having a natural poetical talent, Chaucer, participating in all the glories of fourteenth Century Europe, and its association with popular legends, but

"Lisp’d in numbers, for the numbers came."

Chaucer's earliest work was a translation of the "Roman de la Rose," the fountain head of gallantry, which, like the Arthurian cycles, has proved an endless source of poetic inspiration. He owes much to Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung, for apart from the model that the times inspired, though of copyists there were many.

Chaucer was chosen. Tennyson had a language refined by five centuries of use; Chaucer followed on the heels of a transition period, and became the "Well of English undefiled." England had no literature worthy of the name when Chaucer appeared; for neither the Normans nor the Saxons had produced men of poetic inspiration, though of copyists there were many.

Chaucer was at first a translator, but he was original withal, and his education and genius enabled him to depict nature and man to the delight of his own and succeeding ages. He frequented the most splendid court in Europe, and he took a conspicuous part in the pomp of Italy, Flanders and France, with all the grandeur that the times inspired. He knew Petrarch, and probably Froissart and Boccaccio. He was an acute observer, and the observer precedes the artist. Having a natural poetical talent, Chaucer, participating in all the glories of fourteenth Century Europe, and its association with popular legends, but

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Chaucer's poem is full of tourneys, extravagant re- gala, pomp, vanity, and tragedy. It leads us quickly through a multitude of descriptions, all enameled and gilded, among palaces and temples, but halts before each beautiful thing that the soul may, in its own sweet time, drink in the enchanting loveliness.

"The House of Fame" is executed in the romantic manner of the Gothic models. Under the form of a dream or vision, the poet, in a narrow eagle to a temple of hervil, with resplendent windows and high turrets built upon a lofty and almost inaccessible ledge of ice. On one side were the names of famous men, but the sun's rays were making them as "writ in water."

On the reverse side the sun shone less effectively, and the names remained. High on the turrets were minstrels, with Orpheus and Arion and the great harpers, while behind them were enrobed countless musicians, with flutes, horns, bag-pipes, and reeds, the great charmers, magicians, and prophets, and there upon higher pillars appeared the names of Ovid, Josephus, Homer, Virgil, Livy and other historians of the Trojan War. But this is not the end of the phantasmagoria. Stand within the shadow of a rose-window, strewn with a symbolic group, in some old-world cathedral, while the red sun is dropping in the West and twilight deepens into darkness in nave and cloister, and you will know the picture, and thank Chaucer for the recognition.

The poet's married life seems to have been an unhappy one, and many caustic lines occur in his earlier poems. In later years he appears to regret this, and the "Legend of Good Women" served as a kind of amend honorable.

In the field of prose the author's most elaborate production was the "Testament of Love," an imitation of Boethius. "On the Astrolabe" is an unfinished astrological work, written for the instruction of "Lytle Lowys his sonne." The student of Chaucer notes the growing excellence in these works and expectantly awaits his master-piece. Like a general who masses the strength of his allies and the flower of his soldiery to crush the army of an invading foe, so Chaucer, confident of his power, strengthened by the forms of the Latin models, conquerors opposition, and, on the publication of his "Canterbury Tales," became master of the literary field. Chaucer, like every great poet, was a keen lover of nature, and some of his most beautiful pictures are of spring-time and of birds:

"Thus at the dawn that April's brought, with showers, set
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every vein in swiche blood;
Of which virtuous vertige, and is the flower;
Whan Zephyrus eke with his sweete brethe
Enspired hath in every boul and lytheth
The tender cromeves and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Raim his halfe cours y-roune,
And smalles foles makenge melodyc."

Who can fail to note the beauty of the line:

"The tender cromeves and the yonge sonne,
Seeing Mother Nature in her vernal garb and feeling the cheering warmth of the sun moving toward its summer solstice, for it is a rare picture of pure phantasy?"

And, again:

"The busy lark, messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morrow gray;
That all the Orient laugheth of the light,
And with his streams dryeth in the groves
The silver droppes, hanging on the leaves."

The description of morning is a favorite subject with the poets. We think

"See where the child of Heaven, with winged feet,
Rushes through the dawning light of the dawn!"

unsurpassed, if equalized, in the range of literature. This is lofty, in proportion to the subject, but the simplicity of Chaucer is as marked as the grandeur of Shelley. Criticism halts abashed before the lines:

"That all the Orient laugheth of the light;
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright."
What wonder, then, that the warbling of birds, bubbling over in their joy, was a never-ending source of pleasure to the poet?

