Philip Freneau.

In the early history of the United States we meet with the names of but few poets, and these were not even of a four-rate order. There were many things which caused the men of those days to neglect altogether or, at least, to pay but slight attention to the muse. Chiefly among these causes was the fact that in those times men were setting one of the grandest of epic poems. Their minds were too busily engaged in the stirring events of the day to be turned to the making of verse. They were too much absorbed in the active duties of life to daily with the muse. There were hands to be cleared of the events of the day and a commerce to be established; a nation to be founded. When matters like these filled men's minds, can we wonder that Apollo should seek other climes and leave these men to politics, to jurisdiction and to statistics? Then again, all colonists look to their mother country for their literature. The ancient Greek colonies took with them the poems of Homer and Hesiod. None of the Roman colonies created, for a time at least, a literature of their own. It was not until some eighty years after Christ that Spain produced a Latin author of any note. What writers did Great Britain present to the world during the entire time in which the Romans occupied the island? All of the Roman colonies depended upon Rome for their literature. Then again, when the nations from the North occupied the territory of the Romans, they brought with them their wild legends, and these served them for their fireside tales.

The same has been the case with all modern colonies. The Spanish, French, and Portuguese colonies were not, and are not to this day, prolific in writers of note. The East Indies have not as yet built up a distinctive literature. Nor has Australia. The same was the case with the American Colonies until they separated themselves from all connection, politically, with the mother country.

It was usual, half a century ago, in England, to accept all literary pretensions put forth by the United States, and the "Edinburgh Review" asked in derision, "Who reads an American book?" We can see, now, how unjust any such treatment was. It was but natural that the colonies should cherish the rich legacy of literature left them by their ancestors in England, that they should claim Milton and Shakespeare and Spencer as belonging partly to their own. The moral feelings, domestic tastes and habits of life of Americans were the same as those of the mother country—at least in all the essential points. Naturally enough, then, they retained the style of expression which they received from their forefathers. These then, are the reasons why no points. Naturally enough then, they retained the style of expression which they received from their habits of life of Americans were the same as those and Shakespeare and Spencer as belonging partly to their own.

When the nations from the North occupied the lands of the American Indians, these provided them with suitable subjects, more of his poetry would be found in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," and in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," to which memoirs we are indebted for most of the facts mentioned in this short paper.

Freneau was a man of much genius. He possessed great power in influencing the public mind of the day by his poetry. Had he chosen more suitable subjects, more of his poetry would be read at the present day than is now the case. Most that he did write was written for his own times, and with his own times has died. That more would have survived, is evident from the fact that whatever he wrote not directly touching the events of his day are still to be met with in our readers and selections from the poets. The "Dying Indian" is still read and admired as it deserves to be. The "Indian Burying Ground" is a beautiful little poem, from which Campbell did not hesitate to steal a line. Freneau says:

"By midnight moons, o'er melting dew,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The literature of a country is built up by degrees. Before Homer, there lived rude writers of songs. Before Virgil, came Ennius—before Ennius, the minstrels. What were the poets who preceded Caunter? In a like manner our earlier poets were the mere forerunners of the great poets who were, and are yet to come after them. Before the Revolutionary War there was written by Americans very little verse worth preserving; but with the dawn of independence a new era began to dawn also in the history of our literature. Among the first of the poets of the time of the Revolution was Philip Freneau.

Freneau was born in the city of New York, on the 13th day of January, 1732. He was of French descent, his ancestors having removed to America. He was the son of a French Huguenot, a physician and lawyer. He was educated at the College of New Jersey. Here he made the acquaintance and became the friend of James Madison, the future President of the United States, and of Hugh H. Brackenridge, who became well known in later years as the author of "Modern Chivalry." These three friends were highly gifted with satirical powers, and they took occasion to use them not only against those statesmen who were leaders of rival parties, but also against all prominent public men who were opposed to the rising enthusiasm of the people for liberty.

In the year 1758 he wrote the "Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," and a tale, "The Village Merchant." He graduated in 1771. With Brackenridge he wrote his satirical exercise, "The Rising Glory of America." This poem was a dialogue in blank verse, and contains many animated and vigorous descriptions. Freneau's first intention was to devote himself to the law; but for some reason he abandoned this design. After leading a desultory life for some time, he again betook himself to the sea. The same has been the case with all modern colonies. The Spanish, French, and Portuguese colonies took with them the poems of Homer and Hesiod. None of the Roman colonies created, for a time at least, a literature of their own. It was not until some eighty years after Christ that Spain produced a Latin author of any note. What writers did Great Britain present to the world during the entire time in which the Romans occupied the island? All of the Roman colonies depended upon Rome for their literature. Then again, when the nations from the North occupied the territory of the Romans, they brought with them their wild legends, and these served them for their fireside tales.

