On a cold November evening in the year of grace 1849, a young priest stood near the old log house on the banks of the little lake called St. Mary's, and viewed for the first time the principal field of his future labors. The frozen lake, the prairie beyond it, the small portion of cleared ground, were all covered with snow; the branches of the trees drooped under the weight of the snow; the grass was green, even the rail-fences, and the stumps that thickly studded the ten acre lot, were rendered fairy like with snow; snow, pure, beautifying snow, lay thick and heavy all around, and as the rays of the setting sun, struggling through the winter clouds, cast their magic light over the wide expanse of snow-covered land, the young priest consecrated it anew to the Virgin Mother of God, to whom, in his great love for her, all his undertakings, great or small, were always lovingly submitted.

The young priest was Father Sorin; the place, Notre Dame du Lac; two names that will always be associated, ever linked together in the memory of old students and old friends, and will go down together in the religious and educational annals of our country.

But though in the following pages Father Sorin's name must frequently be mentioned, it is by no means our intention to give even a sketch of his life.

Father Sorin still lives, thank God, and long may he live! his deeds already accomplished and his name must frequently be mentioned, it is by no means our intention to give even a sketch of his life. But his short residence at Ste. Marie des Lacs, during his lifetime, but not before he had endeared himself in the heart of the Indians, and in the history of Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same kind of service for many years yet before he drives the last nail into his own

Notre Dame is on a farm originally of over six hundred acres, lying on the right bank of St. Joseph's River, in St. Joseph County, Indiana, about two miles from the railroad station at South Bend, on the M. S. & N. L. R. R. which connects Chicago with Toledo and Detroit; and ten miles from the railroad station in Niles, on the Michigan Central, which also connects Chicago and Detroit. It is unnecessary to enter into further details to show that Notre Dame is of easy access by railroad from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Having thus briefly pointed out the exact topography and the relative positions of Chicago and Notre Dame, for the benefit of the few who at this date may be ignorant of the exact position of those important places—we go back to the early days of the establishment—St. Peter's it was called—of Rennes became a missionary in the diocese of Ste. Marie des Lacs, where he had, one year before, founded a religious establishment—St Peter's it was called—of which the katholik population—was about two miles from the railroad station at South Bend, on the M. S. & N. L. R. R. which connects Chicago with Toledo and Detroit; and ten miles from the railroad station in Niles, on the Michigan Central, which also connects Chicago and Detroit.

The farm of Notre Dame in those days consisted of six hundred and fifteen acres, of which only ten were cleared, the other acres being covered with forest trees and thick underbrush, except some hundred or more that were covered by the water of the lakes from which the establishment took its name. These lakes are about twenty-five or thirty feet deep; the banks consist of marr from which excellent lime is made.

Notre Dame du Lac was purchased in 1830 by Bishop Brufé, offered the grounds of Notre Dame to St. Peter's it was called—of which the katholik population—was about two miles from the railroad station at South Bend, on the M. S. & N. L. R. R. which connects Chicago with Toledo and Detroit; and ten miles from the railroad station in Niles, on the Michigan Central, which also connects Chicago and Detroit.

The circle were occasionally visited by priests from other neighboring missions, but, until the formation of the northern part of Indians into a separate diocese, all of the country contained within the circumference of a circle passing through those points, with Notre Dame as a center, was attended from the latter place.

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Thus, St. Marie des Lacs became Notre Dame du Lac, and the log church, 50 by 40, with a little frame house adjoining, has been transformed into the present establishment of Notre Dame.

When Father Sorin viewed the snow-covered ground of Notre Dame, the 26th of November, 1849, he had just arrived from Vincennes, near which he had, one year before, founded a religious establishment of Brothers, who had accompanied him from the city of Marse, and whose numbers had been increased by several postulants. Leaving this establishment—St. Peter's it was called—in the care of Brother Vincent, Father Sorin took seven Brothers with him and started for his new mission. His companions, Brother Francis Xavier, Gasten, Patrick, William, Basil, Père and Francis, all of whom have gone to their last rest, except Brother Francis Xavier, who has made the office of all who have died at Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same kind of office for many years yet before he drives the last nail into his own.

