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English Odes.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CRITICISM CLASS.

If a poet were asked, as we have been, to choose the ode which pleased him best from those that have been read in class, I am almost sure his choice would be Shelley's lines "To the Skylark." It is a song from the heart—from a poet's heart; and when sweet, simple harmony is considered, there is nothing like it in English. It is thoroughly natural; artistic, but not artificial; and we feel as we read it, or better, as we sing it, that it is the only thing worthy to be sung to the bird of the poets.

Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" is more studied than "The Skylark," but not more poetic. The thought is exalted, and the warbling of the bird takes the poet back to the days of Ruth, and gives him an opportunity to make beautiful similes. But as we read we think of the writer constantly; for he never actually succeeds in taking himself out of his poem. Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" is like a trumpet blast, loud and strong, and just as measured. It is artificial in the highest degree; so much so, indeed, that were it not for the sturdy, English manner we might easily take it for a production of the French. Like all of Dryden's poems, it is classical, and abounds in references to the pagan myths; in truth, the poet only becomes Christian in the last stanza, where he touches on the power of the divine Cecilia. Dryden himself said that "Alexander's Feast" was the greatest ode that was ever written or ever will be written; but although he was a genius—and this is the only occasion on which I have dared to contradict one so great,—I must modestly, but stoutly, affirm that I differ from him very much. "The Ode on Intimations of Immortality" is the only lyrical poem in our language in which a philosophical truth has been successfully demonstrated. Wordsworth is didactic in this ode; but he does not lose any of his beauty of expres-

sion; he is just as charming as when he describes the old house in "The Excursion." His poetry here, as elsewhere, not only teaches but pleases; and, after all, the highest aim of poetry is to please. But cold philosophising is hardly an easy task for a poet; and from this point of view Wordsworth's success is much more glorious. Nevertheless, all these odes are great: that is great to you, and this to me; but none may surely say which one is greatest.

T. A. CRUMLEY.

Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" is remarkable for simplicity of language, keenness of observation, high thought and crystal images. Keats' and Shelley's odes show us imaginations so intense and subtle that they could find beauty in almost anything; yet after a long reading of these three great poets we are tired by a certain tameness and a want of variety. At such moments one appreciates Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," perhaps too much. At the first perusal particularly, the imagination is carried away by the splendor and gorgeous pageantry of the constantly shifting scenes; the grandeur and enrapturing stateliness of the choruses, and the rapidly changing music of the lyres, now lisping Lydian measures, and immediately bursting "like a rattling peal of thunder." When, however, after reading again and again, one has become acquainted with each picture, sound and idea, he cannot but admit that Cardinal Newman was right in calling it "a praise of revel and sensuality."

Collins' odes do not quite reach the sublimity of certain passages in "Alexander's Feast," nor the visionary spirit of Shelley's; but they are nobler than the first, and more natural than the second. Classic allusions and purity of style place them in the same class in which we find the unsurpassed poems of Gray.

Considered from every standpoint, Milton's odes come closest to the ideal of perfect poetry. Milton always expresses moral and refined sentiments; he surrounds the commonplace with

the charming veil of happiness, and abstracts all that is low, or in any way offensive; he at once pleases and instructs, cheers and elevates.

A. AHLRICHS.

There is a mysterious cord in the human heart which may be affected by lyric poetry. This string is touched within me when I read Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Of all the poems I have read of the descriptive style I like these best. Every reading brings forth new thoughts and pleasures, and our admiration of the great epic poet increases with each perusal. Though they have not the profound thought of some of his later works, yet on account of their ease of style, harmony of sound, and perfect versification, they rank as two of the finest odes in English. They are companions; the first treats of mirth and the second of sadness. The collection of gay images in one is counterbalanced by the mournful ones in the other. It is said that Milton had an excellent talent for music. This is proven in his poetry, and it probably helped him to catch that grand movement which is the characteristic of his compositions.

In "L'Allegro" the sweetness of Longfellow and the word-painting of Keats are displayed in the descriptions of nature. All of them are told in a simple, picturesque and concise manner; nothing is forced or exaggerated. Some odes are written to be set to music; I think this one is music itself. What can be more graceful and musical than the poet's picture of the delights of a day in the country as told in these lines:

"By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries delight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

One thus sees that the greatest beauties of this ode are in its picturesqueness. The actions of many persons are told in a very pretty manner.

In "Il Penseroso" the poet sings a tale of sadness so sweetly that it falls upon the ear as delightful strains of Lydian music coming from the instrument of Apollo. In contrast to "L'Allegro," which opens with a morning scene and the singing of the lark, "Il Penseroso" begins with an evening scene, and the sad nightingale is telling his tale in lamentable tones. Language cannot be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection than in the following lines taken from this sorrowful composition:

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn."

Among the other great odes are Dryden's to

"St. Cecilia" and "Alexander's Feast," Shelley's "To the Skylark," Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," and Keats' "To the Nightingale." I do not think any of them can be compared with Milton's. At the first-reading one thinks "Alexander's Feast" is the best; but if studied with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," it will be found to sink beneath them in superiority.

ALBERT E. DACY.

The English language has become so rich in odes that to say which is the greatest requires a most delicate perception and refinement of taste. I, for my part, do not profess to have reached such a degree of perfection; and having taken only a hasty glance at some of the most popular examples of this form of the lyric, it cannot be expected that I should be able to give of each a characterization founded on personal study. Nevertheless, a single reading may leave certain vague impressions upon the mind of one who would be attentive.

Milton was the first to give our language a worthy model of this most refined and delicate expression of poetic thought; but to Dryden was left the honor of producing its greatest and grandest masterpiece. "Alexander's Feast" is one harmonious outburst of sublime melody. Even in its artificiality its music seems perfect. There is no sameness of execution; no monotony of expression; the sweet strains of the violin and flute mingle, as it were, with the blast of the horn, and when, again and again, his soft and dulcet yet imperial refrain steals over the spirit, flooding it with peaceful rest; when once more the dying echo of Timotheus' lyre awakens, like a fresh-winged breeze and plays upon our feelings, we are overcome; we feel the power of genius, and ask no more.

Dryden is great, but he has rivals. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are full of beauties, and, in their characteristic expressiveness, exquisite. Bryant's "Thanalopsis" might be Nature's song, and Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" her music. Keats, Shelley and Collins are more simple in their choice of subjects. Every-day life would to them be a poem in itself. "The Skylark," "The Grecian Urn," "The Passions" and "The West Wind" are names with which all are acquainted, and for this reason they are odes that anybody with any pretensions to refinement of taste will read with interest.

M. A. QUINLAN.

Among the many so-called English odes there are comparatively few which rise above the level of mediocrity. When one has read Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," Dryden's two odes on music, Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "Ode to a Nightingale," and Shelley's "Skylark," he has taken the kernel from the nut of English odes and left only the shell. But since no other language can boast an equal to these few, in either construction or

sentiment, England is justly entitled to all the honor due to the country capable of producing such masterpieces of poetic literature. With these instruments at hand, one may suit his every mood; he may be thoughtful and melancholy with "Il Penseroso," or "wrinkled care deride" with "L'Allegro"; he may roam the realms of fancy with Keats, or listen to the brilliant and polished verse of Dryden.

Even the rudest ear must surely appreciate the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of the following lines from L'Allegro, in which Milton eulogises music:

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice."

And, then, how calm and soothing is this view of morning, taken from the same poem:

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine."

In "Il Penseroso" Milton has shown the opposite state of feeling to that portrayed in "L'Allegro." The mood is not that of gloom and despair, however, but rather one of world-forgetting tranquility, his ideal of which was fulfilled in the cloister life.

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast
And join with thee calm peace and quiet."

Or again:

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloyster's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Surely the religion of such a man cannot be doubted. It is evident that he loved the form and ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church.

Passing on to the odes of Dryden, but not without a lingering, backward look at those of the blind poet, one may say that the latter ones excel in depth of feeling and melody of diction, while the merits of the former lie principally in their descriptive powers and the perfection of their rhythm.

