JUNE.

AFLAME with new pressed wine of life,
   Earth’s sun-kissed chalice brims;
Through fragrant aisles with rapture rife,
   Soft thrill her festal hymns.

Oh, Heart of Love! All bitter gifts—
   Scourge, thorn and cross were thine—
Touch now the glowing cup Earth lifts,
   And make the draught divine.

"GEHA," '98
A MEMOIR, or rather a series of recollections, charged with much literary and historical interest, has been finished lately by Mr. Aubrey de Vere. Coming out so near to the publication of Tennyson’s admirable “Life” it might serve as occasion to institute somewhat of a comparison.

Both were men of high and remarkably pure ideal. Both considered themselves as having a special message to their generation. Though in different ways and undoubtedly in different degree, both had the fine touch of genuine poetry.

Tennyson was distinctly the exponent of his age. His chords were responsive to the most subtle influences that characterized the intellectual movement of the later Victorian era. He caught its spirit thoroughly, and reflected it in verse that considering form merely, seems to reach the finality of art.

De Vere, however, belongs to a different type. His work is a protest against modern tendencies. He insisted on lessons which the world had long ago forgot—forgot when it left behind it the golden times of faith and simple loyalty. He held up to the nineteenth century ideals that were of the thirteenth. And, when the restless and sophisticated mind of the day was busying itself with Schopenhauer, or Ibsen, or Zola, he was content to repeat the simple truths of Christianity and traditions of Christian art and Christian thinking.

Perhaps he could scarcely be widely popular: Wordsworth advised him, and Walter Savage Landor addressed to him a noble tribute; but comparatively few appreciate the significance and peculiar value of his work. It is far easier to be enthusiastic over a new novel—a “Quo Vadis”—than over a poem the chief beauty of which consists in its high seriousness of thought and lofty ethical aim.

And yet real criticism looks at matters in a different way; not altogether estimating an author by the number of his editions. So here, we think, a rather contradictory stand point is to be assumed against the verdict of what is so vaguely known as the reading public.

If we go to the trouble of analysis, we shall find that there is always in any man who has done work worthy of serious review, some one dominating and vitalizing idea. In Wordsworth, for example, that keynote was nature; in Scott it was romanticism; in Byron it was individualism—an outbreak against moral or intellectual restraint.

Now in De Vere it takes the form of a religious element—that is to say, the conviction that everything is to be measured in reference to spiritual truth. What Fredric Ozanam insisted on in his criticism is precisely the “motif” of De Vere’s poetry; namely the living, actual influence of the spiritual theme on life and literature. He has aimed almost constantly to realize to us the fact that religion is identical with beauty and love and the supremest art.
This positive, and really ennobling dogma lies at the center of whatever he has written. Consequently his poetry grows distinctively philosophical in character. I suppose that Browning, of all our later poets has been considered the deepest and at least the most original and striking thinker. Certainly there is a rude vividness of argument and dramatic sweep of power—notably in the "Ring and the Book"—that De Vere's verse never attained to. But where in the author of "Sordello" there are the extremest crudities and obscurerest inconsistencies, we find in De Vere thorough workmanlike finish and a clear, steady exposition of a comprehensive philosophical system. Thoroughly Scholastic—it is always consistent. His metaphysics and theology are never at internecine war—as in Pope. And instead of the occasional Pantheism of Wordsworth, his principles are vigorously sure and strictly Catholic.

Yet with all this acumen, true insight is lacking: we cannot help feeling that here there is none of that strange power of the highest poetry which seems to drop a plummet to the very centre of our experience. It has no intuition: It is deficient in vitality—and though gaining in moral it frequently looses in imaginative force. This fault, as has been pointed out by a recent reviewer, runs in a lesser or greater degree all through his work; making it too precise, abstract and unsympathetic.

His expression often suffers for his logical accuracy; at times it is bald and uninspired; there is nothing of Swinburne's magnificent audacity and almost sensuous beauty of phrase. But in general the tone is high and suggestive; and if passion be wanting there is about it always an instructive dignity and a fine wholesomeness.

No matter how far we go in examining De Vere's works, and under whatever different aspects, we find that at the bottom every characteristic is related or linked to a fervid faith.

The note is the same through the varying strains of lyric, meditative, dramatic and semi-epic poetry.

The ideality of a lofty religious sentiment is constantly observed. This ethical quality might be said to be the permanent and dominating distinction accompanied by a real earnestness. No dilettante posing is at all evident; nor affectation of indifference or graceful scepticism.

It has been observed by Lowell that literature is passing into one of those periods of mere art without any convictions to back it, which lead inevitably and by no long gradation into the mannered and artificial. And Prof. Towett once remarked that our poets have art and sentiment but no moral force.

Whether the cause be due to the absence of those times like the "Sturm und Drang" period in the Germany of Goethe; or to the lack of aggressive principles, religious and political, such as brought on the Elizabethan cycle, for the moment, is of no great matter. Noting the fact, what we wish to point out is the rare position which De Vere has assumed—the thorough literary realization of doctrinal assent. He may have "watched the wings of speculation fall crippled from the mysterious walls against which they had flung themselves"—but the stress of the day has not darkened or weakened him and his belief is characterized by a deep spiritual restfulness.
In his devotional hymns the inspiration flags and the verse often is monotonous and colorless. But at its best, say in portions of “May Carols,” it has a rare spiritual luminousness recalling the art of Fra Angelico.

In the secular part the conception is wholly pure and uplifting. His lighter mood shows a constant grace, delicacy and singular charm of innocence. One might liken his theory of literary interpretation to what he has said of the bardic times:—

“For music then, like warfare, not from art
Grew up laborious; born of frank good-will
’Twas joy’s loud clarion in the generous heart.
Through pains more perfect grew the harper’s skill
Yet still from purest soul and noblest breast
The minstrelsy perforce became the best.”

There is a buoyancy in such lines that distinctly recalls Chaucer and stands in pregnant contrast to the decadent tendencies of current literature. Though the age seems to have assumed the role of the mocking Mephistopheles yet it is not unwise to recall that after all a sort of antiseptical opinion is perhaps the best foundation for that permanent power over time that makes the real classic. The Heines have no assured place for the future.

De Vere has a mastery in considerable degree of the sonnet form—such pieces of work as “St. Peter’s at moonlight” are rarely beautiful, and his lyrics, troubadour in fancy, are touched with a pleasing lightness of charm and real spontaneity.

Yet he has no kinship with those poets who are wont to dissolve their natures into a sentimental mist.

Delicate effects, indeed, there are, but a high continuity of purpose is maintained; and the value is never purely dependent on mere facility of style. Perhaps this is too often pushed to an extreme; and there is wanting the enthusiasm of the artist as set off from the enthusiasm of the preacher or thinker.

Of his shorter poems the most remarkable is “Odin, the Man,” a monologue something in the style of Browning.

Frederic Harrison calls the “Hero” and the “Wanderer” the two typical figures of imaginative literature, the two that permanently appeal to the common human heart. Rough as all generalizations inevitably are, it is striking and has not a little truth in it. For example, in “Ulysses,” the wanderer-type is almost perfectly embodied, and in “Odin” we find this heroic ideal frankly concreted.

With real historical perspective and breadth of treatment, the mythical divinity of Scandinavian legend is humanized into the founder and leader of his people. The subject takes the form of his broodings and foreshadowings as he traces out the destinies of the tribes he is about to guide into the rugged North. Defeated by the legions of Rome he is planning a vengeance of the future.

Continued dominance will bring corruption, ennervation, decay, to the great empire. But in the North the nurture of hardy centuries will have kept his nation pure and vigorous—fit to become the masters of a new order.
Then at the final hour when Rome is tottering in its luxurious effeminacy—far off, perhaps, but inevitable—their fierce blow will fall and the old civilizations will be cut away to make room for a worthier one.

"Hew down the baser lest they drag you down. You cannot save them; they fulfill their fate."

It is the law of the rise and fall of kingdoms—the law that holds as strictly for the nation as it does for the individual. Hence its expression has a moral force that is both powerful and genuine. Considered from a purely literary view the poem has strength, vividness and a sort of stern gothic dignity. While lacking the incomparable finish of Tennyson's classic, yet its sureness and nobility of thought makes it quite distinct from any English verse since the death of the laureate.

De Vere has been regarded commonly as an Irish poet, yet the greater part of his work is far from being peculiarly national in sentiment. Indeed no true poet limit his art to geographical boundaries. Moreover while his verse of this character has freshness and a certain interest it is crude, unmarked; and the standpoint is not at all representative.

"May Carols" is his most significant development as a Christian poet. The series was intended, in his own words, to take up one idea and only one, and conjointly to illustrate Christianity with its field contemplated from one especial mountain top as a point of view, that spot being the doctrine of the Incarnation.

Considering the nature of the subject the achievement is exceptional. With nothing of the mystical character of Patmore's "Unknown Eros," it has a philosophic breadth and theological accurateness most excellently combined with the richest imaginative charm. We might term it altogether unique among our current verse; it wears almost as foreign a look as the twenty-fourth canto of the "Paradiso." Yet we suspect that it is as little read; for the meaning is frequently subtle and the reading is hardly ever facile.

His very best effort—the high water mark—we take to be the two dramas, "St. Thomas of Canterbury" and "Alexander the Great." They are rich in substance, deeply reflective and disclose a scope and movement of original power.

"St. Thomas" is a religious poem essentially; religious, that is, in spirit and ideal. The Christian conception is as it were, a structural illumination. Its tone is lofty, and there is a large impressiveness about it. There are no false notes struck or jarring or incompleteness. One admires its artistic adequacy quite as much as its warm humanity and naturalness.

Of course it is not intended to subserve wholly dramatic ends or to come under the strict technique of the drama. Tennyson has written on the same head; but his is more of the play and less of the poem. De Vere's would not readily adapt itself to the exigencies of the stage carpenter.

Its theme concerns the development of a social movement; the clash of opposing ideas, the working out of spiritual truths quite as much as it does the fortune of any individual.
There are many passages of rare poetic distinction, as:

"The night comes swiftly like a hunted man
Who cloaks his sin. The sea grows black beneath it."

But the force of the play is its whole and completed effect. Through it all runs a purpose of what Arnold calls a "high seriousness." Eminently gothic it is—with its cathedral-like suggestion—in a day of light artificing and "vers de societie"—reminiscent of an earlier literature and a stronger earnestness.

"Alexander," while a keen psychological analysis, has an indefiniteness about it that springs from a lack of dramatic unity. The characters are barely outlined, and impressed with no strong individuality. Its aim however is strictly ethical; addressing itself to the understanding rather than to the emotions. There are occasional flashes of trenchant insight—as the brief characterization of Alexander—

"But all his mind in passion."
"Wild intellectual appetite and instinct."

The aesthetic effect is not so complete as that of "St. Thomas;" there is less sense of proportion manifested. Philosophical in the highest degree, the interest is not dependent on the action of the piece, but in the development of what might be termed spiritual laws.

With many passages of helpful thought and sureness of finish, it closely recalls the "Imaginary Conversations" of Landor. It is as thoroughly Grecian in spirit; as notable in discursive wisdom, and equally as vague in its delineation of tumultuous human realities.

The writings of De Vere are distinguished by a fine literary taste, by thoughtfulness, and deep religious conviction. Idealistic in spirit, they are always keenly interpretative of our loftiest instincts.

Contemplative rather than intense, his poetry mainly employs itself in relation to the higher life and the spiritual aspect of things.

In handling such subjects a certain thinness of atmosphere is almost inevitable. But a too rigorous purpose has set severe limitations on his art. The insistence on a single phase of life—however important that may be—betrays him into monotony and lack of color; so that one often might wish for a wider license and a freer imagination.

To be estimated or interpreted properly his poems must be read from a Catholic standpoint. Faith is their constant undercurrent of inspiration.

Hence we are not assured of his future position.

In an atmosphere of bizarre effects and extravagant novelties the second generation may have forgotten him as wholly as some of the musty worthies embalmed in Chamber's huge collection.

But if, happily, there is a constant spreading and quickening of Catholic ideals, he will doubtless assume, for all thoughtful men, a rank with Coleridge and Wordsworth; but superior to them in this—that he saw the truth clearly and held fast to it steadily and nobly.

W. BRANTNER FINNEY.
RICHARD RUTLEDGE MONTAGUE was a desperate man. He had been walking ever since sun up and it had been intensely hot all day; the railroad, which he had been following, seemed to stretch itself out into the indefinite distance, and Richard Rutledge, philosopher though he was, could not lose sight of the fact that he had had no dinner. His pockets were as empty as his stomach; even a more cheerful man would have been miserable under the circumstances.

"I'll rob the first house I come to," he said sitting down on the rails for a moment to rest—"I'm starving—starving;" and he tapped his aching head in a blood-curdling way.

He looked pitifully young and exceedingly handsome, and if any susceptible maiden had been present she would have shuddered in delighted fright, and given him her purse and heart without his asking. But in this particular part of the road the way was lonely, so there was no danger of a maid's appearing to be tempted from the paths of lady-like decorum.

Richard regretted the absence of an audience; he was so used to selling his emotions at reduced rates that it seemed a waste of time and energy to feel anything on his own account, for Richard was an actor by profession and his talent was acknowledged; he could reel off William Shakespeare by the yard; he had a dozen plays at his tongue's end; he had stalked before the curtain in half a hundred characters, from a stiff-jointed lackey to a howling villain; he had worn satin coats and lace trimmed small clothes; yet here he sat with no baggage, no friends, no home, no dinner.

He had made his last appearance in Richmond, and the papers had noticed his departure; for he had taken with him a fellow actor's coat wherein reposed a purse of goodly size—the savings of a year or two. As long as the wages of his provident friend lasted, Richard was happy and drifted, as a Southern gentleman should, from place to place, but now his funds were exhausted and so was he.

He pulled out his pocket-knife and examined it attentively, and wondered whether it would be worth while to end his doubts and difficulties by cutting an artery in his wrist. Instead, he shed four genuine tears in pity for himself, then getting up he trudged manfully on.

The blood-red sun sunk behind a purple hilltop; the flaming clouds burnt themselves out and fell in ashen-grey mist, and the stars began to flicker like so many foot-lights before the world-wide drama of night.

At last Richard spied some tall chimneys silhouetted against the sky, so leaving the railroad track he hurried towards the nearest dwelling, which proved to be the old Carter homestead, situated on the outskirts of Williamsburg. Richard did not know where he was and he little cared, but the house sheltered by towering sycamores and surrounded by a blossoming garden looked like a haven of hope to the hungry man.
so he opened the gate noiselessly and walked up the lily-bordered path. He had an aversion for climbing fences and skulking about kitchen yards, and he had always maintained that a burglar loses nothing by being brave and daring, for men are prone to watch their back windows while they leave their front doors unguarded.

He not gone more than a third of the way when a sweet voice broke upon the stillness of the night,

“How-do-you-do, I am so glad you came—I was so afraid you would’nt, though Mr. Henry said he would send you.”

This was an unexpected welcome. For a moment Richard Rutledge Montague trembled in his well-worn boots and cowered among the fragrant stalks of day lilies; then feeling it was too late to retreat, the dramatic instinct, which had always dominated his every action, got the better of his cowardice, and he continued his way to the portals of the house he had come to rob, determined to see the owner of the remarkable voice which was penetrating without being shrill—the commercial value of which Richard recognized at once.

He had no sooner planted his foot upon the first step when up rose Mistress Dorothy Carter from a wicker chair and held out to him her soft, white hand. Richard grasped it eagerly, half forgetting his distress as he looked at her, for Mistress Dorothy with her usual forethought had placed the parlor lamp so that a ray of light shot through the window-shutter and gleamed on her golden hair and showed that her eyes were blue and her cheeks were pink and her lips were red, and indeed it would have been a grievous sin to hide so much loveliness upon a darksome porch, especially in these evil days when a man’s sole hope of salvation may rest in the twist of a curl.


“And you left Mr. Henry studying hard?” said Mistress Dorothy as she seated herself in the light, while he prudently found a chair in the shadow. “He told me that he was going to have an examination to-morrow and that he would not be able to come with you, but that he would give you a letter of introduction to me. Let me see what he says in it, I’ll read it to you. Don’t you like to know what people really think of you?”