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The only house on the premises was the one before alluded to, built of logs, in the old style of the French of New France. The ground floor was the residence of the priest, while the upper story was the only church or chapel for the Catholics of South Bend and aroundabout. A small frame house adjoining this log dwelling, was occupied by the family of a man who acted as interpreter between the Indians and whites when occasion required.

It would give us great pleasure, and no doubt it would give as much to our readers, to dwell on this part of the history of Notre Dame, to note the size and population of the villages in the neighborhood, and other interesting tributes, but it would make our unpretentious narrative too voluminous.
We cannot, however, pass over in silence one fea-
ture of the last and long past days, speaking of which we shall demonstrate at such length and extent as the liberal views and enlightenment of the majority of Catholics in the present day as it will bring in bold relief the bigotry and ignorance of the orthodox Protestant pulpit of those dark ages. Those were the days when meeting-houses were plenty; and Catholics scattered about, rarely seeing a priest, and, though strong in their faith, but poorly instructed in their belief, and generally unable to refute the attacks of malignant authors to which the Catholic Church was subjected. And considering a fair valuation, rather under than over, to stand for one dozen Popish priests, it was considered a very valuable acquisition. The above is not a fancy sketch, but actually took place, and no one has been heard to say that the Pope would not come and settle in South Bend or Mishawaka. Never liking to be behind the age of the numerous Popish churches of Philadelphia, and the rebuilt Catholic churches of Chicago, we hope such was the case in this instance; for instance, or anniversary meetings of Bible and Doxology Protestant pulpits of those dark ages. Those days remain, its effects are shown, not in a desire to burn down houses that are ornaments to city life, but in this case they came near doing harm, which would have been faithless to Jefferson Davis; but how could our gentile patrons, wish we now to you!

For the "Notre Dame Scholastico.

Christmas Address to Our Readers.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A Merry Christmas from hearts warm and true, Our gentle patrons, wish we now to you!

Twas eighteen hundred seventy years ago
When earth was chill with frost and white with snow,

When cold December spread its dreary reign
Over haughty ocean, frozen vale and plain,

And midnight brightened with her starry wing And mystic silence over every thing,

That led the Magi forth from lands afar.

Their footsteps guided, faithful from the East,

Where gilded luxury is deified;

So sweet because

And mystic silence over every thing.

In its three orders of Bishops, (Apostles), Priests and Deacons. Episcopacy all that time was the "quod semper ubique ab omnibus" of the whole Christian world." (Ps. 45. 46.) And again (p. 47) he says: But, with direct reference to the inherent power of bishops, I now return to the apostolic commission; and from that I desire your Honors to follow with me along down in the old beaten paths of ages that are gone, until we reach the present generation, by aid of those grand old landmarks that have withstand the shock of ages, and still stand out firm and immovable as the everlasting hills, in solemn and reverent adoration of the Christian Church and its three orders of Bishops, (Apostles), Priests and Deacons. Those three hundred years have so cruelly lacerated the Body of Christ, and (in a manner), crucified afresh the blessed Redeemer of mankind.

"Some three hundred years ago" happen, again, to be the days when meeting-houses were plenty, some of the excited ones took delight in threatening that as soon as the College was built they would burn it to the ground. Such threats, we now know, were in many instances made more as a joke than in real earnest, and we have seen the case in this instance; but not in this case they came near doing harm, which we cannot believe they really intended; when the walls of the old College building were going up, some of the excited ones took delight in threatening that as soon as the College was built they would burn it to the ground.

Sut the letters of the Age, kept up with the times; and if any remnant of the ignorance of those past days remain, its effects are shown, not in a desire to burn down houses that are ornaments to city life, but in this case they came near doing harm, which could not yet laid aside the prejudices of their childhood's days, or perhaps have not had an opportunity of knowing better.

College students have a legend of a mechanical and perhaps sleepy person at morning prayers, who prayed that "the inefficient may be made efficient, the industrious industrious, and the industrious dutiful."—Courant.