Milton is essentially the poet of reason, Dry-

den of passion. "Alexander's Feast" is full of stormy scenes, but interspersed with frequent calms. We find the mind of Phillip, made plastic by the musical genius of Timotheus, gradually yielding from thoughts of war and conquest to the softer ones of pity, and, shortly after, to those of love; for "Pity melts the mind to love," and, unable to resist the combined powers of the musician and the fair Thais at his side,

"At length with love and wine oppress'd,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast."

The poem ends with a comparison of the respective merits of Timotheus and St. Cecilia, which evidently awards the palm to the latter:

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

What a beautiful thought, and expressed with the utmost nicety!

Taking up Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," one finds that it is in much the same strain as "Alexander's Feast." Music, in the form of St. Cecilia, is the common divinity. To quote from the former:

"Orpheus could leave the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven!"

The poetry of Keats is of an entirely different type from that of Dryden: it is warmer, more intense, more imaginative; in fact, he is, before all, the child of Fancy. As an example, he writes as follows:

"Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her;
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose."

In the "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats gives an unequalled description of the feelings excited in a man of high-strung temperament upon hearing that queen of songsters. The poem is full of picturesqueness and delicate allusions, among which that to Ruth is, perhaps, the best illustration of the author's apt choice of words:

"The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

The "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is marked by a quiet melancholy, which, in fact, permeates, to a greater or less extent, nearly all of the young poet's productions. He concludes, however, in a nobler and more hopeful strain which expresses the essence of Greek life:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

M. JOSLYN.

* *

The ode is a dignified and stately lyric poem generally written for musical accompaniment. The Greek language is the first in lyrics,

and the English ranks second. As the songs of Homer and Pindar stand pre-eminent among the Grecian odes, so in English poetry the lyrics of Milton, Dryden and Keats are considered the gems of poesy. Milton, who is of the first class of poets, is considered the most successful writer of odes; Dryden, of the second class, closely follows Milton, and in irregular order, come Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley and Tennyson.

Milton wrote three brilliant odes; they are *Lycidas*, which is good; *Il Penseroso*, better, and *L'Allegro* beyond praise. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are complementary poems rather than contrasted one to another, and, to be enjoyed, must be properly considered together. *L'Allegro* is in Italian, a cheerful man, and *Il Penseroso* the thoughtful man. In these poems they are represented as viewing the world through the media of their respective mental states. Cardinal Newman terms Milton, a magician who takes the common scenes of country life and pictures them first in rainbow hues, as in *L'Allegro*, and then in pensive colors, as in *Il Penseroso*. In these two lyrics the rhymes are perfect, the imagery rich and picturesque, the diction flowing and melodious, the rhythm faultless, and the epithets are each one a picture in itself.

His description of English scenery is perfect as "the hedgerow elms" and "chequered shade"; the towers not on mountain side, but "bosomed high in tufted trees"; the "meadows trim with daisies pied," and "the tanned haycock in the mead." Every scene is true; but to my mind this one is unequalled: "The wandering moon, riding near her highest noon" and "oft as if her head she bowed, stooping through a fleecy cloud." The calm, grave cheerfulness of *L'Allegro*, and the tranquil but not gloomy mood of *Il Penseroso*, alike reflect the poet's temperament whose favorite authors were Plato, Chaucer and Spencer, Tasso and Ariosto, and Shakspeare.

Dryden wrote three odes. The best is *Alexander's Feast*, and the others are *Ode to St. Cecilia* and *Ode to Ann Killigrew*. *Alexander's Feast* is a marvel of poetic skill. Keats, who is truly a nightingale among poets, wrote an *Ode to a Nightingale* full of exquisite thoughts; also an *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. Shelley, the most poetical of poets, wrote an *Ode to a Skylark*.

J. J. FITZGERALD.

* *

The English language is pre-eminently rich in poetry worthy of merit. Of this poetry the odes occupy a large and precious portion. One cannot accurately imagine what a loss we would have sustained had not Keats' odes *To the Nightingale* and *To a Grecian Urn*, or Shelley's *To the Skylark*, or Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality* been composed. Taking one of these, for instance, Keats' *To the Nightingale*, read it carefully; it will not take long to see the exquisitely delicate touch with which the poet treats his subject.

Following the motto of the French adage, *Chacun à son goût*—"Each one to his taste,"—I would give the palm to Wordsworth's great ode, which, even if he wrote nothing else, would entitle him to a high and stable position among the great poets of all time. This opinion is shared by many competent critics. Emerson, one of the greatest American essayists, speaking of odes, says: "I consider Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* to be the high-water mark of English thought in the nineteenth century."

Perhaps it is because Wordsworth is a poet after my own liking that I admire his masterpieces, and above all his *Intimations of Immortality*. It is full of poetic insight; its every passage shows the workings of a mighty innate genius. In the lines

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem,
Appalled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream,"

we have Nature's greatest poet giving his opinion of the glories of creation. Is not the sentiment underlying these lines beautiful? Are they not sufficient to make man have a higher esteem for plants, animals, flowers, etc., than he would otherwise have? In the stanza beginning

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,"

he bursts forth into a magnificent eulogy of the human soul. In the couplet

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home,"

we see that Wordsworth was both a Theist and an Optimist. Yet another portion, expressing a really delightful thought, is

"The clouds that gather around the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Many an evening stroll we have taken, and often have we admired the matchless elegance of the setting sun, never thinking that the same exquisite scene has taken place, without monotony, every time Hyperion sinks to rest.

The English language and the nineteenth century owe deep gratitude to Wordsworth for the rigid purity of his style, and for the morality portrayed in all his poetry. He was by no means imaginative, but one who wrote of the stern reality. To reiterate his own words of the *Ode to the Nightingale*, when comparing the nightingale to the stock dove—

"His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze."

He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin and never ending."

A. KEHOE.

* *

No language possesses better written and more truly poetical odes than the English. To classify or group them is almost impossible; for if we consider one from a certain point of view it may exceed another; yet that other will show counterbalancing qualities if viewed in a

different light. Let us quote from a few of the better known. Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" is a magnificent poem. How well he says that Timotheus stirred mortals:

"With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire."

But how much better does he express that it was left for Saint Cecilia to move the angels:

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

The "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" was also written on the power of music. No words could describe St. Cecilia's strains of harmony better than these:

"But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for Heaven!"

Keats' poems are more refined than Dryden's. His "Ode to a Nightingale" is the essence of poetry. Who but the "poet of poets" could have produced these lines?

"The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown,
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Truly, this line is exquisite,—the result of an inspiration. Perfect are the two verses:

"That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" by Keats is well written. What is more expressive than that:

"Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter;
Therefore, soft pipes, play on."

True and charming is the stanza beginning

"Oh, happy, happy boughs that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor even bid the spring adieu!"

Keats' style is fascinating, and will attract the most uninterested reader. The same may be said of Shelley's, and one may add that his "Ode to a Skylark" is more ideal than either of Keats'.

Milton's "L'Allegro," an ode to mirth, and "Il Penseroso," an ode to melancholy, are indeed faultless; but in them we do not reach the climax of the lyric, as is held by some critics; they are light and airy, and their rhymes and rhythms are perfect. Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is an excellent poem; but it certainly becomes wearisome when studied in comparison with those by Keats, Shelley or Dryden.

O. A. ROTHERT.

Next to the Greek the English is the richest language in odes. Many of the great poets who wrote in English have tried their pens on this beautiful kind of poetry. Milton and Dryden came nearest to perfection, and Keats, Collins, Shelley and Wordsworth have won admiration on account of their odes. A person hearing Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" cannot

help being charmed by the artificial music for which it is noted; but in reading and studying it himself—although many exquisite passages may be found in it,—it seems to lose all its charm. Of all the verses in this poem I think the last are the best:

"He raised a mortal to the sky,
She drew an angel down."

The other "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" is also very musical; but its music is of a far different kind from that of the first. It abounds in pretty sayings, any of which may be ranked as the best. The following lines,

"When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for Heaven,"

seem to express the same thought as the last lines of "Alexander's Feast." Milton has given to the world two most excellent odes: "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"; the former is filled with joy, the latter with sadness. Reading "L'Allegro" reminds one of riding down a river in a skiff. For a long distance the way is smooth and unattractive, but at certain places the current suddenly becomes swifter and the scenery more picturesque. This change makes the ride enjoyable. So it is with "L'Allegro"; it begins with a joyful and lively strain to interest us, and then at intervals is dry or beautiful:

"Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,"

are my favorite lines. "Il Penseroso" also ranks high as an ode, but it is tinged with too much sadness for me.

