On Washington's Birthday, the Philodemic Society held its annual public debate in Gaston Hall. Despite the inclemency of the weather, the hall was thronged with a very distinguished audience from the city, who seemed to enjoy thoroughly the able efforts of the debaters and the pleasant interludes of the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs. Even before the debate began it was impossible to provide seats for all who had come. The interest felt in the Cuban question, which has been before the country so long, and has been so earnestly discussed in Congress, brought many to hear the arguments which might be adduced to prove that the United States Government was in duty bound to intervene and to end the strife now raging in that fair island. The United States Government was in duty bound to intervene and to sentiment which would lead us from the path of justice, since we have not even the right to intervene at all. Such intervention would be still far from right. Such producing foreign complications, when domestic affairs are not our own people by intervening in Cuba's present rebellion is not justified. Spain has kept the treaty of Zanjon; she has governed the island with wisdom and clemency; a majority of the inhabitants does not favor the rebellion and is opposed to land with wisdom and clemency; a majority of the inhabitants does not favor the rebellion and is opposed to the ruin of the immense American interests involved, of which a detailed account was given. The same conclusions were deduced from the reports of the Government officials. That we are called on to intervene from motives of justice would accomplish the purpose of the proposed intervention. The last thought was fully considered. As will be apparent from this brief summary, Mr. Curley's speech was very carefully composed, and the gentleman deserves our warmest congratulations for his clear and coherent presentation of the subject. When the applause which greeted the encore of the united Mandolin and Banjo Clubs had died away, Mr. Maher arose to present the negative side. His success of last year in the elocution contest led the audience to expect an eloquent defense of the policy hitherto followed by the United States in the present war, and they were not disappointed. The present agitation for intervention on the part of the Government was attributed to sentiment which would lead us from the path of justice, since we have not even the right to intervene at present, much less the duty. "We have not the right," said the speaker, "because intervention would aid a bad cause. Cuba's present rebellion is not justified. Spain has kept the treaty of Zanjon; she has governed the island with wisdom and clemency; a majority of the inhabitants does not favor the rebellion and is opposed to severing connections with Spain; the war originated outside the island, is kept up from without, and has in its ranks but a small minority of the population, representing the most dangerous, lawless, and bloodthirsty element, which is directly responsible for the damage to property and the jeopardizing of commercial relations. Yet, even were it granted that their cause were just, intervention would be still far from right. Such action would be contrary to precedent, and would establish a dangerous line of policy for the future. It would violate international law and our treaties with Spain, and show disloyalty to our own people by introducing foreign complications, when domestic affairs are
more important. Hence, we must avoid such a departure from our traditions and our national policy, and rather listen to the sober counsel of the sages of the nation, the advice of the first and greatest statesman of our land, whose natal day we celebrate, and cultivate peace and harmony with all nations, observe honor and justice towards all. Mr. Maher was frequently interrupted by applause during the course of his speech, which he delivered with his customary vigor and grace.

As the debate had begun somewhat late, the Banjo Club declined to appear for an encore, and Mr. Fox began the second speech on the affirmative. He explained the causes of the war in Cuba, showing that it was justifiable, and then proceeded to show from the methods of both Spaniards and Cubans that the outcome would be the total ruin of the island if the United States did not intervene. To prove that such intervention was our duty, he brought forward arguments from humanity and from justice. Did such not suffice, our own interests demanded action. After developing this last point, he entered upon a discussion of the way in which the duty of intervention was to be fulfilled. The United States Government must act in accordance with her dignity as a nation and use the most effective means. Neither the acknowledgment of Cuba's independence, nor the concession of belligerent rights to the revolutionaries, nor the recognition of a republic which has no government or seat of government, no laws, could avail, and we could not go to war to support a rebellion that is unjustified. Cubans have the same liberties as Latin-American state in commerce, and her progress in her dignity as a nation and use the most effective means. Did such not suffice, our own interests demanded action. After developing this last point, he entered upon a discussion of the way in which the duty of intervention was to be fulfilled. The United States Government must act in accordance with her dignity as a nation and use the most effective means. Neither the acknowledgment of Cuba's independence, nor the concession of belligerent rights to the revolutionaries, nor the recognition of a republic which has no government or seat of government, no laws, could avail, and we could not go to war to support a rebellion that is unjustified. Cubans have the same liberties as

LITERARY WORK.

ODE TO SORROW.

SORROW, sombre visitant,
Unbidden and unwelcome guest,
Death's pale forerunner, sycophant
And heir of Death; whose worst bequest
Is madness or a life's unrest;
Inconstancy, variable sou,
When I have been consoler now—
In all thy moods the loiterer soul,
Self-centered, self-possessed,
Thy crown of thorns hath prest;
And sett'st reluctant chrism on bleeding brows
Who scattereth fire and balm.
Whose right hand bears the sword, whose left the palm;
And settest reluctant chrism on bleeding brows
Thy crown of thorns hath prest;
Whose right hand bears the sword, whose left the palm;
Whose right hand bears the sword, whose left the palm;
Whose right hand bears the sword, whose left the palm;
Whose right hand bears the sword, whose left the palm;
perhaps I had better do as you say; the amount is so small. It would have been useless to have my life insured; a man who kills himself forfeits his insurance, I believe.

For a moment I doubted his sanity. He was not a melancholy man; he had everything to live for.

"You are not well," I began. "You ought to go away; your profession has made you morbid."

"I am perfectly well," he replied in a convincing tone. "You think I am insane because I make an announcement that startles you."

"No man is sane who commits suicide," I cried.

"We do not call it suicide in Russia," he said, carelessly, shrugging his shoulders. "It is one way of fighting a duel. Listen; the story is a short one; I will tell you and I will not keep you long. I have been in this country twenty years; you know that. Twenty-five years ago Mickolai Ivanovitch, an officer in the Russian army, and myself were friends—we had been together ever since boyhood. Unfortunately, we both fell in love with a beautiful American girl. "

"I had always admired the man; now I marveled at his courage. I did not know how to express my grief and sympathy.

"Perhaps he has forgotten," I murmured, hopefully. "Forgotten! You do not know Ivanovitch. I once saw him go ten miles out of his way to kill a dog that had scratched him in play years before."

"Then God have mercy on you," I cried.

I had regarded dueling as an evil belonging to a past generation, tolerated in countries where it could not be condemned; your happiness shall be lost in apprehension.

"How you frightened me," he said, as he held out his hand, which trembled violently. "I am glad you came; I thought of sending for you. I believe I have never known fear."

He arose from his chair and began to pace wildly up and down. "I am a failure."

"I heard nothing," I replied, carelessly; "I scrawled a letter to Catherine."

"I heard that Ivanovitch is in town; she is almost frantic with terror. I have tried to control myself for her sake, but I am weak—weak, and my nerves are giving way. I was calm when I called upon you in your office. The end had always seemed to me so far away; but I am breaking down under the strain. I am afraid of the sound of my own voice; I tremble at a footfall. In Russia men counted me brave, but the courage of the battlefield cannot be compared to the courage it requires for a man to face death alone, to kill himself, when life is very dear to him, and his loved ones are in need of his support.

"I think you exaggerate the case," I said. "Preparations for a duel have never been made; there is no trace of it."

"I tried to disguise myself this morning," he said, "so Mickolai would not recognize me. I did not want to receive his command before I had settled my affairs with you; good-by."

And he walked away, leaving me in a dazed condition. As his confidant I was powerless, for I could not take any active steps without betraying him. Besides, after thinking the matter over I did not believe that Ivanovitch would carry out a threat after twenty-five years; he had passed away. His blood had time to cool, and his disposition to soften, but in spite of my sanguine reflections, when Catherine told me that evening that she was contemplating a visit to her cousin in New York, I urged her to accept the invitation. She was a trifle piqued by my insistence, and asked me if I were tired of her. It was a delightful occupation to convince her that I was not, and I remained late talking of our plans for the future. When I arose to take my departure she said that she would go to New York if I would promise to come see her there, and I promised, little dreaming of the sorrow that was in store for me.

Two uneventful weeks followed. I had been very much engaged attending to some business matters of my own that I had not had the time to call upon Dr. Askasoff, when, one night finding myself in his neighborhood, I thought I would look in upon him and laugh over the tragedy which had spent together, and as I had not heard from Catherine for three days I hoped to receive some news of her.

