The American Eagle.

BY ARTHUR F. BROWN.

At the first flush of light,
In our national skies,
When we saw the bright sun
Of our liberty rise,
With the dark clouds of monarchy
Scattered and burst,
Where kings and oppressors
Were doing their worst,
'Twas then that we hailed thee,
Proud bird of the free.
And watched thy glad flight
Over mountain and sea.
With storm-daring pinion,
Through peace and through wars,
We saw in thy talons
Our broad stripes and stars
While thy keen shafts of justice,
Unerring and true.
Have served to make brighter
Our red, white and blue;
The shackles of bondmen
Are borne from our shore.
With "justice to all men,"
We cry evermore.
Soar on, noble eagle!—
From near and from far.
The nations shall greet thee
As hope's rising star.
An era of grandeur
Shall mark thy career—
Thy daring shall raise us
From darkness and fear;
And when the bright stars
Of eternity rise,
Shall bear us aloft
To our home in the skies.

Notre Dame Geographic Expedition.

The City of Cork.—Shandon Church and Bells.—Blarney Castle and its Famous Stone.

CORK, IRELAND, November 4, 1873.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—In our last, we made mention only of our arrival in the Cove, time not permitting our entering into details; but since then we have been actively engaged in visiting various parts of the city, and learning a little of its interesting history. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the beautiful panoramic scenes that greeted our vision as we pursued our course in the steamship from Queenstown to Cork; yet it would be great folly for us to attempt to describe them, for abler pens than ours have vainly endeavored to do them justice; they could not convey an adequate idea of its surpassing beauty, and the impression made upon the lover of nature. As we entered the harbor of Cork, the radiant orb of day was just commencing its ascent, shedding a lustre upon all terrestrial objects, and leading its genial influence to conduce to the life and gayety of the little white villages that disposed themselves at intervals upon the verdant plains contiguous to the shores. The crystal waters, too, reflected the brilliant sky and the picturesque elevations that here and there rose from the sides of the alternately widening and narrowing stream. An author, whilst commenting upon this scenery, states that "no part of it is barren or uninteresting; a perpetual variety is presented along the whole course. The eye, whilst lingering over some happy picture, is continually attracted by a new succession, possessing all the charms of the most romantic landscape." The harbor is of sufficient capacity to shelter the whole British navy; and is, therefore, the most commodious in the United Kingdom.

At Roache's Point, a few miles south of Queenstown, and about eight miles from Cork, mails for the United States are brought aboard the mail steamers. Out of the Cove, we were in the river Lee, and landing at the junction of its north and south branches, our baggage received an inspection from the Custom House officers, after which we engaged a number of two-wheeled cars, at 6d. apiece, to convey our trunks and boxes to the Royal Victoria Hotel, situated about five blocks from the Custom House.

The city is very irregularly laid out, displaying no design whatever, showing almost conclusively that it was seceded in haste, to meet the requirements of the time only; its founders, the Danes, not possessing sufficient foresight to know that its situation would render it a metropolis. Although the city dates its existence from the sixth century, still it bears no traces of the bloody revolutions it has witnessed, nor displays the remains of foreign misrule to which it has been subjected. In 1619, its inhabitants were inhumanly treated by Cromwell—the Protector. The principal part of the city is that portion which is nearly surrounded by the branches of the river, and occupies the center of the corporation; two bridges over the North Branch and four over the South Branch, connect it with other portions of the town.

Having partaken of a hearty dinner, on the day of our arrival, at the hotel previously named, we set out on a walk through the principal streets.
St. Patrick's Street, on which we are stopping, is a wide thoroughfare, but its buildings are devoid of beauty on account of their various sizes and designs. Crossing Grand Parade, under which is a deep channel, we entered Castle Street; from thence we proceeded Into North Main Street, over North Gate Bridge, when we found ourselves in Shandon Street. It was not long before the story-famed steeple of Shandon Church—St. Ann's—displayed its rocks of red and white to our anxious gaze. "We shall buy bells that swung within that tower, and loved to hear repeated the song that commemorates their sweet melody and soul-inspiring sounds. Yes, Bells of Shandon, live forever in the lines of famous Father Prout:—for "With deep affection and recollection I often think on Those Shandon Bells, Whose sound so wild would In the days of childhood, Fling around my cradle Their magic spells."