E. J. MAURUS.

We have tragedies, comedies, epics, elegies, lyrics, odes, in short, all branches of poetry represented; almost every one of our great poets has tried his hand at writing odes. The most successful of these were Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Collins.

The odes of each of these men have their own peculiar qualities. Dryden's odes are full of artificial music; Wordsworth's, Keats' and Shelley's, on the contrary, are the embodiment of the music of nature. In Dryden we hear the harmony of a full orchestra; in Keats, the melody of the birds and the sighing of the winds. What piece of literature expresses more fully the grand bursts of music of a symphony than "Alexander's Feast"? And what composition brings more vividly to us the singing of the birds, the rustling of the leaves and the babbling of the brooks than Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale"?

Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is filled with beautiful lines and exquisite thoughts; but there is a strain of melancholy pervading it that I do not like. Milton's companion odes, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," are very good; but in my opinion, his proper sphere was the heroic rather than the

lyric. Shelley is considered the greatest lyric poet we have. His odes are very beautiful both in thought and in technique; but I think that the latter is spoiled, to a certain extent, by his too frequent use of alliteration. Collins, though not a great poet, has given us two very good odes; but they are not to be compared with any of the foregoing.

After studying these poems, I have come to the conclusion that I prefer Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." There is a fire and a spirit in it that are in perfect accord with my feelings. While I see and appreciate the beauties of thought and expression in the others, yet none of them have left such an impression on me as "Alexander's Feast."

ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

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The English language abounds in beautiful odes. Among those that have come within my reach, Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" have impressed me most. I mention the two, because I think they cannot be studied properly or fully appreciated apart. In these poems the epithets are beautiful and, at times, picturesque to the extreme; the imagery rich, the rhythm faultless, and the diction musical and flowing; in fact, "linked sweetness long drawn out":

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Imps and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Every epithet is a picture, every picture perfect:

"To behold the wondering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

"Alexander's Feast," by Dryden, is the loftiest and most imaginative of all his lyrics, and has in it many fine specimens of poetic fancy and rich versification, as the "full resounding lines,"

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

The remarkable characteristic of Keats' poetry is the intensity with which he expresses his conception of the beautiful. In the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," for instance:

"Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter,"

seems to me to be a most exquisite expression of the value of the music of the soul. Shelley seems to live only among the winds and clouds, and in his "Ode to the West Wind" appears in his true poetic element. In the lines

"Make me the lyre, even as the forests are

Will take from both, a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet, though in sadness. Be thou, spirit, fierce.
My spirit! Be thou *me* impetuous one,"

he seems to dedicate himself to the ethereal forever.

Coleridge, who defines the essential quality of a poet to be imagination, pronounced Wordsworth nearest of modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton. However we may choose to vary this estimate—which to some may appear too high—we cannot deny that fervid imagination is shown in these lines:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy."

L. MONARCH.

* *

If I were asked to give my opinion, when two or three of the English odes had been read, I think I should feel much less embarrassed than I do now after the reading of six or seven; however, an effort, though it be far from doing justice to the subject, may not be out of place, especially since it is solicited as part of my class work.

Of all the odes read during the class-hour I like Shelley's "To the Skylark" best, because of the exquisite language in which it is couched, and the ennobling thoughts it conveys. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton have also their attraction for me. Notwithstanding that the former deals with the more common characters of ordinary life, yet for some reason, which is more easily felt than described, "Il Penseroso" appeals more to my sentiments. One of the principal reasons, I think, for this preferment is that the delineations of characters, abodes, pleasures and moods in "Il Penseroso" are more definite and fully stated than those of "L'Allegro."

Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"—notwithstanding it contains some truths beautifully and pathetically expressed, as

"Thou little child, . . .
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight"—

gives one a feeling of depressed hopes rather than of bright and joyous aspirations. But I suppose the poem is as hopeful as we could expect, written under the influence of a moral training which teaches certitude.

I look upon Dryden's ode to "Alexander's Feast" as a masterly attempt to make music of words alone. Nor is it lacking in elevating thoughts beautifully expressed, as will be seen from the following verses:

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

His ode to St. Cecilia also contains the beautiful expression:

"When to her organ vocal breath was given
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven."

JOHN J. GALLAGHER.

This form of poetry, besides having the properties of a lyric, possesses the characteristics of a great poem—beautiful and often philosophical thoughts clothed in elegant language. Dryden's and Milton's odes are the most read. "Alexander's Feast," by the former, and "L'Allegro," the work of the latter seem to be the favorites. "Alexander's Feast" is surely a great work, even though it was written in one night. In thought and treatment it is inferior to Milton's "L'Allegro," but excels it in musical effect. It abounds in beautiful thoughts, one of which is as follows:

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

In the writer's opinion Milton's "L'Allegro" is the greatest ode ever written, although critics give precedence to "Alexander's Feast"; but "everyone to his own fancy" in literature. "Il Penseroso" deserves a high rank among the great odes, especially for its beautiful descriptions, one of which I quote:

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure;
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn."

"L'Allegro" is a series of beautiful sayings, each one excelling the other in elegance. The two odes of Milton should be read together, as they are intended to personate the author's life when a student. Truly, they are works of art; and had Milton never written any poetry except those exquisite lyrics, his name would be enshrined in the hearts of all lovers of the most delightful form of poetry—the ode.

R. C. LANGAN.

Dryden, Milton, Keats and Shelley—each a poetic artist—have left many beautiful and elegant odes among their works.

Dryden's ode in honor of "St. Cecilia's Day" is acknowledged by critics to be the greatest ever written, with the exception of those by Horace, the great Latin poet. This ode was written by the poet-laureate, celebrating an event deemed of the utmost importance to the Stuarts. "Alexander's Feast" abounds in many musical and soul-stirring passages. Here is one that is very characteristic of Dryden:

"Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bonds of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder."

The poetical Keats never spoke more charm-

ingly than Dryden does in the two following lines:

"Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

In reading Shelley, even when we admire him most, there is always a sense of pain; his landscapes, like his persons, are depressing allegories. He dedicates himself, as it were, to the meteorological forever. One need but read his "Ode to the Skylark," or the lyric to "The Cloud," to discover this. In the latter he says:

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
For the seas and the streams;
I bear bright shade for the leaves when laid,
In their noon-day dreams."

Again, in his "Invocation to the West Wind," in which he implores it to be his spirit, he says:

"O wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing."

Keats is the opposite of this, and is, above all, uniformly soothing. Thus, in his well-known "Ode to the Nightingale," he says:

"O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green
Dance, and provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a breaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hyppocrene,
With bearded bubbles winking at the brim
And purpled strained mouth, that I might drink and
leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim!"

Time will not permit me to touch on the other great writers of odes, such as Milton, Wordsworth and others; but from what I have quoted of Dryden, Shelley and Keats, Dryden is, in my opinion, the greatest of all the lyrical poets.

J. J. McAULIFF.

Through the ode many of our great poets have become greater and more appreciated. They knew its power, and therefore applied all their genius to it. Dryden, I am sorry to say, is known to-day only through his odes. His best one is "Alexander's Feast"; there is a force and vigor about it that can be felt even by the careless reader. Its music has been compared to that of an orchestra where there is continual bursts of harmony. However, its music is somewhat mechanical, tainting the pleasure of the delighted reader. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton are two of the finest odes in our language. They are remarkable for their descriptions, especially of night and morning. One almost seems to feel nature, if I may use the expression. The "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is considered the best of Keats'. It is truly characteristic of him. It is not strong and vigorous, but light and poetic, suited to summer days and shady groves. Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark" cannot be surpassed. It is the masterpiece of a true poet. Every line teems with poetic fancy that rouses the mind to a keener appreciation of its beauty.

J. A. MAGUIRE.

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Carmen Jubilare.