“For all my chamber ‘gan to ring
Through singing of their harmony;
For instrument nor melody
Was nowhere heard yet half so sweet,
Nor of accord yet half so meet.”

A noticeable feature of Chaucer’s poetry in his broad humor. Sometimes it is sustained through many lines, but here it is presented with a single sweep of the pen:

“No where so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he seemed blisser than he was.”

His close observance is well illustrated in the lines:

“Upon the cop right of his nose he bade
A werte, and thereon stood a tuft of hares.”

Chaucer has been condemned for his treatment of the immoral. We are wont to search for a flaw in the most priceless gem, and the change cannot be said to be entirely unfounded. But Chaucer was true to his times. Much of the history we have has been made up by old writers were true to their times. An author must be judged by his age, its people, and institutions, and if such justice is accorded little injury can result to Chaucer. One might with even better reason decry the works of Shakespeare, than rob Chaucer, whose waves touched all the shores of thought.”

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Sometimes it is sustained through many lines, but
All that he spoke it was of high prudence,
Of study took he moste care and heed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
A twenty-bookes, clothed in black and red,
Blame ye not me if you should choose amiss.”

Of storial thing that toucheth gentleness,
Of moral thing that toucheth gentleness,
Likewise morality and holiness; Blame ye not me if you should choose amiss.”

And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.”

Thus we find Chaucer at the close of the fourteenth century not only a poet and an artist, but possessed of a genius for both the drama and the novel. Most poets, Pater speaking, to Chaucer is due the invention and introduction of the heroic couplet, for he first illustrated its strength and adaptability. What is known as the “Rhyme-Royal” was his creation. Fourteen thousand lines were composed in this stanza and about sixteen thousand in the heroic verse.

Chaucer’s art in versification must always remain the pride of English literature. He first gave life to English poetry, first gave it musical form and rhythm. Properly speaking, to Chaucer is due the invention and introduction of the heroic couplet, for he first illustrated its strength and adaptability. What is known as the “Rhyme-Royal” was his creation. Fourteen thousand lines were composed in this stanza and about sixteen thousand in the heroic verse.

Two other features of Chaucer’s works should not be overlooked. In the “Canterbury Tales” his characters stand boldly out, while the tales are well conceived. To this day these characters are the most familiar to the world, and perhaps the most typical. We know them by their little turns of speech, dispositions, significant actions and manners, so that we discover in them the germ of the novel as it was to appear in “Robinson Crusoe,” improved by Fielding and Richardson, and carried to its highest development by Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and the host of the present century.

Chaucer also foreshadowed the Elizabethan drama; for his characters are not only phantoms of the brain or mere possibilities, but real beings, and of a type of which human nature is moulded. Chaucer presents the strong dramatic situation; the spirit and movement of dialogue and the vividness of his imagery stamp him as the born dramatist. Many passages in the “Book of the Duchess,” the “House of Fame,” and “Troilus and Cressida” give promise of a skill which is seen at its best in the “Canterbury Tales.”

Thus we find Chaucer at the close of the fourteenth century not only a poet and an artist, but possessed of a genius for both the drama and the novel. Most poets keep step with their times, but Chaucer, not content with merely marking time, outlived his company, as Tennyson, in his “Dream of Fair Women” sings:

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Prelude them melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo all the plain.

Caleb Clark Magruder, Jr., L., ’97.
A REVERIE.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, Labuntur annis.

There are times when we naturally steal away from the noise of our surroundings and seek a quiet spot, there to indulge our thoughts uninterrupted—those times when a mellowed feeling of sadness comes o'er us at the thought that we are only fleeting figures amid scenes now so familiar to us; that as others before us have filled out their spans on this same spot, and departed leaving only the faintest traces of their sojourn, we, like them, must pass away—to be remembered only by an ever decreasing circle—to leave to future times memorials of ourselves hardly less fleeting than the recollections of surviving friends.

One, two, three, four! How slowly and how solemnly floats the music of the old bell as it tolls the dying hour, while its sound is borne through the calm Sunday stillness of this November afternoon. How often in days long gone by have I heard the creative shoots of my playfellows suddenly rushed, at the sound of its warning voice, in the midst of their mad games; but this afternoon, as I stand upon the old foot-bridge that crosses the little brook around the College walls—those walls they once so longed yond the College walls—their faces still peep out on me from the College campus. Old Brother! how like an echo of the past he seems as he moves round the grounds. Yes, it has followed the Georgetown boy through the vicissitudes of life; has seen him at the altar, in the hospital ward, defending the weak and helpless from the oppressor—even shedding his blood for his country's safety—or after a cycle of years spent in living the principles he had imbibed at the knees of his Alma Mater, has seen him sink quietly and calmly into eternity just as his own noble light sinks at evening beneath the western sea.