We then retraced our steps, and prepared for a visit to the celebrated Blarney Castle, situated five miles west of the city. Jaunting cars were procured at an expense of 2s. apiece, and early in the morning of the following day, we started, taking the road along the north bank of the river, which is preferable on account of its beautiful scenery. On the opposite shore we beheld the ancient Castle of Carrigrohan, now kept in good repair. Arriving at Blarney, the first and only thought of the visitor is to be-apted to have himself held by the heels from above, and swing down in order to reach the stone. Another stone, alleged to be authentic, is now quite accessible. The groves surrounding the Castle, with the remains of their statues, were charmed. But—ahem!—don't you think the fellow's drophobia, you think?"

Felix answered that there need be none in the world; that Carlo was a magnificent animal. "Very magnificent, no doubt," returned the prospective father-in-law, still gloomily; "but he certainly has a remarkably large mouth. I think he could bite about five pounds of flesh out of a person's leg at one mouthful. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea—merely to be on the safe side, you know—for us all to wear leather pantaloons." Felix, of course, deprecated this notion instantly. He said he could not allow the bad impression, which Carlo had evidently made, to exist any longer; so he said; "Make the dog's acquaintance myself. I'll pat him on the head and talk to him, and you'll see how fond he will be of me. When your niece and I are married, we will be such capital company for us, you know. I will lend him to you, too, sometimes, if you want him."

Mr. Gringo, was by no means enthusiastic over this offer, since to confess the truth, if he had one dread in life, it was of hydrophobia. Therefore, no sooner had Felix vanished through the doorway, in pursuance of his intention to get on friendly terms as soon as possible with the St. Bernard, than the old gentleman gave vent to his indignation. "A rash piece of business to bring that beast into my house!" he exclaimed. "At the instant the marriage has come off. I'll rid myself of him, for I haven't had an hour's rest since his arrival;" and then he went to seek his niece.

Suddenly a clamor rose in the yard. Sounds of savage
barking, in a voice that might have come with grace from the throat of a particularly blood-thirsty tiger, mingled with the rattling of chains and frantic screams of terror, could be heard, and presently Mr. Flutter burst through the window, shattering the sash, and fell prostrate on the floor. His misfortunes had begun.

“What an escape!” he murmured, breathlessly.

“My dear sir, I am going out presently to—”

“By Jove he nearly ate me up! Here’s my new coat—ruined forever.

It was indeed. The tails had been completely wrenched off, and now dropped from the body by a single thread.

“I’m in a nice condition to commence my courtship! Suppose I should meet Gringo’s niece—what impression would I make in this state?”

Hardly had he uttered these words, when the door opened, and a lady entered. Tall, long, angular, and elderly. She was, in point of appearance, an absolute fright.

“My dear Mr. Flutter,” she cried, advancing hastily toward him, “you’ve been attacked by that dreadful dog, haven’t you? I heard you cry out, and hurried to your assistance. The circumstances permit me to introduce myself, and I am glad to meet you indeed.”

Poor Felix was horror-struck. With both hands behind him holding up the tails of his damaged coat, he groused to himself.

“So this is Gringo’s idea of a lovely woman! Heaven help me! what shall I do?”

The lady continued to approach, but in his confusion he began to retreat.

“There must be no ceremony between us, you know,” she said, smiling sweetly.

“So it appears indeed,” he answered.

“Mr. Gringo says you are a delightful gentleman, and I’ve no doubt you are.”

“Indeed!” returned Felix. “That must be a hint,” he thought. “She expects me to make love the first thing.”

“We shall become very dear to each other, I am confident; in fact the closest of friends I”

“Ah—really—I hope so—ahem!” He couldn’t think of anything to say.

“With a shriek, the lady fled from the room, and poor Flutter fell on the sofa, exhausted.

“What have I done?” he groaned. “Ruined myself, all owing to my accursed stupidity! Yet wouldn’t it have been more stupid to have stood still and have said nothing? That confounded dog, too. Well, he shan’t defeat me, I’m determined. I’ll subdue him, if it costs me not only another pair of coat-tails, but even a whole coat.”

He rose and went to the window. An ecstatic vision burst upon his sight. Glancing into the garden, he beheld a beautiful young lady of seventeen, ripe as the roses around her, daintily watering them. Who could it be? He would instantly find out. To attract her attention he adopted an ingenious and highly romantic plan.