Niagara University was recently *en fête* on the occasion of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of its worthy President, the Rev. P. V. Cavanagh, C. M. The event was made a memorable one, and all its details have been fittingly recorded in a special number of the University journal, *The Niagara Index*. In connection with the celebration there was issued a new and revised edition of a beautiful Latin poem written in honor of the Silver Jubilee of the University in 1881, by the Rev. Joseph P. Alizeri, C. M., under the title of "Carmen Jubilare." We have read the work carefully from beginning to end, and it seems to us that the best praise we can bestow upon it is to say that we have taken special pleasure in reading again several of the passages which had first appeared to be more striking.

Certainly nothing could be more felicitous than to dedicate that kind of sacred dithyrambic to one whose learning is equalled only by his gentleness and modesty—the pious successor of Bishop Timon.

The dedication is filled with ingenious remarks and delicate allusions, and written in so pure a style that Cicero and Lactantius seem to have met therein harmoniously. It was surely a happy idea to invite on that auspicious day the Queen of Angels to come down upon earth accompanied by a choir of angels and saints, especially the great St. Vincent de Paul and many a holy member of the Lazarists, as well as some of their Sisters, martyred in China, A. D. 1871. In the presence of a few souls of Purgatory, and in spite of the renewed anger of the fallen angels, to whom the fire of the University in the year 1864 is poetically attributed, the Mother of God imparts a solemn benediction to her house, and exhorts the pupils to practise humility, chastity, temperance, charity and self-denial, to be always simple, solid, pious and practical in their sermons, and show to all a merciful charity. St. Vincent himself replies in a few words and then the author of the poem, who must be venerable in virtue as well as in years, fittingly salutes Our Lady in strains which breathe his filial piety, and foretells that if the

students of Our Lady of the Angels are faithful to the worship of Mary Immaculate their University will stand and flourish for many, many years.

What shall we say ourselves to our dear Sister of New York! Long live a house of Catholic education where such pure feelings are expressed, so many noble thoughts are so sweetly conveyed in the mellifluous language of Horace and Virgil, and such heroic virtues are given as examples by devoted masters to their faithful disciples. *Esto Perpetua!* F.

Be Enthusiastic.

Enthusiasm is the outward expression of an earnest purpose of the heart. It is the fire of sincerity kindled on the altar of the soul, and kept alive by its pure and unexhausted native vigor. It belongs to expansive and not to narrow minds. It is the creature's dutiful correspondence with the well-understood destiny marked out for him by his Creator. The truly enthusiastic man recognizes the object for which he was placed in this world, and to that object he applies himself with unflinching energy. There are no by-paths to divert the earnest heart, and in pursuit of which the precious legacy of time is squandered. This gift of Heaven is too sacred to be frittered away in the sluggish waters of indifference and doubt.

Obstacles in the career of the enthusiastic worker only strengthen him in his purpose. He remembers that life is a state of trial: Obstacles test his courage, and add fresh power to his fearless will. As for trials, his prudent forecast has calculated upon them. He is not taken by surprise. His object is worthy, and he intends and expects to sacrifice much—yes, even life itself, if necessary—for the sake of that object.

What is the fire which burns in the patriot's heart, and makes him ever ready to die for his country? It is true and zealous devotion to the land which gave him birth. It is enthusiasm, which is the inspiration of the philanthropist, of the missionary, of the saint. This it is which imparts wings to enterprise, and nerves the will against temptation. It is the impulse which guides the man of science in his glorious career.

Perils do not daunt the enthusiastic man; opposition does not intimidate him. The incentive of his exertion is in his own bosom. Like a well-built ocean steamer, his motive power is within. It is his strong and distinctly defined purpose. Tide and wind neither retard nor urge him forward. Outward changes disturb him not. The voice of duty is ever sounding in his ears, and is like the battle-cry to the warrior. His physical nature is but the servant to duty. Luxury and ease he spurns as foes to his darling object. How unlike this portrait is that of the man half in earnest! Such a man has set out in life like a dead plank on the stream. He floats with the

current and is without an object. If the rapids draw him in, swiftly will he float; should a snag intercept his course, he cannot progress. There he lies, unable to extricate himself. If the waters are sluggish, he is sluggish too. To him life has no law but chance, and to enjoy sensual pleasures is the height of his ambition.

Study history, read the biographies of the great, and you will find that enthusiasm has distinguished the career of all those whose success is worthy of the name. How calmly, yet how brilliantly—like the clear shining of a planet in the sky—did enthusiasm, constant and holy, beam forth in the life of the "Angelic Patron of Youth," St. Aloysius Gonzaga! Courts with their splendors, military ambition with its grandeur, a noble principality with its honors,—yes, even more: home with its charms of Christian affection,—none of them had the power to turn his heart from a purpose which bore the stamp of the "will of God." Deep, silent, yet pure and enthusiastic, love for God, who receives so little gratitude from men, carried every volition of his soul above the petty aims of earth, above the sophistry of human argument; and it was that heaven-born enthusiasm which made him the saint to whom we bend in loving homage and to whose earnest prayers we love to recommend ourselves.

It was the voice of a generous-hearted, enthusiastic champion of human rights—the voice of Peter the Hermit—which in the eleventh century aroused the entire Christian world to rise in resisting the arrogant Mahometan power which threatened to engulf Europe. For nearly two hundred years the echo of that voice held all the world by its magic spell. It was the impulse aroused by that voice which preserved art, science, and morality, from the corroding influence and the fierce despotism of a false and sensual religious system—that of the Turk. To-day we enjoy the fruits of the Crusaders' earnestness.

Enthusiasm, patient and true, ploughed unknown waters, and found a new world. It laid the foundations, strong and deep, developed and perfected the growth and progress of our *Alma Mater*, and made Notre Dame what she is to-day, the pride and glory of our Western World. It has given and sustained our free institutions, our grand religious orders; and besides dotting our waters with steamships, and our land with ten thousand marks of enterprise, it has implanted in our souls the element of emulation to carry us triumphant through the contest which we must wage against evil customs, corrupt literature, and that common recklessness which asks, not "what is right?" but, "what is expedient?"

Let the watchword of Clermont be ours: "God wills it," and nothing will then be trifling or indifferent. Thoroughly interested in whatever we undertake, life will be full of a zest which the indifferent and half-hearted cannot understand. Enthusiastic and earnest in friendship

in the pursuit of science, in devotion to God, all that we shall perform will be alive with the love which actuates us in all we do; and our influence, like a sacred perfume, will remain to bless the world long after we have ceased to dwell upon its surface. L. E.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

His family was settled in Maryland, ever since the reign of James II.; and had, during that period, been possessed of the same ample property,—the largest in the Union. It stood, therefore, at the head of the aristocracy of the country; was naturally in alliance with the Government; could gain nothing, while it risked everything, by a change of dynasty; and therefore, according to all the rules, and the prejudices, and the frailties, which are commonly found guiding the conduct of men, in a crisis of affairs, Charles Carroll might have been expected to take part against the revolt, certainly never to join in promoting it. Such, however, was not this patriotic person. He was among the foremost to sign the celebrated Declaration of Independence. All who did so, were believed to have devoted themselves and their families to the Furies. As he set his hand to the instrument, the whisper ran round the Hall of Congress: "There goes some millions of property!" And, there being many of the same name, when he heard it, said: "Nobody will know what Carroll it is," as no one signed more than his name; and one at his elbow, addressing him, remarked: "You'll get clear,—there are several of the name,—they will not know which to take." "Not so!" he replied; and instantly added his residence, "of Carrollton."

He was not only a man of firm mind, and steadily-fixed principles, he was, also, a person of great accomplishments and excellent abilities. Educated in the study of the civil law at one of the French colleges, he had resided long enough in Europe to perfect his learning in all the ordinary branches of knowledge. On his return to America, he sided with the people against the mother country; and was soon known and esteemed as among the ablest writers of the independent party. The confidence reposed in him, soon afterwards, was so great that he was joined with Franklin, in the commission of three, sent to obtain the concurrence of the Canadians in the revolt. He was a Member of Congress for the first two trying years, when that body was only fourteen in number, and might rather be deemed a Cabinet Council for action than anything like a deliberative Senate. He then belonged, during the rest of the war, to the Legislature of his native State, Maryland, until 1788, when he was elected one of the United States Senators, and continued for three years to act in this capacity. The rest of his time, until he retired from public life, in

1804, was passed as a Senator from Maryland. In all these capacities he has left behind him a high reputation for integrity, eloquence and judgment.