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"By midnight moons, o'er melting dew,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues.—

The hunter and the deer, a shade!

In Campbell’s "O’Conor’s Child" we have—

"Now o'er the hill in chase he flies—

The hunter and the deer—a shade!"

Neither did Sir Walter Scott disdain to borrow from our poet a beautiful idea. Freneau writes in his lines "To the Memory of the Americans who fell at New Springer":

"Then rush’d to meet the insulting foe;

They took the spear, but left the shield."

Scott, in his introduction to the third canto of "Marmion," says:

"Who calls, hurried to the field,

And snatch’d the spear, but left the shield."

Freneau had great satirical powers, and he used them without stint. He scribbled at nothing in using them against his opponent. His were no keen polished thrusts, but were heavy blows. His weapons were not those always polished and sharpened, but were those that were often blunted and coarse, and made the wounds they gave rankle and fester. His invective was coarse and insolent, but he used it with great effect. He lived in war times, and his writings are mostly tinged with a warlike spirit. He battles against all those who oppose his principles. His wit and his verse are to him what the sword and shield are to the soldier. He seldom draws them unless to attack or to defend. Occasionally he uses them sportive, but he generally unlooses his sword for an earnest fight.

Freneau handles his versification with great skill. The triple rhyme in octosyllable measure he uses with uncommon skill. But what is remarkable in him is, that at a time when all poets followed without any protest in the beaten track trod by Dryden and Pope, Freneau followed a path wholly novel. He is no imitator. The incidents which he commemorates in verse are often the facts and realities which he met with in everyday life. Over these he throws the glow and romance of poetry. If the poems of Freneau no little read to-day, it is not because they are not meritorious.

The following is his poem entitled "TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FELL AT NEW SPRINGERS."

"On yonder lake I spend the all so more!

Vigour, and youth, and active days are past;

Recessless demons urge me to that shore

On whose black forests all the dead are cast;"

Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,

For I must go to shades below,

Where all is death, and all is new;

Companion to the airy throng;

That ramble through those visionary glades;

My trusty bow and arrows by my side,

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep;

Without a partner, and without a guide.

To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray.

The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade:

Some real world once more may be assign'd.

Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods.

For emptier groves below.

My trusty bow and arrows by my side,

"Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend 1

Do fruits as sickly bear.

A CAIRO BULLETIN STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—

"Yes; that little wretch has a good deal to answer for.

What a pity that he wouldn't have gone so far.

"Yes, but that little wretch has a good deal to answer for.

What a pity that he wouldn't have gone so far.

Without a partner, and without a guide;"
latter which followed his remarks, they had little difficulty in finding that they were the subject of the young gentleman's wit. This is never a pleasant sensation; but they observed that Eric made a point of not looking their way, and went on in silence.

"What do you mean, Montagu?" said Owen. "How very contemptible," said Owen. "Harrow among his subjects!"

"Did you observe what they were doing?"

"Snacking!"

"Worse than that a good deal. They were doing something which, if Eric doesn't take care, will one day be his ruin."

"Well," said Montagu.

"I saw them drinking. I have little doubt it was brandy."

"Good heavens!"

"It's getting a common practice with some fellows. One of the ripples, you see, of Brigdon's influence."

But they went on: they caught up Wright and Vernon, and walked in together.

"We've been talking," said Wright, "about a bad matter. Vernon here says that there's no good reason at all why we should get into this praxis in form, because the cigar-ribbon's allowable. Indeed, it's very nearly as bad in my form. It always is under Gordon; he can't understand fellows doing dishonorable things.

"It's a great bore in the weekly examinations," said Vernon; "every now and then Gordon will even leave the room for a few minutes, and then out come dozens of books."

"Well, Wright," said Montagu, "if that happens again next examination, I'd speak out about it."

"How?"

"Why, I'd get every fellow who disapproves of it to give me his name, and get up and read the list, and say that at least you have pledged yourselves not to do it."

"Humph! I don't know how that would answer. They'd half kill me for one thing."

"Do your duty, I wish I'd such an opportunity, if only to show how sorry I am for my past unfairness."

And so talking, the four went in, and the two elder went to their study.

It was too true that drinking had become a common vice at Roslyn School. Accordingly, when Eric came in with Wildney about half an hour afterwards, Montagu heard them talking about drinks, ordering some brandy, and then arrange to have a "jollification," as they called it, that evening.