He began shouting and barking at the savage Carlo. Still she wouldn’t look up. Felix was discouraged; but not to be conquered, he barked and snarled more furiously than ever. And yet it was ineffective. Now, if the young man had two strong points, they were perseverance and fertility of invention.

He perceived on the table beside him a silver salver, which he resolved to rattle against the window as a sort of accompaniment to his own personal canine performances in the way of vocalism. He turned to seize this, and beheld, to his amazement, old Gringo, his ugly niece and a crowd of servants standing in the doorway, observing him attentively. But at the instant they saw his movement they were all taken with a visible trepidation, and precipitately fled. Felix couldn’t understand it. Were they making a fool of him? Angryly he strode to the window again, and sought another sight of the beautiful tenant of the garden; but she was gone.

“Felix,” said a timid voice in his ear; “dear Felix! come dear.”

Turning in the direction of the sound, he perceived that the fugitives had reappeared. Mr. Gringo approached him cautiously.

(Concluded on page 112.)
The Winter Exhibition of the Thespians

Took place Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. An Entrance March was performed by the Band, after which Mr. E. B. Gambee, of '73, delivered the Salutatory Address. The programme of the evening consisted of two plays: the first a Drama in Three Acts, entitled "The Expiation," the second a Comic Drama in One Act, "The Smoked Miser; or, the Benefit of Hanging." "The Expiation" was produced with the following cast of characters:

Count Flavy.................................. T. L. Watson.
Rinaldi, (his Esquire.)........................ C. Berdel.
Beppo, (Captain of his Guard and Gaoler.) D. E. Maloney.
Loredan, (Two Knights.)....................... J. C. Eisenman.
Gerard,...................................... J. C. Eisenman.
Inn Keeper................................... E. J. McLaughlin.
Robert of Luscry, (a Boy-Captive of Flavy.) M. Foote.
Ghost, Crier, Servant, 2 Assassins, Knights, Guards and Peasants.

Boyle was the personification of a miser, and will succeed as an amateur. "Nail," his friend, was well represented by W. J. Clarke. Foote and W. Dodge were excellent in their respective roles. Both are capable of sustaining heavier parts. Walker, as "Spiderlimb," was the life of the evening. His imitations were piquant, and he handed his friends the fowls with great dexterity. It is not safe to witness his delineations of comic characters unless buttons are well secured. Berdel, as "Buttons," was profuse in his display of big buttons, and did well.

The Exhibition as a whole, was a success, and Mr. O'Mahoney deserves credit for his management of the Association. We may say, en passant, that the Thespians were never better than they are this year, and they are worthy successors of their predecessors. When the performers had divested themselves of their costumes, they assembled in the body of the hall for the purpose of enjoying themselves. They were scarcely seated when Rev. Father Lemonnier, the President, made his appearance, accompanied by two persons laden with the wherewithal for having a social time. They passed an hour or so in agreeable converse, and then retired to virtuous couches.

Notes by the Way.

The new boiler is at work.

The St. Cecilians' room is very excellently finished.

The Band, as well as all the other societies of the University, all report progress and improvement.

The cry for "recreation" on Saturday last was rather faint, and could not justify itself with an excuse, so it fell unheeded.

We omitted in our list of exchanges last week to mention the Oriel and the College Courier, with both of which we are much pleased.

We welcome among our exchanges The Reveille, published at the Louisiana State University. It promises to be a sterling College paper.

Calisthenics are receiving due heed of attention from the members of the class. Great improvement can be seen at the dances in the play-hall.

Society Reports.

Boating.

Mr. Editor: On Thursday, November 28, a meeting of the Boat Club was held. The meeting was called to order by the director, Rev. A. Lemonnier, who stated the object of the meeting to be a general understanding of the affairs of the club preparatory to going into winter quarters. The treasurer, being called upon for a statement of the financial concerns of the club, gave them as $67.00 better than they were at the commencement of the session. Next summer we expect to add a sail-boat to our fleet, and those who love sailing more than rowing will have an opportunity of satisfying their desires. The club at present numbers twenty-two members.

Since navigation is closed for an indefinite length of time, we are unable to say when you may expect to hear from us again, but hope that an early spring may cut our silence short. Respectfully yours

J. D. McCormick, Sec.
Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1872.

SECRETARY.

Senior Department.