Ah, what glorious deeds, wrought by Georgetown's sons, might not Sir Phoebus write on the pages of history, would he but master the art of calligraphy. And like that light that still remains, purpling the hill top and the gloom, though its source is sunk beneath the hill, may the influence of the departed remain, though their actual work is over.

Once more the old clock speaks, slowly but more solemnly than before. The twilight deepens, and I can see the familiar names upon the trees. But their owners' faces still peep out on me from the almost leafless branches, each one recalling some oft-repeated boyish prank or happy game. Forsooth, a "motley crew" have left their memorials here. Evidently we shall find but few such brilliant lights as the Bacons, Miltons, and Chesterfields, whose shades revisit the banks of the sluggish Cam.

Not a few of them might be epitaphed as youths to fortune and to fame unknown. Most of those whose initials appeal to my attention have drawn aside the impenetrable curtain of futurity and passed beyond. Or they have launched their barks upon the sea of life, where many, despite storm clouds, yet speed on under full sail, while perhaps some have founded and no small number have reached their haven in safety. And here is one whereon is carved my own initials, E. S., and beneath them "Lucy." Ah, what a treasury of recollections those names bring back to me. Even now the day on which those names were carved the very knife I used, the boyish exultation that filled my heart when the work was done, all are as clearly defined in my mind as if everything had occurred but yesterday. Yet a lifetime has intervened.

Slowly I leave the hallowed tree, with so many precious secrets locked within its rugged breast, and wander thoughtfully Collegeward, until I stand upon the little eminence overlooking the College graveyard. Ah, how many of those whose names looked solemnly down upon me as I wandered slowly around the "old walks" have stood upon this worn plank bridge, where branches and over the polished stones to the all-receiving ocean. How it reminds me of the joyful, noisy, thoughtless crowd that made old Georgetown ring with their voices, dancing, singing, "dimidium vita, a glorious future. Surely Virgil would have said that the nymphs had heard their rapturous predictions and had whispered them to the music of its song into words, what a story might I not write.

But all it tells me now in its unceasing murmuring is that the stillness, the solemnity of the place, is becoming deeper. Beyond the hill, a hundred faces to my right, up which I raced so often when a boy, the sun has almost sunk—casting yet backwards one lingering light that still remains, purpling the hill top and the sacred soil beneath which sleep the heroic hearts that sacrificed their lives. How applicable to them are the words of the immortal Shakespeare:

"And there at Venice gave His body to the pleasant country's earth, And his pure soul unto his captain Christ. Under whose colors he had fought so long."

And my own time, is it far off? God knows who leads me to-day through the world's events. How many of the generous hearts with whom I played have crossed the bourne, whence no traveler returns. Their task is done—we loiter still and they wait for us, their tardy school-fellows.

Beneath the soft red glow of the sanctuary lamp, yielding myself to the influences of place and hour, I fondly remember old Georgetown's sons, past and present.

E. S.
CATHOLIC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.

THE Catholic Alumni Association of Boston held its second annual banquet on the night of November 21, 1896, in the Hotel Vendome. The association is composed chiefly of Catholic college graduates, and its second annual meeting was such as to reflect credit on the association. There were present on the occasion about one hundred members of the association and several distinguished college presidents, among whom was Rev. Father Richards. As expected, the theme of discussion during the evening was education—a theme of perennial importance, nor the further fact that it is yet eminently proper in the presence of such a universally educated gathering. The first speaker of the evening was President Eliot, of Harvard. Following him Rev. Father Richards answered to the toast, "The aims and methods of Catholic college education in the United States," in a discourse, of which we subjoin extracts:

"The aim of the Catholic system of education is the development and formation of the man—the man complete and perfect in all his faculties and attributes, that, as St. Paul says, in the late Princeton University of the United States, was the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ. (Eph. iv, 3.) This statement is no doubt trite; but it is trite only because it is most true; and the fact that it is a commonplace does not destroy the fact of its tremendous importance, nor the further fact that it is frequently overlooked and deplorably neglected in practice. But it is nevertheless true that in itself that education is most perfect and most valuable that develops and forms, or rather enables the student himself to develop and form, most completely his whole mind, and character, and soul. In a word, the end sought is that of action—not the history that tells only of battles and events. Mathematics ought to be included, and the most fundamental of the Natural Sciences. I would least to the extent of a reading knowledge—though, in