It is usual with Americans to compare the last thirty years of his life to the Indian Summer (what we call the Michaelmas Summer; the "short Summer" of the South of Europe), sweet as it is tranquil, and partaking neither of the fierce heats of the earlier, nor the chilling frosts of a later season. His days were both crowned with happiness and lengthened far beyond the usual period of human existence. He lived to see the people whom he had once seen 900,000 in number pass twelve millions; a handful of dependent colonists become a nation of freemen; a dependent settlement assume its place among the first-rate powers of the world; and he had the delight of feeling that to this consummation he had contributed his ample share. As no one had run so large a risk by joining the revolt, so no one had adhered to the standard of freedom more firmly in all its fortunes, whether waving in triumph, or over disaster and defeat. He had never despaired of the Commonwealth, nor ever had lent his ear to factious counsels; never had shrunk from any sacrifice, nor ever had pressed himself forward to the exclusion of men better fitted to serve the common cause. Thus it happened to him that no man was more universally respected and beloved; none had fewer enemies; and, notwithstanding the ample share in which the gifts of fortune were showered upon his house, no one grudged its prosperity.

It would, however, be a very erroneous view of his merits, and of the place which he filled in the eye of his country, which should represent him as only respected for his patriotism and his virtues. He had talents and acquirements, which enabled him effectually to help the cause he espoused. His knowledge was various, and his eloquence was of a high order. It was, like his character, mild and pleasing; like his deportment, correct and faultless. Flowing smoothly, and executing far more than it seemed to aim at, every one was charmed by it, and many were persuaded. His taste was peculiarly chaste, for he was a scholar of extraordinary accomplishments; and few, if any, of the speakers in the New World came nearer the model of the more refined oratory practised in the parent State. Nature and ease, want of effort, gentleness united with sufficient strength, are noted as its enviable characteristics; and, as it thus approached the tone of conversation, so, long after he ceased to appear in public, his private society is represented as displaying much of his rhetorical powers, and has been compared, not unhappily, by a later writer, to the words of Nestor, which fell like vernal snows as he spake to the people. In commotions, whether of the Senate or the multitude, such a speaker, by his calmness and firmness joined, might well hope to have the weight, and to

exert the control and mediatory authority of him, *pietate gravis et meritis*, who

"—regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet."

In 1825, on the anniversary of the half century after the Declaration of Independence was issued, the day was kept over the whole Union, as a grand festival, and observed with extraordinary solemnity. As the clock struck the hour when that mighty instrument had been signed, another bell was also heard to toll,—it was the passing bell of John Adams, one of the two surviving Presidents who had signed the Declaration. The other was Jefferson; and it was soon after learned, that, at the same hour, he too had expired in a remote quarter of the country.

There now remained only Carroll to survive his fellows: and he had already reached extreme old age; but he lived yet seven years longer, and, in 1832, at the age of 95, the venerable patriarch was gathered to his fathers.

The Congress went into mourning, on this account, for three months as they had done for Washington, and for him alone. C. H.

Summer Sketches.

VII.

PARIS.

JULY 10.—I should have said that my *cocher* drove me under another Arc de Triomphe, not so grand and imposing as the one previously mentioned, still of great size, being about forty-five feet high. It is called the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, from the square in which it stands and which received its name from the *carrousel* which Louis XIV held there in 1662. It is an imitation of the Arch of Septimus Severus at Rome, which, however, is not so large, and was built to commemorate the victories of Napoleon I. It is also the principal entrance to the Tuileries through which we drove.

What memories are associated with this spot! The Palace of the Tuileries was the abode of kings for centuries and especially of Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. It was the scene of assassination and pillage in 1792 when Louis XVI. left it to pass to the scaffold; again in 1830 when it was sacked by the insurgents and Charles X. fled from his court at St. Cloud; and again in 1848 when Louis Philippe was obliged to fly from the fury of the mob; and finally it was fired by the Communists in 1871. Its ruins were allowed to stand for twelve years, when they were removed. Nothing now remains but two wings which are joined to the Louvre. An open square decked with statues and fountains marks the original site, and a colossal statue of Gambetta stands at the entrance to

THE LOUVRE.

The Louvre is one of the most remarkable public buildings in the whole civilized world,

not only from an architectural point of view, but also, and especially, from the memories associated with it and the inestimable artistic treasures which it possesses. Like all grand historical monuments, the Louvre has its legend. Its name is said to be derived from an ancient castle which stood on the spot at a time, centuries ago, when it formed the centre of a forest and which was called *Lupara*, as denoting a place of meeting for hunters. However, the first name recorded in its history is that of Philip Augustus, who ascended the throne of France in 1180. This monarch caused a large fortress to be built here as a defence to the river and approaches to the city. Under the reign of Charles (1380) it was included within the city limits and transformed into a royal palace. This was destroyed by Francis I. in the year 1541, who, to encourage and promote the study of the arts and sciences, laid the foundations of those buildings which under his successors have developed into the splendid structure of the present day.

The work was begun under the direction of the most celebrated architect of the Renaissance, Pierre Lescot, who was assisted in the decoration of the edifice by the illustrious sculptor Jean Goujon. In the list of other distinguished architects associated with the continuation and perfection of the structure are found such names as Lemercier, under Louis XIII.; Claude Perrault and Leveau, under Louis XIV.; Percier and Fontaine, under Napoleon I.; Visconti and Lefuel, under Napoleon III. It would be a long and difficult task to determine and describe the precise work of each of these artists. The visitor can see and admire only the whole, and realize that the Louvre, though still incomplete, is the product of the genius of France which, down through the ages has been ever fruitful and ever beneficent.

The whole may be said to be an immense quadrangular building, occupying with its courts and squares, an area of about 600,000 square feet. Its façades present a beautiful and striking appearance, with their dome-crowned *pavillons*, their numerous Corinthian columns and porticoes. On one side are eighty-six colossal statues of French celebrities and sixty-three allegorical groups of statuary. But I cannot attempt to describe it. It is a vast and splendid palace, and from whatever side one contemplates it, the effect is grand.

The Museum—as the whole collection of antiquities and works of art, both ancient and modern, may be called—constitutes the principal attraction for visitors, and is, without doubt, the first of its kind in Europe. The various halls are without number, and merely to pass through them would be a walk of three or four hours. You will not be surprised, then, to learn that to-day my visit of an hour and a half took me no further than the *Musée de Peinture*.

The *Cours* (Anglice, "Courtyard") du Louvre

is a large square divided by grass plats, with walks, some of stone, others of gravel. The ubiquitous *gendarmes*, or policemen, are there, and to one of them I hied me and asked the best way to get into the *Musée*. He pointed to an archway, and thither I betook myself. On entering I saw on my left an opening which led to a large staircase. I was about to ascend when a policeman stopped me with: "*Monsieur, votre ombrelle!*" That formidable umbrella had to be left behind and checked before any further progress could be made. When that was done the road was clear; I ascended the massive stairs to the first floor and entered the *Salle Henri II.*, one of the numerous halls of the *Musée*. These halls, or *galeries*, with their vaulted frescoed ceilings, their marble tiled (and very slippery) pavements, their great height and length, are grand and striking in themselves. They enclose a collection of more than two thousand paintings, some of immense size, and many of them masterpieces representing every school of the art. Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Corregio, Titian, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Murillo, Rubens, Van Dyke,—all are here to be seen and admired. Murillo's masterpiece, "The Immaculate Conception"—purchased, in 1852, by the French Government at a cost of 615,300 francs, and which has served as the model of countless devotional pictures—attracts particular attention. Again one sees here a grand display of Gobelin tapestry in the portraits of the kings, architects and sculptors who have been identified with the building of the Louvre. These portraits are so well executed that the stranger mistakes them for oil paintings. Here, too, are preserved the court jewels, the crowns of Napoleon and Josephine, crowns, swords and jewels, jewel cases, reliquaries, etc., of Charlemagne and ancient kings—the most magnificent, though not the largest, diamond in the world,—all jealously guarded.