F. Butler, A. Blong, C. Berdel, E. Raymond, T. Nelson, C. McKinnon,
M. Bastorache, J. Boyle, R. Boyle, J. Hilliard, J. McMahon, E. O'Leary,
V. Baca, W. Bartlett, L. Burridge, A. Miller, O. O'Brien,
G. Brown, J. Brown, J. Bogen, P. Cooney, J. F. Edwards, Secretary.
V. Baca, A. Murphy, D. Green,
E. Cassidy, W. Clarke, A. Costello, L. Munn,
J. Conner, J. Crummey, L. Campbell, V. McKinney,
B. Dorsey, F. DeVoto, C. Dodge, W. Morgan,
W. Dodge, J. Drake, T. Doudon, S. McMahon,
J. Devine, J. Eiseman, M. Foste, F. McOsker,
B. Gorman, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, J. Langenderfer,
E. Graves, J. Gillaspie, J. D. Hogan, E. Greaves, J. Hoeverle,
W. Hoffman, J. Harrington, F. Hamilton, A. Kleine, F. Miller,
D. Halloran, J. Ireland, P. Jacobs, E. Mohl, H. Nirdinger,
T. Keenan, E. Kimm, F. Leffingwell, J. Murphy, H. Nirdinger,
T. Lilly, J. Lee, J. McGlynn, A. Kleine, E. Morancy,
J. Moran, J. Miller, J. Murphy, J. J. Langenderfer,
J. McAllister, A. Mooney, T. Murphy, E. Morancy,
J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. Mullin, J. J. Langenderfer,
E. McLaughlin, J. Noonan, P. O'Meara, C. Nagel,
P. O'Connell, J. Rourke, B. Roberts, N. Mather,
H. Saylor, E. Spilley, G. Scull, H. Enneking,
J. Shiel, F. Scuffold, G. Summers, B. Gorman,
A. Taggart, F. Trudoe, S. Valez, J. Golsen,
W. Van't Woud, L. Watson, T. Walker, W. Van't Woud,
C. Walter, H. Walker, J. Wolfe, T. Walker,
W. Wallace, T. Watson, J. Ward, J. Warid,

Junior Department.

F. Austin, B. Baca, L. Busch, W. J. Sheeley,
C. Black, P. Broussard, W. Breen, J. Starr,
G. Berdel, W. Ball, C. Burger, E. Raymond,
J. Caren, J. Carmody, P. Corbett, J. McNally,
M. Casey, B. Casey, J. Dore, J. McNally,
W. Dexter, F. Dowe, J. Daly, W. Van't Woud,
P. Egans, J. Ewing, H. Enneking, L. Munn,
W. Fletcher, G. Gross, H. Enneking, W. Van't Woud,
V. Hansen, R. Hutchings, L. Hibben, T. Walker,
J. Hackett, H. Hoffman, W. Hayen, E. Schiffer,
M. Hilliard, H. Hunt, A. Kreiter, J. Schiffer,
W. Kelly, A. Kleine, H. Kinley, A. Schiffer,
J. Langenderfer, L. Loser, J. Lynch, W. Van't Woud,
P. McOsker, J. Mullarchy, E. McGahon, L. Van't Woud,
S. McMahon, E. Molli, J. McGrath, O. Waterman,
W. Morgan, E. Milburn, P. Miller, C. Hodgen,
V. McKinnon, F. Mulligan, N. Mooney, J. O'Connell,
L. Man, J. Nervis, L. O'Connell, L. Van't Woud,
W. Pollard, J. Quill, A. Ried, O. Waterman,
C. Rager, D. Salazar, J. Stubbs, J. Callaghan,
J. Skalla, H. Schaller, H. Shephard, C. Carey,
L. Van't Woud, L. Whitaker, S. Wise, J. Waubanagh.

Minim Department.

F. O'Brien, J. O'Meara, H. Faxon, E. Raymond,
C. Faxon, A. Murphy, D. Green, E. Raymond,
E. Raymond, T. Nelson, C. McKinnon,
J. Hilliard, J. McMahon, E. O'Leary,
A. Wetherbee, A. Miller, O. O'Brien.
Fidele Belliveau, André Cormea, Music College Band
Solo—(Piano) André Bourque

Daed—(Piano) George V. McLerney, Christopher Torke
Solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep". Richard L. Walsh

Comic Song Philias Bourgeois

Grand Chorus R. L. Walsh and Choir

Henry McGill

Oration—"Influence of Music". Henry McGill

Comic Song

Oration—"Music". Phileas Bourgeois

Solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep". Richard L. Walsh
Duet—(Piano). George V. McLerney, Christopher Yorke

THE SURPRISE.