How to punish an angry man—Drive a steak into him.
he, himself a rebel, have tried them for rebellion? The world would laugh at his attempt. "Not understand the Reformers" was their chief objection to the new movement as an Episcopalian. It was at that time that Luther undertook to improve upon the works of Christ in the establishment of his Church. That Church, founded by the Reformed, was not so good enough for the 'Reformers.' They, of course, must make a better one. They went to work, and what is the result, viewed from the point to which an Episcopalian has brought us" along down in the old beaten paths of ages that are gone, until we reach the present generation? "Look at it! What do you see? Don't you see that is holy and true, during almost nineteen centuries, standing out firm and immovable as the everlasting hills, in solenm and severe rebuke of the schism and fanatics that for some three hundred years have so cruelly lacerated the Body of Christ; and (in a manner) crucified afresh the blessed Redeemer of man!" What a picture! Yet Episcopalianism stands out prominently in the history of the Church and is thoroughly well done its part of the laceration, and of the fresh crucifixion. It cannot fairly charge all of these staves upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, more ancient, more pretentious, than that of the Protestantism which it has to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence. “Some three hundred years" ago, the "Reformers" rebelled against the authority of the Church. Each protested against the other, and against everything else; each affected to have discovered a short cut to heaven, and each boastfully and triumphantly rejoiced in the possession of a new patent, as the only reliable, sole, and original invention of a new religion wherein “all creation” could ride off to immortal bliss in a kind of rat race. It cannot fairly charge all of these atrocities upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, more ancient, more pretentious, than that of the Protestantism which it has to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence. “Some three hundred years" ago, the "Reformers" rebelled against the authority of the Church. Each protested against the other, and against everything else; each affected to have discovered a short cut to heaven, and each boastfully and triumphantly rejoiced in the possession of a new patent, as the only reliable, sole, and original invention of a new religion wherein “all creation” could ride off to immortal bliss in a kind of rat race. It cannot fairly charge all of these atrocities upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, more ancient, more pretentious, than that of the Protestantism which it has to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence. “Some three hundred years" ago, the "Reformers" rebelled against the authority of the Church. Each protested against the other, and against everything else; each affected to have discovered a short cut to heaven, and each boastfully and triumphantly rejoiced in the possession of a new patent, as the only reliable, sole, and original invention of a new religion wherein “all creation” could ride off to immortal bliss in a kind of rat race. It cannot fairly charge all of these atrocities upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, more ancient, more pretentious, than that of the Protestantism which it has to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence. “Some three hundred years" ago, the "Reformers" rebelled against the authority of the Church. Each protested against the other, and against everything else; each affected to have discovered a short cut to heaven, and each boastfully and triumphantly rejoiced in the possession of a new patent, as the only reliable, sole, and original invention of a new religion wherein “all creation” could ride off to immortal bliss in a kind of rat race. It cannot fairly charge all of these atrocities upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, more ancient, more pretentious, than that of the Protestantism which it has to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence. “Some three hundred years" ago, the "Reformers" rebelled against the authority of the Church. Each protested against the other, and against everything else; each affected to have discovered a short cut to heaven, and each boastfully and triumphantly rejoiced in the possession of a new patent, as the only reliable, sole, and original invention of a new religion wherein “all creation” could ride off to immortal bliss in a kind of rat race. It cannot fairly charge all of these atrocities upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, more ancient, more pretentious, than that of the Protestantism which it has to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence. 

The Education Question.

The New Englander, as the organ of the venerable Yale University, has recently contained some admirable articles on the methods of promoting the higher education. It makes war upon bogus universities, colleges, and systems with calm but resolute force. Among the sound and sensible suggestions it makes, these are some of the chief ones: (1) The preparatory schools should be improved by a more thorough and extensive course of study in the classics, and in some of the modern languages. The collegiate course should be correspondingly improved, and modified, by imitating in part the tutor system of the English universities; but, by no means, changed into the loose system of unnamed universities. (2) The university should be gradually formed as a sequence of the improved collegiate system, and should consist of the college proper, together with post-graduate courses of higher studies in all the branches of science. The necessity of religious instruction is unanswerably proved, and the special fitness of clergymen for the work of education well defended and advocated. The necessity of having every college under the religious care of some one denomination is also satisfactorily shown. We wonder that the remarkably frank and candid writer in The New Englander does not see, however, that he has proved this necessity as a pis aller, and indirectly furnished a terrible argument against his own sect and all Protestantism. He directly acknowledges that it is necessary to have sectarian teaching; that, nevertheless, sectarianism is too narrow a thing for a liberal university, and that the teachers must suppress their sectarianism and teach in a sort of Catholic spirit. This is as clear a proof as we could wish to have that Protestantism is not a function of a religious teacher, and, therefore, that a perfect university cannot exist except in the Catholic Church. We hope, at all events, that the influence of New Haven will be thrown fully and consistently against godless schools of all sorts, and in favor of the right of parents to have schools where their children can be taught the religion which they themselves profess.—Catholic World.