Well, I meandered slowly through these wonderful halls, gazed upon paintings, sculptures, precious stones, frescoes, etc., for nearly two hours, and discovered that I had not seen the half of the treasures of the Louvre. It was then near five o'clock, so, promising myself the pleasure of another visit, I descend the large staircase and find myself once more in the courtyard. But—there's something wrong! "Where is that umbrella? There's no place of deposit for articles at this entrance or exit. Where in the world did I get in at?" These were some of the questions that occurred to me as I found myself emerging from a different part of the building, and thought of the long time it would take to go to each one of the other entrances. But I did not want to lose that umbrella; so I went to my friend, the *gendarme*, and after a few words he set me on the right track. I presented my check, received my precious umbrella, and in testimony of my gratitude for the care taken of the article presented the lady in charge with two *sous*!

SAMMY.

Obituary.

We are pained to record the sad and sudden demise of William Thompson, of Bay City, Mich., on Monday the 26th ult. He entered the Senior department of the University in September last, and was with us but a few weeks when taken suddenly ill. By the advice of his physician he returned home; but notwithstanding the best of care and constant attendance, he gradually grew worse and died. The sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame is extended to the bereaved parents in this their great affliction, with the consoling thought that he now enjoys the happiness of another and better life. May he rest in peace!

The following resolutions have been adopted:

WHEREAS, We had learned to love him for his genial, and manly qualities of mind and heart, and have enjoyed his friendship, we unite in extending our sympathy to his afflicted parents; and

WHEREAS, He has been deprived of a bright future in obedience to the will of God, "Who taketh unto Himself His own and doeth all things well," Therefore be it

RESOLVED, That, as we loved him in life, so will we cherish his memory in death.

RESOLVED, That a solemn *Requiem* Mass in our college church be celebrated for the repose of his soul, and that we assist in a body.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and a copy be forwarded to the parents of our deceased fellow-student.

Committee. { H. L. FERNEDING,
W. V. CUMMINGS,
W. WILKIN.

Local Items.

- Down!
- Line up!
- Block him!
- "Leckshuns!"
- Off side, there!
- Oh, the wild geese!
- Now, hold your man!
- Fifty-seven in the hole!
- "Here comes the Bogie man."
- You will bet on Campbell, will you?
- The practice teams are out in full force.
- Bulletins were mailed during the past week.
- The Republicans are all out among the Rockies.
- "Josh" and "Shorty" were responsible for those cigars.
- And still the safeties keep coming. Look out for your life!
- 'Tis queer how a man can make a ball rise by making a drop-kick.
- The all-absorbing topic among the students for the past week has been *politics*.
- Now doth the handball fiend still thrive and murder unsuspecting passers-by.
- Worn-out horse-shoes make good door

decorations. For particulars write to box T., Brownson Hall.

—Some of the Sorins have become infatuated with the "geraniums" which adorn the walls of the main building.

—"The nightingale sighed in the moon's pale light" last week in the vicinity of Grass Creek, Fulton Co., Indiana.

—Rev. President Walsh went to Peru, Ind., on Wednesday last to attend a conference of the Diocesan School Board.

—Last Thursday evening an impromptu jollification was held in Sorin Hall. The burgo-master, Bennie, Pete and Dusie furnished the music(?).

—Under the direction of Bro. Hugh and his energetic promoters, the League of the Sacred Heart is in a flourishing condition among the Carrollites.

—The "Class Honors" and "Lists of Excellence" in the Collegiate Course are unusually large this week, and are the most convincing evidence of the serious, earnest work done by the students of said course.

—We have heard a great many stories in our time about ye festive nimrod; but when such substantial proof of excellent marksmanship as that given by a certain little party some days ago is adduced, we must confess that all hunting stories are not false.

—Very Rev. Father General, we are glad to say, continues steadily to improve. Daily walks have been added to the out-door exercise which he is able to take, and we feel assured that ere long he will be blessed with a complete restoration to health.

—A lot of interesting illustrated books relating to the late Secession have been purchased for the Lemonnier Library. Among them all the illustrated war articles which appeared in *Harpers' Weekly* from 1861-'65 printed from the original plates and bound in large folio volumes.

—NOTICE.—Students desiring fine suits, made to order, overcoats, dress coats and pants, all in the latest style, will do well to call on the genial Director of the Tailoring Establishment. They will be shown the finest goods such as to satisfy the wants of the most fastidious connoisseur.

—It is very ungrateful, indeed, on the part of any guest to dispute his host's word as to the genuineness of the fowl placed before him. Remarks of this kind, however, are generally made at the end of the feast for reasons obvious, no doubt, to all kind-hearted, grateful individuals.

—The large attendance in the classes of Belles-Lettres, Criticism and Literature indicates that the competition for the English Medal will be exciting this year. The subjects are:

"Newman and Wiseman as Novelists"; "St. Francis d'Assisi"; "James Russell Lowell as a Poet"; "Roger B. Taney and his Time."

—This is the story of a peacefully-inclined Sorinite: "Every morning I am aroused from my

peaceful slumbers by the thunderous pounding at the adjoining doors. I am between two football players. Daily at 5.30 a. m., some one comes around, and in gentle strains invites them to take a stroll. What did I ever do to them that I should thus be forcibly torn from the arms of Morphine, or is his name Opium? If the team should be minus a centre-rush or full-back some of these days call on me for an explanation."

—Mr. John Lauth, of Bous, Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, is visiting his two children and other relatives at Notre Dame. Mr. Lauth is an accomplished and entertaining gentleman, and the oldest member of the great family which has given four priests and two *religieuses* to the Communities of Holy Cross. We have no doubt he will retain pleasing recollections of his visit to Notre Dame.

—The following are the subjects for the first essays in the Graduating Class of the various courses. The students in the Classical, Scientific and English Courses may choose any one of them for the essay to be handed in on or before December 10:

"The Ode in English"; "The Politics of Edmund Burke"; "Clarence Mangan and Gerald Griffin as Poets"; "The Prose of James Russell Lowell"; "Literature and National Progress"; "St. Francis d'Assisi"; "The Elegy in English"; "The Supernatural Element in Hamlet"; "Dryden"; "The Prose of Daniel Webster."

—The St. Cecilians met in regular meeting Wednesday, Nov. 4. Several important but at present secret subjects were discussed, after which an exceedingly interesting literary programme was presented. An impromptu debate was then indulged in, the discussion drifting from the subject, "Resolved, that commerce has exercised a greater influence on civilization than literature," to the all-absorbing question of politics. The Democrats, on finding themselves "not in it," motioned for adjournment. The President sympathized with the "lost cause," and adjourned the meeting.

—The sixth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held on Sunday evening, November 1. This, without doubt, was the best meeting of the new year, owing to the excellence of the programme, and the interest and enthusiasm stirred up in the members by the speeches of Messrs. Fitzgibbon, Du Brul, Coady and others. The debate "Resolved, that High License is of more use to the country than Prohibition," was decided in favor of Messrs. Fitzgibbon and Coady who composed the affirmative side, and were opposed by Messrs. Ferneding and Quinlan. Mr. Fitzgerald read an essay which was highly satisfactory, chiefly on account of its originality and humor. After considerable discussion the society decided to organize the Mock Congress which will begin its first session, November 15. The President appointed Messrs. Fitzgibbon, Raney and P. Murphy to make a division of the members.

—The Columbians began their active society

work Thursday evening with a well-selected and finely-executed programme. Under the energetic presidency of Prof. Neil and with the spirit manifested by the members, the Columbians promise to rival any of their renowned predecessors. Mr. O'Shea opened the exercises by reading a selection from the "Life of Daniel Webster." In the debate on the jury system, Mr. Cassidy, in a thoughtful and well-prepared speech, pointed out the abuses arising from the present system. Mr. Langan eloquently discussed the advantages of trial by jury, and was followed by Mr. Frizzelle in a paper remarkable for depth of thought and persuasive language. One of the members assigned to the debate being absent Mr. Healy took his place, and in several terse, well-pointed remarks gave evidence of being a strong debater. Mr. Powers having entertained the society with an amusing narrative, Mr. O'Donnell was called on for a declamation, and ably sustained his reputation as an elocutionist. After an open debate on the Tariff and a few suggestions by the president the motion to adjourn was carried.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society held session Wednesday, the 4th inst., Colonel Hoynes in the chair. Before the commencement of the regular business, a subject for discussion at the next meeting was chosen; it is as follows: "Resolved, that the wealth of the nation has been vastly increased and its commercial welfare greatly promoted by the protective policy." Those named as participants are: H. O'Neill, P. Houlihan, P. Coady, and L. Chute. The main feature of the evening was a debate in which the disputants were: Doyle and Frizzelle for the affirmative and Chidester and Regan for the negative; both sides were argued with effect. The debate ended, President Hoynes threw much light upon the subject by some very interesting and instructive remarks. In determining the result according to the merits of the arguments, he rendered his decision for the negative. The subject was: "Resolved, that compulsory education laws are promotive of the public welfare and should be enacted."