Dr. Askasoff was at home in his luxurious library, seated before a center table. Instead of the evening clothes which he always wore at this hour he was arrayed in an old dressing gown. He was the most punctilious of men, and his costume surprised me. He had been smoking some strong tobacco, and the room was almost stifling with the heavy fumes.

He started up in alarm as I entered, and dropped the book he had been reading.

"How you frightened me," he said, as he held out his hand, which trembled violently. "I am glad you came; I thought of sending for you. I believe I have reached the last stage of mental imbecility—I have begun to pity myself."

"I would like to change places with you," I said, throwing myself on a soft velvet lounge and lighting a cigar. "You have made success of life; I believe that I am a failure."

"Hush," he cried; "what's that noise?"

"I heard nothing," I replied, carelessly: "I scratched a match. Are you expecting someone?"

He arose from his chair and began to pace wildly up and down. "I am a coward—a coward—I, who have never known fear. Thank God, Catherine is not here to see. My wife has heard that Ivanovitch is in town; she is almost frantic with terror. I have tried to control myself for her sake, but I am weak—weak, and my nerves are giving way. I was calm when I called upon you in your office. The end had always seemed to me so far away; but I am breaking down under the strain. I am afraid of the sound of my own voice; I tremble at a footfall. In Russia men counted me brave, but the courage of the battlefield cannot be compared to the courage it requires for a man to face death alone, to kill himself, when life is very dear to him, and his loved ones are in need of his support."

"I think you exaggerate the case," I said. "Prepare for yourself a strong nerve tonic. Rest assured that Ivanovitch has forgotten the whole affair. He has certainly had time to carry out his murderous designs if he had any such intention.

I spoke with a confidence I did not feel. The sight
of a strong man reduced to such a state of terror and called me.

"I am afraid I will not have the strength to blow my brains out," he went on; "I dread the thought of the unknown. Dick," he cried, clutching at my arm, "do you see that pistol lying on the table? Take it—take it and kill me now."

"You are not responsible for what you are saying," I said, sternly, knowing that I must exert all my strength of will to control him. "Have you slept any of the past week?"

"No," he answered gloomily, "I could not.

"You must take a soporific of some sort," I said. "I know something about medicines. I will stay with you to-night. Lie down here on this lounge."

"The commanding role is very becoming, Dick," he said, with a gleam of his old humor. "I forgot that I was asking you to commit murder. Naturally, a promising young man does not care to be hanged."

"Hanging would be too good for me," I muttered, as I went to a small cupboard where he kept his medicines.

I fumbled among the bottles until I found some morphine. When I gave him a dose he swallowed it and, questioning me; then I sat down beside the lounge and, assuming an air of cheerfulness, I began to talk of impersonal subjects in which we were both interested. After he fell asleep I remained all night reading in the lamplight and watching my patient anxiously. He rested well, and the next morning he was more like himself. When I left him I took care to put both the pistol and the morphine bottle in my pocket.

"You are not responsible for what you are saying," I said, in an undertone if I might call to see her that evening. "I am afraid I will not have the strength to blow my brains out," she interrupted; "he is at the door now. I know him better than you think. He followed me from Washington. He has been here every day."

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At 10 o'clock I boarded a train for New York. I wanted to see Catherine and prepare her for her father's visit. When I arrived at the house she was visiting I found her on the point of going out. When I first saw her she was standing in a heavily draped doorway; she wore a sealskin coat, and I thought the dark color of the fur about her face accounted for her pallor.

"Come in, Dick; I will have to leave you in a moment," she said, beckoning me into the drawing room. "I have an engagement to go walking this afternoon. I have been upstairs all the morning trying to write to you."

"Is it such an effort to write to me?" I asked.

She did not answer my question at once, but walked towards the open fire and held her hands over the cheerful blaze.

"It—it was this morning," she said, hesitatingly. "You—you see I had something to say."

"The same chair that he had occupied the night before, but his manner was calm, and I could scarcely realize he was the same man when he ordered his food and command. Now he seemed to be much the stronger of the two.

He listened to the account of my visit imperturbably.

"It has come in a different way from what I expected," he said. "Poor little Catherine; she acted nobly."

"You think so? Then you approve of the match?"

"The match; why, my dear boy, Catherine will never marry Ivanovitch—she loves you."

"She loves Ivanovitch," I interrupted, hotly.

"Did she say so? Think for a moment; did she say so?"

"No," I admitted. "She did not say so, but she said she was going to marry him."

"Two different things you must confess. You lawyers would not be kept in the law and marriage were synonymous terms. I have been dosing myself all day," he added, irrelevantly, picking up a small pill box that lay on the center table. "I determined that no one should sit up with me to-night.

"I see that you are better," I said, impatient at the indigression. "You say Catherine will not marry Ivanovitch, and she says she will not marry one."

"She will marry you," he said, taking one of the
pills from the box and swallowing it. "Ivanovitch has
threatened her with my destruction, don't you see? He
would give her father's life as a wedding present. Oh,
you keen, young lawyers, you have many things to learn.
Your jealousy blinded you to the real state of her feel-
ings. Go to New York to-morrow and bring Catherine
home before she has promised Ivanovitch to sacrifice
herself for her poor old father's sake. Her heart is as
ture as steel. Thank God, she will have you to com-
fort her when I am gone. Now, go home and get some
rest; you shall see me to-morrow. Trust me, all will be
well. Ivanovitch and I both know how to parry
weapons. Good-night, God bless you, and good-bye." His
tone inspired confidence; I had always depended
upon his judgment. I was so overjoyed at the explana-
tion of Catherine's strange conduct that I never ques-
tioned his power for an instant. A hundred little
things, which I had failed to notice in my interview
with Catherine, flashed across my mind and convinced
me that my jealousy had blinded me, and I cursed my-
self for my stupidity.

I arose the next morning, determined to see
Catherine as soon as possible. When I reached Balti-
more a newsboy came into the car yelling "extra! ex-
tra!" I bought one of the papers and opened it care-
lessly. The first lines that riveted my attention were:
"Suicide of Vasili Askasoff, the Famous Russian Phy-
sician."

He had been found dead by his butler, who had gone
into the library to shut the windows for the night. A
box of arsenic was upon the center table.

Then he must have poisoned himself while I was in
the room while he was talking to me. Catherine was
saved, but at what a cost. This was what he meant
when he spoke of parrying weapons.

I broke the news to Catherine as gently as I could,
and begged her to forgive me for my unbelief in her.
She looked up through her tears, and though her sobs
choked her speech, I knew that my happiness was won.

IGNATIUS.

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Hard is thy speech, O Koheleth! * And what may thy riddle mean
A time for birth, and a time for death,
And a life's grim chance between?

Oh, this is mine hour of birth indeed;
Right full is my fate's round span?
For now will I cast to earth my seed,
Now will I build and plan.

My very birth; Death's self is dead—
A time to sow and to reap,
A time for grace in the old sin's stead,
A time to laugh and to weep!

A time to gather, to patch and mend—
Mute longing for Love's embrace!
Oh, haste Thee, Heart, for it soon must end;
'Twill then be face to face.

Dark is thy saying, Koheleth,
Whatever, however, here and anon—
Though birth he birth, and death be death.
There is Love's one chance between! -

RAY.

A CLOUD-CAPPED beech, unbranch'd and creamy white,
Men, Druid-like, and I, kneel round—'twas Fame:
I conned th' imprinted bark, and vowed my name
Should glow, on zenith-index twig, in light.

The rock-bound coast no footing gives the wave,
Yet, vividly, I climbed, the world could see
My sprig inscribed was highest on the tree;
Then winds arose, and mine first knew a grave.

MICHAEL EARDS.

JUST.

A CRITIC'S REVERIE.

HOLD thine own and work thy will!
Year will graze the heel of year,
But solemn comes the poet here,
And the critic's rarer still.

Nevertheless, the critics do come at times I ask
leave, dear JOURNAL, to give an instance.

Some nights ago I strolled into the "quadrangle"—
'scense aevum est mons"—near that hour when the fellows
are wont to recreate their thought-heavy minds with the
artistic fumes of a certain noted Virginian weed. I
was somewhat ahead of time. The "quad" was like a
winter scene in fairyland.

The night was very clear. The moon, a fiery crescent,
hung in a sky that was almost cloudless. Patches of
fluffy snow here and there sparkling like diamond beds.