They got the brandy through "Billy," One of Brigdon's set, who had access to the idea. The introduction of this man to a nefarious intercourse with the boys. His character was so well known that it had long been forbidden, under the strictest penalties, for any boy ever to speak to him; yet, strange to say, they seemed to take a pleasure in doing so, and just now particularly, it was thought a fine thing, a sign of "pluck," "anti-mushness," or to be on familiar and intimate terms with that gentleman's wit. This is never a pleasant sensation; but they observed that Eric made a point of not looking their way, and went on in silence.

"There, "Williams," continued Montagu pointedly, "Eric, leaving his candle flaring on the table, went out, and in another moment was back, and catching you. It's ten now."

"Rose or somebody'll be coming up and smell of brandy."

The three boys went to the door of Eric's study and their knock could not at first be heard for the noise. When they went in they found a scene of reckless disorder; books were scattered about, plates and glasses lay broken on the floor, beer was spit on all sides, and there was an intolerable smell of brandy.

"If you fellows don't take care," said Duncan sharply, "Rose or somebody'll be coming up and catching you. It's ten now."

"I'll join you," said Owen; "though I'm afraid my presence won't do you much good."

The three boys went to the door of Eric's study, and Eric knocked at last grew so loud that the other study, in the next study, and Eric, with Ball, "Wildney, Graham, and Pietrie, had the room to themselves. Several of them were lower boys still, but they came up to the masters, and, according to Wildney's almost nightly custom.

A little pebble struck the study window.

"Hurrah!" said Wildney, clapping his hands.

"Here's the grub!"

They opened the window and looked out. Billy was there, and they let him down to him a long piece of cord, to which he attached a basket, and, after bidding them "Good-night, and a merry drink," returned as he had come. There was no more noise that night. Wildney, finally, "here's the grub."

"What's that to you?" answered Graham, with a louder burst of merriment than usual; "those fellows are getting drunk; I can tell it to a certainty from the confused and maddened way in which some of them are talking."

"We'd better go in and speak to them," said Montagu; "at any rate, they've no right to disturb us all night."

"I'll join you," said Owen; "though I'm afraid my presence won't do you much good.""}

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tract of land belonging to a man named Barbee. It would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"You are a fool, and I won't ride with you any further. Stop the wagon."

"Tom," says Brown, coming to the gully, "if you fear you will be misunderstood, sir, in that, ruddy, widnab has much more."

"Widnab!" asked Mr. Rose, in sorrowful surprise. "Widnab more influence than you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, that our poor Edwin had lived!"

About six miles from Lexington, they passed a pond. They did not say that you did say he wanted a pond, did he?

"Yes," says Clure, "but Barbee don't want a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"You," says Clure, "but Barbee doesn't want a pond."

"Woo!" replied Brown, raising himself up. "I did not say that he wanted a pond, did I? I said if he wanted a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Well now," said Clure, raising up in his turn, "I did not say that you did say he wanted a pond, did I? All I said was, that Barbee did not want any pond."

"Well," shouted Brown in an angry tone, "I did not say that you did, did I? I said if he wanted a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"You are a fool, and I won't ride with you any further. Stop this wagon."

Brown and Clure walked all the way to Lexington, six miles, rather than ride with him.

That was seven years ago, and the foolish men have not spoken to each other since. But it was one-half of the misunderstandings and subsequent quarrels of our race.
time. Of course the Professor's class will gratify the public by an exhibition, in which most of its members will join. From February till June the horizon appears pleasant and cloudless, the pro-
gress is cheering, the prospects for all desirable success are promising, and with God's blessing
and the good will of all we have reason to expect that the work so well begun will end well.

The following is the general report of the Exam-

CLASSES.

Moral Philosophy.—This class, taught by Rev. C. Calvini, deserves special mention for its excel-

Fifth Latin.—This class, taught by Prof. C. Calvini, has been promoted to the rank of the Fifth Class.

Tenth Latin.—This class has become the Seventh Latin since the Examination, has been "premoted to the rank of the Eighth Class.

Ninth Latin.—This class has been promoted to the rank of the Eighth Class.

Eighth Latin.—This class, which has become the Seventh Class since the Examination, will begin translating History Sacra, and continue exercises in the language under Prof. T. E. Howard. Average note, 70. Best notes awarded to M. A. S. Bower, B. Fisher, A. Paugin.

Seventh Latin.—This class, which was promoted to the rank of the Sixth Class, will read Caesar during the second session, under Prof. J. A. Lyons. Average note, 70. Best notes awarded to W. J. Clarke, Thos. Watson, J. P. O'Connell, C. Dodge, J. Hogan and R. Curran awarded the best notes.