—The bulletins for the months of September and October were read by Father Morrissey, Director of Studies, in the various halls of the University on last Thursday. The general excellence of so many of the reports in the different departments was the occasion of some very complimentary remarks from the Reverend gentleman; while it was true all did not reach the standard which their parents and Professors would like to see them reach, yet the excellent standing of the majority of the students in all the halls was such as to justify the remark that good, earnest work is being done in the classes, and that the showing for the past two months is such as to reflect credit on the students as well as a source of great gratification to the Officers and Professors of the University. The next bulletins will be made out just before the

Christmas holidays, and it is hoped that greater efforts than ever will be made to have the reports for November and December superior to those of the two months just past. Good, earnest work is always a guarantee of good reports.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Dacy, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Fitzgerald, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Langan, Maurus, H. Murphy, Monarch, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scheerer, E. Scheerer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burns, J. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Beaudry, Bundy, Coady, Combe, Chassang, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cushing, Cole, Coll, Conroy, Cherhart, Cook, Carroll, Connors, C. Delaney, Doheny, Davis, Doyle, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, R. Fleming, Funke, Flynn, Flannery, Foley, Frizelle, Flanigan, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, Hawthorne, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Jacobs, Kunert, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. Kennedy, E. Kelly, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kirby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Layton, Moxley, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, C. Murphy, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, McGonigle, Magnus, McErlain, Marchoff, F. Murphy, Mattingly, G. McDonnell, McCarrick, McDermott, McClure, Nester, Nockels, Ocenasek, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Preiskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Vurpillat, Vinez, Welsh, Weaver, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, Bachrach, F. Brown, Burkert, Byrne, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Crawford, Carpenter, Dion, DuBois, Dix, Duncombe, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, C. S. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Ford, Girsch, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Gerdes, Gerner, Girardin, Gillam, Garfias, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hagus, Hargrave, Hittson, Hack, Joseph, Kauffman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kraber, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, LaMoure, Levi, Lowry, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Moss, Minor, Marre, McCarthy, J. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, H. Nichols, Nicholson, W. Nichols, Oliver, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Regan, Rumely, Rupel, Ratterman, Renesch, W. Sullivan, Strauss, Sedwick, Shaffer, Sparks, Shimp, Sweet, Stone, Scholer, Slevin, Sheurman, Smith, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Thomas, Thornton, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Christ, Cross, Coulter, Chapoton, Crandall, Crawford, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Curtin, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Corry, B. Durand, H. Durand, Dugas, Everest, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, Elliot, E. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Walter Gregg, Wm. Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Healy, Hilger, Hoffman, Hathaway, Howard, Higginson, Jones, King, Kuehl, Kern, Krollman, Kinney, Keeler, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Loughran, Lonergan, Langley, Lowrey, McIn tyre, McPhee, McCarthy, McAllister, Maternes, Morrison, Nichols, Oatman, O'Neill, Pieser, Platts, Pratt, W.

Patier, E. Patier, Pursell, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Swan, Stuckart, Smith, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Tussner, White, Wolf, Weber, Wilson.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. DuBrul, Corcoran, Corry, Palmer, McMahon, Flannery, S. Mitchell, O'Donnell, M. Ryan, Doheny, J. Ryan, Ocenasek, E. Ahlrichs, J. Cosgrove, Kearns, Quinlan, Devanny, Burns, Houlihan, O'Shea, Cassidy, Correll, Maurus, Neef, Vinez, Fitzgerald, Dinkel, Schillo, W. Kennedy, J. Brady, Keough, Kearney, Phillips, Joslyn, H. Murphy, A. Dacy, E. Brown, Powers, McAuliff, L. Monarch, B. Bachrach, Rothert, C. Scherrer, A. Ahlrichs, F. Vurpillat, F. Bolton, P. Murphy, V. Vurpillat, Sanford, Fitzgibbon, J. McKee, F. McKee, R. Sinnott, O. Sullivan, O'Brien, N. Sinnott, Ragan, Langan, Hannin, L. Chute, C. Gillon, Combe, Coady, Schaack, Jewett, F. Chute, Flanigan, Frizelle, Schopp, T. Quinlan, Jacob, Kunert, Casey, Walker, H. Mitchell, Marr, J. Delaney, Carney.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—Messrs. Just, N. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, Fitzgibbon; *Logic*—Messrs. Crumley, Neef, Santen; *Latin*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Kehoe, Marciniak, Hennessy, Maurus, Kearns, Montavon, Casey, Walker; *Greek*—Messrs. E. DuBrul, Bachrach, A. Ahlrichs, P. Crawley, Lauth, Morris, Schopp, Muskevovitz, O'Shea, Kehoe, Marciniak; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. H. O'Neill, Fitzgibbon; *Criticism*—Messrs. Joslyn, Casey; *Literature*—Messrs. J. Delaney, Thorn, Morris, O'Donnell; *Rhetoric*—Mr. Flynn; *English Composition*—Messrs. Vinez, Dinkel, Kennedy, Walker, H. Mitchell; *Astronomy*—A. Ahlrichs; *Civil Engineering (Theory)*—Messrs. P. Murphy, O. Sullivan; *Civil Engineering (Execution)*—Messrs. C. Gillon, O. Sullivan; *Descriptive Geometry*—P. Murphy; *Analytical Mechanics*—O. Sullivan; *Calculus*—L. Sanford; *Analytical Geometry*—Messrs. Schillo, J. Delaney, Carroll; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. V. Vurpillat, Schillo; *Geometry*—Messrs. Flynn, McMahon, Flannery, Kearns, McNamee, D. Murphy, W. Kennedy, A. Corry, Walker, Prichard; *Algebra*—Messrs. McMahon, Flynn, Flannery, McDonnell, J. Mitchell; *Analytical Chemistry*—Messrs. C. Gillon, P. Murphy; *Botany*—J. Fitzgerald; *Physiology*—Messrs. E. Ahlrichs, Vinez; *Mineralogy*—E. Maurus; *Metallurgy*—Joslyn; *Modern History*—Messrs. A. Corry, Kennedy, Walker, Phillips, Kearns; *English History*—Messrs. Bolton, Hennessy, Quinn; *Ancient History*—John Desmond O'Shea.

The Pervasive Toothpick.

The tablecloth was fresh and neat,
The china bright, the viands sweet,
And slim and straight beside the meat,
 Stood proudly up—the toothpick.

Stood stiffly, as a toothpick ought,
Which once was shunned, but now is sought;
For time has turned and forward brought
 To prominence the toothpick.

The dinner done they passed it round,
And none said "Nay," and no one frowned;
But all, with dignity profound,
 Applied the nimble toothpick.

Oh, other things of meaner sphere—
Comb! tweezers! brush!—the time draws near,
Perchance, when each shall be the peer
 Of the promoted toothpick.

—*St. Louis Republic.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. C., gave two religious conferences in the Seniors' study-hall last week. His clear, incisive exposition of Christian dogma commanded the closest attention of his audience, and the time allotted seemed all too short.

—The members of the First Senior class held a reception in the Vocal Hall on Wednesday last, at which the Third Seniors were the guests. The evening was pleasantly spent in social converse; music and elocution lending a special charm to the occasion.

—The class in elocution, following the world-famous Delsarte system, is making marked progress in this important art; and while attention is paid to grace of movement, carriage and pose of body, it is the special aim of each member of the class to become a good reader.

