NEWS OF THE MONTH.

On Tuesday, December 22d, a specimen was given by the Class of Philosophy in Gaston Hall. The members of the Collegiate Classes were in attendance. Mr. Daniel W. O'Donoghue read a learned disquisition, De Logica Crítica. It was followed by a discussion on theses, embracing the whole of major logic. Mr. Wm. T. Doyle defended; Messrs. Tremoulet and Shea proposed objections.

The Glee Club has started afresh and soon hopes to catch the ears of the most fastidious by its new repertoire at the Merrick debate. Mr. O. Perry Johnson, '99, is hard at work making plans for the spring trip, which seems to be assured beyond a doubt.

The question of making arrangements for the development of a Varsity baseball team is one which the directors of the Athletic Association have had under consideration. From present indications every effort will be made to develop as strong a team as that which has represented Georgetown in the past.

The subject chosen for the Morris Historical Essay is "The attitude and efficiency of the Catholic Church with regard to higher education from the beginning of the Christian Era to the so-called Reformation." For the Philodemic Prize Essay, "The character and functions of the Supreme Court of the United States, with a historical sketch of its operations."
The subject of the Philodemic debate is, "Resolved, that it is the duty of the United States to intervene and put an end to the present strife in Cuba."
The Horace medal for the best metrical translation of one of the odes of Horace will be won by the student who translates the best three odes, two of his own choosing, one of the faculty's. The obligatory ode is "Odi profanum vulgus et Arceo," book first, ode first. Essays and translations must be given in by May 15th.

We are glad to chronicle recent meetings of two branches of the Georgetown Alumni Society. We strongly urge the advisability of keeping the Alumni Society of the College in a flourishing condition. Such a society, well organized and enthusiastic, may do much towards helping Georgetown to take her position among the colleges of the country. The General Alumni Society can only attain its proper position when the various local societies are active and have a large membership.

On the evening of the 29th of December a very pleasant and informal gathering of the faculty and alumni of the University was held in the College building. It was strange, yet it is a fact, that in a large university the professors of the different departments may pass years and sometimes a lifetime of professorship without coming in contact with one another, and perhaps without knowing each other even by sight, especially if the buildings be not collected and centered about one point. It was, then, a happy idea on the part of the originator of the plan to bring together the judges, the professors, the reverend professors of the Arts Department, and the directors of the Graduate School for an evening of social intercourse amid the classic halls of old Alma Mater. This the members of the local Alumni Association determined to do during the Xmas holidays, and the appreciation of their efforts on the part of the fellow-members and the professors was evident by the hearty response that was given to the invitations sent out for the occasion. And all felt what one eminent Professor wrote in his letter of acceptance: "It is a meeting such as I have long desired."

Early in the afternoon the lower halls were tastefully decorated with palms and evergreens, and the various departments, as the Chemical, Physical, Biological laboratories, the Riggs and Graduate libraries, the Coleman Museum, were got in readiness to be thrown open for the inspection and entertainment of the visitors. About half-past seven the guests began to arrive, and were received in the large parlor of the East building by the Reverend President of the University and the Deans of the several departments. After some time in meeting one another and general conversation, they separated into small groups, and the evening was passed in visiting the various points of interest about the building.

The Museum, with its collection of birds, shells, and minerals, was one of the favored points where all liked to linger. In the Library a display of choice, rare books was made, and they, together with the valuable and curious collection of manuscripts, well repaid the labor entailed by a climb up several flights of stairs. Though the Chemical and Biological laboratories on the lower floor came in for their share of patronage, it was the Physical Department that proved especially attractive; for the interest centered in the mysterious Roentgen ray in itself would have attracted to this department, where they could inspect the bones of the hand and arm, and see the now famous ray generated.

Then, too, the graphophone, compound pendulum to show the combination of harmonic motion and many interesting instruments were shown, thanks to the hearty response that was given to the invitations sent out for the occasion. And all felt what one eminent Professor wrote in his letter of acceptance: "It is a meeting such as I have long desired."

Thus the evening passed quickly and pleasantly, and the bond of union between the professors of the various departments was strengthened, and the "old boys" were brought more in touch with the College of to-day and its directors, and everyone went away with a higher idea of the work of the University and a warmer feeling of love for his Alma Mater.
LITERARY WORK.

THE BROOKLET.

I.

**Out from its secret spring,**

Ever meandering

On to the sea.

Lost in the shady glen,

Bright on the plain again—

So coursed the brooklet its way, full and free.

II.

Noislessly gliding now,

Silver sands o’er,

Kissing the willow’s bough

Shading its shore,

Then over tomy bed

Babbling it onward sped—

Hastening to join the great ocean, it bore.

III.

Now with its bosom wide

Turning the mill,

Rounding the hill’s side,

Joined by a rill,

Sweping the village past,

Seemingly it flowed and fast,

On to the briny waves hurrying still.

IV.

Oh, when first it pushed,

Fresh from the earth,

Like liquid gems it rushed,

Sparkling in mirth

Ah, as it greater grew,

Stained was its virgin hue;

Purest the flow where the rock gives it birth.

V.

So are we hurried yet,

On to the sea,

Each life a rivulet,

But as we onward flow,

Nearer the ocean of eternity.

“PENTA,” ’97.

DICK’S DREAM.

“OLD Dick,” as we boys used to call him, was a confirmed inebriate. He had lived through great trouble, having lost a large patrimony through an unlucky speculation. But when his kind and gentle wife breathed her last, and his only son had been massacred in a far away Indian country, he gave up the struggle against fate, having lost a large patrimony through an ungracious fate. His mind at last became affected, and in his raving against fate and became a perfect demon of intemperance. Suddenly there came to his ears the far away muffled monotone of marching men. Nearer and nearer it drew until the sound reverberated through his attic chamber and set him shivering with ominous dread.

At last he swooned into unconsciousness, but it was only the beginning of greater horrors and a far more frightful experience. Suddenly there came to his ears the long arms of a hot, sandy road, and with its green leaves shaded us from the scorching heat while we hauled the men up.

One New Year’s night, after “Dick” had made the rounds of all the village homes which still received him hospitably, he became unusually groggy, and when at last he sought the attic room of a rickety old house, which he still called his own, lie quickly threw aside his clothing and sprawled into bed. But his was not a peaceful sleep; his head swam, and the desolate room seemed to reel in space. Several times he awoke from a drunken stupor, nervous and ill, the fever in his brain so agitating him that he felt on the verge of madness.

At last he swooned into unconsciousness, but it was only the beginning of greater horrors and a far more frightful experience. Suddenly there came to his ears the sound of marching men. Nearer and nearer it drew until the sound reverberated through his attic chamber and set him shivering with ominous dread.