On the left the dim walls of the old hall where George-
town's first student, Judge Gaston, sat and listened
and grew in wisdom, and carved his name on the Venetian
blinds: you may read it yet. Famous old walls, hoary
with more than a century of years. Over against me,
the old well where Gaston and his fellows slaked their
thirst. Further on in the chapel, a newer, holier mem-
ory. On my right the old ivy towers and, completing
the enclosure, the main college building, its great
Gothic towers rising heavenward like aged monitors
whose ever-living watchword is —

Fragrant light of my life, vanishing smoke of my
thoughts, dreams, ambition when will the winter wind,
cold, drear, benumbing, chill you, waft you wither-
ward, whither? "Animula, vagula, blandula, quo nunc
abbia?"

Ah! I fear I was sceptical. After all, maybe there are
moods such as a certain classmate and friend of mine
wrote about not so long ago. (Friend he certainly is,
because I know he is too good a philosopher not to
recognize that it is fully as senseless for one to act dis-
agreeably—for example—just because, as the phrase
goes, "one feels in bad humor," as it were foolish for
the husbandman not to labor because, forsooth, the sun
shines not so clearly to-day as yesterday.

Man, indeed, is destined to be led by right reason,
not by feeling. Now, right reason is ever the same;
and consequently, a rational being, line of action is,
in a measure, fixedly marked out. Hence, even though
feeling varies as the wind, even though to act thus or
thus accord not with one's inclinations, that, of itself,
may not determine one's acting or not acting, but King
Reason must give the final nod.

If imitation he permitted me, I shall dub this part of
my reverie "Resolute."
cussion. A veritable world. A college world. The sage Seniors with “saws deep delved from the realms of thought profound”; the important Junior, the artistic Soph, the non-acclaimed Freshman; here they come, the grave, the gay, the careless, the serious, the light and airy; here they come with quips and pranks and happy words, song in their hearts, and singing on the lips, and college songs, such as only students can sing. Silly! Believe me, you would not say so if you would listen in the “quad” of a night, as I do now. Those who have heard do not cry silly.

“There’s a good time coming,” rings out from one corner, and straightway another youth, all unheeding, answers, “You’re griping us, but you can’t fool me. I know you’re not sincere.” or, perhaps, instead of this, is heard the ever popular:

“Tell that to the Man in the Moon.”

Whereat two gay young men, arm in arm, come sauntering out from yonder doorway, lustily shouting:

“I’m sure he’s a hoodoo, You can see it in his looks, You can see it in his looks, He’s just the kind of hoodoo We have read about in books,” etc.

These discordant elements appear later on to much better advantage when the singers clustered together in goodly fellowship on the steps of Old North; and with every unruly voice hushed about them they rehearse in song the brave deeds and prowess of some one of their classmates. A veritable world. A college world. The song the brave deeds and prowess of some one of their classmates.

The witchery of song is on them and they pass from the “quad” of a night, as I do now. Those who have heard do not cry silly.

The breathing spell is ended. The singing is echoed to silence, and to me. I shall go too. I have no sufficient reason for standing here idle.

Harry Burton, ’97.

LARA—A CRITIQUE.

It was the remark of an eminently judicious writer that the poems of Lord Byron can be relished by those who think of Byron as a poet who has created a variety of character. Let us consider Lara.

This work bears a strong resemblance to the later poems of Byron, possessing the same beauties and the same imperfections as his other works. “Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn” best describes the energy displayed in this piece, which is a vivid delineation of bold and vehement feelings, abounding in sentiments of dignity and tenderness, as well as in passages of rare sublimity and beauty. There are no pretensions to ingenuity of plot, nor is there a very regularly connected development of incidents. In his animated narration the temptations are so abundant that the whole machinery of the mind to keep the trend of the story. He places the bare facts before us without making any attempt to enlarge upon, or in any way to embellish them, and the piece somewhat resembles the framework of a house in its process of erection before the finishing touches have been placed upon it by the hand of the artisan. In this respect it is the counterpart of the Corsair, and both poems entice the reader by the same vivid conceptions, strong expressions, and overstrained fiction in which we may take a peculiar delight. There is something in both poems which more than offsets their sensibilies as we journey through the romantic regions with characters who are capable of affecting us in such a way as to cause us to admire them, while at the same time we would despise them, if painted in any other manner than Byron’s.

Lara, the chief, has returned again to his wide domain, which event had caused great rejoicing in his spacious hall. In his early youth he had been left by his sire when

“Too young such loss to khow, Lord of himself, that heritage of woe; That heartwound empire which the human breast But holds to rob the heart within of rest! With none to check and few to point in time The thousand paths that slope the way to crime; Then, when he most required commandment, then Had Lara’s daring boyhood governed men.”

Although, when telling the story of the piece, we should not introduce our remarks upon the diction, it does not seem out of place, since such a faulty line as

“Then, when he most required commandment, then” suggests itself, to notice it. The fault, like a few others of like nature which occur, lies in the diction and not in poetical thought. Such a line in “Thompson’s Sophisba,” killed the work by having the reply,

“O, Jemmy Thompson, Jemmy Thompson, 0!”

added to it, but we do not say this of the line under consideration. But to return to the poem. Lara, being left in such circumstances, most naturally rushed into the indulgence of every passion, and there “found his recompense in joy or woe.”

“So Lara left in youth his fatherland, But from the hour he waved his parting hand Each trace waxed fainter of his course, till all Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.”

He sent no message to his people,

“* * * "And conjecture grew, Cold in the many, anxious in the few,”

until his name was scarcely mentioned in his hall.

Bunting that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning mire; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who are sick of life; who are at war with society; who are supported in their anguish only by an unquenchable pride; resem-
But at last he returns in sudden loneliness, accompanied by a single page of foreign aspect. The people see and recognize him through changed aspect and appearance. They beheld in him the pride, but not the fire of his early days, and could trace some deep feeling on his livid face, but from his lips they could learn nothing of his experiences.

Once, again, he mingled with the magnates of his land and joined in their gay carousals. But he only saw, and did not share their pleasure. His silent reserve and his desire to be alone at once caused fear and wonder in his associates.

"'Twas strange, in youth all action and all life, Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife; Woman, the field, the ocean, all that gave Promise of gladness, peril of a grave; In turn he tried, he ransacked all below, And found his recompense in joy or woe, No tame, trait medium, for his feelings sought In that intenseness an escape from thought. The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed On that the feeble elements hath raised; The rapture of his heart had looked on high, And asked if greater dwelt beyond the sky; Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme, His spirit seemed to dare you to forget! To curse the withered heart that would not break.

The adventures which Lara had met with made an entire revolution in his character, and this change is admirably depicted in the poem. His vassals, as is the rule in such cases, appeared to know more about their master's adventures than anyone else, and their conjectures and surmises furnished them an abundant supply of gossip.

"All was not well, they deemed, but where the wrong? Some knew, perchance, but 'twere a tale too long; And such, besides, were too discreetly wise To more than hint their knowledge in surmise."

"It was the night, and Lara's glossy stream So calm the waters scarcely seem to stray, And yet they glide like happiness away, Reflecting far and fairy-like from high The immortal lights that live along the sky; It's braided with many a goodly tree, And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee; Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove, And Innocence would offer to her love; These deck the shore; the waves their channels make In windings bright and mazy, like the snake, All was so still, so soft in earth and air You scarce would start to meet a spirit there; Secure that naught of evil could delight To walk in such a scene on such a night."

So Lara deigned and turned from scene to scene, and in his solitary hall fell to musing. 'Twas midnight:

"Hark, there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall, A sound, a voice, a shriek, a fearful call! A long, loud shriek—and silence."

The slaves rush in confusion to the scence, and there beheld Lara

"Cold as the marble, where his length was laid, Pale as the beam that o'er his features played."

They raise him up and bear him away. But hush! he breathes, he speaks, but he speaks in accents of an unknown language approaches, and he alone appears to understand the words of his master, which he would not interpret.

"Whate'er his phrenzy dreamed, or eye beheld If yet remembered n'er to be revealed, Rests at his heart."