—Although the days of highway robbery in Indiana are past, the pupils of St. Mary's are entertaining serious thoughts of some day surrounding Very Rev. Father General's carriage and taking him prisoner; and when once he is in gentle durance, each department will gladly take turns at sentinel duty.

—The annual retreat for the Catholic pupils opened on the vigil of All Souls' Day, and closed on the eve of the First Friday of the month. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. A. G. Van der Eerden, S. J., and were followed with most edifying regularity. It is to be hoped that the earnest words of the gifted speaker may long dwell in the hearts of those who heard them; and, blessed by the Holy Spirit, may they bring forth lasting fruits of virtue!

—On Sunday, the beautiful festival of All Saints, the Rev. Chaplain delivered an interesting and practical sermon on the lessons inculcated by the Church militant in commemorating the glory of those who form the Church triumphant; and on Monday, the sad tones of the *Requiem æternam* brought to mind the poor souls of the Church suffering. It is at such times that the heart appreciates the full meaning of the words "I believe in the communion of saints," and realizes that "we are all bound with golden chains unto the throne of God."

—The current number of the *Cosmopolitan* gives to the reading world a series of interesting letters from General Sherman to his daughter. Some of them were written while Minnie Ewing Sherman was a pupil at St. Mary's, and their publication awakens a host of memories in those who call to mind the eagerness with which these missives from the very seat of war were received. How all things change! The hand that penned those letters is cold in death; peace

rests over the happy homes wherein the lines are now read, and at St. Mary's the broken cannon on the grassy mound—sad memento of the times that tried men's souls—calls forth a prayer for the brave dead.

The Sacred Heart.

From the last issue of *Rosa Mystica* we take the following extract on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus: "The League of the Sacred Heart is one of the many ways by which the Church has found a means of expressing her love for the Divine Master; and the wonderful progress this devotion has made in all countries is subject for special thanksgiving to God. It is a devotion to which many others have close relationship; as, for instance, the Apostleship of Prayer, the Living Rosary, and the Communion of Reparation; and we, St. Mary's pupils, should feel honored to be enrolled with the thousands of holy souls who form this body-guard around the Heart of our dearest Lord. Often should we exclaim: 'O Heart of Jesus, Thou lovest! Thou art not loved; would that Thou wert loved!'" The thought of the benefits arising from such unions should make all value more and more the heritage of faith which binds us together as in one brotherhood, and should cause us to perform our smallest actions with purity of intention in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Treasury of grace.

Prof. Egan's Lecture.

Professor M. F. Egan delivered the second lecture of his regular course in the Senior study-hall on Wednesday, October 28. His subject was Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; but before entering upon it he devoted a few moments to the explanation of the term literature, taking as the most comprehensive and, at the same time, most practical definition that given by Cardinal Newman who styles it "the personal use of language." A few words on the religious element in poetry followed, after which Mr. Egan's hearers were charmed with an appreciative analysis of the "In Memoriam." Its beauty as a work of art was inimitably set forth, and the lecturer's poetic sympathies found expression in words that breathed warm admiration for the artistic worth of the Poet-Laureate's great work. But while he characterized Tennyson as a "harpist who plays on all the strings of life," he had to add that the note of doubt, of questioning, that sounded its undertone all through the exquisite harmony of "In Memoriam," kept the harps of heaven from responding to the sweet music of the poet's heart. But it would be doing an injustice to comment further on this beautiful lecture, for it will, no doubt, appear in an early number of the

SCHOLASTIC, when all may learn through it to love, more and more, the music, even while they regret the discords, in the writings of him who calls his lyrics "Swallow-flights of song whose wings have dipped in tears."

Life's Autumn Leaves.

When the bright reign of summer is ended,
And we sadly relinquish its charm,
Through the night comes a messenger swiftly,
Filling Nature with deepest alarm.

'Tis the keen chilling breath of the hoar frost,
Over all lies his glistening trace;
And he whispers a message from Autumn,
Who comes in his footsteps apace.

But what mean these mysterious tidings?
For the maple and clambering vine
All are turning a rich vivid crimson,
And fair Nature is flushed as with wine.

See, the woodland is glowing with blushes,
Autumn's sunset gleams red through the pines,
And the harvest moon's crimson effulgence
O'er the far-distant mountain top shines.

And as watching the bright leaves flit earthward,
We in fancy a sad likeness trace
'Twixt the foliage, crimson and golden,
And each life in the great human race.

See that ruddy leaf blown high above us
Then sinking to earth with its mate,
Is it not as a hope rudely shattered
By the wild, sportive whirlwind of Fate?

Few are perfect from stem unto apex
There's some flaw, be it only a spot,
For each life bears the mark of some blemish
Which a sharp, gnawing sorrow has wrought.

There is one with a bright, joyful childhood,
But whose life meets with many a frown,
For the leaf shades from green to dark crimson,
Fading then to a dull, sombre brown.

And this tiny but gay-colored leaflet,
Scarce a change o'er its surface has passed,
Like some happy young life quickly ended
Ere the dark shades of sorrow were cast.

There are yellow leaves, dull, unattractive;
But the contrast makes brighter the rest,
Just as natures in life plain and neutral
Serve to bring out in others the best.

Soon the trees will be robbed of all beauty,
And the winter will reign and rejoice;
But the spring will awaken and call them
Back to life with her gladdening voice.

And though oft-times the sad thought comes o'er us
That we must, like the Autumn leaves, fall,
Yet we trust that in heaven's glad Spring-time
Will God's mercy awaken us all.

KATHERINE MORSE.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, M. Brady, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, Byrnes, Call, Charles, E. Churchill, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Dennison, Ellwanger, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Garrity, Haitz, Hellman, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, M. Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, M. McCormack, Nickel, Nacey, L. Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, M. Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Sanford, Schmidt, Sena, Thirds, Tietjen, Tod, Van Liew, Van Mourick, Wile, B. Winstandley, Wagner, N. Wurzburg, Wolffe, Welter, Whitney, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boyle, Baxter, Curtin, Coady, Crandall, Davis, Dreyer, Ford, Girsch, Germain, Hopper, Hickey, Kasper, Kingsley, Londoner, Meskill, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Smyth, Tilden, Williams, White, Wolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, A. McCarthy, McKenna, McCormick, Palmer, Wormer.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Roberts, M. Smyth.

2D CLASS—Misses McGuire, Nacey, Thirds, Kimmell.

3D CLASS—Misses Higgins, Lancaster, M. McDowell.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Gibbons.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Bero, Bassett, Sanford, Lynch, A. Ryan, Nester.

3D CLASS—Misses Morehead, Call, Wile, A. E. Dennison, Evoy, Dempsey, Tormey, M. Dennison, M. Byrnes, E. Burns, Hickey, M. Hess, K. Ryan, Murison, Tod.

2D DIV.—Misses Sena, Moore, Charles, Van Mourick, Doble, Holmes, Whitmore, S. Smyth, M. McCormack, Kinney.

4TH CLASS—Misses Jewell, Seeley, Robinson, Black, E. McCormack, Butler, Stewart, R. Lichtenhein, Benz, Kemme, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Dieffenbacher, Londoner, A. Smith, Hammond, Rizer, Field, A. Thirds, Goodell, L. Griffith, G. Cowan, Ludwig, Bogart.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, B. Davis, Hopper, Berthelet, Meskill, Baxter, Nacey, B. Germain, P. Germain, Curtin, Culp.

5TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan, M. McCormack, Wormer, Finnerty.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses L. Nickel, Wile, Ludwig, Nacey, Marrinan.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Green, Carico, Alkire, Dreyer, C. Kasper, M. Hess, Kaufman.

3D CLASS—Misses Haitz, Kirley, Welter, A. O'Mara, Kingsbaker, Farwell, Pfaelzer, Lichtenhein, E. Dennison.

4TH CLASS—Misses Ebert, Girsch, Leppel, Klingberg, M. Moynahan, O'Sullivan, D. McDonald, Schmidt, E. Seeley, Wolffe, Zucker, Johnston, G. Winstandley, Ellwanger, Agney, Maude Hess, Tietjen.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hellman, B. Winstandley, Brand, G. Cowan, Lennon, L. Holmes, Keating, Buell, Pinney, A. Cowan, Hittson.