B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! Boom-Boom-Boom! The crazy stairs creaked and groaned uneasily as his terrified ears caught a sound like the clink-clank of sabres. The invisible drum swung them up. They were tightly bound and gagged, and this time it was nearer, like the dull throbbing of a far away locomotive. He himself groaned, and he knew it was the groan of mortal terror. Just then the clock morosely beat out the hour, almost shrieking when it rung the last stroke of 12. The ominous midnight hour, when graves give up their sheeted dead, added despair to his frenzy, and prepared him for his ghastly visitors. But agonizing fear chilled the marrow of his bones when the apparition, anticipated by his feverish mind, broke in upon him. His heart stood still, and then fear filled every fibre of his frame. Before him stood the skeletons, the mocking, grinning skeletons of the six Confederate scouts that he had invited should be hanged. They formed rank and made a double-quick movement toward him with their drawn sabres glistening in the pale, sickly light which their presence seemed to have introduced. “Old Dick” felt that their cold blades were driven to the hilt in his quivering body and congealed the very life current in his veins. Then they retreated, keeping step to the B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! of the invisible drum which had heralded their approach. Suddenly there appeared in their midst the “Blue Coats” that had swung them up. They were tightly bound and gagged, and six dangling nooses swung from the oak limb. As we hurried yet.

Surrounding their prisoners, the skeletons pointed their bony fingers at “Old Dick,” and then at his miserable comrades. Like the work of magic the arm of the fatal oak, the instrument of their death, loomed across the chamber, and spread its branches over his head, but its verdant life was gone, and every limb seemed to emit a seething, scorching heat. Palsied with the thrones of agony. “Old Dick” placed his hand upon his head to find his hair singed and the inextinguishable heat eating into his brain. Another inhuman yell, a holy maniacal glee, and six dangling nooses swung from the oak limb.

Surrounding their prisoners, the skeletons moved toward the ropes, but the prisoners uttered no word; they were dumb with fear; affixed the nooses, and in a breath he saw the life choked out of their victims, while above their dying groans was heard the B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! Boom-Boom-Boom! And the fiends, they chuckled and turned their ghoulish eyes toward him with a demoniacal twinkle. “Old Dick” heard his heart throb as the line was now formed and they marched toward him, while they looked askant at the noose nearest his bedside. He felt their fiery breath upon his face. He reeked with the perspiration which stood in great beads upon his forehead. Their ruffianly clutches were about his throat, and their nails dug deep in his flesh, when he fell upon his knees and pleaded for his life shouting tears blistered his cheeks like burning vitriol, and blotted out his sight. His heart throbbed with intense agony until it beat a damnable tattoo within his aged chest. It fluttered faster and faster, and louder and louder...
lower, as his tormentors glared at him with the wild audacity of revenge, until he felt that it would break, when, with a superhuman effort, he sprang from his bed and through the nearest window into the freezing night.

Three days later "Old Dick" awoke from the fumes of his debauch and the effects of his fearful plunge. He was in the hospital ward with a broken leg and arm. The physicians recommended stimulants, but when a glass of liquor was offered Old Dick turned away his head. He never took another drink, but when his hours were numbered he recounted that night's experience, and said that when his temptation was strongest he never failed to hear the far away muffled monotone of B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! Boom-Boom-Boom!

CALEB CLARK MAGRUDER, JR.

S O N G.

D R O P down, O silent night,
O'er field and river and hill,
And bring me an hour of silence to weep
When my tired eyelids fill.

For silence better is;
And grief in the silence sees
A something akin to its own sad self
In the lonely distances—

Where the stars burn each alone,
And the clouds move slowly past;
But O! twist my lost love one and me
For the depths of the distance cast!

And I dream of the touch of a hand,
Of the ring of a laugh I dream,
While the vanishing sounds of a silenced voice
Creep over the field and stream.

And I cry: "O silent night,
Drop down over river and land."
But O! for the sound of the true, true voice,
And the touch of the living hand.

T.


JOSEPH Meredith Toner was born in the city of Pitts-
burgh, in the State of Pennsylvania, on April 30, A. D. 1825. He was the elder of two brothers, sons of Meredith Toner, both of them also natives of Pennsylvania. Joseph received his early education in the common schools of the city of Pittsburgh, and subsequently of Westmoreland County, to which his mother, who was early left a widow, removed during the boyhood of the subject of our sketch, and where she died and was buried. Afterwards he attended for a time the Western Pennsylvania University and Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburgh, in the State of Mary-
land; but he never completed a classical course in either institution.

Developing a taste for the science of medicine, he entered, in A. D. 1847, the office of Dr. John Lowman, then the leading physician of Johnstown, in the State of Pennsylvania. After two years of study and practical experience under the tuition of Dr. Lowman, he attended lectures at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia during the winter of 1849-1850; and subse-
sequently he entered the Medical College at Woodstock, in the State of Vermont, from which, in June, A. D. 1850, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He was then fully qualified to enter upon the practice of his chosen profession.

In the year 1850 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was engaged in what was at the time regarded as a gigantic and extremely difficult enterprise, the reconstruc-
tion of its road across the Alleghany Mountains in such manner as to eliminate the old Portage system, so well known to the old residents of the mountain counties, and whereby it was necessary to haul the trains up the mountains by means of several inclines and stationary engines. As part of the new system it was resolved to pierce the culminating ridge and bore a tunnel through the mountains for the passage of the road through the bowls of the country a more exacting as well as more difficult facility in this present age, but at that time a most difficult enter-
prise and attended with many casualties.

There was a fine field for the skill of the surgeon and the science of the physician. There had been a physi-
cian in the neighborhood, who for many years had been the sole practitioner in a wide circuit extending from Holidaysburgh to Ebensburg; but he had just died, and the field was open to the first enterprising occupant that should seize the opportunity. At that moment Dr. Toner returned fresh from his studies in Vermont, and settled at the little village of Emmitsburgh, in the State of Pennsylvania. The little mountain city. It was only a halting place be-
tween Pittsburgh and his ultimate place of destination.

But the opportunity had its limitations. When the great tunnel was completed, the field of practice became narrowed again to that of the ordinary country practitioner; and this did not satisfy the somewhat ambitious aspirations of Dr. Toner. Before selecting a new field, however, he resolved to improve himself by a new course of study at Jefferson College, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in A. D. 1853. As already stated, he had previously received the same degree from the Medical College at Woodstock, in Vermont. He now resolved to return to the city of his birth, and he established himself in Pittsburgh.