Had memory of that hour vanished when his sense was restored: since, by no word, nor look, nor gesture, did he betray a feeling that recalled to these that averted moment of his mind's disease? His breast had buried all signs of the cause and effect of that terrible hour. What was Lara? What was his disposition? The people guessed and gazed, and fain would know his fate and his past career, but could not solve the mystery. 'A thing of dark imaginings,' was the only answer they could give themselves, and

"Those who saw him asked for him again, And those to whom he spake remembered well, And on the words however light would dwell? None knew, nor bow, nor why, but he entwined Himself to perform around the reader's mind, There he was stamped in liking or in hate, If greeted once; however brief the date That friendship, pity, or aversion knew, Still there within the inmost thought he grew. You could not penetrate his soul, but found, Despite your wonder, to your own he wound; His presence haunted still; and from the breast He forced an all unwilling interest; Vain was the struggle in that mental net, His spirit seemed to dare you to forget!"

There was a festival in Otho's hall, whither Lara came, a most welcome guest. But he took no part in the merry-making, but leaned against a pillar and gazed upon the fluttering fair. At length he encounters the gaze, which had been fixed upon him for some time, of keen inquiry and of mute amaze.

"'Tis he!" the stranger cried, "'tis he! How came he thence? What doth he here?" Such a question Lara could not pass by, and replied: "'Tis Lara! I shun no question, and I wear no mask." To which Sir Ezzelin replied: "Wonder—there is none, thy heart must answer. dost thou deem me the unknown? Gaze again, thy memory was not given in vain.

"Never cast thou cancel half the debt, Eternity forbids thee to forget.

A sound, a voice, a shriek, a fearful call! A long, loud shriek—and silence."

Lord Otho interposes, and decides on the morrow as the time for settling their difficulties, and to this Lara and Ezzelin agree.

So Lara called his page and went away. Here is introduced a description of the character of Kaled, the page, which is as well drawn as the character of Lara, in another part of the poem. In about an hour Ezzelin retired, and soon the host creeps to his accustomed couch. So ends Canto I.

"Night wanes—the vapors round the mountain curled Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

"Tis noon and the chieftains are assembled in Otho's hall. Lara is also there, but why comes not Ezzelin? Otho speaks: "I know my friend, and I pledged my word for him, and will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

He threw his glove to the earth and the two chiefs drew their falchions.
Upon the breast of the corpse was noticed the badge of knighthood, which Sir Ezzelin wore, and, if thus he perished,

"Charity upon the hope would dwell:
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell."

Kaled, Lara, Ezzelin are gone, and there is none left to tell us the secret of Lara's life. Kaled deeply mourned the loss of her master, and so greatly did it affect her that she would seldom leave the spot where she fell.

"This could not be—she lives by him she loved.
Her tale untold—her truth too deeply proved."

Such is the tale of Lara, a poem which absorbs our minds by the variety of incidents and feelings, which excites our sympathies by the eccentric, yet pathetic characters of Kaled and Lara. The passages we have presented for the reader are rather to illustrate the story and characters than to display the greatest beauties of the poem; for in this work Byron's great and favorite art of painting his chosen characters is well exemplified. The pictures of nature, man, and society, which he presents to our view, are those of Byron's elevated genius, which cannot be surpassed in any language.


IN LESSER ARCADIE.

HERE THE DAWN.

Hear the sad, bemoaning wind
Toning frenzied rain;
See the tears it leaves behind,
On the window-pane.

Clouds that night could never see,
Mocking, mountain-high,
Hasten to extremity.

Fiendlike in the sky.

Still, though sorrow now be king,
Hope, my soul be thine;
Rain-strings be my harp, I'll sing,
Heart-joy soon must shine.

When the dawn is rosy-bright,
See the window-pane,
Purer kisses gives the light
Shrived by yestern rain.

—Blow and frown, lone sorrow's gale,
Shriving woes I know;
Weave away, I'll wear thy veil,
Till the East doth glow.

MICHAEL EARLS.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I'st time a toy, bright Butterfly?
Knight-errant sworn to vanity!

Deserter from the bee brigade,
Grim Captain Care thou dost evade;
Thou takest life right merrily.

A reveling in fields of rye,
Disembling love to blossoms shy,
Thou naughty, thriftless renegade;

Is time a toy?

O tell me thy philosophy?
For often have I wished that I
Could my wan, straining soul persuade
To join sweet Pleasure's cavalcade;
'Tho ever cries dread Destiny,

Is time a toy?

SAMUEL J. WAGGAMAN, '98.

HOMER—AN EPIPHATH.

Here undisturbed in the earth, rests a handful of dark-colored ashes;
Even the gentlest breath might scatter them over the sea.
And this is the font from which issued the plumed hero, Achilles. We once sprang the bulwark of Troy, Hector the mighty of soul.

J. F. G. '97.
A ZEPHYR.

Some may wait for the flowers of spring,
But I am waiting for thee.
There's music for some in the birds that sing,
Some may wait for the flowers of spring,
But truth and sweet loyalty all that you bring,
Are music and beauty for me.
Some may wait for the flowers of spring,
But I am waiting for thee.

KITTY’S CHARMS.

If Kitty’s eyes would shine for me,
I’d give the sun fair warning.
He needn’t rise to light my skies,
For the true beam of Kitty’s eyes
Would make my morning.

If Kitty’s lips were red for me,
In weather dark or sunny.
I straight would bid the buzzing bee
He needn’t rob the rose for me,
Her lips are honey.

If Kitty’s heart would beat for me,
So low I scarce could hear it.
I’d give the world, at least, my part
For just one beat of Kitty’s heart,
And my heart near it.

LEAR.

CAN you travel back, at least in imagination, the long avenue of time to your childhood days and recall the almost ecstatic joy that filled your young breast when a brand new penny was placed in your eager little hand? What visions of future enjoyment to be obtained in the expenditure of that Croesus-like fortune arose in your mind. Your check of a thousand in later years has your mind. Your check of a thousand in later years has

your mind. Your check of a thousand in later years has

AN INAUGURATION RAMBLE.

Columbia, like the Roman Cornelia of heroic days, leads forth two of the noblest and most honored of her children, and, with countenance flushed with pride, introduces them to her sister nations and says: "This is my own, my native land." Yes, this is the land of liberty and this is Liberty’s own day. Columbia, like the Roman Cornelia of heroic days, leads forth two of the noblest and most honored of her children, and, with countenance flushed with pride, introduces them to her sister nations and says: "These are my jewels and my ornaments." Thousands of her other faithful children, sons and daughters, flock from all parts of her vast domain to do honor to the glorious occasion. The hardy forester of Maine’s primeval woods and the sunburnt ranchman of Texas’ broad farm lands stand side by side beneath the marble dome of their nation’s capitol, and their hearts swell with pride as they admire its graceful and noble proportions, and feel deep within them the sublime sentiment of Scott—

"This is my own, my native land."

Glorious was its origin and glorious has been its history. The noblest republic of antiquity owed its rise to the hands of the lawless and the criminal, who sought an asylum from justice behind its rising walls. The bloody hand of fratricide was branded on the forehead of its heroic founder. But the grandest republic of the nineteenth century was born amid the anguish of oppression and tyranny; was nourished in the blood of patriots, and advanced to a lusty and vigorous manhood by the energy, determination, and perseverance of its devoted sons. It has extended a hearty welcome and a protecting arm not to the law-breaker and the law pursued subject of other countries, but to those whom unjust persecution at home, or the righteous impulse of self-amelioration, has urged to find a new home beneath its starry flag.

And to-day Washington—"hoc domicilium clarissimi imperii"—is richly decked in her national glory. And Dame Nature, in her eagerness to honor the hour, has ransacked her Aeolian weather bureau and has presented us her choicest occasion. The pluvial clouds, avoiding Mother Nature’s whip, are hovering over other lands; the martial sun, the chilling blasts, the ver nal breezes kiss, on a thousand house-tops, the symbol of our liberty. How beautiful seems our flag to-day:

“When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streaking of the morning light.
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.”

In the broad piazza of the Capitol stand thousands of America’s patriotic sons and daughters: a pushing, jost ling, happy, expectant throng. Methought it must have been in just such a throng that our illustrious transatlantic friend—Darwin—first derived his notions of the "Survival of the Fittest;" for after wriggling and thrusting and squirming and pushing for nearly an hour I found myself at last alone—

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,
Near the steps of the Capitol. I thought that the monkey must have had an awful time with its fellow-creatures—especially if there were many of the parrot type—to last long enough to reach its final development—man. But stop; this is a holiday; and with Shakespeare let’s throw evolution, like physic, to the dogs.