“Well no,” said Richard truthfully enough, “Henry doesn’t know anything about me. Suppose—suppose we tear this letter up”—he took an envelope from his pocket—“and let us get acquainted on our own account.”

“Why, don’t you like Mr. Henry?”

“Lord! yes, he’s the finest fellow I ever saw but”—and there was something tender in his tone,— “I would rather win your good opinion without Henry’s assistance.”

“Then tear the letter up,” said Mistress Dorothy half regretfully.

Richard tore his unreceipted bill in two and breathed a sigh of relief as he watched it flutter away across the misty flower-beds, then he relapsed into silence, uncertain of the role he had to play.

“How do you like William and Mary College?” began Mistress Dorothy. “I
reckon Williamsburg must seem very quiet to you after having lived in Boston, but then your grandfather was a Virginian and was educated at the College, wasn't he? And I reckon he wanted you to come here on that account."

"Yes," admitted Richard leaning back in his chair and beginning to enjoy the situation, "You see the old gent is a Virginian through and through. He hates the Yankees like the—I mean as much as he did thirty years ago when he was fighting them in—Well, you know, along the line. Of course I shall like Williamsburg now that I have met you."

Mistress Dorothy smiled her satisfaction. "I am so glad we tore the letter up" she said, "I don't believe Mr. Henry did know anything about you."

"Why?"

"Because he said you were bashful and that you were awfully afraid of the girls and hadn't an idea what to talk to them about."

"Oh," said Richard, "how could Henry know? He isn't a girl."

"Men never know each other," continued Mistress Dorothy decidedly. "I have helped lots of the students to get acquainted with themselves and each other."

Richard bent a little forward in his chair, there was an intense expression in his big brown eyes. He had lived so long in an unreal world that he forgot for a moment that he was not upon a stage; the pillars of the porch flattened themselves into lengths of painted canvas, the twining jessamine vine seemed made of worn green cloth and the yellow moon, that hung gloowering in the east, was but an artificial light moved by intricate wires. A hundred lover-like platitudes flashed across his mind; the place, the time, the opportunity were conducive to sentiment. It was Richard's first experience at creating and acting a part simultaneously; he instinctively felt that a Romeo would not be appreciated, so he stared hard at Mistress Dorothy for inspiration and said:

"There is one thing they must all know about themselves after they have met you." And when Mistress Dorothy asked wonderingly:

"What?"

He replied "That they love you."

Now Mistress Dorothy was fond of flattery, but she liked it in homeopathic doses from strangers, though it was a known fact that she would listen to any extravagance from a lover's lips, even if she laughed at him when his back was turned—Richard knew that he had been too precipitate, for Mistress Dorothy began to talk about the moon, which was a subject far enough away not to prove embarrassing to either.

After fifteen minutes had passed pleasantly away, Richard remembered he was hungry, so he led the conversation skillfully down to more material subjects.

"They give us wretched stuff to eat at our boarding-house," he began.

"Indeed," said Mistress Dorothy, stiffly. "I thought my Cousin Clara kept a very good table."

"But I'm not with your Cousin Clara," added Richard, hastily. "She—she—I mean her house was full."
Mistress Dorothy’s face brightened. “I’m glad of that,” she said, “Cousin Clara is very poor and needs the money, but has not had many students for the past two years; they don’t like to go there because she mourns over their sins and reads the Bible every day to them for dinner.”

“Oh, Lord! She would have her hands full with me,” he muttered grimly.

“Now, don’t make believe you are wicked. It’s a sure sign of youth for a man to talk about the crimes he’s committed, when he’s only salted a professor’s mint julip or hung a skeleton to a church steeple.”

“I wish some one would hang me,” he said remorsefully.

“Now, don’t say that. It sounds as if you were tired of the world, and that’s not a polite way to feel when you are talking to me. I’m afraid I like sinners better than saints.”

“Then you ought to love me,” said her guest cheerfully.

Mistress Dorothy laughed. “Perhaps I shall; stranger things than that have happened.” She was so used to coquetting with indigent students that she did it half mechanically.

Richard quoted something from Shakespeare until Mistress Lettie, who objected to long quotations, principally because she knew they had been addressed to other women in the past, suddenly asked where he was boarding.

Richard floundered around in his mind for an idea. “I’m—I’m staying with Henry for a night or two.”

“Why, Mr. Henry boards with Cousin Clara.”

“D—in Cousin Clara,” said Richard under his breath; then after a second’s hesitation he added, “Henry took me in his room last night; Cousin Clara did not have a seat at the table for me, so I have been picking up my meals anywhere I could get them until I settle permanently—all things are partially true,” thought Richard Rutledge Montague.

“Then you must be hungry,” said wise Miss Dorothy, who always kept a shelf in the pantry stored with good things for her admirers.

“Rather,” he said, chuckling audibly; then his artistic sense prevailed over his appetite; he must play the gentleman student to the end, though he die of starvation in the effort. “Don’t think I am hinting for anything to eat,” he begged, laying his hand on her arm as if to detain her. “Believe me, I would much prefer to talk to you.”

“But we can talk in the house just the same,” and she jumped from her chair and ran to the other end of the porch and pulled open one of the long window shutters that led into the dining-room. “Come, I have not seen you yet; I would not recognize you if I met you on the street.”

Richard was prepared for this emergency, “I don’t like to come in,” he said leaning against the window-shutter and watching her admiringly as she flitted about jingling the keys of the pantry. “I look like a tramp, I’ve been walking all the afternoon for exercise, I—I didn’t stop to black my boots, and my clothes are dusty, I didn’t expect to be asked in the house—”
“Don’t mind me,” she interrupted, “but come help me lift this ham off the shelf, it’s so heavy; Mam Chloe and Ephram have both gone to a wedding so we shall have to wait on ourselves.”

The invitation was irresistible. Here was a whole pantry generously opened to him to eat his fill. He threw his old slouch hat upon the floor of the porch in an ecstasy of delight and stepped through the open window into the wainscotted room. His mouth watered at sight of the juicy hams, the jars of pickles and preserves, the boxes of biscuits; he forgot himself so far as to tell Mistress Dorothy that plates and forks were not at all necessary, and he drank a huge mug of milk before she asked him whether he would have any, then he abused himself unmercifully for his thoughtlessness, appealed to her sympathies in his most dramatic style, and then sat down at the polished mahogany table with a plate in front of him and Mistress Dorothy at his side, determined to be respectable, and eat as he had so often eaten imaginary viands upon the stage, and all the time he was congratulating himself for having chosen a profession that proves a man’s adaptability for every state of life.

And Mistress Dorothy in her secret heart felt a liking for this young man, who looked romantically handsome in his dusty clothes, and who talked about the world as if his experiences had been limitless.

“Mr. Henry is a fraud,” she said archly. “He told me that you were fat and ugly.”

“May be he thinks so. Tastes differ,” said Richard helping himself to the sixth slice of ham.

Mistress Dorothy was not a suspicious person. She was used to feeding hungry students so that the capacity of Richard did not startle her. When the plate of biscuits was empty she pretended that she had eaten most of them and she sent her guest to refill it from the box upon the shelf.

Richard put down his knife and fork and arose to do her bidding. He was half-way across the room when a step sounded upon the porch outside.

“What’s that?” he exclaimed fearfully.

“1 heard nothing.”

Then followed an anxious moment of perfect quiet, while they both listened. The candles in their heavy silver sconces burned bright on the claw-footed sideboard. Some venturesome moths fluttered around the gay-colored flame singeing their gauzy wings. Mistress Dorothy tried to frighten them away from a fiery death by shading the light with her pretty pink palms.

Richard, reassured by the silence, walked cautiously to the cracker box, then something unprecedented occurred; Mr. Henry came rushing in at the window and slammed the pantry door upon Richard Rutledge Montague and turned the key in furious haste.

“How you frightened me,” cried Mistress Dorothy. “You’ve forgotten how to be polite. Open that door and let Mr. Barker out, he will smother in there.”

“Barker,” panted Mr. Henry, bearing his whole weight upon the door for fear the lock would give way, “Barker! There’s Barker.”
Mistress Dorothy started to her feet in alarm. There in the window stood a fat ugly youth, trembling with excitement and blushing up to the roots of his hair.

“Henry's right, I'm—I'm Barker.”

“And you've got a thief in here,” cried Mr. Henry, pounding upon the door by way of emphasis. “They are hunting for him all over Richmond—Barker and myself were at the theatre the night he played Hamlet—the night he stole two hundred dollars out of a man's coat pocket—Barker recognized him and so did I. I've got his picture in my pocket now—long, sneaking, hang-dog face.” Mistress Dorothy was never so disgusted with Mr. Henry in her life.

“You horrid thing,” she cried indignantly. “You heartless thing,” and she ran from the room and up the wide oaken stair, not stopping until she reached her own room. Once there she flung herself face downwards upon her high four-poster and sobbed as if her heart would break. An hour later when Mam Chloe bustled in to say that the guest of the evening was safely lodged in the comfortless jail, she found her young mistress shaking with a nervous chill and it was long after midnight before she could be persuaded to shut her eyes; at last she fell asleep, as she had so often done when a child, with her curly head resting in her old mammy's protecting arms.

On the day that Mr. Henry, Mr. Barker and Mistress Dorothy were subpoenaed to appear as witnesses against Richard Rutledge Montague, Mr. Henry danced with delight—but then Mr. Henry would have been overjoyed to go to jail if he were accompanied by Mistress Dorothy. But the tender heart of Miss Dorothy was heavy within her for she reasoned that she was the direct cause of Richard's captivity, and to her the loss of liberty was worse than death; so while Mr. Henry was behaving himself in a hilarious manner, Mistress Dorothy shocked Aunt Letitia's sense of propriety by having an interview, before the case was called, with a sleek, greasy looking individual—a George Preston by name, the man whom Richard had robbed.

After Mr. Henry's and Mr. Barker's testimony had been received in silence Mistress Dorothy mounted the witness stand. The men in the back of the courtroom craned their necks to stare at her, the weary judge straightened his wig and glanced pityingly on the prisoners in the dock, and the shrill voice of lawyers forgot their cross questions when she put her hand upon the worn black bible and said, “Oh, Judge Randolph you know I'll tell the truth.”

Then a big man in a linen coat strode forward and pitched the bible into a corner, as if it had offered her an insult, and the wily Richard smiled to himself and felt that his case was won when Mistress Dorothy began her story.

The story was not at all necessary, but no one in that stifling court-room wanted to interrupt her. She dwelt long on Richard's cleverness, she blamed herself for his duplicity; she praised his politeness and spoke of his honesty; for was not aunt Letitia's best silver service displayed upon the sideboard, and did not that prove conclusively that Richard could resist temptation? She called attention to his youth, to his trials, to his training; she was generalizing from the books she had
read, but half the court-room was moved to tears and the Judge, who remembered her father's oratorical genius, wiped his glasses and murmured:

"Chip of the old block, or I'll be d---d."

Then Mistress Dorothy, who had been completely taken out of herself, looked around the astonished court-room and suddenly realized who she was; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes blazing, but her power of eloquence was gone. Two tears forced their way under her long lashes, she grasped the wooden railing in front of her to steady herself; she could not break down while Mr. Henry was watching her, so she went on weakly:

"Please let him go, Judge Randolph. Let him go, he says he will return every cent of the two hundred dollars if he can only have his liberty again. Surely Mr. Preston would prefer the two hundred dollars to having the prisoner shut up until he is dead."

Of course this was an exaggeration but no one laughed and no one thought of contradicting her.

"He never would have been caught if it had not been for me"—her voice trembled—"He trusted me and I—I am the cause of his going to jail forever. I am sure if I were hungry and sick and desperate I would steal too. Let him pay you back, Mr. Preston. Let him go free."

Then sleek Mr. Preston, who had been eyeing her reverently, arose in all his greasy grandeur and said.

"Let him go, yer honor. There ain't no witnesses again him. I ain't prosecutin' nobody, I'm takin' the young lady's word for it, so let him go free."

E. A. W., '98.

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RE-UNITED.

This is no time for fear or doubt,
Though sounds the battle's din.
What reck we of the foe without?
There is no foe within!
There is no one who would not give
His life to see his country live.
For as by war the gap was rent
Which cleft our land in twain,
So now does war that gap cement,
And leave it whole again.
Their hate is dead, their strife is done,
And North and South are once more one.

Yes, o'er them both now proudly floats
The flag they love so well,
Cheered by huzzars from Yankee throats,
Cheered by the Rebel yell—
One banner pointing out the way
For men in blue and men in gray.
And so, as long as time shall be
Our re-united land,
Among the vanguard of the free,
Shall take the foremost stand:
Sincere in peace, but strong in fight,
With will to love, but power to smite.

ROBERT DICK DOUGLAS, '96.
A "TWENTIETH CENTURY" MAN; or THE HA'NTS OF PINEY HOLLOW.

By SAM. J. WAGGAMAN, '98.

CHAPTER V.

THE FISH BAKE.

The 'fish bake' was an historic institution at Vane Shore. There was a tradition that it dated back to the time when "Roderick Vane, Gentleman," after purchasing some twenty miles of river and shore for two bags of brass buttons and an old shotgun, had sealed his bargain with the red-skinned syndicate by a friendly banquet of baked fish, served in an al fresco style beside the silver stream.

Be that as it may, it is certain that for years the Vane fish bakes had been notable gatherings in the country. Statesmen whose names are written high on history's page had also left recipes for 'panning' and 'planking' in the Vane archives —heroes, whose deeds are deathless, had burnt their fingers in amateur efforts to bake and fry.

Now the colonial columns of the old Vane mansion were tottering to their fall, the fields were weed-grown wastes, sheep grazed on the once velvety terrace and the Colonel's razor-backs had the right of way over lawn and garden; only the river, unchanged, rippled on, rich with finny treasures under the old oaks that no bid could induce the master of Vane Shore to convert into marketable timber.

"No, sir, no," was his unvarying answer to Mammon's temptings. "Man can make posts and pillars and houses at his will, but it has taken the great Creator two hundred years to raise those trees to his eternal skies, and there they shall stand while Robert Vane stands to defend them."

Many a gay scene had these old oaks witnessed, but never a merrier than that on which they looked down on this Summer morning.

For Colonel Bob Vane was one of those central figures in the county whose slight meant social extinction, and the big-hearted gentleman would rather have lost his right hand than have failed in courtesy to friend or neighbor within his hospitable reach. So it was a very lively picture that greeted the young campers, as in chaise and wagon they arrived at Vane Shore. Horses, oxen, mules—everything that could be hitched, ridden or driven, stood tethered at the edge of the grove; vehicles of every pattern fringed the road, boats of every style floated and skimmed over the shining stream, upon whose banks two great fires roared and crackled and a dozen grinning cooks were at work under the direction of Uncle Jerry, the sable hero of a hundred fish bakes, and the chef of the Vane kitchen for thirty years. While laughing, chatting, arguing, gossiping, flirting and frolicking under the oaks was everybody whom the Colonel knew socially, personally, or politically in the county.
“I told you it would be splendid,” said Miss Kitty as she sprang from the old fashioned chaise that had conveyed them from Piney Hollow. “I’ll introduce you to everybody and show you what fun a fish bake is. That is my Papa,” indicating a stately, gray-haired gentleman conversing with Colonel Vane. “He will catch you in Greek if he can, for he dotes on the classics. And that is my precious little Mama making sandwiches. And that queer bald-headed old gentleman talking to her is Professor Gray. He is—what he is now?” Miss Kitty knit her pretty brows reflectively. “Oh I can’t think of the name, but he is down here looking for old bones.”

“Old bones!” repeated Dig, surveying the Professor’s broad intellectual brow with natural surprise “what kind of bones?”

“Dead men’s bones,” said Miss Kitty, “Indians, I guess; there are caves up up here full of them—and pipes and hatchets and all sorts of things.”

“Where?” said Dig, “I’d like to see them.”

“You would?” exclaimed Miss Kitty in wonder. “Why it makes my flesh creep just to think of poking in those dark holes after dead people. Professor Gray boxes them up for the museum, and then writes books about them.”

“Books!” exclaimed Dig, “You don’t mean that is Professor Gray, the great biologist!”