The cholera devastated Pittsburgh, with other cities of the Union, in 1854; and our young practitioner had ample opportunity to display his skill in coping with this dread scourge of our race. It is stated that he was quite successful with his cases, and that he seemed to have an excellent prospect for the successful practice of his profession in Pittsburgh. But whether he deemed his progress there to be too slow, or whether he was inspired, as youth will often be, by the love of adventure, he yielded to the solicitations of a former college friend, Hon. William Walsh, of Cumberland, in the State of Maryland, and took up his residence for a time in that little mountain city. It was only a halting place be-
tween Pittsburgh and his ultimate place of destination. Casting inquisitive glances from side to side, at Har-
per's Ferry, New Orleans, Norfolk, he was induced at last to take up his residence in Washington, on the 7th of November, A. D. 1855. He had at last found his true sphere of operations. He knew but two persons in Washington at the time, one of them a schoolmate at Emmitsburgh. When he died at Washington knew him, and all Washington loved him.

About the time of his arrival in Washington the Cri-
men war was in progress. The young physician, eager for distinction in his profession, offered his services to the Russian Government through the Russian Minister to the United States. But through the delays of what is known as the circumlucation office, no action seems ever to have been taken upon his offer. Ample oppor-
tunity for the same services, however, was approaching in our own country. Our own great war came; and for four years Washington was one vast hospital. Without stint and without hope of remuneration Dr. Toner's ser-
tices were given in that great emergency. And then it was that his active mind began to devise some of the
many schemes of charity and humanitarianism which
was mainly through Dr. Toner's efforts that the present
zation.
then" and afterwards took shape and substance in reali-
ager of the Government Hospital for the Insane, other-
ance of science it was that induced him to give a medal
he infused new life in 1865, and of which he also be-
came president at a subsequent date (A. D. 1873),
both objects of great interest to him, and both
value and importance from a scientific and hygienic
point of view.
In 1872 he established the Toner Lectures for the ad-
vancement of science and the promotion of research for
the discovery of scientific truth, especially in the do-
main of medicine. And the same zeal for the promob-
tion of science it was that induced him to give a medal
for several years at the Jefferson Medical College in
Philadelphia, and also to found a medal to be awarded
for scientific research at the University of Georgetown.
We are all more or less familiar with his magnificent
donation of his library, probably the largest library in
the United States of local American history, containing
about 28,000 bound volumes and about 18,000 pamph-
lets, to the people of the United States in 1882; to be
kept as a distinct collection in the Library of Congress,
for which donation he received the thanks of Congress,
and was complimented by having his bust in marble
placed in the library. Another library, a duplicate to a
certain extent of that which he presented to the United
States, he donated to the Cambria County Medical So-
ciety at Johnstown, in the State of Pennsylvania, in rec-
ognition of the fact that in that county, at Johnstown
and at Summit, his professional career had been begun.
In the later years of his life Dr. Toner gradually with-
drew himself from the active practice of his profession,
although he never wholly abandoned it; and he gave him-
self up more to literary pursuits, and especially to the
elucidation of the life of George Washington. Prob-
ably there was no man in America more thoroughly fa-
familiar with the life of Washington than he was. He
published, with annotations, several of Washington's
journals, diaries, and other writings, and he was a most
initiative collector of Washington's letters and of con-
temporary papers having reference to him. Nor will it
soon be forgotten by those of us who had the pleasure
of his hospitality that it was admiration for the Father
of our Country that induced him to gather around him-
him by many pleasant memories. He visited Derry,
zin, and Summit. He visited Johnstown, endeared to
Holidaysburgh, Ebensburg, Loretto, Wildwood, Gallit-
summit. He visited Johnstown, endeared to
him by many pleasant memories. He visited Derry,
where was his mother's grave, and where had been her
and his home. It was pathetic to see this longing for
the friends and the scenes of other days, for it was pro-
bably one of the approaching ends.
When he returned to Cresson from his last visit, which
was to his brother at Derry, it was evident that the hand
of death was upon him. The next day was one of suf-
f ering; and yet he maintained the unwavering cheerful-
ness for which he was noted. After dinner he resolved
to retire to his room, and he remarked: "I am going to
rest." These words were his last; and they were pro-
phetic. At sunset he was found dead in his chair, his
eyes closed in the calm sleep of eternal rest, and the
benevolence of soul which had been so greatly charac-
teristic of him during life still leaving its profound im-
pression upon his coun tenance. He died on Thursday, the
30th day of July, A. D. 1896, within half a mile of the
village of Summit, where forty-six years before he had
entered upon his professional career.
Upon a summer Sunday afternoon, in the little village
churchyard on the hills of Derry, between the great
ridges of the Alleghanies, within a stone's throw of the
home where his mother had lived and died, to a grave
beside his mother's grave, we consigned all that was
mortal of Joseph M. Toner. His spirit lives; and his
memory will not soon perish from the hearts of those
who knew him, and knowing had reason to love him.
I do not think it is too much to say of our deceased and
honored friend what Fitz Greene Halleck said of Joseph
Rodman Drake:
"None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."

His was a genial and kindly nature. As physician, as
philanthropist, as citizen, as friend, he endeared him-
ECHOES OF YULE-TIDE.

It was Christmas day. Within a cheerless room sat an aged woman, upon whose lap lay a little faded slip of paper. The fire flickered; the walls were bare; the dingy shelf the room contained was but a fool's plaything; and wistfully the old woman bespoke the abject poverty of the lonely inmate. The crust of bread on the rickety table took the place of the more sumptuous Christmas dinners of the rich ones of the world. Her wrinkled hand fondled lovingly the crust of bread on the rickety table took the place of the more sumptuous Christmas dinners of the rich ones of the world. Her wrinkled hand fondled lovingly the

The snow without covered the ground and deadened the footsteps of a well-dressed stranger coming up the avenue. He left me and you, then a helpless babe in my arms. Our parents, determined to fight life's battle alone in some unknown part of the world, had left that to me, to my father, and your mother, to their dear children. We have not forgotten, Edith, your grandfather fell for his country's cause. This is the man's land; this is the land of our fathers. They ring with joy the glad sleighbells.

The snow had been falling gloriously all day long. Pennsylvania Avenue was carpeted in snow, save where two dark parallels marked the path of the cable car as it carried its joyous throng from place to place. It was New Year evening and the snow still descended softly. The white marble of the Army and Navy building seemed almost black in comparison with the spotless snow, while not even the well preserved whiteness of the President's home could compare with it. And now, at evening time, across the broad avenue the shadows of the leafless trees were flung, spectre-like, by the brilliant electric lights, and the outlines of these shadows were clearly defined even in mid air as the snowflakes silently fell, some of them taking up and reflecting the brilliant light, while others sank unobserved to the street below.

It was New Year's evening. And a happy, glorious world is better for that he has lived. Those who knew him best will miss him most. The friends who were closest to him appreciate that friendship such as his never comes but once in a lifetime.