"In this formation or evolution, religious and moral training unquestionably holds the foremost place. The question next logically presenting itself for solution is, in what does this general education of the college consist—what branches ought it to embrace? To this we answer by our practical requirements as follows: First, a thorough study of the English language, and at least an outline course of its literature, and in connection with these a training in the general principles of language and style. Language is the expression of man's thought. Then History, which is the record of man's action—not the history that tells only of battles and political revolutions, but the kind that basies itself with the life of the people and the causes of social conditions and events. Mathematics ought to be included, and the most fundamental of the Natural Sciences. I would least to the extent of a reading knowledge—though, in

"But in philosophy that the greatest strength of the Catholic Colleges resides. This it is that knits together all the various threads of learning and makes of them one consistent and harmonious fabric. Thus becomes the great principle of unity in education. In the Aristotelian philosophy, adapted by St. Thomas and elaborated and enriched by countless acute and observant intellects down to our own day, we have an incomparable system of truths. Other colleges and universities may imagine that they teach philosophy, but it is ordinarily, if I mistake not, a mere History of Philosophy, a lifeless catalogue of the tenets and vagaries of successive schools, or it is a fragmentary and discursive treatment of limited questions. Only the Catholic colleges, if my observation is correct, have a vast, compact, thoroughly reasoned and tested body of philo-

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

December, 1896.
We are creatures of hope, constantly looking forward and wondering what the future has in store for us, and during our college days we are ever in expectation of the coming holiday, the next break in our study time. No sooner is Thanksgiving past than every mind turns towards Christmas. That is the absorbing thought of the coming feast; we, too, are afar from home, but that gone with the ancient simplicity. Yet we are loath to lose the oldtime Christmas customs are dying out, still it seems to us that a glance at our magazines and newspapers might lead us to the religious aspect of the day is becoming quite common among our people. Pictures of the Christ-child and His holy Mother are universal, and carols are published in secular periodicals that rival in expressions of piety some of the most charming Christmas hymns. Of course this may be due in great measure to the aesthetic sense which recognizes the God of all laid in the manger, the child of a Virgin Mother, as the highest subject of later art, as it was in the Ages of Faith; but may we not hope that it is also due to the wider spreading of the light more than we do now at College in the thought of the coming feast; we, too, are afar from home, but that day will find us once more among our loved ones, our hearts will be gladdened by the Christmas gifts of affection, and to-day we see visions of the evergreen and the holy, and—need we hide it?—of the mistletoe.

The foot-ball season is over, and a long and interesting season it has been. When the season opened we had occasion to speak of the coming contest, in our paper. There were accidents during the contests, but happily none were of a serious nature. It is to be regretted that some expose themselves to these accidents through lack of proper training. On the other hand, the main courage and physical strength which are developed by these games will prove of immense advantage in after-life.

Francis X. Delany, '97.
THE FIRST MIDNIGHT MASS.

ROUGH hewn by passing cycles' rugged hands,
Fair draped in white,
The star Earth in waiting silence stands;
While pure and bright
The taper stars fling thro' the aisles of space
Their radiant light,
And Time kneels trembling at the throne of Grace
This blessed night.

"Confiteor," he breathes, in faltering sigh
"Low bowed with all the ages' sins am I.
Out of the darkened depths to Thee I cry;
Send forth Thy light and mercy from on high,
Mea culpa, mea culpa.

Paint grows the low and plaintive murmured prayer
As chorused echoes fill the throbbing air
And timbred notes and late, and trumpets' blare,
In rich-toned ministrals the chant upbeat—
Kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison.
O Lord, Thy chosen ones are waiting here;
King of kings and priest and patriarch and seer;
We who have walked before Thee in Thy fear,
Unto our pleading bend Thy gracious ear—
Kyrie eleison, by kyrie eleison.
Show unto Israel the salvation near.