A FRENCH PLAY.

Characters by—

Fidèle Belliveau, André Cormea, Henry McGill,

Napoleon Bourque, Philias Bourgeois, André Bourque,
Pièce de Godel, Denis Bourgeois.

Chorus..........................................................College Choir
Closing address.............................................John O'Flaherty
Music..........................................................College Band

Remarks in highly felicitous strains were made at the conclusion of the Exhibition by Rev. Fathers Lefebvre, President of the College, and Murray.

The College is highly prosperous. The number of students exceeds by forty that of any previous year. Next Spring new college buildings will be erected, and we hope to see three times the number of students here that we have now.

MALEK.

Obituary.

Died, at Notre Dame, Ind., on Wednesday, the 11th inst., MRS. MARGARET DILLON, in the ninety-fifth year of her age. The deceased was the grandmother of the Rev. Fathers Patrick and James Dillon, both of whom are well known to all our friends.

May her lot in eternity be crowned with that happiness which her life of virtue and goodness upon earth deserves.

Salmagundi.

EPISOLOTIC has quit the country.

HAND-BALL is the game of the play-hall.

SKATING has not deserved the name as yet.

WALKS are looked upon as things to come—none now.

The first sleigh-bells of the season were heard last week.

It is said, that the horse-fly is the only animal of the horse kind that has escaped the malady.

HOUSE Tooke, when asked by George III why he never played at cards, replied: "I cannot tell a king from a knave."

An old maid, hearing a married woman among a crowd of men saying: "I am looking for my husband," could scarce refrain from saying: "So am I."

The clerk of the weather is giving us winter right along now, though it is evident he don't approve of skating, and prefers the wagon to the sleigh; we don't agree.

CAN'T we have a couple of entertainments during the holidays? They will make the time pass so much the pleasanter to those who remain. Of course we can.

A good joke is told of a junior, unusually scrupulous and conscientious, who, through force of circumstances, wished to lay aside for a moment his severe solemnity. As it happened one day our sanctimonious friend, not being too well prepared, thought to resort to the devil's trick, as it is called—that of concealing one's self when called upon to recite; and here is the result: on hearing his name called he squatted, as quick as a canal-boat chambermaid at an unexpected bridge. The professor, in this case made it a point to see the trick, winked to the class, leaned back in his chair and after surveying the situation awhile, with characteristic drollery remarked, "Mr. W—your ears are sticking up." It is needless to say that Mr. W—left his satanic majesty to play his own tricks thereafter.—Chronicle.
SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY’S ACADEMY, December 10, 1873.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with great animation. A spirited entertainment in honor of Very Rev. Father General followed the orthodox constitutional Thanksgiving dinner. The day’s recreation closed with a ball in the Exhibition Hall. The only regret expressed on Thanksgiving evening was that the day was too short by at least three hours.

As the musical and artistic entertainment has so elaborately described, and the affair so highly complimented in last week’s Scholastic, it is unnecessary to enter into details.

The course of edifying sermons and instructions given by the Rev. Father Cooney during the three days’ Retreat that closed on the festival of the Immaculate Conception, was very highly appreciated by his hearers.

The “Children of Mary” celebrated the feast of the “Holy House of Loreto.” It was to them a day of great devotion and innocent joy. After the Mass in Loreto, which was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father General, the following young ladies were admitted as Children of Mary and aspirants:

As Children of Mary: Misses K. Casey, R. Manzanares, J. V. de la Cruz, N. Vigil.


The lecture given in the Seniors’ study hall by the Rev. Father Condon on “The relations which men sustain to the Institutions under which they live,” was listened to by the audience with attentive interest, and all felt indebted to the Rev. gentleman for the intellectual treat and practical instructions conveyed in so agreeable a manner. Though the lecture was written for the benefit of the strong sex, yet the Rev. lecturer made it plain that the young ladies, too, had a deep interest in the subject, and had no unimportant part to play in sustaining the “institutions under which they live.”

Christmas is now the topic, and for the benefit of parents and guardians we give the following regulation: All pupils who have received written permission from the proper persons to visit their homes in Chicago, will leave St. Mary’s on the 23rd inst, and are expected to return to St. Mary’s on January 2d, 1874.