Along the avenue comes an aged woman and a little girl, both poorly clad. Scarcely noticing the watching moralizer, they, too, stop in front of the statue. Pointing a tremulous finger toward the old soldier, with a husky voice the woman addressed the child: "Following his flag, Edith, your grandfather fell for his country, and now lies buried beneath the heights of Cerro Gordo. Many a New Year has passed since, as a young man, he left me and you, then a helpless babe in my arms, never to return to us again. Though the sight of our old leader makes my heart sad, yet many a New Year's day, while their names are forgotten, no medals attest the stars and stripes under that sturdy old fighter. No monuments are reared in their honor, no. Their country, their glorious deeds on many a hard-fought field—ever their names are forgotten. Yet, no. Their country, their her silver moon,

Crowning the hill-top, chastening the dale,
Cover the earth with spotless white,

Ripening grain stood in days gone by,
As warriors in an icy mail.

Come the light flakes, and, clustering dense

And, sprinking towards him, is clasped, unconscious in his tender, manly embrace.

Christmas has brought its joys to the humble hut, and has united in happiness two long-sorrowing hearts.

It was New Year's evening. And a happy, glorious New Year's had it been. All day long the music of a hundred sleighbells floated through the air, while a throng of joyous people sped hither and thither in their swifly gliding sleighs. The snow had been falling gently all day long. Pennsylvania Avenue was carpeted in snow, save where two dark parallels marked the path of the cable car as it carried its joyous throng from place to place. It was New Year evening and the snow still descended softly. The white marble of the Army and Navy building seemed almost black in comparison with the spotless snow, while not even the well preserved whiteness of the President's home could compare with it. And now, at evening time, across the broad avenue the shadows of the leafless trees were flung, spectre-like, by the brilliant electric lights, and the outlines of these shadows were clearly defined even in mid air as the snowflakes silently fell, some of them taking up and reflecting the brilliant light, while others sank unobserved to the street below.

Opposite the presidential mansion the bronze equestrian statue of General Scott was clothed in snow. As I stood gazing at it in the illumined darkness I could not help thinking of the many snow-covered graves beneath which slept the brave heroes who had followed the stars and stripes under that sturdy old fighter. No monuments are reared in their honor, no medals attest their glorious deeds on many a hard-fought field—even their names are forgotten. Yet, no. Their country, their her silver moon,

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ON MOODS.

"EVERY mode of the mind has from nature an expression of countenance peculiarly its own, its own tone of voice, and manner of action. Man's whole body, his face, his every utterance, are played upon by the emotions of the mind, even as the chords of the lyre by the hand which plies them."—De Quincey.

I believe in moods. By moods I mean those peculiar dispositions of mind which induce feelings now of gladness, now of sadness; now of anger, impatience, dissatisfaction or disgust; now of joy, of peace and content with all things; now of stolid indifference. My friend C., from the Medical School, says I am bilious; which same disposition induceth melancholia; and hence my tendency to meditation, mysticism, and the like. And he quoted Horace: "O ego laevus qui fargor biem," etc.

I remind G. that it was cruel in him to forget my position. It is unkind in him to lose sight of my being a senior; inconceivable in him not to realize that my delving into psychology and ethics must, long since and of necessity, have cured in me any puerile leaning that may have been towards romance or poetry. Even G. has his moods. There are times when our souls' feelings, if interpreted by the musical scale, would be played at one time all in sharps, at another in flats; now in the major scale, again in the minor; and, in the language of music, would be indicated by allegretto, maestoso, con amore, forte, pianissimo, moderato, and so following. Yes, and having exhausted all the terms of musical technique, the soul would not yet have completed its cycle of feelings or moods.

I cannot hold, as Plato did, that the soul is a harmony; but I am convinced most firmly that it is harmonical, and is naturally swayed by rhythm. Now, order is that by whose virtue things follow or flow one after another, rightly, nicely, smoothly; that is, order is rhythm. Rhythm is harmony; and disorder is the lack of this right-flowing of things; that is, discord. I say, then, the soul is harmonical because of its nature it craves rhythm and shuns discord; and because it is harmonical. I hold that its varied phases of thought and feeling may be indicated in the language of music. Circumstances coming either from within or from without may induce these moods. To illustrate, let us take a practical example.

When that good companion and hale fellow with "jetty locks that shimmer in the sunshine, and curls as does the tendril of the vine"—when he is bilious, he is also strangely given to bile and brooding. At such times we say, "Don't disturb C.; he has them again; he will be better to-morrow."

For myself, whose physique is general in equilibriwm, I am mostly moved unto moodiness by circumstances external to myself. I cannot—exceptus causa—stand by that old roof-tree of many memories, whose trunk is gnarled by the penknives of student generations past and present, without the welling up within me thoughts which might be indicated to-day by maestoso, and to-morrow or the day after by moderato, or perhaps con amore.

Ah! there are the letters I carved when a mere "Freshy." Already the growing bark has begun to obscure my name, and four years are not yet! "Preps," not yet do ye know what labor is, and responsibility, and old age. Neither can ye be told before-hand what they are. You must wait till they come.

"Ah me! how the winged years fly
Over the sand-wastes of time.

Thy works in thy youth's morning prime.
Ah me! how the winged years fly
Over the sand-wastes of time.'

MOOD No. 2.

Con Amore.

A day or two ago there came a gentle tap-tap at my study door, and, upon my giving the customary password "come in," who should enter but a delicately built lad—no, not lad, but young gentleman with a beaming eye, who described himself as being a humble Soph. He had gotten together some "meter," he said, and before submitting the same to the JOURNAL staff he had presumed to call on me for some hints as to how to proceed. I looked so kindly, he said; and ah! he was sure my taste was as refined as my intellect was acute.

I note here, in parenthesis, that this same little Soph is a charming fellow, of good judgment and perception—qualities which promise well in one whose bent is for aesthetics. Well, I read his verses; some fault, of course; advised, encouraged, and, as I believe, sent the dear boy away in happiness.

No, I am not unfeeling, though I am somewhat given to carping; and though I often pick flaws, I am neither a cynic nor unappreciative of others' work.

I think we may adopt that hackneyed phrase of Horace and say: "Cynicus nascitur, non fit;" and in this sense the poor cynic is rather to be pitied than ruthlessly condemned.

It is true that a poet can never be wholly made; yet one who is not a born poet may nevertheless, by dint of labor, attain to considerable skill in the art of verse-making; though in such a case the lack of the "divinus effatus" will always be evident.

Even so, I hold that whose birth is not under the Dog star, will hardly, in whatever circumstances, turn out other than a half-hearted cynic. Here as elsewhere it is truth the poet sings: "It is truth the poet sings: 'Why do you think thus? That is a great word—why.' "Why do you think thus?"—That is a great word—"why." I am too prone to assert and grow impatient with the objector as to why he should adhere to this opinion in preference to some other. And if of himself he cannot solve the question thoroughly he will not be ashamed to complete the solution by means of the right advice of others.