But, as I remarked, the broad piazza is crowded with enthusiastic Americans. Behind them, on the verge of the piazza, is the marble statue of the venerable Washington. Before them—that powerful magnet which has drawn them hither from every State of the Union—his twenty-fifth successor, Gold and Silver; Who would imagine, as he looked upon that happy, peace-loving throng that surrounds the Capitol, that but three short months ago the very foundations of our country’s greatness seemed threatened with destruction by the party spirit of rival enthusiasts of the two metals. But to-day, because the country has spoken, difference of opinion is laid aside, and all gather round to acknowledge and honor the victory of Gold.

And now the hour of 12 is at hand. The worthy leader who for four years held the helm and guided the bark of state through tempestuous waters, relinquishes his difficult position to a worthy successor, who has served his country faithfully in the council of its elders, and has won the esteem, the admiration, and the confidence of his fellow-men, and we can bid him no more heartfelt Godspeed in his new position than in the words of Horace:

"Diuque
Soni potius triumphus
Hic magnos
Ames didi pater princeps,"

It is done. The mantle of power sits gracefully on the shoulders of our new President, and I must hasten westward, for westward the college youth, like the course of power, takes his way.

T. C., ’97.


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**PRIZE ESSAYS.**

**LOOKING** over the College Calendar for '97 we notice May the 15th is the latest date for handing in prize essays and for examinations for special prizes.

Hence we would urge upon the upper class men the advantages to be derived from taking part in the contest for the various prizes that the generosity of the University's friends have established. These things, it is true, are not a part of the regular curriculum. A student can complete his course successfully, and go forth into the world armed with his degree without ever giving a thought to these special competitions. Yet we ask ourselves the question: "Why is it that the University students show so little interest in these special prize contests?" Is it because the student, making an honest effort in matter outside the regular class work, fears the smile of the pitying compassion of his less energetic companions? Or is it because the majority of the students feel that they cannot conscientiously take from their regular work the time requisite for the preparation of a suitable essay? Or does not the real secret of this indifference to such work lie in that repugnance, ingrained in our nature, to everything that requires the least exertion, most of all the intellectual faculties?

"We tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way."

In matters of literary work some are essentially lazy. They seem to spend their energy, or, better, the minimum part of it, on class work, and devote the remainder to athletics, to mental deterioration in the perusal of indifferent novels, and to the heroic effort of making time ill employed, or not employed at all, pass pleasantly.

The advantages arising from individual effort exerted in the various matters assigned for special competition have certainly failed to present themselves to the minds of the majority of the students. These matters include History, Natural Science, Mathematics, Literature; and success or even slight advancement in any one of these branches will certainly improve the student's position and influence in the intellectual world around him.

True, all these subjects, or the matter falling within the scope of these subjects, are treated in the ordinary College curriculum; but, with the great variety of matter to be studied during the brief period of a term, that thorough study of the matter, that looking at it from every standpoint, that complete mastery of it cannot possibly be admitted. But with the subject assigned for private work this study, this investigation, this mastery is possible, and with energetic action on the part of the student is sure of attainment.

Most of our students are looking forward to a professional life—some in the courts of justice, some in the sick room, some, it may be, at the altar. But he will be the successful lawyer who has learned to unravel the knotty points of law, who can skilfully arrange and sift and select the proper evidence; who has learned how to press home the point strongly favoring his view of the case. But the essay, offered for private work, drills the young man in just such kind of work, and helps him, therefore, to success in his profession. Again, this private work enkindles in the young man a love of study and research—characteristics insuring to their possessors absolute success.

When the young lawyer or the young doctor has acquired the right to practice, he is but beginning his professional career; he has by no means seen the whole field of either medicine or law; and it is only by having learned to utilize the spare moments in mastering still further the principles of his profession that he may hope to attain to any distinction in that profession. Yet, the young man who passes through College without having acquired this art of the right use of time, will find that he must remain many years at the foot of the ladder of success—until, in fact, he attain to this perfection. And yet the seed of this perfection can be sown in his first attempt of competition in the various essays offered by the Faculty.

**ATHLETIC DUES.**

A very serious consideration which faces us at the beginning of every baseball season is the question of providing funds to carry on our games. This burden falls in great part on the members of the Yard Association, whose annual dues, though not much from each one, yet in the aggregate enable the Executive Committee to satisfy the debts contracted. Hence, it is with the greatest chagrin that we learn from the Treasurer's report how few of the students have paid these Yard Dues. We are loath to believe that this neglect has been intentional; it must be attributed to forgetfulness; for surely every loyal Georgetown heart would prompt a ready payment, lest by any chance our sports should suffer harm. Athletics are kept up here, approved of and encouraged by the Faculty for our sake; first of all, to provide recreation and enjoyment even for those who may not feel inclined to take part in the contests. We can imagine how dismal college life would be had we no chance for such sports; and yet how many of us are remiss in doing our part to make them possible.

Few students realize how much money is needed to provide for the season's expenses. A moment's reflection would bring it home to them that the amount cannot be small, and that funds should be in hand at once. We need not insist with Georgetown men on the fact that these dues are a debt of honor. To fail to pay them would be a gross injustice both to the members who have paid their dues, and also to those who devote much time and labor to make our sports successful, and to keep our College in the forefront of the Athletic world. May we not rest confident that our appeal will not go unheeded, but that our Treasurer will find his offers well-filled when the baseball season opens?
UNIVERSITY NOTES.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

[In the course of the last month notice was sent to the majority of the candidates for the Ph. D. to the effect that the Faculty had well-founded hopes of their success. This was the result of a satisfactory report of progress made by their director in the preparation, Father Brucker, combined with a test dissertation which they had submitted in January. They have still before them ere they can doff the white silken hood the two main conditions of an elaborate dissertation: Defensio in Universa Philosophia before essentially elected board of examiners. However, three years' training in Philosophy as a field of predilection ought to produce athletes eminently fit for the contest and the prize.

The candidates have announced their intention of presenting the following treatises, written for the event:

- Henry Francis Reilly, A. M., "Sense and Intelect."
- Edward James Tobin, A. M., "God, Divine Attributes, Providence."
- L. Louis Tracey, A. M., "General Ethics with Law and Conscience."

Second only to the emphasis which Georgetown places on Philosophy is the careful and minute consideration given to initiate her graduates in the principles of History from the double aspect of reader and author. Indeed, nothing could be more timely in view of the impetus felt towards the history of our own country, both general and local. With the principles imparted by Father Welch there is no danger that our American history will have to be rewritten, like that of Europe.

As soon as dates can be arranged after Easter the course of Comparative Literature will be reinforced with a series of lectures on Dante. The literary ability, the residence in Italy, and the long and profound study of his subject on the part of the lecturer, are guarantees for the prediction that the greatest of Christian poets will have a worthy commentator in the Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J. In this connection might we not suggest that a permanent chair of Dante, such as was founded at Florence, would be peculiarly appropriate to the Graduate School of Georgetown. In the Divina Commedia is summarized and centralized much deeper mysteries. Poetry and Romance, which had had their shrine for generations along our "Walks," are now to be accompanied by Science, with her revelation of human knowledge which is so fair and encouraging and advantageous to the maturing scholar.

To further the interests of Biology, Mr. Sylvester D. Judd, who conducts the laboratory practice, has taken up his residence at the University. His object is to be on hand for reference to any student who seeks information in Natural History. As soon as the weather permits he will lead parties into the neighborhood which is rich in botany, and examine the world of animate creation. Poetry and Romance, which had had their shrine for generations along our "Walks," are now to be accompanied by Science, with her revelation of deeper mysteries.

Mr. Judd will supervise the arrangement and classification of the specimens stored in the Coleman Museum.

The liberality of Mrs. E. McCollgan of New York, enables the students on the premises to assert their independence of the Medical School in the matter of microscopes. Fifteen more are needed to render the independence complete. The instruments procured from Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, N. Y., are fine specimens of the progress made in scientific mechanism.

The Philonomian Debating Society have elected the following officers: Chairman, Pa., Vice-President, John English, Ill., Secretary: E. Louis Byng, N. Y.; Treasurer: William Moran, Mich., Amanuensis; P. F. Fleming, Mass., 1st Censor; Joseph Fitzpatrick, Pa., 2d Censor.