Higher the deep chant flows, still higher, higher,
Upbearing all the nations' long desire
Then aflames the darkness with celestial fire;
But we fail to capture the angelic choir;
With song triumphant Heaven's portals ring—
"Rejoice! rejoice!" exultant seraphs sing;
"Gloria, gloria," swells the mighty song,
While dazzling viatias the full notes prolong,
And radiant furs the mystic midnight thronr—
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Lo, He hath come!
Here on Earth's altar weak and frail—
He, at whose fiat sun and stars will pale,
Had hushed His voice into a feeble wail.
Eternal light,
Eternal might.
Both yield Himself to Earth and Time and Night,
While white-winged seraphs bend in awe profound
And heavenly anthems through the air resound;
And Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus sweetly soar,
The tones that Earth will echo evermore—
All holy is the Lord whom we adore.
Hosanna, swell the voices of the blest,
Breath by breath they clasp God's holy breast,
And, softly singing, soothe His to His rest:
Tibi, Domine, Laude Divinae.
Sohn of God, yet Son of mine.
Earth is hard, and strange, and cold;
Be this heart, my Lamb, Thy fold.
Rest Thee in the earth's heart;
As sweet and low the tender accents rise
The angel music into silence dies.
For Jesus sleeps beneath His mother's eyes.
"Gloria," '98.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR.
MUSICAL AND FOLLY NIGHT.

They had a right to assume that air of self-com- placence—those clear-sighted youths who foretold success for the entertainment of Thanksgiving's Eve, and their self-satisfaction was even more becoming, if they were of the number of those whose names graced the program. For the entertainment was in every respect, even financially, an undoubted success; and it is a question whether the friends of Georgetown University have ever spent a more enjoyable evening in Gaston Hall than that of November 25th.

To many the Musical and Folly Night proved an agreeable surprise. It was not generally known that the College possessed so much musical and histrionic talent. The recent vandalsville, however, of the St. Vincent Society suggested the possibility of such a presentation; the low ebb in the funds of the Senior Yard Association offered a motive; the material was afforded by the willingness and the talents of the boys, while the directive energy to plan and organize the idea was furnished by the Reverend Vice-President. The result of it all was the subjoined program carried out to the pleasant wonder and intense delight of a numerous and distinguished audience.

PROGRAM.
a) Lovely Night .................................. Chawatal
b) Call John ...................................... Bradbury
Glee Club
Fanteisie ......................................... Violin
Mr. John Lawrence Nagle, '99
Mr. Paul Warrington Evans, Law.
Chariot Race from Ben-Hur ................. Wallace
Mr. Benedict Francis Maher, '97
A Study in Black
Mr. Paul Warrington Evans, Law
Crowd of Coons .................................. Callan
Banjo Club
The Attorner's Song .......................... De Koven
Mr. W. R. Benham, Law.
Glee Club
Mr. Charles Augustine Ghrism, '98
Mr. Joseph Henry Keane, '98
Ma Outest One .................................. Solo
Mr. George Templeton
Recitation ......................................... Selected
Mr. Edward J. Walsh, Law
Mr. Charles Michael McLaughlin, Acad.
Georgetown March ................................ Callan
Hunting Chorus from Robin Hood .......... De Koven
Mandolin Club
Ar Eiching in Green
Mr. Charles Michael McLaughlin, Acad.
Banjo Club
Appalachian March
Mr. Geo. O'Conner, Law
This night is born to Earth high Heaven's King.
With song triumphant Heaven's portals ring—
Burst forth in rapture the angelic choir;
Then flames the darkness with celestial fire;
Upbearing all the nations' long desire;
Higher the deep chant floats, still higher, higher,
Show unto Israel the salvation near.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

In the hall itself the platform, which is not well adapted to regular stage settings, was most handsomely and appropriately decorated. During the day a miniature forest of slender palms and graceful ferns had arrived. These were tastefully distributed about the platform; but their natural sombre effect was relieved by a judicious arrangement of colored vases and brightly tinted ornamental lamps. All this, together with Japanese screens in the background and a few rich rugs on the floor, composed a stage setting at once appropriate and handsome enough to satisfy the most exacting æsthetic faculty.

The entertainment began with two vocal selections by the Glee Club. The repeated and hearty applause was well merited. To Mr. Geo. O'Connor, of the Law School, who is winning distinction as an amateur comedian, responded with a popular negro melody, the Glee Club joining in the refrain.

A classical violin solo by Mr. J. Lawrence Nagle, '99, was the next number. The selection was a fantaisie by De Koven. It was splendidly executed. Before the prolonged applause had died out Mr. Evans, as a "darkey character," bounded upon the stage and afforded much amusement by his funny songs and jokes.

The specimens of elocution by Mr. Maher, '97, and Mr. Walsh, of Law, were not merely listened to in patient encouragement, as such efforts too often are; but, on the contrary, they held the audience spellbound, and provoked long and hearty applause. The grace of Mr. Maher, his sustaining force and correct interpretation of the rather difficult selection, "Ben Hur's Chariot Race," received much praise. Mr. Walsh displayed admirable qualities of voice, pathos and energetic action in his two selections.