“Yes, yes; that’s the name,” answered Miss Kitty triumphantly. “I knew it was bi—something.”

“Why he is the greatest scientist of the times,” said Dig breathlessly. He has been awarded degrees and medals by all the Universities of Europe. He could have been knighted, if he had wished, half a dozen times.”

“Could he?” said Miss Kitty indifferently. “Well I suppose he is dreadfully wise and clever, but—” she sank her voice to a whisper, “Ma says his father was a blacksmith; the Professor was kicked by a horse when he was a boy, and they sent him to school because he could not work. Isn’t it awful how such people can get up? And he isn’t ashamed of it either. He picked up a horseshoe the other day and told me with a laugh, that was his family crest. But come I’ll introduce you to him; you will know how to talk to him, I am sure.”

And Dig found his ten minutes chat with the bald-head Professor one of the most charming episodes of the day. For despite his coarse clothes, his heavy shoes, his rugged features, Dig seemed to give general satisfaction to both his dainty little partner and his friends.

“A very bright fellow, that tall youth with our Kitty,” said Mr. Peyton approvingly, “well up in his classics. It is not often a college boy can understand a Greek quotation in these degenerate days.”

“Clever lad, that,” said Professor Gray, his spectacles following Dig, after this ten minutes conversation under the oaks. “One of the brainiest fellows I have met this long time. He will make his mark in the world, you can depend upon it.”

Altogether it was a day that Dig felt he could never forget. The spreading oaks, the shining river, the courtly old-fashioned men, and sweet-voiced women seemed to form a beautiful picture that had all the brightness of a blessing which
is taking flight. They belonged to a world in which henceforth he would have no part nor place, in which he was an interloper even now. On the morrow he would turn his back on it forever, but today—this last golden day—he would dream on. So he rowed the girls on the river, played croquet and tennis on the lawn, swung the children under the trees.

When the rusty old Hunter carriage rolled up to the grove with Uncle Eben on the coachman's seat, and the two mistresses of Piney Hollow in their quaint old-fashioned bonnets and antique lace shawls, throned among the shabby cushions, it was Digby whose strong arms lifted Miss Millicent to the armchair under the oaks, where she held gracious court all the day long.

"A very fine young man indeed, and a most particular friend of our Jack's," Miss Millicent informed all her old intimates. "The Thornes, you know intermarried with the Merediths," continued the good lady, quite unconscious that her hobby was carrying her into the realms of fancy, "Judge Amos Thorne, as you may remember, Colonel Vane, married my mother's third cousin."

"I remember him perfectly," replied the Colonel. "A most distinguished jurist, and perfect gentleman. I am delighted that this young fellow has renewed the ties of kinship, which in these latter days are apt to be entirely forgotten. The Amos Thorne's name is in itself an inheritance of which any young man should be proud."

Coming up from the shaded spring with a glass of its clear sparkling water for Miss Millicent, Digby caught the Colonel's words. He paused for a moment behind a screen of undergrowth; his cheeks burning with an honest flush at the false position in which he seemed unwittingly placed. But a cold laugh from the group of young people gathered under the tree near by, sent the blood surging in fiercer flood to heart and brain.

"Judge Amos Thorne!" repeated Ned Brandon mockingly to Miss Kitty. "So that is the game Dig Thorne has been working up here. I wonder what his next yarn will be. I suppose he will claim kinship with George Washington himself."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Kitty, flushing angrily; "that your friend does not tell the truth?"

"He is no friend of mine," said Brandon. "As for the truth—well I defy Dig Thorne to scrape up a relative in the United States. He won a scholarship at our college, any beggar can do that now-a-days, if he has the brains to study and mind to toady for it. But his people are worse than nobodies; his mother used to keep a roadside tavern, and his father can't write his own name."

"I don't believe it!" burst almost with a sob from Miss Kitty's quivering lips. "He wouldn't dare to fool us like that."

"Ask Jack," said Brandon, turning maliciously to that young gentleman who stood in blank dismay at having connected the poles of those two opposing worlds. But Jack was spared a reply.

With white, stern, face and blazing eyes, Digby stepped firmly, defiantly into the charmed circle.

"I can answer for myself," he said resolutely. "There is some mistake, I have
claimed no distinguished family or relative or name. Jack will bear witness that I
told him last night what I was, who I was. My father is a poor ignorant man, my
step-mother did keep a tavern. I am low-born, low-bred if you will, but I have
worked my own way, step by step, without asking help or favor, and he who calls
me beggar or toady—lies!"

"Young gentlemen! Young gentlemen!" interposed Colonel Vane sternly,
while a shocked silence fell upon the scene.

"I am no gentleman, sir," said Digby roughly. "When cads like Brandon here
claim that name, I scorn it. I should not have come here. I told Jack so last night.
It was—a mistake—all around. I beg pardon for my intrusion and will go—at
once—" and with only his firm set lips and blazing eyes telling of the emotion he
was controlling, Digby turned away.

"Most—most extraordinary!" exclaimed Colonel Vane.

"Bravo! For a plucky fellow!" said Professor Gray quietly.

But Miss Kitty was sobbing outright.

"Oh Jack, Jack!" reproached Miss Millicent.

"I don't care what Dig's father or mother or family is," burst forth that young
gentleman, finding impetuous speech. "That's all played out in these days. Digby
Thorne is the brightest, cleverest, squarest fellow I know. I am proud to call him
my friend; and I leave here with him."

And with his curly head high in the air, Jack would have started after Digby's
retreating form, had not Professor Gray laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Let him alone just now," he said with a nod. "Let your friend alone, my
lad. He is too sore for even a kindly touch; but he will get over it. It's only the
first sting we feel, after that we smile and climb on. That young fellow is bound
for the top, and if I know the signs, he will get there—aye, get there and perhaps
look down on us all."

But Digby heard nothing of these kindly words as he strode away through
the oak woods, striking into the deepest shadow to avoid the wandering picnickers
who were strolling in and out of the grove. He was stung to the quick; all that
was hard and fierce and bitter in his nature seemed roused into life.

"I have had enough of Jack Mason and his friends," was his passionate soliloquy.
"I was a fool to come here—a worse fool to stay. Toady beggar—ah, if I could
have had the privilege of thrashing Ned Brandon for those words, it would have
been some relief. But I couldn't make a row before all those girls. And they all
thought I was lying—playing a part—claiming birth and position." And Digby's
wrath leaped up again at the injustice of his supposed condemnation. "That pretty
little girl will think I was fooling her straight through; she will despise me forever.
She was crying with mortification. George! I was an idiot to stay here even for a
day."

And conscious only of a fierce desire to escape as quickly as possible from his
late associates, Digby tramped along—whither, he scarcely knew—leaping brooks,
clambering hills, crossing fields, until guided more by instinct than purpose, he found
himself on the high ridge overlooking Camp "1900."
He had made good time, for the sun was still high in the afternoon sky. Fringed with its encircling pines, the Hollow lay beneath him like an emerald cup brimming with sunshine. A breathless stillness rested upon the scene, not a bird twittered in the trees, the old mansion with its rose-wreathed porches, its ivied walls and its grass-grown walks, and untilled fields, seemed pathetic in its smiling peace.

But the charm of the old homestead was gone for our hero. His rugged face burned again as he recalled his breakfast with Miss Millicent on the porch, and the conversation that gentle old lady had found so misleading.

“I ought to have acknowledged myself 'coarse clay' from the first,” he said bitterly; “but I'll not venture among the 'porcelain' again. I will be off before they get back. I will get my gripsack from the tent and start right away. It is twenty miles to the railroad, but I think I can make it in four hours. Lucky that Hal's father sent me that cheque this morning. It will help me home at any rate, and once there—well, muscle will tell if brains don't—Hallo!” Dig paused suddenly in his descent of the roughly terraced, briar-grown slope. “What's the matter here?”

A pair of stalwart limbs blocked his way; stretched upon a heap of underbrush was an ungainly figure that he recognized at a glance. It was his unwelcome visitor of the previous night, his step-uncle, Tom Dunn.

“Tom,” he called, bending over the prostrate figure. “Tom, what is the matter? What are you doing here? Wake up I say, wake up!” A heavy snore was the only answer.

“Faugh!” said Dig, his face darkening with disgust as he realized his relative's condition. “He has been at his old tricks. Drinking again; turning himself, body and soul into a brute. And it's a part of my bad luck to have him here—here of all places in the world just now. The boys will stir him up when they get back, and he will talk of course.”

And Dig's brow grew blacker, as he thought of Ned Brandon's malicious triumph, for Mr. Dunn's version of family affairs would corroborate all that had been said. In angry perplexity Dig stood leaning against the rock wondering how he could get this disreputable relative out of reach and sight.

The ridge widened here into a bit of rough table land chocked with rocks, briars and undergrowth, but a pick stood half-buried in the ground almost at his feet.

“Some one has been prospecting even here,” said Dig with a bitter smile. The spot seemed to him, as he stood there, bitter and despondent, to typify the fate to which he was born—hard, rugged, relentless, choked with the briars and thorns of poverty and ignorance, bearing no tender touch of vine or turf or flower, no promise of blossom or fruit.

“Prospecting here!” he repeated. “It must have been Professor Gray looking for dead men's bones.” He gave the pick an idle thrust with his foot as he spoke. It fell with a rattle of stones and loosened earth, and a hollow that had evidently been masked, opened at his feet.

“Hallo!” exclaimed Dig, wide-eyed with interest at once. “Looks as if the Professor had been here sure enough. He told me if I were going to stay he would
show me some of his finds. It seems as if I had stumbled on one myself. I wonder what is in here.”

He bent forward curiously scanning the opening.

“No cave there,” and Dig took up a black lump and surveyed it curiously “That isn’t a prehistoric relic—but—but” he held it to the light with a puzzled expression. “It’s not rock nor—nor—earth either.” Then struck by a sudden thought he dropped his find and began clearing the ground vigorously in two, three, four places.

“Eureka!” he exclaimed at last breathlessly. “It is! And the whole ridge is backboned with it! Sure as my name is Digby Thorne—it’s coal.”

Coal indeed! The mountain had given up its secret. The black, rugged ridge had yielded its treasure. The Light-Heat-Force garnered for countless ages in Nature’s secret store-house lay waiting man’s waking-touch at Digby Thorne’s feet.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FURNACE

“Dunn, Dunn,” a low cautious voice called from the rocks below. “Are you there, Dunn?”

“Yes,” answered Digby, glad to be relieved of his troublesome relative. “He is here.”

“Confound you, you have kept me wandering like a fool over these hills for two hours. You promised to meet me at—Eh, who—? What does this mean?”

And Mr. Giles Gifford, clambering with some difficulty over the intervening rocks, paused, his face darkening angrily, as he confronted Dig leaning on his pick.

“Here is Mr. Dunn, sir, as you see,” was the dry response.

A muttered execration was Mr. Gifford’s reply. The pick, the upturned earth, the flushed, excited youth, told a tale that made his heart sink.

“And you, sir—you?” he asked, his voice trembling, his cold eye flashing like unsheathed steel. “What are you doing here? This man here—this Dunn—was in my employ. I had directed him to make certain investigations. You have been tampering with him.”

“Tampering with him!” echoed Digby, indignantly, “I don’t know what you mean. This man here happens to be my uncle—worse luck for me! I was wondering how I was to get him out of sight and reach of respectable people, when I stumbled upon this coal hole here.”

“Coal hole!” repeated Gifford scornfully. “Fox hole, rather. There is no coal up on these hills, young man.”

“If that is not coal, I don’t know what is,” said Digby hotly, as he struck another blow with his pick. “Just look there!”

And Giles Gifford looked with angry, baffled gaze at the rich, black depths the stroke had bared. For a moment he felt as if he could strike down the youth who
stood there with flushed cheeks and eager eyes, unconsciously holding Fate and Fortune in his sturdy grasp.

But the human brute goes leashed in these civilized days, and tiger though he was at heart, long training had made Giles Gifford a skilled diplomat, and as such he accepted the situation.

"Then there was some truth in this fool's story after all. He said he had found coal here, but I scarcely credited him. He promised to give me satisfactory proof today."

"I think you have it," said Digby striking another place with his pick. "Look here, sir—and here—and here. There can be no salting about that. Tom Dunn may be a fool in some things, but if he brought you here to find coal, he brought you to the right place. If I know anything about coal fields, there is a seam here that strikes right across the Ridge. You can see the geological formation of the ground indicates it. It's all sand-stone and shale. I can bring up a few darkeys with picks and spades, who will soon prove the matter beyond doubt—"

"No, no, no," said Gifford excitedly, laying a detaining hand on Digby's arm. "You—you will ruin us! Don't you understand? This must be kept quiet."

"Kept quiet! Why?" asked Dig in surprise.

"Because—because—" Gifford felt ready to curse the luck that had thrown this youth, with his clear and candid eyes and honest, rugged face, across his path. "It is to my interest, and—and I will make it to yours. Don't you see, this land is for sale?" But Digby only stared in perplexity.

Clever and keen-witted though he was, he had hitherto trodden upward paths in which there was neither crook nor bend.

"But if it is found to bear—coal—"

"I see," said Digby, a light flashing into his eyes. "The price will go up."

"Absolutely beyond my reach," concluded Gifford.

"I see," again said Digby, as if unknown horizons were opening to his mental gaze.

"It looks as if it might be—a big thing," said Gifford, his cold eyes ranging the Ridge.

"It looks to me very much like a big swindle," said Digby bluntly.

"Not at all—not at all—" was the quick reply. "Simply a good speculation. Why should I not buy on—on private information? It is done every day. What is the difference between a cipher dispatch advising me of a rise in stocks, and the stroke of your pick telling me of a rise in real estate? I pay for it and use it to my advantage. Don't you see?" Aye, Digby began to see—to see very clearly—'spades,' or rather 'picks,' were trumps, and he held the winning hand.

"You don't look as if you could afford to throw away a good thing, either," continued Gifford. "What are you doing up here?"

"Making a fool of myself," answered Digby, his face darkening as he thought of his day's experience.
“Not an uncommon thing at your age,” said Gifford with a laugh. “Yet you seem rather a clever fellow to claim kinship with this boor at my feet.”

“Tom is part of the hard luck to which I was born,” said Digby doggedly. “I can’t get away from it. There’s no use trying.”

“You’ve got a chance now and here,” said Gifford, who had been studying the rugged features, the clouded brow, the coarse garments with a keen eye. “Come, you need my help, it seems; and I need yours. I am willing to pay dear for it. What will you take for silence—absolute silence—about this coal here, until the land is mine?”

“How much will I take?” repeated Dig, his eyes beginning to kindle. Ah, the ‘coarse clay’ was in the furnace of a first temptation. This man was offering him money—money!—the money he so sadly needed to save Dorothy—to save himself.

“You mean to sell again at a big profit?”

“I mean to take big chances,” replied Gifford. “You risk nothing at all. Come, I will give you one hundred dollars to keep this affair dark.”

“And give you the chance to make a hundred thousand, perhaps more,” said Dig with a short laugh. “No sir, I’m not fool enough for that.”

“Two hundred, then,” said Gifford eagerly. But Dig held ‘Alladin’s lamp’ in his hand, and he knew it.

“Three—four—five hundred!”

But Dig still shook his head. An oath burst from Gifford’s thin lips.

“You young Shylock, then, what will you take?”

For a moment Digby did not reply. He had seated himself on a big rock, and with his chin resting on the pick-handle he held between his knees, he was surveying the situation.

Here was luck at last! Luck of which he had never dreamed. Here was health for little Dorothy, help for his father, hope again—sun-crowned hope—for himself. And he need only be silent and let the sale go on. Bah! he was a fool to hesitate, to think of Jack, of the gentle old ladies who had given him friendly welcome, of the simple frontier honesty that winced at this ‘dark deal.’ He was only a rough, low-born fellow after all, he thought bitterly, and why should he consider these high-born people who cared nothing for him; he was only ‘coarse clay,’ and must look out for himself in life’s jostle.

“I ask you again, what will you take to hold your tongue?” demanded Gifford with sharp impatience.

“Just one thousand dollars,” answered Dig, who had made a quick computation during the brief deliberation.

“One thousand dollars! One thousand! Why, boy, you must be mad,” exclaimed Gifford.