The wise man passes no good opportunity of learning, even if to do so requires the sacrifice of fixed but less truthful notions.

Very often, when venting my ideas on philosophy, literature, and so on, I have been asked: "Why?" "Why do you think thus?" That is a great word—"why." I am too prone to assert and grow impatient when my views are questioned, and yet these same views may be narrow or wrong. But the broad-minded man, and he whose opinions are founded in truth, will not take it amiss if his views are doubted and called to task, for he will have proved to himself a sturdy objector as to why he should adhere to this opinion in preference to some other. And if of himself he cannot solve the question thoroughly he will not be ashamed to complete the solution by means of the right advice of others.

The wise man passes no good opportunity of learning, even if to do so requires the sacrifice of fixed but less truthful notions.

How much truth in that old tale of nursery fame! "In those days a certain squire went forth to mark the confines of his master's tilth, and builded up a mighty shield, gold on the side of the East—for that the morning hath the golden hours of the day—and silver on that of the West."

Now, it so fell out upon a certain day, not long thereafter, that two good knights met at this same
marking of the thirtieth confines, and straightway came to words as to whether the shield was silver or gold. "Sir Knight," quoth the one, "the shield most plainly appeareth silver." Then that other made answer: "I pray thee, Sir Knight, give heed to the words of thy better. For art o'er the shield be gold." Whereat the twain, being sorely vexed, waxed very wrath at heart, and spurred their steeds the one against the other. And when that they were come nigh in onset on one another, then did they thrust with their broad spears, eager to slay.

In like wise were the twain smote down even to the dust, the one of the other, and darkness shrouded their eyes. In like manner fell also many of their company following up apace, till night made quitance of slaying. Thus was much wrangling spent uselessly, and much bale wrought, and much blood spilt in vain, for as much as the said shield was both silver and gold, being plainly of gold on this side, but on the other silver, as hath been aforesaid."  

Gruel, '97.

POETICAL FLUIDITY.

The title of this short paper is a quality applied by Matthew Arnold to Spenser's poetry. The distinguished critic was too careful to use a phrase capriciously. He recognized and felt an evasive and elusive element in verse structure, or better, in poetic expression. It refused to be taken captive, and after a struggle he imprisoned it in the word "fluidity." Cadence did not suit him. There was too much mechanism in that word, which would be misleading. As a matter of fact, "fluidity" does not give the full measure of value to that idea, wherein we would combine, as in a result, the effects produced in verse by an artistic use of vocalisms; or, in other words, by the judicious selection of strong and weak vowels, diphthongs, and consonants. The Germans use the happy word ‚langsfärbe‘, or tone coloration.

For just as the musician selects certain notes to reproduce in melodious sounds the emotions of his soul, so the true poet opens unconsciously the treasury of his heart to sing in words that can best echo the golden voices of his soul. Words crowd in upon him. He must take the one apt word. If we may be pardoned for our choice, the soul-idea scorns to be infused into a commonplace; they are prismatic to a degree. "These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, they haunt one's mind as living, loving, joyous or suffering things, but they are always a little more than suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mystical half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * *

This fluidity in poetry cannot be brought from afar and sold. Attentive reading of the best writers, with an insistence on poetical composition, are the best means to attain even an honorable position among the scribes. The taste is possible of cultivation, yet few esteem it worth their while to be exact, for upon exactness of expression depends this quality of verse. There are so many who grow impatient of verse making and the reading of poetry that becomes so full of beautiful something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * * It is not a mere suggestive force, nor is it the effect of shadowy, mysterious half thoughts that pique and tantalize. The pictures of genius are clearly drawn and vividly colored; their suggestive, fertilizing, fascinating something which certain specially endowed writers are able to emit through the medium of words. * * * These words are the ordinary words of our tongue, used in their ordinary sense, and yet they exhalè a fine, distinct, unique submeaning never before put into them. * * *

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IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

"Ah, youth, wouldst brave life's storms, deep be impressed The tender roots that character the mind."  

Michael Earle.
The Georgetown College Journal.

Established 1872.

Terms: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.

The Georgetown College Journal is published by a committee of the students at the beginning of the month. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, and to chronicle the news of the University. 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 University and its Departments, and their friends. These and all former students are urged to give it substantial support.

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Mid-Term Examinations.

Just as we go to press, the intense strain to which the intellectual faculties of the Georgetown student have been subjected is about to be relaxed. The long month of examinations with its attendant anxieties has reached its end, and the successful scholar, looking back upon the last four weeks of mental activity, feels that he has won by hard and constant labor the right to a rest. For four months of the year, though the richest seed of classical fruit is being scattered with bounteous hand, the mind of the student practically lies fallow. On his return after the Christmas holidays the examination schedule is presented to him. The mass of material to be mastered within the next two weeks appalls him. It must be prepared for him in his present class, and at that late day the only way in which it can be prepared is by a process of constant, untiring, slavish cramming. The average boy, not being totally deficient in memory, is able to retain just about a sufficient amount of this hastily acquired material, and for a sufficiently long or short period of time to help him barely to "pass" in the paper presented to him on the day of examination.

But for what object, to what end, let us ask, has such a young man entered college? Is it but to recreate, to enjoy himself? To pass the day pleasantly and socially? Or is it to educate himself and to acquire knowledge? To develop and train his mental faculties—his will, his memory and his intellect? But what knowledge, what power, if knowledge is power, do such young men expect to acquire from the examination storm of compressed study, if all their college "training" consists not in a thorough, systematic course of study during the year, but in a hasty, incomplete preparation for an examination? Nature itself teaches us the fruitlessness and even the futility of such a course; for it is not the fierce devastating storm that gives life and nourishment to crops, but it is the gently-falling, perservent rain that sustains the life and transforms the varied-colored blossoms of spring into the rich, juicy fruits of autumn. And so it is with the human mind. Not the pitiless examination storm of compressed study, but the quiet, steady rain of daily desk work and class work that will transform the tender, pliant mind of youth into the strong, robust intellect of manhood. We would suggest to the attentive consideration of our fellow-students the following words of D. E. Cooper: "Whatever the storms would blow; and now I know it was all for the best. I have tried to do in life, I have tried with my whole heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim the dreams of the companion- ship of steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. * * * There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand on anything on which I could throw my whole weight, and never to affect depreciation of my work, I find now to have been my golden rules."

Reconciled.