Musical critics may seek to exclude the banjo from among the number of classical instruments, but their judgment did not in the least detract from the charm that held by its magic sway the minds of those who heard the harmonious chords evoked from the cymbal by the deft fingers of our boys that evening.

The Mandolin Club, too, must receive its due meed of praise. Indeed, the wrawt attention which the efforts
of the Mandolin or the Banjo Club met with showed from the signs of approbation that followed each selection, whether of the mandolins or banjos, or of both combined, it was impossible to decide which was the favorite.

Though not quite equal to the products of the brush of a Vandeveld or a Backhuysen, the Studies in Dutch Colorings were, nevertheless highly appreciated. The work of our artists, Green and Keane, possessed a merit peculiarly its own. It was decidedly original, and of a Vandeveld or a Backhuysen, the Studies in Dutch favorite.

whilst it was neither in oils nor pastels, yet it showed Colorings were nevertheless highly appreciated. The very particular debt of gratitude and commendation is due to the Reverend Director of the Glee Club, whose untiring zeal was amply repaid by the finished manner in which the Glee Club rendered all its selections.

But the burden of praise and congratulations must unquestionably be tendered to Father Ennis, for, despite the numerous and weighty duties of his office, his strong interest in the boys found time to plan and to carry out an entertainment as refined as it was interesting. That the entertainment should have turned out a success ought not surprise us, but that so little is being done to advance dramatics is certainly cause for astonishment. Let us hope the New Year will awaken an enthusiastic ardor among those of us histrionically inclined.

W. D., '97.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

CALENDAR.

Tuesday, December 15.—Announcement of Subjects for Prize Essays.

Wednesday, December 16-23.—School of Law. First term examinations; Personal Property, Real Estate, and Pleading.

Tuesday, December 22.—Christmas recess begins at 5 p.m.

Wednesday, December 23.—School of Law. Christmas recess begins.

Thursday, December 24.—School of Medicine. Christmas recess begins.

Sunday, January 3.—Christmas recess ends at 6 p.m.

Monday, January 4.—Repetitions and Examinations begin in Lower School.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND LAW. Second term begins.

I.

GRADUATE SCHOOL.

IN PHILOSOPHY there is much more enthusiasm developed than the sober science would imply. This is owing to the discussion of matters in which occurs a comparison of the moral systems of Plato, Aristotle, and St. Thomas. The Secunda Secunda of the last-named, in Rickaby's Aquinas Ethics, has received a peculiarly full and able interpretation from the Professor, Father Brucker. The subject under immediate treatment, Natural Law, is also being handled with the care its importance demands. After New Year's Day a parallel program of Special Ethics—individual, social, political—and of Political Science will followed each, with the assurance that it will draw both for its variety and its peculiar interest to American students.

Our energetic Director of Biology, Dr. Stiles, was rendered happy the other night by the announcement that the Leuckart Charts, for which he was devising ways and means, were his already, through a donation from Mrs. Elizabeth McCollan, of New York. The kind benefactress will learn with gratification that her gift was the most timely that could have come to the University, and relieved the most urgent necessity.

In Botany Professor Waite has set his men before the microscope in search of bacteria. His specialty, diseases of fruit, is a subject of practical utility, as well as disciplinary in observation and scientific analysis.

The importance of the Principles of Historical Criticism, which Father Welch is treating, is so keenly appreciated by his students that he will add several lectures to the course.

In the coming spring Dante, a subject as inexhaustible as it is attractive and cultural, will receive sympathetic treatment at the hands of the Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., our neighbor of the Holy Trinity.

Arrangements are maturing whereby men of national reputation, living in Washington, will read papers of absorbing interest before the Graduates and the Senior Department of the College. These excursions into various fields of thought will refresh and strengthen all who are engaged in the steady but somewhat monotonous pursuit of knowledge.

The Riggs Library has lost a benefactor in the Rev. John J. Dougherty, late Pastor Emeritus of St. Stephen's, Washington, who died on the 1st inst. In sending us a number of works, literary as well as theological, he followed in the footsteps of a generous predecessor of his in the same Church, the Rev. John McCarthy, whose father's remarkable collection of French memories is one of the treasures of the Riggs.

The first term will be closed this year with examinations in all the classes.

Each year finds new improvements in the course. The first year classes now include the study of Embryology and Minor Surgery in their course.

The lectures of Prof. Stiles on Embryology are attended not only by the regular students in course, but also by a number of students from the Post-Graduate department of the University, and from National Veterinary College.