SCHOOL OF LAW.

The season of examinations has again arrived, and on Thursday, March 11th, the Junior and Post-Graduates were opened on the 16th by Justice McComas, who held the students spellbound with an eloquent and erudite discourse on the origin of "Trial by Jury.

Those who are fortunate enough to be matriculates at the Georgetown Law School can never complain of lack of opportunity to develop forensic talents. The Debating Society holds its weekly meetings on Saturdays, and these, together with frequent class meetings, furnish occasion for youthful endeavors.

On Saturday, February 27th, the first public debate of the Society was held. The old but ever new question of the feasibility of women's suffrage was debated in the affirmative by Mr. J. C. Chez, of Indiana, and Mr. Harry B. Fowler, of Maryland, and in the negative by Mr. Stephen J. Casey, of Rhode Island, and Mr. J. Raymond Stafford, of the District of Columbia. Mr. Chez made an able and eloquent plea for the rights of suffrage for women by presenting the testimony of centuries, and when he finished the audience gave manifestation of possessing a deal of the talent which has won for his country a national reputation, closed for the negative, and in a masterly manner inveighed against the adoption of the women suffrage scheme. All through his address there were outbreaks of applause, and when he finished the audience gave manifestation of their keen appreciation of the following man's successful effort. The judges of the debate—Mr. Herbert Cecil Lewis, editor of the Army and Navy Journal; J. Altheus Johnson, Esq., and Hon. Seth Shepard—decided in favor of the negative on the merits of the debate.

On Saturday, March 27th, the next public debate will take place. The immigration question will be discussed by Messrs. Kelly, of Maryland; Doran, of Virginia; Conboy, of New York, and Vea, of the District of Columbia.

Arrangements are being completed for a series of inter-collegiate debates with the University of New York Law School. The first debate will be held in Washington early in April, and the second in New York in the middle of May. Great interest is being shown in the matter, and everybody is looking forward to the contests with the hope that the Blue and Gray may again wave triumphant in the arena of debate as it has in many an athletic contest. The tradition of Georgetown's four victories in inter-collegiate debate is fresh among the students, and no effort will be wanting to obtain new laurels.

The heartfelt sympathy of all the law students is extended to their fellow student, Mr. John H. Luthy, in the death of his beloved young wife.
In the Van Riswisk will case, which occupied seven weeks in Judge McComas' Court, our Law School faculty was certainly well represented. Prof. R. R. Perry was associate counsel for the caveatee, and Prof. J. M. Wilson for the caveator. Prof. T. A. Lambert and Prof. J. J. Darlington were among the witnesses, as were Charles Wiltord, a Georgetown Law School graduate, one of the chief parties to the suit; and all was under the able supervision of Judge McComas, professor of contracts. The case was closely followed by a large number of the students.

School of Medicine—The Proposed Hospital.

The Alumni and friends of our venerable Alma Mater rejoice on learning that an enterprise promising great results for higher education, science and charity, as well as for the immediate interest of the University, has been set on foot by the Medical Faculty. This is the erection of a hospital in connection with the School of Medicine which has the proud honor of leading all progressive movements in medical education in the District. To be more specific, it can humbly claim the honor of being first to lengthen the course of study from two to three years and later of making four years' study requisite for the attainment of the degree.

In 1895, it set the example to the other medical schools in Washington of changing the course from night to day sessions—a radical but inevitable step—and perfected the courses in Bacteriology, Biology, and kindred branches. Indeed, its corps of professors in these sciences compares favorably with those of many larger and more wealthy universities.

Moved by a determined desire, that knows no impediment insurmountable, of placing the Medical School on the highest possible plane in the scientific world the Medical Faculty, relying upon the staunch support of friends tried and true, decided upon another advance. Heretofore, the Professors have depended on the various hospitals about the city in their endeavor to give their students thorough clinical instruction. They have made the best possible use of the advantage afforded and are under great obligations to these hospitals, the Emergency, the Garfield and others, for facilities so kindly extended; especially Providence Hospital where, for four or five years, they have had an operating room with the most modern and improved appliances for antiseptic surgery. But the urgent need of a hospital especially allied to the school has long been felt, and all the more since the change from night to day sessions. Consequently, one year ago the Medical Faculty, after consultation with the President of the University, decided to make an earnest effort to meet this necessity. A careful study of the hospital want of various sections of this beautiful city of distances disclosed the fact that old Georgetown with a population of from thirty to forty thousand lacked even the semblance of a hospital, save the Home for Incurables. Indeed, so utterly unprotected has been this district that in cases of accident, time and again, have lives of poor unfortunates been lost before medical assistance could arrive, or their bruised and torn frames be conveyed to the hospitals two and a half miles distant. The Faculty rejoiced, then, that in meeting the exigencies of their own noble work they were able to do the quondam city of Georgetown a great public good. As a site for the proposed hospital a lot on the corner of Thirty-fifth and N streets, north-west, was selected. This land, which has a frontage of sixty-three feet on Thirty-fifth street and 120 feet on N street, has been in the possession of the University for many years, and at present is occupied by some old brick buildings.

Whilst the Faculty were first facing the main difficulty of raising funds for the building itself, a friend appeared in the person of the philanthropic Mr. E. Francis Riggs, who many times has succored the University's wants. This much esteemed gentleman encouraged the Faculty to begin a general subscription by himself pledging one thousand dollars.

Friends of the University and the general public of Washington and Georgetown were then asked to cooperate in the good work.

Forty or more of the leading ladies and gentlemen of the city were present at the first meeting, which was held at the home of the Misses Riggs on February 7th. Justice Morris presided, with Doctors Kober and Devereux as secretaries. Doctor Johnson reviewed the history of the project, and closed by announcing that some person in the assemblage, whose modesty would not allow his name to be divulged, had intimated that he hoped to be able, when fifteen thousand dollars were aspired, to duplicate that amount, and thus complete the great undertaking. This good news was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the fact that the subscribers represented all shades of religious belief, no other set remarks were made by those present, but their sentiments and co-operation were given a tangible expression at the desk of the secretary, who read the list of subscribers, showing that the subscriptions immediately available amounted to $7,980, with $4,020 assured in subsequent instalments, and that $2,200 of this was pledged by the Medical Alumni for the equipping of an operating room. A constitution, providing for the permanent organization of the Georgetown University Hospital Aid Committee, was then adopted and signed by all the ladies and gentlemen present. The meeting adjourned, to convene again on Thursday, April 8th, in the same place, when reports of further progress will be made.

The success of their first efforts may well be a source of congratulation to the friends of education and humanity in the District, and especially to the citizens of Georgetown, who cannot be blind to the inestimable results that will accrue to the section of the city from this proposed hospital. Its location, close to the new Union Station, which is the terminus of four street car lines, is certainly an ideal one for a hospital. Ought we not, then, look forward to a hearty co-operation in the work from those who, residing in this historic section, best know the great need of such an institution as this will be best able to benefit from its establishment? Yea! We have too much faith in their local pride and public spirit to think that they will fail to look upon the pro-
j ect as something of their own, as well as the “dulce decus” of the venerable college on the hill, or refuse to join hands with those who have begun the work and to contribute each according to his own means and his love for the public good. The following is a list of the subscribers who, up to the present, have kindly made the hospital assurance success by their contributions: Mr. E. Francis Riggs, $1,000; Mr. A. Linner, $1,000; Mr. Chr. Heurich, $1,000; Mr. J. T. Varnell, $500; Mr. G. W. Ray, $500; Mrs. E. Curtz Johnson, $500; Benziger Bros. of New York, $250; Mme. Bonaparte, $250; Mr. Thos. E. Waggaman, $200; Mr. John S. Larmcombe, $200; Col. Bromme, $100; Dr. Holden, $100; Dr. Hazen, $100; Dr. Allen, $100; Mr. Thos. Hyde, $100.

The following persons have each promised to give $100 every year for four years: Miss Alice L. Riggs, Mrs. Hugh Reilly, Mr. Ed. Myers, Mrs. and Miss Jane A. Riggs, Miss Ella Morris, Mrs. Senator Murphy, Mrs. Lincoln A. Smith.