Caricaturing as a Fine Art.—One of our popular magazines (Harper's) has recently sought to distinguish itself in this line, and has succeeded both in its articles on Catholic questions, and in its burlesque illustrations, in producing something striking sui generis, and far exceeding, in the strict exclusion of every element except caricature, the feeble efforts of artists less skilled in the work of distortion. We do not say, without exaggeration, that it has attained the so-called plus ultra of caricaturing as a fine art.—Catholic World.

Musical Philosophy.—All flesh is grass; this accounts for so many people being green.
The lives of great men often remind us that the gods themselves are sometimes obliged to shuffle off their mortal coils, and go home. I was painfully reminded of this sublime truth by the last issue of the *Scholastic*, which announced the decease of two worthies, I wish to say something concerning these two worthies, I wish to say some...
Wait till you see my "Modern Fog," and my "Modern Belle," and my "Road to Fame," and you'll say that I know something about what we poets all call "mood." I'm sure I do.

If I wasn't a born poet, I was born either to be a Lawyer, or a Professor. I guess there's no much difference between them. If ever I get to be a Professor, won't I look grave, and walk with the train slowly gliding out at the other end of the platform, and increasing its speed at every puff of the smoke? With much and interesting confusion and excitement I answered, "Yes, Eastern!" With a decidedly upward and sarcastic inflection. "Why, quot he, "the train begins to look small and die down, with our headway against me. To give up the chase, to yield to "be on hand a little earlier at the next time." With returning breath, relief and words came together, and I squarely charged the railroad official with "apparently enjoying good health," and not at all disposed to avoid an interview. After exchanging a few preliminaries, we proceeded to "interview" him as follows:

"What effect do you think the opening of the Suez Canal will have?"

"I can't say that I have studied the subject thoroughly, but I think that its effect upon the material civilization of the world will be good. The cost of Chinese commodities will be greatly lessened by this route, since what was formerly imported from China will be cheaper. Besides, that vast region lying adjacent to, and on the west side of the Red sea will have its resources developed. However, I am of an opinion that its moral effect will be far from good, since the journey to Mecca will now be considerably shortened, and hence the Mohammedans will be put into a state of enthusiasm which the result of which is beyond calculation."

"What is your opinion of the recent address of Mr. Napoléon to the French Legislature?"

"I think it was a very able one, well worthy of the man and of the nation whose chief he is. It would be well for some of those who deliver addresses in this country to imitate him in the composition of their productions."

"Do you think the United States and England likely to settle the difficulty of the "Alabama claims" soon?"

Don't Danes—Boys, don't drink. It may be fashionable. It may seem smart. You may think that, like a moustache, it looks manly. Too many men go.—Exchange.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

CASTOR, POLLUX, AND ADDITOR—Editors.

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The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC can be obtained at the Students' desks.

Symptoms of Filial Rebellion.

In the last issue of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC we made a few indulgent remarks concerning the Register, a paper published in the town of South Bend, which place is represented as an immense city,—on the map of Possibilities. In the plentitude of our paternal affection and pardonable anxiety for the success and the encouragement of the microscopic atom of budding genius that now and again, at distant intervals—very distant—makes its appearance in our youthful contemporaries, we sent the following fatherly production to our printer:

The Register has a column of good things every week, under the title of Registerings. But Homer nods occasionally, and the sharpen will grow dull at times, as appears from the following, in which our humorous friends would seem to have caught a Tartar:

"We shall be regular but that Christmas comes this year on Saturday and New Year's on Friday."—Springfield Republican.

"It is a good deal like that of a Democratic paper just after election—he can't figure correctly."—Register.

