

## POETRY.

ODE À DU PERRIER SUR LA MORT  
DE SA FILLE.*(Maltherte—1555-1628.)*

Ta douleur, Du Perrier, sera donc éternelle ?  
Et les tristes discours  
Que te met en l'esprit l'amitié paternelle  
L'augmenteront toujours ?

Le malheur de ta fille au tombeau descendue,  
Par un commun trépas,  
Est-ce quelque délale où ta raison perdue  
Ne se retrouve pas ?

Je sais de quels appas son enfance était pleine ;  
Je n'ai pas entrepris,  
Injurieux ami, de soulager ta peine  
Avecque son mépris.

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses  
Ont le pire destin ;  
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
L'espace d'un matin.

La Mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles ;  
On a beau la prier ;  
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles,  
Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,  
Est sujet à ses lois ;  
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre  
N'en défend pas nos rois.

## TRANSLATION.

*(By ALFRED ELWES.)*

Thy grief, Du Perrier, will it ne'er depart ?  
And shall the words of woe,  
Paternal love is whispering to thy heart,  
For ever make it flow ?

Thy daughter's fate in sinking 'mid the dead,  
The lot for all in store,  
Is it some maze in which thy reason fled,  
Is lost for evermore ?

I know what charms were spread about her youth,  
Nor hath been my aim  
My injur'd friend ! the fatal blow to soothe  
By weakening her fame.

But she was of that world, whose brightest flow'rs  
To saddest fate are born ;  
A rose, she number'd all a rose's hours,  
The space of one bright morn.

Oh ! Death hath rigors beyond all compare,  
To pray to her is vain.  
The cruel Sprite is deaf to all our care,  
He heeds no cry of pain.

Nor man in his hut, whate'er his state,  
Must meet the dart she flings ;  
And sentries watching at the palace gate  
Cannot defend our kings !

## THE STRIFE FOR THE PRIMAL GRADE.

## I.

Half a year, half a year,  
Half a year over,  
Each one with bated breath  
Strove for the hundred.  
Hope for the primal grade !  
Oh ! what a fight we made !  
Each one with bated breath  
Strove for the hundred.

## II.

Hope for the primal grade !  
Was there a soul afraid ?  
Yes, and we sally know  
Many had blundered :  
Ours not to sit and cry,  
Ours but to reason why,  
Ours but again to try  
And strive for the hundred.

## III.

Query to right of us,  
Query to left of us,  
Query in front of us.  
We looked at and wondered ;  
As if our doom to tell,  
Or like a funeral knell,  
Halting our very breath,  
Rang out the college bell,  
"Try for the hundred."

## IV.

Flashed all our pen-points bare,  
Flashed all at once in air,  
Tackling the "stunners" there,  
Guessing an answer, while  
Sure we had floundered :  
Plunged in a mental smoke,  
Thought gone, and heart near broke,  
Over some question,  
No prompter kindly spoke,  
When e'er we blundered,  
Sad we went back, with not,  
Not the full hundred.

## V.

Query to right of us,  
Query to left of us,  
Query behind us  
We'd looked at, and wondered,  
Requested some fact to tell,  
Truly our hopes soon fell.  
We that had "thought" so well  
Came from the jaws of death,  
Back from the foe to tell  
All that we made of them,  
Made of the hundred.

## VI.

When shall its memory fade ?  
O'er the wild guesses made  
Professors have wondered.  
Honor our real grade :  
Honor the mark we made,  
Part of the hundred.

NONNEL.