A very neat design has been devised for the stationery of the school. The central figure is taken from the school button, and consists of a circle, half blue, half gray, on which is shown the rod of Mercury, the original insignia of the doctors of the ancients. This is encircled by a wreath of green; beneath the name of the department is imprinted on flying ribbons, from which hang the monogram G. U. in golden letters.

The present freshman class is the largest that the school has ever had; it numbers about forty students.

At a meeting of the Medical Association of the Georgetown University the following men were appointed as a committee to revise the constitution of the association: Messrs. Hood, '97; Kilroy, '98; Baker, '99; Johnson, '00.

The freshman class have elected the following officers: Pres., L. B. Johnson; Vice-Pres., J. A. Boyd; Treas., C. E. Bruel; Sec., G. M. Stafford.

Quite a number of students of the first and second year classes have taken advantage of the Biological course recently established in the Post-Graduate departments of the University.


III.

SCHOOL OF LAW.

The Moot Court, under the able supervision of Judge D. M. Baker, grows more interesting every session and bids fair to become one of the most important features of the Georgetown Law School curriculum. Fifty cases, involving important points of law, have been
December, 1896.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PRINCE, Artist Fotografer.

EXCHANGES.

The complete novel in the December issue of Lippincott's is "The Chase of an Heirress," by Christian Reid, the distinguished Catholic authoress. The scene is in Santo Domingo, a region hitherto unfamiliar to fiction.

The Guilford Collegian contains many articles worthy of mention. "George Eliot's Power" is handled in a very commendable manner. "Across the Continent" might probably be an interesting article for some of our Western friends, since many are contemplating such a trip within a few days.

The Dickensonian is to be complimented on its neat appearance, as well as on the excellent manner in which it arranges its matter. It contains many instructive and entertaining articles.

Brown verse seems to be almost wholly devoted to the lighter side of life. Many of the attempts in this line are bright and spicy pieces on commonplace subjects.

The Notre Dame Scholastic reaches us replete with interesting short stories, cleverly written. The title page is graced with a "Ballade of the Last Moments," which is a piece of richly-wrought fancies and wonderful suggestiveness. It abounds in passages of rare beauty. We insert the Euvvy:

"When this last lingering hour, O Lord, has sped
Adown the silent past, let Peace requite
These heartfelt prayers, in death half murmured,
Then I'll give o'er and bid the world good night."

Lafayette is very well conducted as regards matters of local interest, but we should like to see a few more specimens of literary work shown in its columns.

The Fordham Monthly, in its new form, somewhat resembles the College Journal. Especially worthy among the prose articles is the essay on Robert Southwell. It is a masterly effort, which shows forth in brilliant settings the chief excellencies of Southwell's work. The character of the man is delineated with more than ordinary skill. The passages which are of an order to reflect credit on the writers.

The College Student for November contains a eulogy of the intellectual spasm under the title of "An American Idealist." The author seems to have "drunk deep" in the same springs of pantheism as did the great American Transcendentalist. The "sage of Concord" produced many bright works, despite his philosophic tenets. The Student would have us believe that Emerson's shallow ideas on religion were a more potent factor in attaining for him the high place he holds among the American writers than the scholarly manner in which his works are written.

The Beauties of Mary is a charming little book, and most deserving of its title "Queen of Literature." It cannot fail to exert a happy influence: the depth of feeling and the piety of its poems well serve to delight and edify the reader. Truly pious and devout sentiments are blended with a beautiful and musical mode of expression.

T. F. Cullen, '97.

31 Union Square, New York.
WITH THE OLD BOYS.

On Thanksgiving Eve Wm. M. Byrne, '87, dropped in to see us and renew old memories. Though the ten years that have passed since he left us have whitened his hair, they have taken away none of the whole-souled disposition that made him such a favorite at College. And it is this same spirit that has won for him many friends at Wilmington, Del., where he has built up a large law practice. Lately he was elected one of the directors of the public library, where he has shown the true Georgetown spirit by taking care to stock the library with the best English Catholic literature. Though the only Catholic member of the board, he has been generously seconded by his colleagues in his praiseworthy design.