We thought that only a son of the Emerald Isle could have forgotten that next New Year's comes next year.

Perhaps the most measure with the success which we have met in creating some slight taste for grammar in the bosoms of our little friends of the Register, we cheerfully reproduce the article which has been the innocent cause of calling out the abiotic, and by every odds the most grammatical, criticism that has yet appeared in the columns of that paper. Here is the dress in which, we being absent, the printer sent forth our abysmal production:

The Register has a column of good things every week, under the title of Registerings. But, however, occasionally, and even the sharpest will grow dull at times, as appears from the following, in which our humorous friends would seem to have caught a Tartar:

"It is a singular fact that Christmas comes this year on Saturday and New Year's on Friday."—Springfield Republican.

"It is a good deal like that of a Democratic paper just after election—he can't figure correctly."—Register.

We thought that only a son of the Emerald Isle could have forgotten that next New Year's comes next year.

Law Department of the University of Notre Dame. Indiana.

The second term of this department opens on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1870. That the student may have the full benefit of the course, it is desirable that all those intending to enter upon the study of Law should make application as early as a date as possible. It is important that this fact should be attended to, insomuch as we cannot depart from the adopted course of legal studies, and through which the student shall in all cases be required to pass before being entitled to a Diploma from this University.

The course of studies embraces, chiefly:—Ethics; Constitutional and International Law; Common Law, in all its divisions; the Law of Contracts; Equity; Criminal Law; Commercial Law; the Law of Evidence, Pleading and Practice.

The usual, and it may be added the unprofitable, system of scholarships, and in its stead is adopted the use of such text-books as are universally admitted to be standard authorities on the principles of Law. In addition to this, and for the purpose of imparting a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of his profession to the student, the members of the Class shall be required from time to time to argue cases, draw up pleadings, and conduct law-suits according to the rules and formalities of regular courts of justice. The entire course for those just commencing is intended to be completed in two years, or in four terms; which last correspond with the terms of the other departments of the University.

It is hardly necessary to say that in many substantial features the advantages to the law student are of a superior class. In the first place, the prescribed course is not only more long, and more fundamental, than that pursued in the majority of law schools, but also in the matter of education, and in general qualifications, a higher standard of perfection is required of candidates for graduation. Again, being entirely removed from the distractions incident to cities and to large communities, the student is free to devote his time and energies to the solid attainment of the knowledge of a profession in which the most honorable is also, in point of study the most exacting into which a young man can enter.

For particulars, address Rev. W. Conaty, S. S. C., President of the University.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Our Holiday Celebration.

To the Hall—to the Hall—to the Home of the Free! Where the mighty assembly sits waiting to see; Where the Bells of Notre Dame are tolling Auld Lang Syne; Where the robes of the Pillars are lowered, And an Orchestra too when the latter's away—Old Song, Slightly modified to meet existing circumstances.

On Wednesday evening of this week, Washington Hall was again a scene of festivity. The Thespian Society gave us their promised entertainment, and a truly successful one it was. Connected with the career of this Society, and the most agreeable recollections of Notre Dame,—their dramatic performances have constituted the chief amusement of many delightful evenings, even before the erection of Washington Hall afforded them a wider scope for the display of their talents. And on the occasion of the opening of this Hall, what stars adorned our firmament! Can we forget the genius of a Chamberlain?—the fire of a Brown?—the grace of an O'Malley?—the humor of an Armstrong? This constellation, alas! passed away; for if life in general is a swiftly flowing stream, college life is nothing short of a cataract. But as it vanished, other brilliant luminaries appeared above the horizon, and a constant succession has shown no diminution of the old splendor, except such as may be considered as the transient oscillation caused by a passing cloud. Our present drama corps is inferior to none of its antecedent; and though a large number of its members are absent on the Christmas holidays, those who remain have shown themselves well able to sustain the credit of the organization.