Sixth Latin.—This class is taught by Prof. D. Maloney, F. Chamberlain, T. O'Mahony, M. Mahony, M. Keeley, P. T. White and M. Foote were best noted.

A new Latin class composed of ten members, has just commenced under Prof. W. Ivers.

English Literature.—This class will continue the course under Prof. T. E. Howard's direction. Average note, 75. Best notes awarded to M. A. S. Bower, B. Fisher, A. Paugin, Thos. Watson, J. P. O'Connell, C. Dodge, J. Hogan and R. Curran distinguished themselves.

First Rhetoric.—This class has been joined to the class of English Literature, a promotion meriti-

Second Rhetoric.—This class is raised to the rank of First Rhetoric, under Mr. F. C. Higlon S.S.C. Average note, 65. Best notes received by D. Maloney, J. T. Dunden, P. J. White, W. Breen, S. E. Dunn. A new class of Rhetoric has been formed with Rev. Father P. Condon, S.S.C., for teacher.

SCIENCES.

A Class of Logic and Mental Philosophy has just commenced under Rev. Father Loughnane.

Chemistry.—This class, taught by Rev. Father T. Vagner, S.S.C., was examined only orally. Average note, 65. Best notes awarded to T. O'Mahony, M. Foley, J. McGhugh.

Physics.—Taught by Rev. T. Vagner, S.S.C., was examined only orally. Average note 70. Best notes awarded to T. O'Mahony, T. Ireland, M. Carr, J. McGhugh.


Geology.—Taught by Rev. J. C. Carrier, S.S.C. Average note, 70. Best notes deserved by E. Roberts, W. O'Neill, F. Anderson and V. McMillon, J. Kinney, C. Farr, E. McGuinness, E. Cavanagh, E. Grav, M. TDanner and J. Connor were promoted to the Second Class.

A Class of Latin Literature has just commenced with some thirty members.


A new Greek class, composed of seven mem-

ers, has been formed and is taught by Mr. John Zehn.

First Latin.—This class, taught during the first session by Prof. J. A. Lyons, having finished the regular course of Latin classes, will study Ancient Literature and continue Latin Composition under Rev. A. Loughe. Average note, 90. Best notes awarded to M. A. S. Bower, B. Fisher, A. Paugin.

Second Latin.—This class, taught by Rev. J. O'Inn, will read Cicero's next session, Average note, 85. Messrs. C. Dodge, P. T. White and M. Foote were best noted.

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Third Spelling (Fr.)—Taught by Bro. Albert, S.S.C. Average note 55. Best notes were awarded to H. Hoffman, E. Miller, T. Stubbs, S. Wile, J. Birdsell.

First Reading (Sr.)—Taught by Prof. J. A. Lyons. Average note 75. Best notes were awarded to J. Wernert, J. Comer, J. Noonan, T. Reinhart, W. Easton, D. Gahan and M. Fitzpatrick.


Third Reading (Jr.)—Taught by Bro. Gabriel, S.S.C. Average note 70. Best notes deserved by Masters A. Wite, J. Dose, A. Schmiltz, E. Poor, W. Ohlen, J. E. Darrow, and E. Bower.

First French.—Taught by Prof. Deloulme during the first session. Average note 75. Masters J. McMahon, W. Meyer, and E. Plummer.


Fifth French (Jr.)—Taught during the first session by Brother Maurice, and during the second session by Mr. J. F. Edwards. Average note 60. Best notes received by W. Ohlen, F. Bower, W. Morgan, R. Kelly and J. Gleeson.


First Spelling (Sr.)—Taught by Rev. J. O'Rourke. Average note 90. Best notes were awarded to Masters E. Barry, J. Wernert, T. Phillips, F. Hanauer, J. Comer, J. Kinney, M. Bastonche.


First Spelling (Fr.)—Taught by Brother Benjamin, S.S.C. Average note 75. Masters A. Dickerson, E. G. Shively, H. Beckman, W. Meyer, A. Sainton, J. Burdell, received the best notes at examination.

Second Spelling (Fr.)—Taught by Bro. Emmanuel, S.S.C. Average note 75. Masters T. O'Neil, G. Gross, H. Hunt, B. Paquin, J. Pumphey, received the highest notes.

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Third Reading (Jr.)—Taught by Bro. Gabriel, S.S.C. Average note 70. Best notes deserved by Masters A. Wite, J. Dose, A. Schmiltz, E. Poor, W. Ohlen, J. E. Darrow, and E. Bower.

First French.—Taught by Prof. Deloulme during the first session. Average note 75. Masters J. McMahon, W. Meyer, and E. Plummer.