We clip the following from a Los Angeles paper of the 30th: "Henry P. Wilson, died last evening at 9 o'clock at the family residence, No. 1193 West Seventh street, of consumption, aged 27 years. Mr. Wilson was the son of Mrs. Wilson, the owner of the Wilson block, at the corner of First and Spring streets, and was born and grew up in Los Angeles. He received a liberal education and was admitted to the bar in this city. Since he has attained his majority he has always affiliated with the Democratic party, and his name has on several occasions been mentioned as a candidate for office. Some months ago Mr. Wilson's brother died of consumption. While Henry knew that he was afflicted with the dread disease, he made a brave fight and never lost heart, keeping up to the last. Realizing that he was failing, some months ago Mr. Wilson went to India, where he remained for some time. Finding, however, that the change did not prove beneficial, he returned to his home in this city. For the past few weeks his death has been expected at any time. The funeral will take place Thursday morning from the house at 9 o'clock and from the Cathedral at 9.30."

Joseph E. Washington, '73, has sent Father Welch, for his course of Constitutional History, the first two volumes of Richardson's Messages and Papers of the Presidents, the rest to follow as they appear. He enhances his kind attention with a graceful note.

Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, '69, in a letter to Father Richards, says: "I am glad to report that our young friend, Mr. Deary, is doing very well here; he has as many scholars as he can attend to and is giving his patrons much satisfaction. I think very highly of him and regard him as a great credit to the College."

On Monday evening, December 5th, a Memorial Meeting of the Columbian Historical Society was held in the Columbian University hall. Resolutions were adopted on the death of Dr. Jos. M. Toner, former president of the Society. Dr. Toner was a life-long friend of Georgetown.

Alexander J. P. Garesché, one of Georgetown's oldest students, died on Tuesday morning, 15th of November, at St. Louis, Mo. He was one of the best known members of a distinguished family that was forced to fly from San Domingo in 1791. One of his brothers was the chivalric Col. Julius Garesché, also a graduate of Georgetown, and a hero of the civil war. Another is Rev. Frederick Garesché, S. J., now of New Orleans.

"Barney" Mulligan, in residence from '78 to '83, whose feats on the diamond are so well remembered, found an opportunity in the midst of his labors to run up and see the old place again.

WITH THE ATHLETIC EDITOR.

The athletic season is practically over, and, until March, when the baseball team will begin training, there is nothing for the lover of amateur sport to anticipate. The inter-class football series were a source of pleasure and interest to all, and at no time could the winner pick him with anything like certainty. '98, who came on his last, triumphantly, but not until some of the most hotly-contested games ever witnessed upon this field had been decided. The classes finished in the following order, '97 and 1900 forfeiting a game:

- '98: Won 6 Lost 1
- '97: Won 5 Lost 3
- '00: Won 3 Lost 4

The victorious class will enjoy a banquet next Tuesday as the reward of their exertions.

Track and field athletics will not be resumed until after Christmas. For the showing made in this line too much praise cannot be given to the excellent management of Mr. Julius S. Walsh, Jr., and his earnest assistant, Mr. William Wirt Dixon. Mr. Foley, in his position could be desired, while the work of individuals like Smith and Wefers reflected credit both upon the University and themselves.

We can confidently expect great things at Mott Haven, and possibly a joint meet may be held with Pennsylvania or Princeton.

Wednesday, December 24. '97 vs. '98.

On a frozen ground, and in the presence of over four hundred spectators, '98 and '97 met in the most exciting game of the season. '97 was by far the favorite on account of their weight and superior kicking ability, but they were defeated by the brilliant sprinting of '98's backs. In the first half '97 rushed the ball almost the length of the field by the gains of Fox and Curley through the line. The ball was lost on downs within fifteen yards of the goal line. Walsh kicked to the center of the field. '97 again by bucking tactics gained the ten-yard line. '98 was forced to essay a kick, but Mahler blocked. Welsh went five yards through right tackle, and Curley was pushed through the center for a touchdown. Walsh missed the goal by a narrow margin. Time was called with the ball on '98's forty-five yard line. When play was resumed '98 saw that their only hope was by successfully working tricks. On a fake pass Reardon circled right end and ran seventy-five yards for a touchdown. Walsh kicked the goal. Score: '98, 6; '97, 0. It seemed at one time that '97 would score again, but they lost the ball on '98's ten-yard line. Walsh punted sixty yards. The game was no longer in doubt, for only two minutes of play remained. For '97 the line was impregnable. Collins and Curley and Fox did most of the ground gaining. '98's line was rather weak, with the exception of O'Leary, Head and Callahan. Green and McAnerny on the ends tackled like fiends, Devereux passed fantastically.

Referee—Mr. M. J. Walsh, P. G. Umpire—Mr. Claude Fleming, Med. Timer—Mr. Jackson, Law. Line men, Kirby, '97; Bates, '98; Time of halves, 20 minutes.
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