Other contributions of various amounts have been made by the following: W. A. McMahon, New York. John Crane, New York, General Stanley, Admiral Weaver, Admiral Ramsay, Ex-Surgeon General John Moore, Miss Lizzie Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Wimsatt, E. B. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Ohmshead, Pears and Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. John Moran, John W. Clark, Geo. W. Wood, Miss. I. Heen, Mrs. Harrie Webster, Mrs. M. E. Crichton, Miss V. Clure, Miss Marie C. Redfern, Mrs. M. Devereux, Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Manogue, Mr. Geo. Green, Miss Green, Miss Nancy Green, Mr. T. I. Stanton, Mrs. Hugh Reilly, Mr. Ed. Myers, Mrs. and Miss Dyer, Mr. Jos. Collins, Mr. J. Hadley Doyle, Mr. B. W. Summey, Melville A. Hays, G. A. Fortier, Wm. G. Waggaman, James D. Menkin, C. E. Colliflower, Dr. Sotheron, Dr. Finney, of Colorado. The members of the Medical Faculty, not satisfied with devoting their time and services to the work, have, themselves, given subscriptions amounting in the aggregate to more than $3,000, though the payment of this sum, as well as of a number of those promised by others, is distributed over several years. The members of the Faculty who have thus subscribed are: Drs. Lovejoy, Magruder, Klein-schmidt, Jos. Taber Johnson, Kober, Fry, Baker, Adams, Moran, J. Dudley Morgan, Devereux, Magee, Ashford, Reisinger, Thomas, and Crittenden.

The architect, Mr. C. B. Keferstein, has donated his services for designing the plans and superintending the construction of the entire hospital, with no charge beyond the $250 offered as the prize of the competition. This will be equivalent to a gift of some $1,200 or $1,500. Mr. Chas. Fisher has donated surgical instruments. A perfected list of the subscribers and their contributions will be published in our next issue.

JOHN P. O'BRIEN.

THE GLEE CONCERT.

On Monday evening, March 1st, the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs gave their second concert of the season. It was the first week-day of Inauguration week: the weather was deliciously cool. Electric conveyance from the city was most rapid and convenient, and hence Gaston Hall held a large and most fashionable gathering to welcome these gleemen of the Blue and Gray. The apt circumstance of the time, the gratifying weather was equivalent to a gift of some $1,200 or $1,500. Mr. Chas. Fisher has donated surgical instruments. A perfected list of the subscribers and their contributions will be published in our next issue.

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Noyes, Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. Richard Alward Johnson, Mrs. J. Donald Cameron, Mrs. G. Colwell Summer, Mrs. Capt. Kendall, Mrs. Capt. Craig, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. McGill, Mrs. Diamond, Misses Morris, Misses Riggs, Mrs. Lient. Gallagher, Mrs. Edwin B. Hay, Mrs. Justice McComas, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. McCahill, Mrs. Senator Sherman, Mrs. Moran, Mrs. Wm. B. Hibbs, Mrs. Senator Murphy, Mrs. W. F. Tucker, Mrs. Justice McCammon, Mrs. Wn. G. Waggaman, Mrs. J. Hubley Ashton, Mrs. Richard Kerens, Mrs. Admiral Ramsay.

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President—F. W. Donahue, '97, Me.
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Director—J. J. Deck, S. J.
1st Tenors—M. B. Kirby, '97, D. C., Manager; E. J. Franklin, '98, Me.

BANJO CLUB.

Leader—Francis W. Donahue, '97, Me.
Manager—E. F. Mulligan, '99, Miss.

Mandolin Club.

Leader—C. de B. Claiborne, '99, La.

Flute—W. S. Worthington, Law, D. C.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

The Reverend W. Reynolds Cowardin, sometime Vice-President of the College, is sojourning with us at present. Since his absence from the College he has been Sub-Rector of St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, and afterwards on the Faculties of St. John's College, N. Y., and Holy Cross College, Mass. He underwent, but lately, a successful operation for appendicitis, from which he is slowly, but surely, recovering and gaining strength. His recuperative powers are equalled only by his genial wit and winning kindness, which have filled the air of Georgetown with memories that made us all eager to meet him. The meeting will be a golden memory.

Would that he remain with us for aye! His voice, at least, will remain, for we have some of his plantation echoes on the cylinders of the graphophone.

Once more it is our great pleasure to record a fact in proof of our oft-made statement that at Georgetown athletics and studies go hand in hand.

Bernard F. McGrath, M. D., '95, who, as shortstop on the ball team, was an important factor in many a hard-earned victory for the Blue and Gray, especially in the glorious championship season of '95, has, after competitive examination, been appointed resident physician at Columbia Hospital, one of the oldest and best established institutions in the District. The reputation of the hospital itself, and the high position in the medical world of the doctors who conducted the competition, are good guarantees that the honor is not a trifling one.

This is not the first laurel, however, that has crowned the brow of our popular athlete. In the fall of '95 in competition for the position of resident physician in the Emergency Hospital of this city, Dr. McGrath won first place over a large number of medical students, including graduates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York, Jefferson College, of Philadelphia, and the University of Virginia Medical School.

These well-merited honors are harbingers of the brilliant future that awaits our young alumnus whose scholarly attainments, athletic prowess, and chivalrous ways endeared him to both the faculty and fellow-students.

The Journal extends its congratulations to Mr. Thomas J. Finning, '95, a divinity student in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, found time during the winter recess to pay a visit to old friends in Georgetown.

Robert Dick Douglas has surpassed the record of the men of '96, for, scarcely six months after he was graduated, he presented himself before the gray-beards of the law, passed a faultless examination, and was admitted to the North Carolina bar.

On Monday evening, March 1st, the anniversary of the College charter from Congress, the New York Society of the Georgetown Alumni sat down in the Hotel Savoy to its first annual dinner. The decorations of the great round table, the exquisite service, and the superb dining room, called forth many praises from the guests.

Dr. Richard H. Clarke, as President of the Local Society, presided and introduced the different speakers. At his right sat Father Richards, the President of the University, who, as a guest of the Society, responded to the toast of Georgetown with a masterly address setting forth the aims and achievements of Alma Mater, and the relations of her sons toward the cause of higher Catholic education.

Among those present were Father Campbell, President of St. John's, Fordham; Father Murphy, Rector of St. Francis Xavier; the President of the Alumni of Fordham and Manhattan Colleges; Mr. John Brinen Walker, who responded with impromptu touches of wit to the toast of "Magazine Circulation"; Mr. James D. Lynch, who spoke feelingly on the duty of the business man in his relations to his Alma Mater; Mr. J. Fairfax Mahoney, who delivered an inspiring address on the glories of older Georgetown, and the glorious memories of its founders; Charles N. Harris, William Allen, Francis Reppier, John H. Walsh, Doctor Joseph Means, et cetera.

Among those detained at the last moment were Charles Hoyt, Vice-President of the Society; Frank Rudd, John P. Agar, William L. Cary, and Charles E. O'Connor.

It was long after midnight when the dinner broke up, with the feeling that the first annual dinner had been a success that assured the future prosperity and development of the Society.

The many friends of Thomas F. Carney, ’91, will learn with profound sorrow of his death at his home in Lawrence, Mass. He had been ill for several months. Last October he suffered an attack of pneumonia, from which he sufficiently recovered to go out of doors. A relapse again confined him to the bed and congestion of the lungs developed. He was able to sit up at one time, but his strength was gone and he continued to gradually fail. Thomas F. Carney was born in Lawrence September 27, 1870. He attended the public schools and was graduated from the high school in the class of ’87. He then took a four years' course at Harvard Law School for three years. Admitted to the Suffolk bar, after completing his course at the latter institution, he opened an office in Lawrence. His career as a lawyer, although brief, gave promise of much success, and he had built up a considerable practice. He was a man of the highest principles. His sociable manner made him a general favorite, and he always proved a loyal friend.

Thomas F. Carney had a bright future before him, and that he should be cut down so early in life causes the more pain to those who are left behind.