“It may look a little that way, considering that there is almost a quarter of a million here at my feet,” said Dig, dryly. “One thousand isn’t much of a per cent. in the business, I’ll allow, but that is all I happen to need just at present, so I’ll let you off easily. One thousand dollars and not a cent less.”
"You are a sharp one," said Gifford with a sharp laugh. "You have me on the hip, and you know it. One thousand dollars, then, shall be your share in this little game. I will give you my note payable in thirty, sixty, and ninety days after the purchase of the land is concluded. By the by, I have not introduced myself; I am Giles Gifford, of New York, and as your uncle here can testify, when he becomes sober, a reliable person to deal with. Come up to Mountain Rest where I am staying, and we will settle the transaction tonight. And remember, a word of this find will cost you just one thousand dollars."

"I am no fool," answered Digby, gruffly. "I understand our bargain perfectly."

"I will look for you, then, at about eight o'clock," said Gifford, as he turned back to the road where his horse stood tethered, and mounting him, rode slowly away, a stiff, dark figure that Dig watched with eyes that had grown restless and gloomy under their heavy brows.

Argue as he would, he felt that he had bartered honor and conscience at that tempter's whisper. But he stifled the still small voice resolutely. Right or wrong, Digby Thorne could not weakly vacillate. He had the strong decided mind that turns wholly either to evil or to good.

And he had come to that turning point today. Dig felt it with a new self-scorn, as he hid the pick in the grass and crept away from the spot where Tom Dunn lay in stupid sleep behind the screening bushes. Suppose some one should see him! Should be drawn to the place and discover all!

Dig felt himself grow hot and cold again at the thought. Ah, when had he ever trembled with fear and anxiety before? But he had one thousand dollars at stake now; he must keep watch on the place, furtive watch, until Tom should arouse and he could get him quietly away.

He strolled on about fifty yards where the Ridge went down precipitously for about ten feet, forming a rough natural wall for the little graveyard, which had aroused Carrots' fear and indignation on the night of their arrival at the Hollow. Dwarf pines and cedars fringed the summit of this wall, and Dig flung himself down in their shelter to rest and think.

One thousand dollars! The sum seemed beating and throbbing in his excited brain. It meant so much to this shamed, bitter-hearted youth, who had felt the stings and fetters of cruel poverty from his birth. It meant freedom and life for little tired Dorothy, roses for the pale, pinched cheeks, light for the sweet blue eyes, smiles for the tender lips; it meant kindly care for his helpless father, and for himself. Dig's breath came quick and fast as he thought of the closed gates it would unbar, the paths it would open to his strong, eager feet.

Absorbed in his day-dream, he was unconscious of any approach, until a clear voice from the graveyard startled him into attention.

"You may leave us hear for awhile, Eben. The horses will stand while you go on to the house and attend to the milking. It is not often I get out as far as this, and I want to take a look at the dear old graves that I have not seen for a year."

Dig's heart gave a quick, guilty leap, as he peered stealthily through the heavy
undergrowth and saw the quaint figures in the shadow below. Miss Millicent, who had been supported from the chaise by old Eben, had seated herself on a flat gravestone, while Miss Martha stood erect at her side. Both were silent until the old negro had left them; then Miss Millicent said, in a broken voice:

"Oh, Martha, to leave these to strangers will seem the hardest thing of all."

"Yes," answered Miss Martha. "I think so too; but—it can't be helped—Milly, it can't be helped."

"I have always felt that our dear ones were near, watching over us," continued Miss Millicent. "I have always expected when our time came we should be laid to rest at their side. Now, Martha—now—we cannot even claim a grave as our own."

There was a moment's silence. Both sisters were weeping quietly, as Dig could see. It was Miss Millicent who first steadied her voice to speak.

"Read the letter you found at the post office to-day, over again, Martha. It seems fitting, somehow, that our dear dead should hear why it is, we are leaving them—why we must give them up." Miss Martha took a letter from the old-fashioned reticule at her waist, and read:

My Dear Miss Hunter:—Since writing you a week ago, regarding the unfortunate necessity of selling your property, I have received a communication from Mr. Giles Gifford, a lawyer and capitalist, who wishes to invest in land in your section. Should he decide, on further investigation, to make you an offer of $25,000, or more, I advise you to close the sale without hesitation, as I have reason to fear, that under the hammer, the estate will barely bring the amount of the mortgage, and leave you absolutely nothing for future necessities. Land in your remote district, is at present valuations, almost worthless, and it is difficult to find purchasers on any terms.

I have made arrangements for your admittance into the Elizabeth Home at whatever date you decide upon. One of the airiest and most comfortable rooms in the establishment has been reserved for you, and you may be assured, dear Madam, under all circumstances, of my unchanged friendship and consideration,

Faithfully yours,

Thos. J. Ebbitt.

Miss Martha's voice broke into a deep, hoarse sob as she concluded.

"It seems as if I can't bear it," she whispered brokenly. "I wouldn't mind it for myself, but for you, Millicent, who seem born to be a queen, to come to the Poor House at last; for the Home is nothing more."

"Martha, dear, don't—don't grieve for me; I am but a helpless, poor creature at best now. It is for you, dear, with your busy hands and kind, home-making ways that I sorrow for most. But there is nothing to be done, Martha, the money must be paid; we must take this Mr. Gifford's offer for the place, and—and—go, and may God, in his mercy, soon take us Home, Martha—soon take us both together Home—hark! There come the children. They must not find us grieving here. Help me to the carriage; we must not spoil Jack's holiday by our tears. Come!"

And leaning on her sister's arm, Miss Millicent slowly made her way back to the shabby old chaise standing in the road nearby.

Digby had heard all. He understood all now. He waited until the ladies were out of sight, and then arose from his hiding place, and stood once more upright in the sunshine—in height, in strength, in mind and purpose—a man.
The work of the Ha'nts of Piney Hollow was done. Their old home saved. Digby Thorne turned from dark and devious ways forever.

Mr. Giles Gifford was taking supper in his private room at the Mountain Rest. Despite the apparent success that had attended his trip, the last two days had been among the disagreeable experiences which gentlemen of his luxurious habits find equally destructive to temper and digestion.

"Another day of corn bread and friend pork will put me in the doctors hands when I get home," he soliloquised, as he pushed aside the dishes with disgust. "I could not close my eyes last night in that stuffy little bedroom. Luckily I brought my sleeping powders with me and can assure myself of some rest to-night. Another attack of insomnia, such as I had last spring, would put me in the insane asylum, and my nerves feel ready for it. This confounded business has strung them up to the snap. I believe I could have cut Dunn's throat without compunction this evening. To give the whole deal away at the last minute to that wide-awake youngster! I won't feel at ease for a moment until the deed for the land is in my safe in New York. I sent a note to the old ladies saying that I would call on them at ten to-morrow in regard to the purchase of the property. I think I have shut the youngster's mouth effectually, but George, it's a risk! Every minute is a risk! With a chance like that coal ridge almost in your grasp, and ruin ahead if you let it slip."

A tap at the door interrupted Mr. Gifford's uneasy reverie. "Come in," said he, sharply, and Digby Thorne entered.

"Good morning," said the lawyer, grimly. "I was just thinking of you, my young friend. You are rather ahead of time—not a good business rule. On time always is my motto; but never before, never behind. Both are equally bad: one suggests eagerness, the other indifference. I judge by your undue promptness that you are in a hurry to conclude our arrangements of this afternoon."

"Then you judge wrong, sir," answered Digby excitedly. "I have come to tell you that the whole business is a mean, sneaking swindle of two helpless women, and I will have nothing to do with it."

"Eh—what—what?" Gifford started perceptibly, his pale face flushing a dull, angry red. "Do you mean you have broken your contract with me?"

"We have made no contract as yet, and I intend to make none," said Digby firmly.

"Not for a thousand dollars, eh?" Gifford laughed harshly, "I see. In plain words, you have raised your price. Conscience stock has gone up in the last two hours. Well, what's the advance?"

"I tell you that you will have to deal on the square," continued Digby, heedless of the others jibes. "I heard the whole story since I saw you last, Mr. Gifford. The two old ladies who own the land will be turned out of their home—sent virtually to the Poor House—by the sale that will put thousands of dollars into your pockets. Give this business what name you will, I call it robbery, in the sight of God and honest men."
Very good indeed," scoffed Gifford. "Quite a climax. You have the making of a first-class stump orator in you, my young friend. How much more are you striking for? I warn you not to push too far. Will you close the bargain at twelve hundred?"

"No sir, nor at twelve thousand," was the absolute reply. "I was tempted for a moment, I confess, for I need money badly. But I have taken my stand. You can't buy me at any price."

For a moment Giles Gifford, cold, calculating, conscienceless as he was, felt a thrill of admiration—nay, a pang of envy. The brave boyish words recalled a time when he, too, had stood free and untrammelled at the first sharp turn of life and had chosen—how?

He grew hard and bitter again at the thought. Stronger even than his greed of gain arose the old Satanic spirit that tempts and rejoices to see the tempted fall.

"Come, come," he said in a changed tone, "I cannot believe you are really serious in this Quixotic folly. There is no question of buying you. It is simply this. You need money and so do I. Here is an opportunity for both of us. You go into this speculation with me. I will advance all the necessary funds and give you a fifth interest. That is liberal enough, is it not? If that Ridge is what I believe it to be, this is the chance of our lives. We can buy the place, house and all for $25,000."

"And steal the coal upon it," said Digby bluntly. "No, sir; if I should take a hod of coal from your cellar you would call me a thief: what do you call taking a mine?"

"Then you refuse my terms? You propose to stand by those old women?" said Gifford, hoarse with rage.

"I propose to stand by justice and right," said Digby steadily.

And as the dark eyes met his, Giles Gifford read in their clear depths a will as strong as his own—a will he could neither bend nor break.

"You fool!" he cried savagely, hurling a fierce curse at Digby. "Go, then, do your worst. I throw up the game."

And Giles Gifford left for New York at day break.

(To be concluded in our next.)
ON the 12th of March, 1898, Isidore Errázuriz, Minister Plenipotentiary of Chile to Brazil, died in Rio Janeiro—one of the most brilliant men, and certainly the man most gifted with the high and rare qualities of statesman and orator that Chile has ever produced.

Isidore Errázuriz was born in Santiago, Chile, in 1835, of a family that already had furnished more than its quota of illustrious men. In 1851 he came to the United States under the charge of Joaquin Larrain Gaudarillas, who later occupied many prominent positions in Chile, desiring to finish their education amidst the free and generous principles of our young Republic. With Errázuriz came that other famous Georgetown boy, Manuel José Yrrarázaval.

Together these two studied at Georgetown for a year and a half, and together in Chile they gave evidence throughout their lives of the thoroughness of the knowledge and the broadness of idea acquired at Georgetown, and especially of that stability of religious principles which is such a potent element in the enjoyment and usefulness of life.

Two months after his graduation, Errázuriz went to Germany to study law at the University of Göttingen. Here he met a Miss Hoffman of Hamburg, whom he afterwards married.

He devoted his leisure to literary pursuits and wrote some very pointed and witty political satires besides a great many poetical compositions.

About this time he became involved in the revolutionary movement of Gallo, together with a number of other young Chileans; most of whom had been educated abroad, and were imbued with strong liberal tendencies.

The details of this epoch of Errázuriz' career we glean from the correspondence of a relative, Mr. Washington Carvallo, whose father, Manuel de Carvallo, was minister to United States and England in the fifties.

After Gallo was defeated in 1859, Errázuriz was exiled, and lived at Mendoza in the Argentine Republic. When he returned to Chile he edited the papers La Voce de Chile and El Mercurio, carrying on his journalistic campaigns with his wonted vigor and energy. In 1867 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies as its president, in which office he remained actively engaged until 1890. He took part in the war which Chile waged so successfully against Peru and Bolivia.

When the revolution between Congress and President Balmaceda broke out Errázuriz favored the cause of Congress, and on the triumph of that party was elected to the cabinet and later minister of foreign affairs under the administration of George Montt. Shortly afterwards he retired from politics to his farm on the Isla Santa Ines, still however retaining the office of Senator.

In 1896 Fredenco Errázuriz, the cousin of Isidoro, was elected President of Chile; whereupon the latter was again called to public life. He was appointed in 1897
ISIDORO ERRASURIZ.

minister plenipotentiary to Brazil. After a brief residence in Rio Janeiro, he was
stricken with yellow fever and died after an illness of eight days.

If at any time there has been in South America a man who needs less of panegyric or eulogy that man is Errásuriz. For around his grave an entire nation mourns. He was the popular senator, the unsurpassed orator, the shrewd and patriotic diplomat, who more than once had the destiny of Chile in his hands. He had those qualities which make a man loved and respected by the people, personal bravery and eloquence, accompanied and strengthened by a great moral power and sterling worth. During his life of sixty-three years, passed amidst the struggles and trials of a nascent democracy, he turned his magnificent powers to almost every occupation; he was politician, journalist, diplomat, soldier, revolutionist, historian, and in all he showed his versatile talent and keen intelligence.

But yet his greatest gift and the one with which he did his best work was eloquence. "Even if you should cancel all his services to the Republic," says El Chileno, "never can the memory of his grand and fiery eloquence be effaced from our minds; that eloquence which knew how to convince the most learned assemblies; to refute the arguments of the most prejudiced and ignorant; to influence the popular heart to a patriotic zeal for glorious ideals." In a new country like Chile, where as yet they have had time to produce only soldiers, the words of Isidoro Errázuriz will ever resound as those of the first great orator. For it was he who first made us appreciate in the virile and powerful Castilian, what must have been the irresistible force of words which the ancient orators of Rome possessed, thus to bend to their will the proudest nation of the earth."

Errázuriz excelled in the flexibility and ductileness of thought, now tense as a bent ashen bow, again strong and firm as steel; in the adequateness of phrase, now making use of elegant amplification, again enriching his discourse with a tropical exuberance, but yet always prepared to go straight to the mind and heart of the hearer. He was an artist—an artist in diction; an artist in high dignified bearing and nervous gesture; and artist in his recourse to satire and tenderest pathos.

In hours of great danger and trial to the Republic, it was then that Errázuriz was in his element. To see him rise from his chair in the Chamber of Deputies, and amidst the death-like stillness of the immense auditorium, to hear his musical voice ring out was an experience which none who saw or heard him will ever forget. He was calm yet enthusiastic; alert and yet quite at his ease, stern and yet lovable. And in the end he would make the hall ring till every man sat spellbound under his magic influence.

Georgetown may well be proud of her sons in that far away land, carrying her principles and her teachings so faithfully to a stranger people.

Let the record of this well-spent life be an incentive to those who now look forward, hoping and doubting to the future; let it add one more lustre to old Georgetown and her already large roll of honored and famous dead.

LEONARDO F. JORRIN, '99.
TO OMAR KHAYYAM.

"What, without asking, hither hurried Whence? And without asking, Whither hurried hence! Another and another cup to drown The Memory of this Impertinence."


"The Flower that once has blown forever dies.


I.
Twas seven full centuries ago,
As he stitched tents in Naishapur;
That Sunbeam, wine and roses' glow,
Stitching his heart, made Omar sure.

II.
A thousand years before his time,
In gloom and stench and bitter draught,
Died there a Man, whose life was rhyme;
His heart, spear-split:—then two men laughed.

III.
Proud, eager-eyed, you searched the skies,
From pole to pole thy vision swirled
Yet saw not where, in orbit wise,
The Light of Light swept on the world.

IV.
That Flower, which dying bloomed, still lives,
Fragrant beyond the grape or rose;
Its breath is Peace, and Wisdom gives;
Its breath in sweet forgiveness blows.

V.
More was there in His "It is Done,"
Than all thy poet heart e'er thought:
Blind to the splendor of that Sun,
You flung your glories on the Naught.

VI.
Your lightnings, forged in Rhetoric's heat,
With that Rood's gloom are palely blent;
Oh, couldst thou but have clasped His feet
And known him not "Impertinent!"

JOHN J. A BECKET.

A BALLAD OF RESTING-TIMES.

How sweet are the resting-times we take
In the May-land of reverie,
When off from the marching of life we break,
And live as a dreamer would be;
With never a care for the future to bear,
Or never a tear for the past.
Days gone and to come with the present all share
A joy, it were heaven to last.