Fifth French (Jr.)—Taught during the first session by Brother Maurice, and during the second session by Mr. J. F. Edwards. Average note 60. Best notes received by W. Ohlen, F. Bower, W. Morgan, R. Kelly and J. Gleeson.


First Spelling (Sr.)—Taught by Rev. J. O'Rourke. Average note 90. Best notes were awarded to Masters E. Barry, J. Wernert, T. Phillips, F. Hanauer, J. Comer, J. Kinney, M. Bastonche.


First Spelling (Fr.)—Taught by Brother Benjamin, S.S.C. Average note 75. Masters A. Dickerson, E. G. Shively, H. Beckman, W. Meyer, A. Sainton, J. Burdell, received the best notes at examination.

Second Spelling (Fr.)—Taught by Bro. Emmanuel, S.S.C. Average note 75. Masters T. O'Neil, G. Gross, H. Hunt, B. Paquin, J. Pumphey, received the highest notes.
The Empty Stocking—Composed and read by Miss H. Tompkins.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

The excavation of the English classes continued for eight days. Three bureaus were occupied six hours a day each. A special bureau was formed for Music, French, German and Latin.

The following list contains the names of those pupils who, having received notes in class ranging from one to two, are entitled to honorable mention:

German.

French.
Third Class—Misses L. Timley, E. Plandon, A. Todd, A. Lynch.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
First Class—Honorably mentioned, Misses Sherland and Kirwan.
Second Division—Honorably mentioned, Misses Tompkins, Borup and McMahon.
Second Class—Honorably mentioned, Misses Flemond, Todd, Hurst and Spiers. Promoted to this class, Miss A. P. Clark.
Second Division—Honorably mentioned, Misses Goldhardt, Rollins, West and Logan. Promoted to this class, Miss L. Duffield.
Third Class—Honorably mentioned, Misses Lassen, Prince, H. McMahon. Promoted to this class, Misses Quan and D. Greene.
Second Division—Honorably mentioned, Misses Brown, Emonds, Tubbery, C. Lange. Promoted to this class, Misses Devito and Coffee.
Fourth Class—Honorably mentioned, Misses Zell, Forbes, Brandenburg and Wilder. Promoted to this class, Misses Byrne, Gross, A. Woods and A. Clarke.
Second Division—Honorably mentioned, Misses Corcoran, Moore and S. Johnson. Promoted to this class, Misses Davis, Honeyman, Schmidt, Shae and J. Kearney.
Second Division—Honorably mentioned, Misses Kelly, G. Kelly, M. Pinney and J. Millis. Promoted to this class, Misses M. Walker, J. Waker and M. Coogan. Directed energy; and the "philosophy of indolence" is nothing better than a mean and contemptible sophistry. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is the vigorous language of inspiration; and David Crockett's "be sure you are right and then go ahead," is simply the divine command translated into rough Anglo-Saxon.

A MAN went to Mr. Grocey the other day and told him he was destitute, he didn't even have a cent, and wanted to know what he should do. Horse scratched his head, and thought a minute, and then said: "I'll tell you what to do. You buy a ten cylinder Hoe press and go to some station on the Railroad, away from civilization, and start an eight-page morning paper, and grow up with the country."

In one of our law courts a witness was testifying, regarding his connection with a case where offers had been made him to assault a man, but he declined the job. With great solemnity the counsel asked, as if anticipating a high moral reason for his refusal, why the witness did not commit the assault. "Well sir," was the candid reply, "I am a little lame, and I was afraid the police would catch me."

"I FEEL," said an old lady, "I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble."
It’s your tall fellows who are least in love. The ladies are always in favor of Hy-men.

Why are books your best friends? Because you can shut them up without offending them.

Why is a moth fluttering around a candle like a man getting off a horse? Because they are both going to a light.

A Pennsylvania music-teacher fell from a third story window and found the "pitch" uncomfortably hot.

What is the difference between an awrfal row in the street, and a monstrel of Oh-no-I-couldn’t-mention-em? Why one is a breach of the peace, and the other is a piece of the breech, to be sure.

Wife.—"The most beautiful words in the English language are Mother, Home and Heaven."  

A young married man at our elbow says, that all word "Wife."

She’ve had capital times in there. Father’s out o’ age temperature, Fahrenheit, taken for the whole.

A piece of the breech, to be sure.

The most beautiful words in the English language are Mother, Home and Heaven.

For 5 years, Ed, in advance.

For 1 year, Ed, in advance.

Single copy, 10 cents.  

To claim of ten subscribers, for one year, eleven copies of the Ave Maria for Ed, in advance.

To claim of ten subscribers, for two years, eleven copies of the Ave Maria for Ed, in advance.

The beauty and happiness connected with the word "Wife."

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