For Punctuality, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Department and strict observance of Academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the Tablet of Honor:

TABLET OF HONOR (SR. DEP’T), Nov. 30, 1872.

Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen.
Alice Mast, Alice Sheas, Mary Hammond.
Bbbie Crowley, Lizzie King, Mary Lassen.
Aline Todd, Lizzie Niel, Mary Hammond.
Annie Clarke, Lizzie Niel, Mary Lassen.
Mary Brown, Ada Reynolds, Mary Lassen.
Rose Mcmahon, Rose Spier, Mary Lassen.
Minnie Quan, Mary Lassen.
Bridget Grace, Bay Reynolds, Mary Lassen.
Kitty Finley, Lizzie Daly, Mary Lassen.
Sarah Shipley, Carrie Creveling, Mary Lassen.
Jennie Fanning, Annie O’Connor, Mary Lassen.
Jennie Noonan, Nellie Foote, Mary Lassen.
Addie Hambleton, Carrie Creveling, Mary Lassen.
Mary A. Roberts, Emma Wade, Mary Lassen.
Beall Wade, Rebecca Woolman, Mary Lassen.
Katie Miller, Edna Crawford, Mary Lassen.
Mary E. Roberts, Mary Kelly, Mary McGuire.
Agnes Conahan, Sarah Chenoweth, Rebecca Marr.
Ann Eby, Josie Conahan, Emma White.
Mary White, Rose J. Valdez, R. Manzanares.
Nora Mahonan, Angeline Monroe, Mary Lyons.
Henrietta Miller, Lizzie Sheler, Rose McKeever.
Mary Lilly, M. McKeever, Nellie Hinkston.
Mary Gregg, Bell White, Eila Howell, Lavinia Forrester.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Graduating Class—Miss Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen, Alice Mast, Alice Sheas, Katie Hammond, Bridget Crowley, Lizzie King. (first in lessons), Minnie Lange, Aline Todd.
First Senior Class—Miss Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke, Nellie Green, Vadee Ball, Ida Reynolds, Rose Devoto, Mary Brown, Rose Mary Spier, Duille Green. (first in lessons), Lillie West, Mary Comer, (Libbie Black), Nellie Langdon.
Second Senior Class—Mamie Prince, (first in lessons), Julia Kearney, Minnie Quan, Bay Reynolds, (first in lessons). Mollie Wicker, Lettie Ritchie, (first in lessons), Lil­lite Dent, Bridget Grace, Lizzie Dene, Annie Tucker, Katie Finley, Maggie Letourneau, (first in lessons), Agnes Church.
Third Senior Class—Miss Carrie Creveling, Nellie Ball, Jennie Walton, Lelia James, Julia Fanning, Amelia Kee­line, Annie T. Clarke, Laura Weinrech, Mary Riley, Jene­Noonan, Agatha St. Clair, Esther Boyce, (first in lessons), Nellie Foote, Hannah McMahon, Mary Layfield, Anna O’Connor, Nellie Heedy.
Second Preparatory Class—Clara Germain, Ettie Burney, Bell Johnson, Anabel Stockton, Sarah Chenoweth, Lavinia Forrester, Rebecca Mary, Annie Eby, Josie Connors, Ma­rie Brown, Nora Mcmahon, Mary Lyons.
Third Preparatory Class—Joanna Valdez, Romualda Manzanares, Nora McMahon, Angeline Monroe, Mary Lyons, Henrietta Miller, Lizzie Schaller, Carrie Schalling, Rose McKeever, Louisa Lilly, Fannie Snouffer, (first in lessons), Nellie Hinkston, Mary Gregg.

TABLET OF HONOR (JR. DEP’T), Dec. 1, 1872.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, E. Parker.
L. Harrison, A. Walsh, M. Ewing.
A. Gollhardt, M. Martin, G. Kelly.
B. Quan, E. Orton, T. Schulte.
S. Lilly, M. Hildreth, M. Brown.
L. Schauer, T. Cronin, A. Noel.
M. Reynolds, A. Rose, M. Carlin.
C. Walker, M. Ewing, A. Paulsen.
E. Pfeiffer, E. Jackson, K. Hector.
E. Lappin, E. Lang, A. Ewing.
M. Lowrey, G. Hooley, M. Hughes.
C. Hughes, J. Tallman, A. Green.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

Second Senior Class—E. Richardson, A. Smith.
First Preparatory Class—L. Inisley, M. Paxson.
Third Preparatory Class—N. Vigil, T. Schulte, S. Lilly.
"Poor fellow!" said the old gentleman, soothingly; "don't excite yourself now! be calm!"