Ah, those resting-times, they make us say
That our years are those of a child,
When they wing us away to that Yesterday
Of the sun, and the wooded wild,
Of the old stone walks that the Indians made,
Of the castles we builded of sand,
When the ponds left of rain, that we used to wade
Were the seas of our happy land.

Where are those days? A question as old
As the song of the mighty sea.
And what the response? Ah, each one is told
By heart-hymns of different key.
Perhaps what speaks my remembered bliss
Is a lock from a sunbeam head;
And perhaps for thee 'tis a loved one's kiss,
Ere she went to her turf-clad bed.

Ah, yes, what stories we all know well,
When back o'er the years we look!
What secrets of hearts the rose might tell
That is pressed 'mid the leaves of thy book!
There are faces of yore in each bloom of the spring;
Each June tells a long-gone word;
A message returns when the Autumn takes wing,
Or a sigh that the winter has heard.

And it may be so when thou art in the mould,
A flower from a hand far away
May come on the breeze and, breathing, enfold
A veil for thy cover of clay.
And a little redbreast that sat on the bough,
And piped of thy loved one to thee,
May fly to the rosebush that stands o'er thee now,
And a requiem weave there for thee.

MICHAEL EARLS.

Rome.
With the present issue of the Journal the editor-in-chief retires from the position he has felt it both an honor and pleasure to occupy for the past ten months, and leaves his duties in the able hands of his successor, Mr. Thos. F. Cullen, ’99. He avails himself of this opportunity to thank his assistant editors, contributors and patrons for the unfailing aid and sympathy afforded him during his brief editorial career, and to express the hope that the pleasant relations thus established will not terminate with his office. There is always a note of sadness in “farewell,” even when spoken on rosy heights, touched with the beauty of morn; and the hand-grip of parting thrills a chord of pain, though the heart may be throbbing high with the gladness of success. Through our halls that will soon echo the triumphant music of Commencement Day, there already tremble faint minor tones of regret that college days are over, the ties of joyous years will soon be broken and classmates scatter into their various ranks for the stern battle of life, but eloquent tongues will soon voice over sorrow at parting from our beloved Alma Mater. We will not sadden columns that should be vibrant only to the strong notes of youth and hope with the “sweet old word good-bye.”

There is no good-bye to the College Journal. It belongs to the past and the present, the old and the new. Whatever the mist-veiled future may have in store for us, the Blue and Gray Messenger that wings its way over land and sea will always bring a breath from the breeziest, gladdest hours of youth. Again we shall see the old gray towers rising from the hillside, the shining river rippling below, the green gay with merry crowds. We shall thrill again to the victor shouts of Hoyas, Hoyas echoing from the campus, or, perhaps, softened to holier strains borne on evening winds from the chapel of the Sacred Heart. Old friends will greet us in the Journal columns; old memories made sweeter and dearer by time will live again “between the lines;” the old Faith and Hope dimmed so often by the dust of Life’s struggle will glow again with their early light. Therefore, not good-bye, but God speed to our Journal. May its noble mission widen with the lengthening years. May it grow into a power that, like
the electric spark flashing through time and space, will bind our Alma Mater and her sons in loving union forever.

* * *

A letter to a member of the Faculty from our late Vice-President, the Rev. William J. Ennis, S. J., contains much wholesome advice to the students of the college, whom he still holds in affectionate remembrance. We print it in full here in our leader-column; and it is hoped that this exhortation on a subject, though, perhaps, a common place in the editorials of college periodicals, will receive the attention it merits, coming, as it does, from one whose authority during his residence among us was ever respected, and who endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact.

Dear Mr. Lauterbach: I have just come down from modern Athens, as Edinburgh is called truthfully, and am staying for a short time at Oxford. As Matthew Arnold wrote of Oxford, "views are in the air which haunt my memory still"—so of Edinburgh I can and do write, adding memories of Edinburgh, the sweetest and the fairest pass over my soul, and may they be my possession forever!

It is a struggle with me which to write about, Edinburgh or Oxford. In another letter, I may tell more of the former, but now I am constrained to select Oxford, because there is a motive in so doing. Through you I am going to send a lesson almost approaching a sermon to the boys of the Blue and Gray; and I am sure they will take it from one whose heart was ever aglow when they were joyous and sympathetic when they were sorrowful. I am pressed sorely by a great temptation to say something of Edinburgh, and I confess that I fal a willing captive. Don't fear any guide-bookishness; for I will eschew it. Bear with me for the love of olden days, and attribute the ease with which I succumb to this temptation, not to fickle will, but to the unbidden winging across the sea of imprisoned memories. Even were it a temptation you would forgive me, had you stood at my side on Callon Hill at the head of one of the most charming streets in Great Britain, or even on the continent, Princess street, and looked out on the islands lying like gems on the bosom of the Firth of Forth, whose waters flowed with their multitudinous laughter down to the

hoary and changeable North Sea. Over across the Firth were the soft green Ochils with Fifeshire in the background. If Edinburgh be thoroughly Grecian in its aspect it must have its Boeotian dullness near by to bring out in striking contrast its own Athenian brightness. Light and shade are everywhere.

Hence we have Fifeshire, where people are so peculiarly constituted intellectually that "Fifeshire" may be taken as a synonym for Boeotian; or to translate the allusion into more intelligible phrase—to dullness they add a good supply of "wheels in the head." Across the Firth, at a distance of ten miles from the hill, runs that marvel of engineering, the Forth Bridge. It is not far from Queensferry, so called from the frequent crossing of Queen Margaret at this point when she visited the palace at Dunferline. The whole place near by is very reminiscent of this good queen; for she landed here after the Norman Conquest. Even the anchorage, where the guardship and H. M. training ship Caledonia are stationed, has taken her as a patroness and is called St. Margaret's Hope.

Turning from the Forth Bridge, we see, on our left, Edinburgh Castle, high on its craggy throne in all the grandeur that the welcome sunlight of April could bestow upon it. At the foot of the hill, where once was a sluggish loch, are now beautiful gardens upon whose green lawn the foot of the city of hills. Around the castle, are the Salisbury Crags, along which the changing shadows of cloudland are chasing one another over lichened rock and heather and golden gorse.

Higher even than these Crags is the Lion sentinell of Edinburgh, Arthur's Seat, the noblest and most picturesque hill in the city. From certain positions the big hill looks like a "lion couchant," keeping watch and ward over the indwellers of the city of hills. Around and up this hill is the Queen's Drive, whence is had a panoramic view of the city and the sea; the sleepy hamlet of Duddingston, but
quaint and picturesque, with loch and old church near which Scott wrote part of the "Heart of Midlothian;" the lovely Pentland Hills rolling away in the distance, and the golfers' paradise—the "fuzzy hills of Braid." As the road crosses the hill near the cone, a bit of Highland scenery is had; for nesting at the foot of a beetling rock is a small natural lake, called Dunsapie Loch. But we have lost our way, and seemingly have forgotten that we are standing on Calton Hill. On a rocky eminence on the side of the hill are the ruins of the Gothic Chapel of St. Anthony, in whose tower in the olden time burned a beacon to guide night mariners on the Forth. The hermitage is only a few feet away beneath the shelter of a jutting crag, and behind the Hermitage is a spring, called St. Anthony's Well whose waters purify through a fold in the hills. In an old Scottish ballad we are told that Lady Anne Bothwell took to the innocent drink of these waters when her true love proved false; "from turret to foundation stone" in the company of three American residents in Edinburgh, whose admiration for Queen May and her bonnie town in thistleland was surpassed only by their loving loyalty to the land of the golden rod where the "Stars and Stripes" wave.

This "motif" came to me as I steered up the placid Isis of Illey, where we got out and walked over to Littlemore, so hallowed by memories of Cardinal Newman. I steered—and the rower was the hospitable and courtly Master of Campion Hall and sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Do not fancy that I was too lazy to row, or that I have no respect for my elders. Fr. Clarke insisted on rowing, as he needed exercise, so I submitted. The Easter vacations were not quite over, but there were college crews on the river practicing seriously and manfully to put their college barge and colors, at the next races, at the head of the river. Each crew had its coach who rode on his bicycle by the riverside and gave his orders, and some very reprovingly, to his extremely docile crew.

It was difficult which to admire the more, the docility of the crews, or the loving interest of the "coach" in the crew of the college, of which, in some instances, he was Head Tutor, or, in all cases, an expert member of a former crew. On our way up the Isis, the college "eights" and "doubles" flew past us as we gilded quietly close to the sedgy shore. It was a delight to see the enthusiasm of the Master of Campion Hall. Three and sixty summers had passed over him, but he was as enthusiastic as a "Prep" who had knocked a home-run with the bases full and thus saved the day. He would stop rowing, rest on his oars, look critically at the crews, and pass judgment on the material. He understood what rowing was, for, when a student, he had been "stroke" in the Varsity crew, that had been victorious two years in succession. He wished that every crew would return from Henley to Oxford with flying colors. An "esprit" was the cause of his enthusiasm. May the boys over the sea ever imitate him!

During his college days he made out tables giving the comparative standing of athletes and non-athletes at Oxford, and he proved that the honorable places in the examinations were gained by the former. And Oxford examinations are not merely nominal, I assure you, even for the simple "pass." I dislike too much moralizing, especially in a letter, but feel that a greater insistence should be made on a heartier striving for success in all sports. Not that they are the Be-all and End-all of college life, but only means to a healthier and more determined energy in the lecture-room, to a manly reliance and courageousness in the face of defeat, and the fostering of a college spirit, vigorous and immortal.

I remarked the docility of the crews. This is a potent factor in the problem of success. An almost childlike submission is necessary. It may be athletics; it may be studies, or it may be something dwelling on higher planes—but whatever it may be, he only will gain success, who persistently surrenders himself to be guided, and who refuses to be saluted as "Meister" until he has proven, by his docility, his right to "Wilhelm." I shall not be far afield if I say that most of the failures in, let me say, sports, among the boys of G. T. C., were caused by an unwillingness to be guided. If a college spirit existed, this would not be so; for an intense desire to succeed for Alma Mater's
sake would make one intensely eager to be guided along the best path to success, and so individual effort would be made ungrudgingly. Not an individual effort for personal pride only, but as a means to the general successful result. For no brow is worthy of the laurel, and the bay, whose first motive has not been the offering to Alma Mater of the first fruits of victory.

There you have the lesson with which I threatened you from this homely studious retreat. I spoke of sports, but the principles are of easy application to studies. After this dry-as-dust lesson I would wish to tell you in full, if I had time, of my stay at Oxford, among the old college buildings, covered with Virginia creepers; walk with you along the silent cloisters or along Addison's shaded path; give you a peep into the manorial dining halls, hung round with portraits of worthies who once sat at these same tables; let you enjoy a charming reverie on the lawn near the sequestered deer-park of Magdalen College, and hear in your dreamland the blithesome voices of choristers on the ever-memorable tower of Magdalen Chapel, make the morning air musical with their sweet May anthems; or bring you into the quiet quadrangle of Oriel College and stand and gaze with you in reverie, at the window of a simple room, and expect to see the paternal and sympathetic face of the master mind of the "Oxford movement," whom the kindly light of grace led from Oxford to the quietude of Littlemore, thence to the Church of Christ whereof he became the great Cardinal of the nineteenth century; or to turn from the street into the quiet of St. John's. It is a venerable building and originally was a house of the Bernardine monks. Even as far back as 1438 it was called St. Bernard's College. We get into the first "Quad" through a gateway, above which is an old statue of St. Bernard; then through an elegantly-vaunted passage to the second "Quad," where the effect of the Renaissance Colonnades is very picturesque, and leave this by an archway with a fan-traceried roof, entering through an iron gate into a large broad garden of loveliness. And this is the College where studied Edmund Campion—now Blessed Edmund Campion, of the Society of Jesus, Martyr and Confessor. Within the shadow of this College is our hall, named aptly, as you see, Campion Hall. His statue stands in the reception-room of Campion Hall, and under it, on a brazen tablet, is the playful, yet fervent, legend, written by Fr. Clarke—

BEATUS EDMUNDUS CAMPIANUS

Dni . MDLXXXVI
Hunc . Mundi . Campum . Immundum 
Mundo . Suo . Sanguine . Mundans
Victor . Migravit . In . Coelum

Gladly would I tell you more of Oxford, but "Old Tom" of Christ Church, is tolling a late hour, and I must be off to London in the morning. Whenever you think of Oxford, throw about it all the associations of culture and mental activity you please, but then say from your heart and deep sincerity: "It is also a place of ancient attractiveness and it has the heart of loveliness, because—it is a home."

With kindest regards to Rev. Fr. Richards, FF. Conway, Carroll, Welch, Kavanaugh, and all the Scholastics—an Auf Wiedersehen to yourself, I remain,

Yours affectionately, in Christ,

WM. J. ENNIS, S. J.

P. S.—The Pall Mall Gazette has me captured by the Spaniards on board the "Paris." I booked passage on her, but the telegram of her antedated sailing reached here too late to make connections, so I had to cancel passage. 'Tis a pity I missed a chance of a free trip to Spain. You could have counted on me as a "special correspondent." W. J. E.

Society of Alumni.

Secretary E. D. F. Brady has issued the following card to the members.

"You are respectfully invited to attend the Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Society of Alumni of Georgetown University, at the College on Commencement Day, June 22, 1898."
The business meeting will take place immediately after the Commencement exercises, which begin at ten o'clock A. M. At the close of the business meeting, the Annual Dinner with the Faculty will be held.

An answer is requested before June 15.”

The Executive Committee expects a large attendance of non-resident members this year, and arrangements are on foot to secure some distinguished speakers at the Banquet.

The Committee hopes that the classes of 1898 will inaugurate the custom of entering the Society of Alumni in a body. All members enrolled within one year after receiving a degree are exempt from the payment of annual dues for said year. Let the classes of 1898 set their successors an example truly becoming in all dutiful sons of Georgetown.

The biennial publication of the Society has been issued; it contains the amended Constitution together with the proceedings of the Annual meetings, the addresses, and a revised list of living and deceased members.

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OUR EXCHANGES.

Amid the excitement and apprehensions attendant upon examination-time, the publications of our sister colleges and universities have not received the attention they deserve. The Exchange Editor repentantly acknowledges his remissness and promises to make good this neglect by a conscientious review of all the latest college journal for the July number. Moreover, in behalf of the Journal, he wishes here to express sincere gratitude for the promptness and regularity with which our exchanges have appeared in the Sanctum, as well as for the many words of kindly encouragement which they have bestowed upon our humble efforts.

Our exchanges will not feel themselves slighted if we make an exception of the Stoneyhurst Magazine, by quoting from it a letter by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., who is in charge of a hall at Oxford. A satisfactory reason for this exception will be found by a perusal of the letter itself.

HOW TO GET A SCHOLARSHIP AT OXFORD.

If anyone goes into a lecture room at Oxford, where a number of undergraduates are assembled to listen to some learned professor or tutor of the University, he will notice a very marked difference in the academic dress of those assembled there. Some of them are wearing a little shred of a gown which really does not deserve the name. It is a piece of black “Russell cord,” or some such material, coming scarcely below the waist, with two holes for the arms, and two pendent lappets which resemble, in curtailed form, the Jesuit “wings.” Others, and in an Honour Lecture they will be a majority (but in a Pass Lecture will not be found at all), wear a far more respectable garment. It is a rather large gown with short but ample sleeves, and though it may be a good deal the worse for wear, it still has a very dignified appearance alongside of the wretched little gown mentioned already. These varying gowns mark off two different classes of men in the University. The meagre little gown is worn by the Commoner, or ordinary student; the ampler gown is peculiar to the Scholar, who, by reason of superior intellectual attainments, receives from the college to which he belongs a certain annual sum towards his expenses at Oxford, and is said to be “on the foundation” of his college, and holds a more distinguished position than the ordinary student or Commoner.
There are two kinds of scholarships—Close and Open. A Close scholarship is limited to the boys brought up at some particular school or to the natives of some particular town or county, or to those who are related by kin to the founder of the scholarship in question, etc. Thus some of the scholarships at New College are limited to boys educated at Winchester, some of those at Brasenose to Hereford or Manchester boys, etc. An open scholarship is one that is thrown open to all comers, and the election is preceded by a competitive examination, which is advertised, and in which all the world is invited to compete, or rather, I ought to have said, all the world who have not attained to the age of nineteen years, for this is the limit of age fixed for nearly all the scholarships in the University. The value of a scholarship is generally £60 a year, tenable for four, five, or six years, unless it is otherwise stated. The examination on which the election is made is in a majority of cases an examination in Greek and Latin. In order to obtain an Open scholarship, the candidate will have to translate into English two unseen pieces of Greek and two of Latin, to turn a piece of English into Latin and another piece into Greek, to answer a "critical paper" containing questions on higher grammar, scholarship, the styles of various authors, etc. A paper is also set of English to be turned into Latin verse, and another into Greek verse. These two papers are not obligatory, but of the men who succeed in getting a scholarship, a large majority do the Latin verse and a considerable proportion do the Greek verse also. A paper is also often set in "General Information," and sometimes one in Modern Languages.