Over the sea would I sail one day,
By the boat of youth to be carried away,
With joy for the sail and hope for the gale
To waft me in song and my bark along
To the beautiful land of rest;
But no breeze would blow; and now I know
It was all for the best.
Then I left the ship and my wish to roam,
And thought of castles to build at home,
So I worked and planned on my castles grand,
Dreamed the golden walls round the marble halls,
But they all fell down, like a wind-tossed nest;
For the storms would blow; and now I know
It was all for the best.

And now—ah now! my youth is gone,
And the years are wind waves rushing on.
While the future is cast by the dreams of the past;
For the hopes of yore, as I scan them o'er,
Loom ever before me with lessons blest.
Things would not be so; but now I know
It was all for the best.

Michael Earls.
TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE ALUMNI SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

ON the evening of Friday, December 11th, a meeting that should be of the deepest interest to all Georgians, particularly to those resident in the immediate vicinity of New York, was held at the residence of Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren. Its object was the foundation of a local association of the graduates and former students of Alma Mater of those to whom distance and pressing business concerns do not permit frequent presence in Washington, the center of the General Alumni Association men in such an object in mind, and moved by thoughts of the welfare of Old Georgians and by the many sons, an association was formally organized, the constitution of the local society at Philadelphia adopted, and the distinguished historian and former President of the General Alumni, Mr. Richard H. Clarke, unanimously elected President of the New York Alumni of Georgetown University.

Among those already in co-operation with the young society are Messrs. Charles A. Hoyt, of Brooklyn; J. Fairfax McLaughlin, John Vinton Dahlgren, Charles N. Hoekstra, John Edgar, Charles Phillips, of Brooklyn, Edward D. O'Brien, H. C. Walsh, Dr. Edward L. Keyes, Jr., John J. A. Becktel, John Brisben Walker, and Thomas Walsh, of Brooklyn. These, with many other loyal sons of Georgetown whom it has not been possible thus far to reach personally, will be asked to attend a general meeting in the near future, when the committee on the constitution, comprised of Messrs. Hoyt, McLaughlin, and Dahlgren, shall have submitted the result of their conferences.

The benefits of such local organizations to Alma Mater are manifold, but cannot but be evident to the least observant. They tend to keep alive college spirit, and foster feelings of friendship and unity among the participants. To the older members they bring dignity and the pleasure of college memories; to the younger alumni they mean personal contact with many who have made their mark in the highest of the world's professions and the model results of collegiate Catholic education. Besides this they show to the world that the pride in Old Georgetown is not less than that of the alumni of non-Catholic colleges whose clubs and fraternities are current topics in our newspapers, and whose organizations are socially, politically, and financially of paramount importance in all our cities.

The annual banquet then, such as is proposed to be given on March 1st or thereabouts, means a reunion of Georgetown men in New York in the interests of Georgetown, the higher Catholic education, and the good fellowship of its members. It will be the first Catholic organization of its kind in New York, and we make bold to say that in its distinguished membership and non-partisanship of its attitude, it will be a credit to Alma Mater and to the most distinguished of her sons.

Mr. Thomas Walsh, who has been elected Secretary, will welcome any names and addresses of former students of Georgetown now settled in New York, as it is important that not anyone be overlooked or wrongly addressed in the call for the next meeting. His address is 114 First Place, Brooklyn.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Just before the closing of the school for the Christmas recess a series of lectures on surgical subjects was given by the eminent German surgeon, Dr. Fehleisen, of Berlin. The lectures were not only highly instructive, but also most interesting. They were well attended by both students and faculty as well, and also by a number of representatives of the medical fraternity of the city.

Many of the students of the first and second year classes took advantage of Dr. Witter's invitation to attend his final lecture on insanity.

The examinations have not yet taken place, but the time for them is drawing near. Several of the professors finished their courses with the first term, and in those branches the examinations will be final.

The schedule for the second term has been completed and posted on the bulletin board. The lectures for the first and second year will be delivered nearly entirely in the afternoon, thus leaving the morning free for study.

We trust that the school will be well represented in the athletics of the University. The track team has in 1683. The document is little known to historians, and almost entirely unknown to the students and general public. It was presented to the Library, through Rev. Father Richards, by Colonel Joseph Smolinski, of Washington. The following is a translation:

"Address to His Holiness Pope Innocent XI by the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend John Casimir Denhof, Abbot of the Holy Sepulchre, Alegate Extraordinary of the Most Serene and Most Mighty John III, King of Poland, delivered on presenting, in the name of the King, the Grand Standard of the Ottoman Army, September 29th, 1683."

"Most Holy Father: It is a most ancient custom, which has come down to our times from the heroic age, for the path of conquerors—whereby they march onward to the temple of fame amid the joyous shouts of those expressing their congratulations—to be strewed with the insignia of their vanquished enemies. But, since John the Third, King of Poland, my Most Gracious Master, owing to his magnanimity, has not gained this victory for himself, but for all Christendom, and since his piety and his profound reverence for Your Holiness and the Apostolic See equal his bravery in war, therefore, he most reverently lays at the feet of Your Holiness, through me, his Alegate, the Grand Standard of the formidable Ruler of the Turks, taken from their camp by the valor of his royal right hand, and in the sum of the Ottoman power.

"King John the Third came, he saw, he conquered. He came, I say, leaving his Kingdom, his Queen, and his children, and rushed to deliver Vienna and to save the Empire; he did so, however, at the instance of Your Holiness, to whom he has given evidence of his devotion by a deed such as had before him been unheard of since the world began. He had not unfurled upon the fierce hordes of Turks which threatened the world; but Your Holiness had made provision by holding this single shield against so great destruction, and, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, knew that he had been destined by God to be the defender of the Christian Religion. Finally, John conquered when he annihilated the hosts of the enemy, which were so numerous that scarcely any plain could hold them, and this victory calls to mind all the laurels of the ancients; John has restored to thee all thy triumphs, O, Rome!"

"But this great victory was won under the auspices of Your Holiness; both of you have conquered—Your Holiness by your prayers and by your liberal pecuniary contributions towards the war, the King by his sword and by hazardizing his royal life."

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

RIGGS LIBRARY.

Perhaps the most precious historical document lately contributed to the Riggs Library is a copy of the address of John Vinton Dahlgren, given by his envoy extraordinary, Count Casimir Denhof, before Pope Innocent XI on the occasion of the presentation to His Holiness of the Standard of the Prophet found in the tent of the Grand Visier, after the deliverance of Vienna and Christianity from the yoke of the Moslem,
started to train at the College, and we hope that many of the medical students will be found among the candidates.

Among the improvements in the school especially worthy of notice is the new Materia Medical laboratory, which has been fitted up in the east room in the front of the building.

Dr. Lochboehler has brought before his class many interesting and rare specimens in illustrating his lectures on botany.


School of Law.