"Calm!" exclaimed Felix. "Will you please explain the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Mr. Gringo?"

"Quiet now! be very still, Felix. While you're gentle there'll be no danger of a fit, you know. We have a painful duty to perform, but you must submit."

"Submit! submit to what? You've been lunching!"

"Poor, poor Flutter! Little did I anticipate such a misfortune! But there's no time to lose."

"I know what's the matter with him," thought Felix. "He's going to quarrel with me about my conduct to his niece. I must say something ardent to her. He approached the angular and long lady, and, bending low, explained tenderly:

"Dear madame, your most devoted slave."

But to his astonishment she merely smiled, and putting him on the back, answered, in a soothing tone:

"Poor Mr. Flutter! don't excite yourself now! Keep quiet;"

"What does she mean by that?" he gasped. Then, in a more ardent voice than ever, he resumed:

"Lady, I must beg pardon on my bended knee for my absurd deportment but a few moments since. It was—ah—but the effect of a too sudden view of your superabundant charms!"

Old Mr. Gringo burst into a roar. "Ha, ha! it's painful, but it's amusing too. Superabundant charms! Ha, ha ha!"

The niece, in no way discomposed at his singular circumstances, still kept up her expressions of kindness. "Poor Mr. Flutter! Quiet now, quiet!"

The unfortunate object of her solicitude grew nearly as ridiculous as Mr. Gringo.

"There's something the matter with that old woman!" he whispered to himself shuddering. "I wonder if Gringo keeps a demijohn?"

"Sad case! sad case!" commented Gringo, with a sorrowful gesture, observing him attentively. "He's gentle now, but the fit will be on directly, and so we had better make a fool of myself, talking love to her!"

The servants gathered mournfully around.

"Don't be irritated, Felix," pursued the old man, producing something from his pocket. "We have a painful duty to perform, and you must submit. We are going to secure him at once."

Felix's temper changed. He burst into a prolonged roar of laughter. "Ika-wii!" exclaimed Mr. Gringo, triumphantly, "I'll double him!"

Felix could stand it no longer. He doubled his fist, and approached Mr. Gringo menacingly.

"Sir," said he, "you're an old fool and a ruffian. The manner in which you have treated me, since I've been here this morning, has been disgraceful. But your low humor shall not go one step further. I demand an explanation, or, venerable as you are, and venerable as that ugly female is next you, whom you call your niece, I shall assault you and kill you!"

The "ugly female" swooned on Gringo's arm. He grew purple with rage. "No, you're not," contradicted Felix, rising to his feet, "for here comes Gringo, with his purple nose and his ugly face!"

"Felix," faltered, "I fear I really have been a contemptible old noodle. Forgive me and let me go somewhere and hide my face."

"Why not?"

"Because you've got the hydrophobia!"

"What?"

"I say you've got the hydrophobia. You were bitten by that confounded dog, and I myself heard you bark and snarl, not ten minutes afterward, at the window, Mrs. Gringo will testify that the language you addressed to her with the idiotic raving of a lunatic!"

Felix's temper changed. He burst into a prolonged roar of laughter. "My dear friend," said he, "it is all a ridiculous mistake. Carlo didn't bite me—he only tore off my coat tails. When you heard me barking at the window, I was only teasing him—afraid to approach nearer. What a game at cross purposes we've been at!"

The old gentleman could scarcely realize it. "Felix," he faltered, "I fear I really have been a contemptible old noodle. Forgive me and let me go somewhere and hide my face."

"No, no; I need forgiveness, too. Let us say we will forget everything on both sides."

Mrs. Gringo, the "ugly female," did not answer. Her husband, however, spoke up for her. "I will attend to that, my dear fellow. I think, first of all, you had better come with me into the house, and change your dress. The truth is, a battered hat, a coat without any tails, muddy pantaloons, and an injured nose are not altogether becoming. We'll talk everything over after a while. Eead! I can scarcely stand for laughing! Ha, ha, ha! As long as you live, never forget how you commenced your courtship with me!"

"No," said Felix, reeling for the first time on the ridiculous figure he must cut before the beautiful Rosie, and getting towards the house; "it's not likely that I ever shall nor my exciting introduction to her."

He bounded through the window, and fell plump into the garden fish-pond!