I will not attempt to give the details of a Mathematical Scholarship, but in general it may be said that a good acquaintance is required with Algebra, Theory of Equations, Geometry, Conic Sections, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and some knowledge of Differential and Integral Calculus, though I do not think that these last are absolutely necessary. Scholarships are also given, though not so frequently, for proficiency in Modern History and in Science in its various branches.

Beside scholarships, there are a considerable number of exhibitions thrown open every year for competition at the different colleges. An exhibition is a sort of minor scholarship. It varies in general, from £40 to £70 a year. As a rule, there is not a limit of age for exhibitions, or if there is one it is 21 and not 19.

Examinations for scholarships and exhibitions are held several times a year. The common plan is for a number of colleges to combine and hold a common examination, the candidate being required to state beforehand the college out of the combined group for which he desires to compete. But some colleges have separate examinations for themselves alone.

It is to be hoped that a large number of Stonyhurst boys will obtain scholarships and exhibitions in the years to come. Every boy who does well in the Lower Certificate Examinations ought to begin to work up for a scholarship in whatever subject he likes best and is most proficient in. Every boy of good average talent may get a scholarship at Oxford, if he works with sufficient perseverance and energy. For a Classical scholarship, good idiomatic translation is required, both of Greek and Latin into English, and of English into Latin and Greek. Every boy who wants to secure a scholarship should cultivate Latin verse, and also should read books which would help him in the "General Information" paper, books on History, Literature, Biography, etc. A boy who reads for himself has a far better chance than one who has never gone beyond his school matter in his reading. In fact, the latter has very little chance at all. I should also recommend a special attention to Greek. Hitherto, owing to the London University requirements, Greek Composition has been neglected at Stonyhurst, but it is necessary to translate English into fair idiomatic Greek in order to gain a scholarship. This requires a sound knowledge of the Grammar, and a considerable amount of careful reading of Greek authors, for the sake both of the vocabulary and the idiom. No one can do good "Unseen Translation" without a large amount of reading, and practice in written translation under a master or tutor.

I shall be always glad to give any advice or information that I can to any boys who are thinking of coming to Oxford, either as Commoners or Scholars. I hope there will be many, especially of the latter. The Oratory at Birmingham have already obtained two brilliant successes, and we must not flag in the race. There are plenty of scholarships for all of us, and it will be our own fault if we do not bring all our Catholic schools to the front in a matter so important to their well-being and efficiency. But the school can do but little unless it is supported by the parents. If a boy is sent at the age of twelve or thirteen, knowing scarcely any Latin and no Greek, it is almost impossible to work him up, unless he has a very special talent, for success in a scholarship examination at Oxford. A boy of twelve ought to have a thorough knowledge of at least the elements of Greek and Latin Grammar, Accidence, and Syntax, and he ought besides this to have read some easy author, or at least the sentences and extracts given in a Latin and Greek Delectus. To do this he ought to enter Hodder or some other good preparatory school at nine or ten.

R. F. CLARKE, S. J.
The magazines for June present us with a large assortment of articles on our war with Spain. The question in all its bearings is so widely discussed every day and every week, that we may be pardoned from dwelling upon it here. Let it be enough to call to mind our bounden duty to pray for peace, and to promote peace by all the means at our command. Indulgence in angry passion will not further the cause of humanity, of which talk was once so loud, and we should not forget that death on the field of battle or on the blood-stained deck is not often a suitable preparation for eternity. However heroic the soldier's life, however noble his sacrifice of self, the virtues he practices are not necessarily Christian virtues at all; they were practiced in the very highest degree by the old pagan Romans. To be of value before God, they must be enlivened by the breath of faith. On the other hand, the temptations which beset the soldier's path are no less dreadful than they were of old. The military camp is not a school of saints, and our prayers should be unremitting that those who fall for our flag may, through God's mercy and grace, be ready to appear without grievous sin on their souls before His judgment seat.

*C * *

"Catholic Collegiate Education in the United States" is a subject worthy of our very serious attention at all times, but it is especially timely when so many of our young men are finishing their courses at high school and are unable to decide where they should spend their college days. Hence the peculiar timeliness of the first article in the June Catholic World from the pen of Dr. Austin O'Malley, sometime Assistant to Professor of Special Pathology and Bacteriology at Georgetown, now Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame. The Editor in his "Notes" says that the article "ought to be read carefully by every one who has the interest of Catholic education at heart."

Dr. O'Malley calls attention to the poli-
cy of exclusion that prevails in State Universities of the country, whereby Catholics are kept out of professorships in these institutions. He urges the importance of our representative men being appointed as trustees in due proportion, so that Catholic students may be properly protected from bigotry and hostility to the Church, evinced in literary and historical classes in not a few of the Western and Southern State colleges. From a comparison between the numbers of Catholics at non-Catholic collegiate institutions and at Catholic colleges he shows that “in less than six per centum of the non-Catholic colleges in the country there are 479 students more than there are in those of our own colleges that are really colleges.”

The causes given for the choice of Protestant institutions are, first, the proximity of large Protestant colleges to centers of population; second, the dislike boys have for discipline; third, the lack of proper attention to athletics in many Catholic colleges; fourth, the desire of Catholic parents for the social distinction which they fancy a bachelor’s diploma from Harvard or Yale brings to the boys; fifth, a mistaken impression that the courses are better than in our Catholic colleges.

The first cause attracts boys who wish to live at home, or who must live cheaply away from home. The discipline in a Catholic institution is the very reason for its existence. Our youth should be able to hear history that is not full of lies and to read literature that is not full of impurity. They should get sound philosophy instead of histories of false systems and sneers at scholasticism. But above all they should get “that moral education that is effected by discipline. The end of education is not so much learning as living and intellectual education alone does not conduce to good living.” Some examples are cited of the results of the disciplineless system.

The neglect of athletics is, of course, due in many cases to lack of money. At Georgetown, for example, we have been appealing for funds for many years to build a gymnasium. Very recently a grand-stand was erected on the ball-field, and it has been found difficult to collect any money for it. In fact, the fund is still very meagre. We suppose the same is true elsewhere. Dr. O’Malley describes a gymnasium which could be put up for $10,000, and recommends to the wealthy Catholics to spend $50,000 on five of these instead of founding a chair on Vital Statistics.

We think that enough stress has not been laid by the author on the charm which lies in the social prominence that wealthy Catholics imagine will be gained by having their sons attend a leading non-Catholic college. It is not so much the value of the Harvard or Yale degree, which is seldom rated very high, but it is the wish to have their children brought up in company with boys who will be their associates in after-life. Parents are often quite indifferent whether their sons learn anything or not. If the boy is kept at college and succeeds in advancing with his companions, they are well satisfied. Moreover, even whilst attending these institutions, it is not hard for the young man to take part in society. When we consider how strong these
motives may become, we can understand how hard it is to resist the temptation to run the risk, especially if some pretence is made that the spiritual welfare of the student will be cared for.

The answer to the oft-made but ill-founded claim that the courses in Catholic colleges are inferior to those given in other institutions, is well put by Dr. O’Malley. There is also a thorough discussion of the dangers to faith and to true learning to which Catholics are there exposed. Even though no direct attack on Catholicism is permitted, the animus is hostile, and as the teachers are drifting away from any form of Christianity, they draw their pupils with them into the mire of infidelity.

In conclusion, some counsels are given to remedy the present sad state:

First, parents should be warned of the dangers that await their children at non-Catholic colleges.

Secondly, Catholics should cease to look on our colleges as private boarding-houses, and encourage them by liberal contributions. They are doing God’s work.

Thirdly, the money now spent should be directed towards the real colleges and not wasted on futile efforts.

Fourthly, the success of our real colleges should be dear to every one, and they cannot do their work without endowment.

Fifthly, good colleges should not be ruined by striving to become poor universities.

Sixthly, means should be provided whereby poor boys could live cheaply at our colleges.

We have made copious extracts from Dr. O’Malley’s article. His experience both in this country and in Europe has fitted him well for careful treatment of the college question, and his views deserve the widest circulation. In regard to the endowments, few realize how much could be done here at Georgetown for the cause of Catholic education, were the University to receive such gifts as are recorded almost weekly by non-Catholic institutions.

We mention a few from the May Book Reviews: $20,000 to Rutgers, $150,000 to the University of Chicago, $50,000 to Amherst, $25,000 to Colby University, $40,000 to Columbia (three other gifts of $25,000 have been received since December 1st), $3,000,000 to the Jacob Tome Institute of Port Deposit, Md.; $25,000 to the Worcester Academy, $500,000 to Cornell for a medical college, $10,000 to New York University.

An article on “Undergraduate Life at Vassar,” is the contribution in the June Scribner’s to the series on the American colleges. We have found it very interesting reading.

In the June Cosmopolitan, a batch of letters is printed from members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives in answer to a letter from Mr. Walker sent to every member last April. In this letter they were asked to contribute their views on the necessity of legislation prohibiting members of Congress from taking part in stock speculations. The letters published agree in condemning speculation in stocks when questions are before Congress which may influence the values of these stocks. Naturally some of the legislators are very loud in the expression of their condemnation, just as some of them seem ready to make laws about every question which can arise. Excessive government is bad government.
Mr. Augustin Daly’s services to the American public and to dramatic art are dwelt on in two articles in the June Century, one “a critical review of Daly’s Theatre,” the other, “the inside working of the Theatre.” The latter gains an added interest from the recent death of its author, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known convert, whose loss to literature and to Catholic circles is much lamented. The account of Mr. Daly’s work from morn to night must excite the highest admiration for the intense energy and the wonderful talents which have won him his well-merited success. Few of us realize the immense labor connected with the management of a stock company, which has become a great school of dramatic art, and we wonder all the more when we learn the details of the manager’s day. He is a glorious example of the necessity of untiring industry, even on the part of the most highly gifted. “Mr. Daly has done more to maintain the dignity of the stage, and to make its possibilities and purposes manifest, than any other American of his generation. His productions have not only been delightful as entertainments, but valuable as illustrations of literature and the arts. He has instructed a great public in matters of taste and knowledge by the beauty of his stage pictures, and their accuracy in the details of furniture and costume; and in times of great depression and disgrace he has set up a bulwark against the tide of frivolity and corruption which threatened to overwhelm the whole profession. In these respects, at least, he has realized some of the highest ideals of management.”

* * *

The Fortnightly for May has an article which should interest some of our collegians. It is headed, “A Cure for Indolence.” In the course of it the writer tells how we can get the best work out of ourselves.

“This rule might be thus briefly formulatated: ‘In order to insure the very least amount of nervous expenditure and fatigue intellectual production ought to be daily at a fixed hour and matinal.’ It is certainly better to write during the morning; whosoever is possessed with an interesting subject or with a good fixed idea meditates all day and prepares himself incessantly for work. One might with very great advantage, imitate Michelet, who each evening, before retiring to rest, read his notes as a child prepares his lesson, classified them, impregnated his brain with the chapter to be written the following morning, and left his ideas to germinate during the peace of night.

“Then, if you will believe me, after a short toilet—only that which is necessary to have the eyes clear and the hands clean—go quickly to work as soon as you are awake. You will at once find yourself disposed for work, and in a trice the brain will give forth the best of its mental secretion. It is a piece of advice of real practical importance. Nearly all neurasthenics who obey this prescription strictly improve rapidly, and there are none who do not speak of the feeling of great calm which a morning’s work gives them for the rest of the day.” We are indebted to the Review of Reviews for our quotations. College men, as a rule, seem much more willing to devote the hours of the night to study and to lie abed in the morning as long as duty will permit. Some may find the advice given above of the greatest advantage.

* * *

In the Atlantic Monthly are several interesting articles on “Education,” which we hope to review next month. The North American Review has two articles, one on “Libraries” and the other on “Literary Life in London,” that college men should read, and the Forum has several on education, with one in answer to the question, “Have we still need of Poetry?”
Frederick L. Smith, A. B., '54, A. M., '58, of Reading, Pa., departed this life on Easter Sunday. Mr. Smith entered Georgetown some time during the 'forties,' and made a brilliant course, being especially distinguished as a poet. On the day of his graduation he had the honor of delivering a discourse on “The Influence of Philosophy” before the President of the United States, Franklin Pierce, who was present at the commencement exercises. After leaving college he studied law, which he afterwards practised, becoming one of the most prominent lawyers of his native town. He was ever remarkable for the purity of his life, and the unflinching honesty of his conduct. May he rest in peace.

James V. Coleman, A. B., '69, A. M., '71, and LL. B., '73, of California, is dangerously ill at his home in San Francisco. Public prayers were twice said in the Dahlgren Chapel for his recovery. Mr. Coleman is one of Georgetown’s greatest benefactors, as well as one of the brightest blossoms in the wreath of glory which Alma Mater is continually weaving for herself.

Mr. William C. Niblack, A. B., '74, of whom we recently saw an excellent protogravure in the Chicago Legal News, enjoys the distinction of being the President of the Law Club of the city of his adoption, Chicago. The Journal takes a special pride in recording the doings of Mr. Niblack, as he was one of the members of the pioneer editorial staff, and was entertained by Father Conway, S. J., early during the past month with his old friend Dr. Maurice F. Egan, in residence here during the month, Dr. Devereaux, a nephew of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

It is rumored that he is to go to the front as war correspondent for one of the local newspapers. Mr. Mudd entered Georgetown in '73 and remained until the year before his graduation, when he took up the study and practice of law in his native town. During his residence here, he stood at the head of most of his classes.

Dr. Maurice F. Egan, in residence here during the “seventies” as instructor of the classes in the Preparatory Department, and honored with an LL.D. in '89, spent a day early during the past month with his old friend and whom colleague, Father Conway, of whose ability as a literary critic he has the highest esteem. Though Dr. Egan regards Mt. St. Mary’s as his Alma Mater, where he got his A. B., and though the Catholic University where he lectures on English Philology and Literature, claims him as a member of its family, Georgetown does not yield to either of these in the esteem and affection which they feel toward this illustrious poet, critic and writer of fiction. We hope the Doctor will frequently give us an opportunity of showing this kindly feeling by honoring Georgetown more often with his presence.

Thomas P. Kissman, A. B., '78, who will be remembered by the “Old Boys” as an enthusiastic founder of the one-time Georgetown Boating Club, called recently to pay his respects to Alma Mater. He was entertained by the Reverend Dean of the Graduate School, Father Schandelle, S. J.

The Honorable Martin Condon, in residence here '74-'81, at present Mayor of his native city, Knoxville, Tennessee, also called on Father Conway during the past week. Mr. Condon has a son in the Preparatory Department.

For the eighth time our alumnus, Anson S. Taylor, LL. M., '82, has been appointed and confirmed Justice of the Peace for the District, having received, in February, his commission from President McKinley.

Justice Taylor has recently been designated by Chief Justice Bingham to preside in the Police Court of the District during the summer.

Another visitor was René Couterie, A. B., '83, who came accompanied by Dr. Devereaux, a nephew of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

Harry Collins Walsh, A. B., '88, was in town for a few days last month, where he was met by Father Conway. Urgent business prevented him from paying his respects to Alma Mater. It is rumored that he is to go to the front as war correspondent for one of the local newspapers.