The following address was delivered by Mr. J. Fairfax McLaughlin, ’63, at the first banquet of the New York Alumni Society, of Georgetown University, held at the Hotel Savoy, New York, March 18th:

GENTLEMEN: I offer as my toast the memory of Father Ashton and Father McElroy, guardians of its temporalities, and the two main pillars in the foundation of Georgetown College. To the former it is more indebted for its establishment as a Jesuit college, to the latter for its maintenance and support through the trying years of its infancy, when means were wanting and poverty threatened it with extinction, than to any others connected with the early history of the institution. Father John Ashton was an Irish Jesuit, who came to Maryland in 1765, and labored on the missions in that colony with the zeal of an Apostle, until the ever-to-be-regretted decree of suppression was fulminated against the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV in the year 1773. A voluntary association of the Jesuits of Maryland and Pennsylvania was formed after the order was dissolved, and the patrimony of Father White and the Jesuit Fathers, who had kept the Faith burning brightly in the Land of the Sanctuary for over a century and a half, was turned over to Father Ashton, who was appointed procurator of the temporalities. His extraordinary talent for administration was well understood and appreciated by his fellow-priests. Father, afterwards Archbishop Carroll, often refers to him in his letters with special admiration. In a letter to Father Charles Plowden, of England, he describes him as 'the most industrious and most assiduous of all the Jesuits,' adding that 'it is a pity that he could not have the management of all the estates belonging to the clergy in this country; they would yield thrice as much as they now do.' Father Carroll's petition to his wealthy Catholic friends in England for aid and subscriptions to establish Georgetown College went out freights with the foundress, but to his disappointment and chagrin, they were barren of results. Then he appealed to Father Ashton, and he,

Georgetown's best friend, the friend in need, supplied the money to buy the land and erect the first house, which still dots the College Heights, and is known to us all as the old college building. It was hardly to be expected that England, which, for over a hundred years, had trodden under foot the Catholics of Maryland and converted the Land of the Sanctuary into a Hobbed of infidels and camp-followers, would supply the money to build the first Catholic college in the United States. But in the eternal fitness of things it was in every way meet and proper that the holy missionaries, who had labored for the salvation of souls in Maryland from the days of Father Andrew White to those of Father John Ashton, should choose to build Georgetown College, and pay for it out of their own patrimony. So all honor to Father Ashton, the Tipperary Irishman. The other and equally great business manager of the early day was Father John McElroy, who, as a procurator, completed the north wing of the college in 1868, for that day a magnificent building 200 feet long, and, as manager of the temporalities, was able to save enough money during exceptionally hard times, the period succeeding the War of 1812, to send to Rome several bright, young Jesuits, where, under the teaching of the fathers of St. Peter's, they completed a course of profound and varied studies, and whence they returned to infuse new life and vigor into every department of the College. Among those gifted young Jesuits were James Ryder, the pride of the Maryland province; Thomas Mulledy, the indomitable Virginian, and George Pennington, the great antiquarian and sweet singer of Israel, a triumvirate of whom Georgetown or any other university in the world might well be proud, for they carried the College forward with a bound to the highest rank in American education. It was to Father McElroy's administrative ability that the College was indebted for this training of her gifted sons in the best schools of Rome. He sent them out, paid for them, and brought them back, not out of his own pocket, of course, but by reason of his admirable management of the business and the institution.

From that day a new era of higher education dawned upon the College. I have heard many old Jesuits say that the services of Father McElroy to Georgetown College, from the time of the erection by him of the north wing in 1868 to the date of his departure for the Mexican War, where he went as chaplain with the heroes of the War of 1846, are the most solid and substantial ever rendered by any one individual during the whole history of Georgetown College.

One of the moving spirits in the New York branch of the Alumni, Mr. Frank Rudd, was unavoidably detained. We subjoin his letter:

NEW YORK, March 1, 1897.

My Dear McLaughlin: At the eleventh hour, a complication has come up which will oblige me to be absent from our dinner. A dinner I can get in a thousand places, but what I can get nowhere else is the good company and the good things of the intellectual life, but what I can get nowhere else is the good company and the good things of the intellectual life, and what I can get nowhere else is the good company and the good things of the intellectual life, and what I can get nowhere else is the good company and the good things of the intellectual life, and what I can get nowhere else is the good company and the good things of the intellectual life.

With cordial regards to all the boys,

Yours and theirs sincerely,

FRANK RUDD.

PRINCE, Artist Fotografer,
ATHLETIC NOTES.

Anyone interested in Georgetown athletics knows that the season of out-door work will shortly make its appearance, and just as we go to press arrangements are being perfected for a opening game of baseball. The schedule speaks for itself. Our team is to cross bats appearance, and just as we go to press arrangements are being perfected for the opening game of baseball. The undersigned for Alma Mater's honor and our generous approbation;

Our victories outbalance the defeats. The undersigned

and though defeat must come at times, we shall have our victories outbalance the defeats. The undersigned candidates for positions on the 'Varsity nine: Catcher, W. Maloney; pitchers, M. J. Walsh, Bach, Tracey, Clancy; first base, H. Dawson, Fox, Hazel; second base, Fleming; third base, " Bud " Smith, McIntyre; short stop, Reardon, Joe Tobin; right field, Lamb, J. Smith, W. E. Kelly; left field, E. Kelly, Romadka; center field, Captain McCarthy.

Mr. Joseph Kelly, the efficient captain of the Baltimore league team, is actively engaged in coaching the candidates. No more experienced or capable man could have been secured. Mr. Kelly is an Ajax among league knights. He has long been noted as a skilled player in his work in the field and with the bat. He is well versed in the theory of the great game, and possesses the happy faculty of imparting his knowledge in a practical way. His stay at the College has won for him the popularity of the students, who readily appreciate his valuable services and genial fellowship.

George Mahoney, who did such good work for Georgetown last year in the box, is now at the College coaching the pitchers. He will probably play this season with Boston.

We may expect good things of Clancy '99. In physique he bears a striking resemblance to Yale's famed Carter, and in the pitcher's box, especially in his delivery, our man resembles the Eli twirler.

In field and track athletics our color-bearers are working with a zest. The season has made its bow, yet the Blue and Gray has scored more than one honor at the tournament in Philadelphia, held on the evening of February 27th. Devereux and Prince represented the college at the Pastime Athletic Club's games on the 25th of February. Devereux won the 880 novice with great ease, defeating Oliver, of Yale. Prince ran well, but was penalized so severely that he was unable to secure first of the honors. At the next event in Boston, March 11th, at the B. C. A. A's. games Georgetown was scheduled to compete with Harvard in a relay exhibition, but owing to a misunderstanding with the authorities, Manager Walsh canceled the race. To comply with the wishes of the faculty a team was arranged, but as Wefers had already left for Boston to compete in the short dashes, and Walsh was laid off with a bad knee, our best quartet could not represent us. However, Prince, Devereux, McGerr, and Fleming surpassed our expectations, being beaten by the record-breaking time of 3.10. Wefers won the forty-yard invitation and ran third in the forty yard handicap.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Wednesday, March 24, Johns Hopkins, at Georgetown.

Saturday, March 27, Gallaudet College, at Georgetown.

Saturday, April 3, University of Vermont, at Georgetown.

Monday, April 5, Washington League, at National Park.

Thursday, April 8, Athletics of Washington, at Georgetown.

Saturday, April 10, Lafayette College, at Georgetown.

Wednesday, April 14, Lehigh University, at Georgetown.

Thursday, April 15, Yale, at Georgetown.

Saturday, April 17, Princeton, at Georgetown.

Monday, April 19, Princeton, at Georgetown.

Tuesday, April 20, Baltimore League, at Georgetown.

Wednesday, April 21, Baltimore League, at Baltimore.

Saturday, April 24, Johns Hopkins, at Baltimore.

Wednesday, April 28, open.

Saturday, May 1, Richmond College, at Georgetown.

Wednesday, May 5, Maryland University, at Georgetown.

Saturday, May 8, University of Pennsylvania, at Georgetown.

Wednesday, May 12, Catholic University, at Georgetown.

Saturday, May 15, University of Virginia, at Georgetown.

Wednesday, May 19, Columbian University, at Georgetown.

Saturday, May 22, Princeton, at Princeton.

Tuesday, May 25, Washington College, at Georgetown.

Wednesday, May 26, Catholic University, at Georgetown.

Saturday, May 29, open.

Wednesday, June 2, Columbian University, at Georgetown.

Saturday, June 5, Mount St. Mary's College, at Emmitsburg.

Tuesday, June 8, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

Saturday, June 12, Fordham College, at New York.

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NY style clothes won't do! Going to a tailor and paying $40 or $45 for a suit won't do! It isn't good judgment, when we can sell you equally stylish clothes and fit you faultlessly for half the money. The next time you want a suit drop down and look through our stock. If the clothes are not fully satisfactory you do not have to keep them.

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