The new constitution adopted last term by the Debating Society went into effect at the beginning of the new year, and it is expected that the society will enjoy a consequent improvement. On Saturday, January 9th, the society met to elect officers for the ensuing term. After a most exciting session the election of a president was effected, and resulted in the choice of John P. O’Brien, A. M., of Massachusetts, by a safe majority. On account of the lateness of the hour the meeting adjourned. On Saturday, January 16th, the election was completed by the choice of the following: M. H. Yount, A. M., of North Carolina, vice-president; John H. Luthy, of New York, secretary; Francis P. Kenedy, A. B., of West Virginia, treasurer; and Roy Thomas, of North Carolina, sergeant-at-arms. The members seem to be promised.

Rev. René Holaind, S. J., has begun his course in Natural Law, and proves a great favorite with the Post-Graduates.

Judge McComas, the latest addition to the faculty, has enthused the Juniors and Seniors from the start in contracts. His genial manners, the energy which he puts in his work, and the legal erudition which he displays in his lectures are destined to make him one of the most popular lecturers in the University.

The parting advice “to young lawyers,” given to the students at the close of his course in Admiralty Law by Justice Brown was listened to with rapt attention, and when the learned judge had finished he was greeted with great applause.

Mr. Charles R. Crisp, of the class of ’96, has recently been elected to Congress to succeed his late lamented father, Speaker Crisp. His classmates predict a brilliant future for Charlie.

Wm. J. Cronin, A. M., LL. M. (’95), and Jno. J. Fitzgerald, A. B., LL. M. (’96), have joined a partnership in Pawtucket, R. I.

What anxiety prevails concerning the results of the recent examinations. “Fleeting” proved a puzzler to the many, and all are eager to know the result.

The Observatory.

From Nature we quote the following: “The Rev. Johann G. Hagen, Director of the Observatory of Georgetown College, Washington, has rendered good service to mathematicians by preparing a complete catalogue of the works of Leonard Euler. Although several catalogues of this mathematician’s works have previously been published, it was found that the information contained in these was in some respects fragmentary and incomplete in regard both to the exact titles of the papers, and to the dates of their publication. The present catalogue is divided into four sections, dealing with mathematical, physical, astronomical, and miscellaneous works respectively; and an idea of the magnitude of Euler’s work may be gathered from the fact that no less than 796 memoirs and notes are included in this catalogue. The publisher is Felix L. Dames, of Berlin.”

Our Library Table.

Ten years ago that which may be called the American School of Catholic Fiction was in its infancy. It was vigorous but untrained. Its first movements were watched with some suspicion. There was a notion in cautious minds that, instead of proving a helpful it might prove a destructive force. Before its arrival the Catholic public was surfeited with little pieties, chiefly from the French, idyllic and devotional, but painfully unreadable. They were pious, indeed, yet placidly uninteresting. In any sense they did not represent American Catholic life or landscape and, as a consequence, appeared in little, save the Faith, to American Catholic readers.

Gradually that which, perhaps, may be described as the Controversial School arose. The fiction it produced did not lack purpose; to a degree it certainly lacked art. The evident intention of the authors was to make His people conversed like animated catechisms. There was little of life; there was a great deal of logic. It never occurred to him that Christian people sometimes grew weary of a pitiless, incessant clash for that which was not, but were created and intended to be. Now and then there was a gleam of temporary sunshine, but for the most part the heavens were sheathed in dull blue steel. We have all seen this mistaken fiction. It was the intention of the writer, apparently, to state as many doctrines of the Church as possible within a limit of so many thousand words—to state them and nail them down with proofs. As a matter of fact he did not make many converts, except on paper. His design was too evident. Protestants, for whom he labored, did not care to read such one-sided stories; and Catholics did not care to read such a larger catechism disguised as a novel. There were many such volumes published, but they had a limited sale. In our own day such occasionally come from the press, but the number grows less each year. Cardinal Newman’s Apologia has done much to drive the ordinary writer of ‘stories of conversions’ out of his martinet calling. Never before had we anything like it in the English language, and it has not been equalled since.

This in outlining past conditions. These were useful in their day, and were of service in preparing the way at which was to be graduated out of these schools another has arisen. The first was not of us, and the second had its limitations. It is quite natural that American Catholics should wish to have a literature which, while no less Catholic, should reproduce the life of the Church as possible within a limit of so many thousand words—to state them and nail them down with proofs. As a matter of fact he did not make many converts, except on paper. His design was too evident. Protestants, for whom he labored, did not care to read such one-sided stories; and Catholics did not care to read such a larger catechism disguised as a novel. There were many such volumes published, but they had a limited sale. In our own day such occasionally come from the press, but the number grows less each year. Cardinal Newman’s Apologia has done much to drive the ordinary writer of ‘stories of conversions’ out of his martinet calling. Never before had we anything like it in the English language, and it has not been equalled since.

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Catholic Realists. They are the forerunners of those who eventually shall succeed in creating the literature of hope. Their work is that of spiritual, moral, physical health; in the years to come such work will overtake the literature of disease. At present the new school is in its infancy. Its limitations are non-existent; yet in the future it will be a giant force. It has been tried and found safe, and may we not say, found popular as palpably necessary?

"A Lover’s Leap," just published by the Benedictines from the press, entitled "Law Relating to the Depart- ment," who a few years ago in his class work at George-town gave rich promise of future deeds of moment. The Clergy, who is a veritable gem and model college.

EXCHANGES.

The Augustin Age of American Literature," in the University of Virginia Magazine, predicts a brilliant future for Southern writers. The author claims the South to be the field where material requisite for every branch of literature is to be found, and that the barren fields of the North are well and even exhausted. As the magazine seems to be distinctly Southern in its ideas, we may expect it to bestow its praises on that favored section of our country. The author should not forget, however, that Northern writers, even with their barren fields, and with scenes and incidents peculiar to those Northern fields, have advanced American literature. But their efforts have been tried and found safe, and, may we not say, found popular as palpably necessary?

We can, with firm assurance, say that whatever novels the future may bring in building construction in Gotham, the health and safety and convenience of the inhabitants will be guarded with great secrecy.

In the compilation of most important municipal laws, with its convenient chaptering, its head notes, and comprehensive index, and its intelligent use of large type to mark important matters, we can plainly see the hand of the precise lawyer and the careful student, who a few years ago in his class work at George-town gave rich promise of future deeds of moment.

The Beaumont Review, of Beaumont, England, presents a fair specimen of the successful college paper, and is full of reading matter for all, from the preparatory to the university classes. There is, however, one defect in the magazine which, in our opinion, needs remedy; that is the utter lack of an exchange column. We are glad, however, that the editors of Beaumont receive recognition through the columns of the Review.

And this is right. The editors seem to bear in mind that they, too, will be old boys some day, and feel that they would not wish to be slighted by Alma Mater.