Two members of the illustrious Smith family of Virginia, Clarence and Vincent, five of whom have studied at Georgetown, were present at the graduation of their brother, Antonio, A. B., '96, at the Law School. We are privileged to learn that Ernest B., A. B., '91, is seriously ill.

Two members of the famous '95 baseball team called during the month, Dr. Bernard J. McGrath, A. B., '93, M. D., '95, who holds an official appointment in the hospital of Beverly, Mass., and Richard D. Harley, A. B., '96. The latter is the main prop of the St. Louis team of the National League.
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Of the postgraduates, Messrs. Collins, Boden, O'Donoghue, Poland, Potts, Carr, Donegan, Elley, Stead, Finney, Doherty, Donnelley, McNamara, Miles, Follens and Kirby will take up or continue the study of the law next year; Messrs. Lennon and Noeker will study medicine; while Mr. Remus will take a course of civil engineering at Paris, France. To all as they are about to enter upon the study of their professions, the Journal extends its best wishes for success.

Mr. Maurice Donegan has accepted a position as Instructor in mathematics at Gonzaga College, in this city, and entered upon his new duties during the past month.

The usually happy Peegees wear a look of care and solicitude at the present writing—which, no doubt, will have disappeared ere these words are seen in print. The reason is, of course, the finals, which are to take place during the week beginning on the 6th inst. Of late it is no unusual sight to see the light shining from their rooms at the midnight hour, or to hear them stirring with the dawn in their anxiety to devote to Minerva a precious hour or two purloined from sleep.

The program for our intellectual field days, beginning on the 6th, has just been announced by the Reverend Dean, and is as follows: Monday, June 6th, a.m., 9-10-30 Advanced Rhetoric; 10.30-12, Philology; p. m., 3-4, Comparative Literature; 4-5, Early English.

Tuesday, June 7th, a.m., 9-10.30, History; 10.30-12, Post Elizabethan Literature.

Wednesday, June 8, a.m., 9-10.30, Written, Psychology; 10.30-12, History of Philosophy.

Friday, June 16th, and Saturday, June 11th, 9-12, a.m., and 3.30-5.30, p. m., Oral, Philosophy and Ethics.

The post-graduates did escort duty, from the Pennsylvania R. R. station to the College, to our victorious nine on their return home from the Northern trip.

JOHN J. KIRBY.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The 49th Annual Commencement of the school was held at the Columbia Theatre on the evening of May 16th. Every seat was occupied, and many were obliged to be contented with "standing room only." The stage was filled with the faculty, alumni of the school, and the members of the graduating class. In the front of the stage sat Father Daugherty, and the orator of the evening, Dr. Ernest Laplace of Philadelphia, who is an alumnus of the university. The following was the programme: Overture, "Crown of Gold," Reinberg; Selection, "La Russe," Mosckowsky; March—"The Stars and Stripes," Sousa.


Father Dougherty (in the absence of Father Richards) conferred the degree of M. D. upon the following gentlemen, who, after four years of faithful study, had met all the requirements of graduation: Jesse Lee Adams, Jr., Maryland; Clement Laird Barron, West Virginia; Carl Bainbridge Boyd, District of Columbia.
Poindexter W. Capehart, District of Columbia; John Alexander Clark, New Jersey; Martin Donohue Delaney, Virginia; James Augustin Flynn, Indiana; Mervin Wilbur Glover, District of Columbia; Edward Aloysius Gorman, Virginia; James Finley Kemp, Ohio; James Joseph Kilroy, New Jersey; Arthur Munson Macnamie, District of Columbia; John Melvin Newbern, North Carolina; Carlton Lee Starkweather, New York; Lewis Albert Walker, Jr., District of Columbia; Sherman Williams, Colorado.

A very attractive feature of the evening was the scholarly address of Prof. Laplace. The friends of the Journal will be interested in reading the full text of the address, which Prof. Laplace has kindly placed at the disposal of the Journal. It would add very much to the perusal of the address, if the reader could be given a distinct idea of its impressive delivery.

Mention should also be made of Dr. Gwynn's address. It was carefully written, and very effectively delivered. We hope to publish the address in full in the next number of the Journal.


The last of the night-school classes has just been graduated. With the opening of the next session in October, the Georgetown Medical School will be a day-school; and all of its matriculates will devote their entire time to the study of their future profession. This change, which was made three years ago, was tentative, but has been successful beyond the hopes of the Faculty. While the reform still has some of the elements of an experiment, the Faculty and friends of the school feel that they have good reason for believing that the success of the school is already assured; and that the Georgetown Medical School will take its place among the oldest and most progressive of the medical schools of the country. It has been noticed, with great satisfaction, that the general character of the matriculates for the last three years has been steadily improving. This was one of the changes, which was expected, when the standard of the school was raised three years ago.

The new university hospital was opened for inspection May 24th, and all the visitors were greatly impressed with the very satisfactory results of the Building Committee's work. The value of the hospital as an aid to the didactic work of the Medical Faculty can not be over-estimated. The Faculty have for several years felt the need of a hospital under their own immediate control, that they might properly round out the theoretical work of the school. It is the present intention to open the dispensary-services on the 15th of June, and to receive ward-patients on the 1st of July. A committee of the Faculty on the under-graduates, consisting of E. L. D. Breckinridge, chairman; A. G. Gross, L. B. Johnson, W. A. Green, F. W. Emmons, R. R. Walker, J. F. B. Appleby, Jr., B. J. Wefers, W. H. Merrill, O. F. Wellenreiter, Jasper Wilson, W. L. D. Higgins, A. de Y. Green, F. S. Machen.

The war has made a draft upon the services of some of the Faculty. Col. W. H. Forwood (surgeon, U. S. Army), Professor of Surgical Pathology and Military Surgery, has been making the physical examinations of all the recruits for the District Volunteer regiment; Dr. J. S. Hough, Adjunct Professor of Chemistry (vice Dr. W. H. Coffron, who is now engaged in active practice in Michigan), is an Assistant Surgeon on the U. S. steamer, Morrill; Dr. Francis Lieber, Demonstrator of Physical Diagnosis, has been made an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Army, and is on duty at Fort Clinch, Fernandina, Florida; Dr. J. M. Heller, Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy, also an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Army, has been assigned to Fort Washington, Md.; Dr. George T. Vaughan, Professor of Surgery, and Dr. Joseph J. Kinyoun, Associate Professor of the Practice of Medicine, are daily expecting to be called to "the front" in connection with the U. S. Marine Hospital Service. It is understood, however, that their absence will be only temporary, as the central office of the Service in this city has a very high appreciation of the value of the services of both of these officers and has important work for them here.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES.

(By Dr. Ernest Laplace, Philadelphia.)

Gentlemen: Your state of pupilage is passed, and by the solemn act just performed you have been admitted into full membership in that great medical body, an array of human benefactors, that extends to the days of heroes and demi-gods, and whose traditions blend with the mythical romance of ancient worship.

This is to be your last lecture. The others are all over, and now comes the peroration of your course. Your diplomas are in your hands, and in wishing you God-speed in your mission of healing, it is our desire to express the wish with such intensity of feeling that you can never forget the benediction.

Your faculty is justly proud of the class of '98. It has learned to respect you, to admire you. Though this is an annual celebration, to each of you it is a climax in your lives. You

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?

The SEABOARD AIR LINE will save you $3.00

S. A. L. $3.00 Saved

Leaves Pennsylvania Railroad Station Every Day at 4.40 P.M. Norfolk & Washington Boat leaves daily at 6 P.M.
have struggled for it; and now, amid music
and song, amid friends and flowers, you have at last attained
it. It was a worthy object, and worthily have
you achieved it.

The thorough scientific and practical instruction
you possess, as demonstrated by your
brilliant examination, entitles you to meet stu-
dents from any other institution on an equal
footing. You are armed and well prepared.
I, therefore, trust to find in each of you the
type of "The Physician of To-Day."

The physician of to-day should not be a mis-
fit; the world is full of these, and they are
cheap. It requires faculty and courage to
drop our tools when we have discovered our
mistake; for medicine is a vocation, not a
trade. A trade exists for its own rewards. A
man may enter it from chance, from necessity,
or an honest desire to make money out of it.
That is legitimate, and if he makes his money
fairly, and uses it generously, we honor him
for it. But a vocation exists for its own sake.
A man must believe in it and love it, and con-
secrate himself to it, because it seems to him
to be the noblest, grandest, happiest work he
can do. If wealth and influence and fame come
to him, well and good. But the work itself is
the supreme and sovereign thing. The end of
medicine is health; the master-passion of the
physician must be to make men well. There-
fore, I say to you, practice the auscultation of
your own heart; and should you find that this
is what you love best; if you feel that your
manhood will find its joy and crown in follow-
ing your own heart, in lonely studies, in long journeys by day
and night, in patient walking the wards of hos-
pitals—yes, into the very jaws of death, to
fight some great pestilence, or for your coun-
try; if your brain clears and your hand stead-
ies, and your heart warms at the thought of
solving some problems of disease, and bringing
relief to the suffering, life to the dying—then
go, for you are called, and that call is the force
of your life.

As this force animates each of you, so this
Faculty has done its best to thoroughly fit you
for your calling. But there are some things
it has not done and has not intended to do.
It has not pledged you to any dogma or nar-
row-minded philosophy. It has not desired
your allegiance to any theories that time may
not verify for you. It has not clipped your
wings, and you are at liberty to soar in the
vaulting realms of truth. One of England's
prime ministers and greatest statesmen, dis-
cussing the causes of the progress of civiliza-
tion, deliberately declared that "science in the
last fifty years had done much more in mold-
ing the world than any political causes, and
has changed the position and prospects of man-
kind more than all the conquests, and all the
codes, and all the legislators that ever existed."

A philosopher, as able as was this statesman,
has declared, "I do not know whether health or
knowledge contributes more to the prosperity
of a nation, but no nation can prosper which
does not equally promote both; they should be
deemed twin forces, for either of them, with-
out the other, has only half the power for good
that it should have." And I claim that there
is no knowledge from which mankind derives
greater and more widespread benefit than the
medical science.

On it depends the alleviation of the agony
of death, the restoration of the sick to happi-
ness and usefulness, and, of still greater mo-
ment, the prevention of disease, and thereby
the vigorous promotion of happiness, wealth,
and morality. And I also maintain that medi-

cal science promotes the welfare of the people
more than any other science, and that, there-
fore, our medical colleges merit, far oftener
than heretofore bestowed, donations for the
better development of advanced medical edu-
cation. Knowledge must be your constant aim.

Improve your knowledge. Like the fabled Ro-
man Sibyl, she makes her offers but once,
twice, thrice, on each successive occasion di-

minishing the amount offered, and at length
threatening to withhold all if her last offer be
rejected. For to-day knowledge regenerates
the world and elevates man over every-day ex-
listence.

Your present knowledge imposes upon you
to do your utmost to prevent disease in spite
of the fact that your livelihood depends upon
the profits due to disease. Never before in
man's history have there been such assuring
promises of the triumph of medical science in
preventing disease. The glorious dawn of hap-

erier days can now be plainly seen when suf-
fering humanity will be given far better means
to rescue itself from pain, sorrow, and death
inflicted by mankind's worst foes—the con-
tagious diseases.

Led on by those mighty captains, Pasteur
and Koch, deserving more fame than statesmen
or conquerors, many pioneers have made new
conquests in the realms of bacteriology, and
the day is fast approaching when this youngest
daughter of medicine will give mankind the
power wholly to prevent the horrid devastation
of contagious and epidemic diseases.

Youth is apt to yearn for opportunity to do
the deeds that give men fame, and to mourn
that in this utilitarian age there are no longer
ferocious giants or fiery dragons or other mon-
sters to destroy; no longer unfortunate
knights or beautiful maidens to rescue from
captivity and death, no longer an opportunity
to do heroic deeds. Let me assure you, on
the contrary, that this world of suffering and
sin is still full of great opportunities; full of
monsters as horrid as the Hydra with two
heads sprouting for every one severed; full of
the innocent and helpless, who can be rescued
My dear friends, do not go to your work tomorrow with the belief that you can tame the complex harp of time, known as the human body, with material tools alone. Equip yourselves with all the armamentaria that matter can furnish you, but do not forget that in addition to this outfit you must be hopeful and brave enough to calm the fearful; you must be wise enough to instruct the foolish; you must be good enough to reclaim the bad. Here must we remember the bearing of mind over matter.

It takes a combination of spirit and matter to form a human being. It takes a combination of spirit and matter to develop a human being. It takes a combination of spirit and matter to maintain a human being. Why should it not take a combination of spirit and matter to cure a human being? A kindly spirit must be your characteristic. There is a universal law by which like attracts like. By this law gold and other minerals arrange themselves into narrow veins; by this law birds and other animals form themselves into large families; by this law eye answers eye, voice responds to voice, and heart speaks back to heart; by this law all nature echoes back to you whatever you give to her, be it through work or deed. Would you wreath a sufferer's face with smiles? Then smile upon it. Would you have his friendly confidence? Warmth from your own heart is sure to accomplish it. You have but to speak to these qualities in their own language, and as sure as the tense wire vibrates to the music of its own pitch, so surely will every string to the human heart respond in faithful echoes to the voices that call out to it, for the sufferer's heart throbs as ours throbs, and pain makes him look upon us as one privileged to dispense something almost superhuman.

You will recognize, gentlemen, the power of woman's hand in the nursing of the sick. The trained nurse, skilled in her profession and strong in soul, is the doctor's second self. To her devotion and faithfulness is success in many cases due, when it requires long, careful, and scientific attention to detail in carrying out the treatment. Honor her in her noble calling, and proclaim her worth in the midnight vigil, in the silent fight for life.

Need I say anything of the moral conduct which it behooves men of your lofty aspirations to have? Need I tell you that yours should be the type of purest manhood, who are destined to discover many a skeleton in the family closet; who will enjoy the most sacred confidence of families; who will often be looked up to as an arbitrator and common friend in your communities? It behooves you, therefore, to cultivate those jewels of morality that adorn the blameless physician.

Finally, let the faith of your childhood illumine your path; science does not lead to the overthrow of our simple faith. Science is of things material that we demonstrate and know; faith, an offering, a sacrifice, spiritual. One should never be used to prove the other. They are not of the same genus. Furthermore, it has been aptly said that "a little science might take us away from faith, but a great deal of science will ultimately bring us back to it;" yes, it will only lead you on to better
things until the evening of life, when it will cheer you with the bright prospects of an eternal dawn.

Now that you have a great profession—a privilege denied to thousands—you have already answered yourselves that most momentous of all questions, “What shall I do with my life?” You have a treasure more precious than gold, while if you are judicious in the investment, its interest return will be vast, indeed. We think that the four great powers of the world are the United States, Europe, Asia, and an Education. In combining the first and the last, that is the United States and an Education, there is no other such combine in the world to-day.

Gentlemen, I have only to thank you for your most courteous hearing, and while your Faculty extends to you a parting hand, I read in your hearts the silent but firm resolve, to be devoted to the best interests and progress of your chosen profession, and to reflect honor on your alma mater. It only remains for me, gentlemen, to bid you God-speed on your entrance into professional life, and with the best wishes of my heart to remind you that—No knights of old, in fete or fight, Have ever won a name so bright As thou mayst not win and wear, If like the valiant ones of old Thy faith be high, thy heart be bold, To do as well as dare.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The nearness of the examinations and the hope of honorable mentions urged us to redoubled efforts ever since the Easter holidays, and naturally the time passed very quickly, so that now we are surprised to find that the school year is almost ended, and that we have reached the goal of every school-boy's hopes, the Summer vacations. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which the month of June has flown, many events happened at the College some glad and some sad, but all worthy of mention.

Our reverend President paid a visit towards the close of last month, and was the guest of Rev. Father Scanlan, of Trinity Church. Fr. Ricards is very much better and steadily improving. After taking part in a meeting of the trustees of the new hospital, and having made a few calls on his friends, he returned to the country. His present address is Suffern, Rockland County, N. Y.

The class of Philosophy finish their examinations on Saturday, June 11th, and it is rumored that '98 surpassed all preceding classes in the high excellence of their work during the year. Heretofore it has always been the custom for the Senior Class to spend a few days at St. Inigo's, on the St. Mary's river, Md., in rest and in the consideration of their future careers in life; but '98 is forced to forego this pleasure, as some necessary repairs are being made at the Villa.