In the Nassau Literary Magazine we would especially commend the portion devoted to book reviews. The department of a paper or magazine must, of necessity, demand both keen perception and a high literary training. Most people can read a book and afterwards narrate the story, or at least give their impressions of it, but very few can offer a thorough and concise review of a work, particularly if it be on some deep and learned question.

It is not often that a college magazine reaches such a high degree of proficiency as that enjoyed by the Williams Literary.

The Transylvanian is one of the few college periodicals which is illustrated, and this fact makes it a most pleasant exchange. Poe, the Critic and Poet," it is a well-known fact that nearly all the stories it contains were published before "A Lover’s Leap," is composed with considerable force of poetic conception, and is written in an easy and familiar style. "The Eighteenth" is an account of a Haverford football game. It is a veritable gem and model college paper. The Transylvanian also contains "Historic Associations of Canterbury," which is an instructive article, and "Buttercups," a story which may excite some interest.

Princeton, Artist Fotografer.

The Transylvanian is a genuine village. It is full of life, of laughter, of love, tears, and prayers. After reading the volume we look out of the window and hear the shouts of the merry-faced children down the streets of the secluded hamlet, hear shouts of gay French songs borne in on the breeze, see the lowly people at their various avocations, and wish that he who told their heart-stories and soul-stories had not ceased so soon. From a critical point of view the book is fully the equal of Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." From a Catholic view-point it is far superior. To some extent it resembles the work of the Scotch writer, yet it is a well-known fact that nearly all the stories it contains were published before "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was written. "The Vocation of Edward Con-way" is another masterly instance of this kind of fiction.

Gazing at the huge, tall buildings of New York, what deep impression is made upon our mind of the wonderful growth outwards and upwards of this great Metropolis?

The massive "sky-scrappers," that seem to mount even to the clouds, dazzle the eye, and the question, perchance, comes, "What will be the next turn in the building phenomena of New Amsterdam?" Puzzling question, indeed, to answer; and yet we feel able to give a secondum quidem reply, after perusing a book fresh from the press, entitled "Law Relating to the Department of Buildings of the City of New York," and edited by one of Georgetown's most loyal sons and generous benefactors, John Vinton Dalgren, L. M. A. M.

We can, with firm assurance, say that whatever novels the future may bring in building construction in Gotham, the health and safety and convenience of the inhabitants will be guarded with great secrecy.

In the compilation of most important municipal laws, with its convenient chaptering, its head notes, and comprehensive index, and its intelligent use of large type to mark important matters, we can plainly see the hand of the precise lawyer and the careful student, who a few years ago in his class work at George-town gave rich promise of future deeds of moment.

PRINCE, Artist Fotografer. (Corner Penna. Ave. and 11th St. Washington, D. C. 31 Union Square, New York.)
A MONG the ‘old boys’ present at the New York branch of the Alumni Society were Richard H. Clarke, John Vinton Dahlgren, Chas. A. Hoyt, J. Fairfax McLoughlin, Thomas Walsh, Chas. Harris, John J. Beckert, and Mr. O’Neill.

We take the following extract from the columns of the Washington Post of January 7th, containing an announcement of the marriage of Paul Evarts Johnson, a loyal Georgetown alumnus: “The marriage of Miss Juliet May Norton, daughter of Mrs. John Nicholas Norton, to Mr. Paul Evarts Johnson took place Wednesday at noon at the residence of the bride’s mother, 1023 Sixteenth street. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Thomas S. Lee, rector of St. Matthew’s Church, was witnessed by a large assemblage of friends and relatives, who were afterwards entertained at breakfast. Following the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left for a bridal tour in the South.”

NEW YORK, December 16, 1896.

REV. J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S. J.,
President of the University of Georgetown, D. C.

REV. FATHER RICHARDS: The New York Alumni Society of Georgetown University, now for the first time organized, loyally salutes the Alma Mater and the Reverend President and Faculty of the University. Youngest offspring, it hopes soon to welcome other sister societies, children of a noble mother. The benign educational and patriotic influences of Georgetown College upon the generations of a century are not only manifested in the culture, love of country and religion of the descendants of its early graduates and students, but also in the many living alumni, who now rise up and call her blessed. We hope that local alumni societies will become speedily organized in every State of our glorious Union. Mr. Thomas Walsh, our Secretary, will send you a report of the organization. We will hold another meeting soon and endeavor to bring in all the New York Alumni. You will hear from us again.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD H. CLARKE,
President N. Y. Alumni Society.

On Wednesday, December the 30th, Mr. Charles Daniels Rooney, B. A., ’87, joined the happy army of the beneficed and led from the altar Miss Susan Teresa, accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Dundon. The bride is one of Charleston’s charming young ladies. The Journal sends its heartfelt wishes to bridegroom and bride.

“Marriage bells again are sounding.” The Journal acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the marriage of Andre C. Scanlan, M. A., ’95, to Miss Georgette Daniels Rooney, B. A., ’87, joined the happy army of the beneficed and led from the altar Miss Susan Teresa, accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Dundon. The bride is one of Charleston’s charming young ladies. The Journal sends its heartfelt wishes to bridegroom and bride.

From the Bachelor of Arts we take the following lyric, written by Thomas Walsh, ’92, our quondam exchange editor:

CONVENT CHIMES.

Listen—in those long-dead ages,
When one sweet nun chimed their song,
Kings and Prelates, serfs and pages,
On the highway listened long.

But that kindly world is banished
To the people of all classes, races and localities than
Thomas R. Ransom, who died at his father’s home in Hampton County on Saturday, November 14, 1896.

He received the first elements of instruction at his mother’s knee, and afterwards attended the school of his alma mater’s knee, and afterwards attended the school of his alma mater. When young Ransom joined the University of North Carolina, he was thrown in contact, he was most warmly esteemed, and they became his lifelong friends. To all North Carolinians drawn to Washington by business or pleasure Mr. Ransom was especially obliging, never tiring in his attentions, and his exquisite old-fashioned courtesy won all hearts. In 1891 he located in Asheville in the practice of his profession, and maintained his position at a bar the ability of which is not surpassed in North Carolina or elsewhere. In 1895 he went to Hampton County, and rapidly came to the front as a successful and popular lawyer. Early in November symptoms of pneumonia developed, and despite every possible attention, after a short illness, he passed to his last reward.

“Such is the comparatively uneventful record of a noble life. Tom Ransom filled no great space in the public eye; his life was largely spent in serving others. His independent career of great promise had barely begun. Wherever he went he carried sunshine with him. He was generous to a fault, manly, true to every conviction of duty, brave and sympathetic.”

Messrs. Wessel and Horsey are taking a course in electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. J. Ashton Devereux and John F. O’Brien are pursuing their law studies at Columbia, New York.
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