On May 14th the Seniors gave their last public disputation, which all the students of the Collegiate department attended. William J. Fitzgerald read an essay on “Miracles;” Edward J. Brady and William J. McAuleer proposed objections to Daniel J. Ferguson, who defended the theses from Cosmology. A very clever dissertation on “The Natural Law” was given by Maurice B. Kirby, and Thomas M. Pierce was well able to withstand the objectors to his theses on Ethics; these were A. J. Antelo Devereaux and Francis B. McAnerney.

The theses disputed were as follows:

EX COSMOLOGIA.
1. Origo mundi explicari nequit per existentiam materiae improductae; nec per emanationem a Divina Substantia, ut Pantheistae volunt.
2. Mundus est a Deo, tanquam a prima causa, per creationem, quae nullam repugnantiam involvit.
3. Finis mundi, si primario spectetur, est gloria Dei extrinseca. Mundus non est absolu- lute, sed tantum relative optimus.
4. Essentia corporis physici neque in sola realitate extensa, neque in elementis inextensis potest constitui; sed constat duobus principiis substantialibus—materia scilicet prima et forma substantiali.
5. Activitas, qua corpus organicum se nutrire, augere et propagare potest, repeti nequit ab entitate viribusque materiae, utcumque haec temperentur; sed provenit a principio quodam simplici, ab entitate viribusque materiae distinto, quod est ipsius forma substantialis.

EX ETHICA.
1. Deus solus est ultimus finis objectivus hominis.
2. Moralitas actuum humanorum non pendet ex utilitate sivepublica, sive privata; nec fundatur in legibus, aut opinione populorum.
3. Moralitas in actionem concreta spectatam derivari potest ex objecto, ex fine, et ex circumstantiis.

COSTUMER.

COLLEGE CAPS AND GOWNS.
4. Homo per actus suos liberos potest mereri, tum apud alios homines, tum apud Deum, quamvis diversimode.

5. Lex naturalis existit, quae in se spectata, immutabilis est, et quoad generaliora principia neminine invincibiliter ignorari potest.


The elocution contest, held in Gaston Hall, on Wednesday, May 25th, though not quite up to the wishes of those in charge, was a decided improvement on that of last year. The medal was won by Maurice B. Kirby, '98, of the District of Columbia; and he certainly did remarkably well, but he so far surpassed those next in merit, J. Livingston Cullen, '99, and Edward J. Smith, '01, as these did the worst speakers in the evening. The judges of the contest were: the Rev. Timothy J. Barrett, S. J., of Woodstock College; the Rev. P. Quill, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, at one time Professor of Rhetoric at Georgetown, and the Rev. P. J. Dooley, professor of Poetry at Loyola College. The College Mandolin Club furnished the music for the prelude, intermission and finale.

Again we are compelled with regret to speak the sad word of death. The Rev. William Hayes, S. J., a young Father, who but seven years ago was one of the most robust and athletic Theologians at Woodstock College depart ed this life very early Thursday morning, June 3d, and was buried on the afternoon of Saturday, the 4th, in the pretty little cemetery of the Order near the entrance of the walks. May he rest in peace.

Most Reverend Archbishop Chappelle of New Orleans visited Georgetown on Thursday, the 26th of May. Besides thanking His Grace for honoring us with his presence, we owe him a still greater debt of gratitude for the holiday which we enjoyed through his kindness. Whilst at the College he requested to see all the young men from his diocese, who spent a most agreeable hour in conversation with the learned prelate.

In substitution for the annual debate of the Philonomosian Society, the question: "Resolved, That Hawaii be annexed to the United States," was privately discussed on Sunday, June 5th. This change was due to the withdrawal, at the last moment, of one of the debaters. As only members of the Society were present, I did not have the pleasure of hearing the discussion, but I have been told that James P. Duffy, '01, of New York, who spoke first on the negative side, and Edward J. Smith, '01, of Maryland, the first speaker for the affirmative, argued very well. Mr. Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, of Pennsylvania, was the second speaker for the affirmative.

The Committee on Arrangement was composed of Albert E. Murphy, '01, of Pennsylvania, chairman, together with John L. Wolfe, '01, and William McKellar, special. The Revs. Messrs. A. J. Donlon, S. J., J. M. McCarthy, S. J., and J. M. Corbett, S. J., were the judges of the debate. Later in the evening a banquet was served to the debaters and members of the committee.

The Georgetown Varsity ball team has returned from its victorious Northern tour. A committee of enthusiastic students was at the station to cheer them upon their arrival and escort them to the college in Georgetown. In response to the students' petition, the faculty dispensed with class work in the preparatory, undergraduate, and post-graduate departments, and the students gave up the morning to a mass meeting. Mr. John McAleer, '95, Vice-President of the Athletic Association, presided over the meeting.

Mr. McAleer welcomed the team in the name of the Athletic Association and the students. He recalled the enthusiasm which greeted the return of the first team that had ever gone North to represent Georgetown, and which in the spring of '93 won such notable victories. But the team of '98 returns with a record that surpasses all achievements of former years away from home—only one defeat—though we had crossed bats with the strongest teams of the North. Georgetown, with its 700 students, may justly pride herself on beating colleges that have three and four times as many students from which to select a team. Our team met defeat at the hands of Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, Lafayette, Lehigh, Dartmouth, Vermont, Holy Cross and a host of smaller colleges bowed before the superior skill of our boys. Even the four teams that beat us were defeated by Lafayette, a team that we had met and ourselves defeated early in the season.

Rousing speeches were made by Mr. Kirby, of the post-graduate school; Mr. M. B. Kirby, '98, Mr. T. M. Pierce, '99, Mr. T. J. O'Neill, '99, Mr. Fitzpatrick, 1901, and Mr. Raley, S. J., President of the Athletic Association. A poem, written by Mr. Wimsatt, 1900, was read by Mr. E. Mulligan, 1900. All of the speakers lauded the men and Capt. McCarthy for their good showing. The tour of six games, with but one defeat, has never been surpassed since Georgetown has been a factor in the intercollegiate...
base ball world. To the ball players the most gratifying speech of the day was that of Mr. Raley, who, on the part of the faculty, promised them a banquet at an early day.

The following is the substance of Mr. John Kirby's speech:

"A hundred thousand welcomes home again is the greeting we extend to our victorious nine this morning. They have gone, have seen, have conquered. In far-away New England and New Jersey, alone, without the inspiration of cheers and applause, they have kept our colors waving on high. They met some of the strongest nines in the North, and though sometimes playing under the most unfavorable circumstances, they lost but one game. But we honor them not only for their work on the Northern trip, their splendid playing during the entire season is deserving of all praise. (Then followed an enumeration of all the games won.)

"But to the victors belong the spoils. All hail, then, our victorious nine. (Mr. Kirby then mentioned in turn all the players and substitutes, paying a delicate tribute to the merits of each. Loud bursts of applause greeted each name as it was mentioned. He closed follows):

"Let us give our champions loyal welcome. This is their day, their Manila has been fought and won; Dewey love them for it! Dewey? They are our jewels, our pride, our joy. Let us gather round them one and all, and grasping each by the hand, let us shout that every loyal son of Georgetown shall hear our voices: Hail to our chief who in triumph advances, Honored and blessed be his name evermore; Long may the "G." in our banner that glances, Flourish, the symbol of victories more!

Heaven send it happy dew
Earth lend it sap anew
Gayly to bourgeon! How boldly it glows,
While every hill and glen
Sends back our shout again:

Victors of Ninety-eight! Ho! Heroes!
The executive committee of the Athletic Association, for the year '98-'99, is composed of O. P. Johnson, '99, Vice-President; W. M. Smith, '00, Secretary; W. P. Duffy, '01, Manager of Track Athletics; J. W. Hallahan, '09, Manager of Tennis; E. T. English, '01, President of Billiard Association. The election of a manager of the base ball team was postponed until the new term.

The school year is closed, and my occupation gone. I trust the readers of the Journal have received the gratification from this department of the Journal that they expected. May my successor give them even greater pleasure.

Happy vacations to all.

G. P. GARRIGAN, '00.

ATHLETICS.

"All's well that ends well." This expresses the student opinion of the past athletic year. Nothing but praise can be spoken of the efforts of our "scrappy" little team during and subsequent to the last Virginia game. If the northern trip last year was a sorrow's crown of sorrows, then the journey made this year was surely a joy's crown of joys. Out of six games played we won five, and only bowed to the great team at Princeton, and that after the team had been doing "one night stands for over a week.

The first Virginia game played at Charlottesville on April 30 was a victory for our opponents, though for the first six innings the game was very close. Score:

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<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>R</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>3</td>
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Batteries—Summerrgill and Hill; Bach and Maloney.

The remaining two games of the series were played on the home grounds. Sharp fielding despite the heavy condition of the diamond, was the prominent feature of the game. Both infields were like a stone wall. This game was won by Virginia practically in the first inning. Dowd was in the box, but it was manifestly his "off day," for the visitors hit him when and how they pleased. Bach took his place in the second, and held the opponents down for the rest of the game. Score:

<table>
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<th>R</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
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The third game with Virginia was one of the most brilliant of the season. Every man on the home team did his duty, and if Bach had not relaxed somewhat in the last inning Virginia's defeat would have been a sore one. In the sixth inning Downes was struck on the arm above the elbow by a pitched ball. It was feared that the bone was broken. Dr. Magruder, the Dean of the Medical School, who was present on the grandstand, hastened to render his assistance. Happily the injury
was not so serious as at first supposed, but it was necessary for Downes to yield his place to Walsh. The score was as follows:

Georgetown ..2 0 0 0 1 1 1 5 x—10 1
Virginia ......0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 5—7 4

DARTMOUTH DEFEATED.

The following accounts are taken chiefly from the Washington Post:

Hanover, N. H., May 26.—(Special.)—Georgetown won from Dartmouth to-day in a closely contested game. The game abounded in brilliant plays, in which the home team were out-played by Georgetown. In the ninth inning, with the score 3 to 1 in Georgetown's favor, Dartmouth tied the score on singles by Rounds, Patey and a wild throw by Walsh. In Georgetown's half of the ninth Casey reached first on an error by Hancock and came in on Bach's drive to deep center for two bases. Both Bach and Patey pitched well and Bach accepted eight chances without an error. For Georgetown Maloney and McCarthy carried off the fielding honors, while Crolius led Dartmouth in the field and at the bat. The score:

Georgetown 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1—4
Dartmouth 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2—3

GEORGETOWN'S EASY VICTORY.

Burlington, Vt., May 27.—(Special.)—In one of the best played games of the season, on the grounds of the University of Vermont, the Georgetown University team defeated the Green Mountain students to-day by the score of 7 to 2. Recent rains left the grounds in heavy and soggy condition, and several of the errors made by both teams were excusable on that account.

The pitching of White and the splendid support given him by Maloney, and the field, made the victory an easy one for the visitors. The home team could not connect with his puzzling south-paw twisters, and as a consequence, he had thirteen strike outs to his credit. The home team made seven hits off White, one more than the visitors secured off Oatley, but they were so scattered that they availed but little. Oatley gave ten free passes. The feature play occurred in the fourth inning. With Murray on third, Oatley on second, Whelan sent a terrific single to left, which Walsh gathered up out of the water, and threw Murray out at the plate. Vermont scored her only runs in the seventh, on hits by Aldinger and Reynolds and Moran's error. The score:

Georgetown .......1 0 0 0 3 1 2 0 x—7
Vermont ........0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2

The following account is from the Worcester Spy, a paper famous for its racy descriptions of a ball game:

Young Mr. Bach from Washington, D. C., had lots of fun, Saturday afternoon, at the expense of the young men of Holy Cross. It was in the Holy Cross-Georgetown baseball game, played on the college grounds in South Worcester, that the Washingtonian youth toyed with Holy Cross and made the wearers of the purple rather weary. At the end of the ninth inning, the visitors had won the game by a score of 5 to 1, due largely to Bach's superior work in the box, both in the capacity of pitcher and fielder, and backed up by good all-round playing by every member of the team.

Bach's playing was easily the feature of the game. It does not take the average spectator very long to realize that Bach is a born ball player and plays the game for all there is in it. Saturday afternoon he figured in retiring the first man up and also the last Holy Cross man to face him. In all he made 10 assists and a couple of put-outs. Some of them were hard balls to handle, but everything that came his way went over to first base almost as quickly as they came to him.

Holy Cross was anxious to win the game, for Georgetown has always been one of her principals rivals upon the athletic field. A victory over the boys from Washington would have meant more to Holy Cross students than three victories over most of the colleges that Holy Cross has met this season. The college boys assembled in a bunch in the extreme west end of the grandstand, even from the time the first man stepped to the plate, made the air resound with good lively college cheers. Their representatives on the diamond spurred on by this encouragement strove nobly for victory, but found in their opponents a team that was playing a better article of baseball. Holy Cross lost simply because she was outplayed. Her team lacked the snap, dash and team work that characterized the playing of Georgetown, while the fielding of
The Holy Cross players, as the summary shows, was decidedly poor.

Although it did not actually rain during the progress of the game, still the rainy weather of the past week and the wet grounds that followed as a logical result caused a comparatively small attendance, not more than 450 persons witnessing the game.

Georgetown made three runs, enough to win the game, as it subsequently proved, in the first inning. Hafford and Downes both got singles, and were advanced a base each by McCarthy’s sacrifice. Maloney’s single scored both men, and while the ball was being thrown to the plate in the hopes of cutting off Downes, Maloney appropriated second base. Moran got in a timely single into centerfield that McAllister let go by him, with the result that Moran got three bases instead of one and Maloney meanwhile found no difficulty in scoring from second. Fleming and Walsh were retired in order.

But three men went to the bat for Georgetown in the second, third and fourth innings, and the side was retired in the fifth almost as easily, only four men facing Pitcher Griffin. Walsh were retired in order.

Cross batsmen were retired without difficulty.

In the sixth, Georgetown got another run. Maloney opened the inning with a single and started to steal second. Brennan threw wild and Maloney brought up on third base and got easily, only four men facing Pitcher Griffin.

Two-base hits, Curley, Kenney; sacrifice hits, Dyer, McCarthy; stolen bases, Hafroid, McAllister; double play, Bach to McCarthy; first base on balls, McAllister, Gaffney, Dyer, Brennan; first base on errors, Georgetown 2, Holy Cross 1; struck out, Downes, Maloney, Walsh, Casey, Lavin, Kenney; wild pitches, Griffin 1; time, 1 hour 50 minutes; umpire, Hanley.

Orange, N. J., May 30.—(Special.)—In the presence of 1,000 people Georgetown took this morning’s game from Orange Athletic Club.

The home team was outclassed in the field and at the bat and never were near scoring. Georgetown played a snappy, errorless game, and toyed with Voorhis for thirteen hits. For Georgetown the pitching of White and the batting of Fleming were features, while Kellogg played a pretty game at second for Orange. The score:

R. H. E.

Georgetown 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 12 3

Orange A. C. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 0 0

New York, May 30.—(Special.)—Georgetown took the second game from Orange Athletic Club this afternoon by a score of 9 to 2. Westervelt, the quondam Giant, was on the rubber for Orange, but after five successive singles had been made off him in the second and Maloney opened up the third inning with a home run into the bleachers, Westervelt retired in favor of Thomas.

Bach was in perfect form and held Orange down to four hits. The fielding and batting of Maloney, Moran and Walsh of Georgetown were the features of the game. The score:

R. H. E.

Georgetown 4 2 0 1 0 2 0 0 0—9 12 3

Orange A. C. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 2 2

Princeton, N. J., June 1.—(Special.)—Princeton broke Georgetown’s winning streak to-day, defeating the Southern boys by a score of 13 to 3. Georgetown was unable to connect safely to any extent with either Hillebrand or Harrison, while the Tigers landed seventeen times on Bach and White. The features of the game were the catching of Kafer and Watkins’ pretty catch in center-field. The score:

R. H. E.

Georgetown 0 0 1 0 0 0 2—3 3 3

Princeton 1 2 1 2 0 2 0 3—13 17 2

Prince--Artist Fotografer

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