The play which constituted Wednesday evening's entertainment were "Handy Andy" and "The Original John Schmidli." We have seen the first play before on our boards—about three years ago; and without desiring to make any injudicious comparisons, we must say that this last performance was decidedly the best. Mr. Thomas Dillon thoroughly understood the humor of the character he undertook. The tones of his voice were modulated to suit every turn of expression;—every gesture was natural and appropriate. He kept his audience in such a roar of laughter that many of the good things he uttered were lost. He was well sustained by his fellow-comedians. Mr. Logan was a very stately Squire Egan, and Mr. Akin displayed all the delicate facetiousness appropriate to the character of Murphy. The pop, parleys, was well studied by Mr. L. Wilson. The parts adapted from female characters in the original play of course could not be rendered so truly, but Messrs. Mullhall and Eisenman made the best of a hard job. Mr. Morancy, in O'Grady, did not have a very wide field for the display of his abilities; but in the following dramas, as the Landlord, he succeeded very well. The Original John Schmidli, whose indescribable misfortunes formed the interest of this farce, was well represented by
Mr. R. L. Akin. Here Mr. L. Wilson's dramatic talent was again conspicuous. His impersonation of that thorough scamp, the Hon. Augustus Clear-starch, was surprising in a youth of his age. His unfortunate victim, Mr. C. J. Eisenman, was pleasant and natural, as usual. Mr. Dillon, as Teddy, showed the versatility of his genius and his power of bringing out different shades of similar character; and the blistering Captain Bloiohard showed the versatility of his genius and his power, of that thorough scamp, the

Charles Soberly

improvement to themselves, but also of so much

Captain Bloiohard

ter; and the blustering

Teddy,

starch,

was surprising in a youth of his age. His

E. B. Gambee, J. Armstrong, P. O’ConnelL

Robert Pinley, Omaha, Neb.

beneficial recreation to their fellow-students.

On the whole, we do not re­

Charles E. Edwards,

considerably of late however, and at the present

W. J. Moyer,

thaw last week most of the snow disappeared

Jan. 7thth, 1870.—D. A. Clarke, J. Eisenman,

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Entertainment in Honor of St. Eusebia.

Address from the "Children of Mary" E. Ewing
Song........................................M. Tuberty
Piano Solo.................................J. Walker
Song.........................................J. Hurst
Senior Address................................A. Sturgis
Piano Solo..................................M. Sherland
2d Senior Address..........................M. Edwards
Piano Solo..................................L. English
German Address............................C. Hoerber
Recitation, "Girl's with a good Intention"...E. Selby
Song.........................................A. Hurst
Minion Address.............................A. Garrity
Piano Solo.................................G. Arrington

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On the feast of the "Immaculate Conception" the following young ladies were received into the Sodality of the Holy Angels: Misses M. Quan, J. Quan, M. Hutchinson, E. Horton, R. Leoni, N. Healy, E. Forrestal, N. O'Meara, M. Kreutzer.

On the evening of the 19th inst., the annual election of officers took place. The following is the result:

President—Miss A. Clarke,
Vice-President—Miss M. Quan,
Secretary—Miss N. Gross,
Librarian—Miss M. Kreutzer,
Consultors—Miss M. Walker,
" " R. Leoni,
" " A. Byrne.

Table of Honor.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 13th.

Honorably Mentioned.


Honorably Mentioned.


Table of Honor.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 16th.
Misses A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, A. Montgomery.

Honorably Mentioned.


Honorably Mentioned.


1st Preparatory Class—Misses A. Clarke, N. Gross.

2d Preparatory Class—Miss L. Thomson.

3d Preparatory Class—Misses M. Quan, N. Bealy, A. Byrne, K. Hutchinson.

1st Jr. Class—Miss E. Quan, M. Hutchinson.

Table of Honor.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 15th.

Honorably Mentioned.

1st Preparatory Class—Misses A. Clarke, N. Gross.

2d Preparatory Class—Miss L. Thomson.

3d Preparatory Class—Misses M. Quan, N. Bealy, A. Byrne, K. Hutchinson.

1st Jr. Class—Miss E. Quan, M. Hutchinson.

Table of Honor.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 15th.

Honorably Mentioned.

1st Preparatory Class—Misses A. Clarke, N. Gross.

2d Preparatory Class—Miss L. Thomson.

3d Preparatory Class—Misses M. Quan, N. Bealy, A. Byrne, K. Hutchinson.

1st Jr. Class—Miss E. Quan, M. Hutchinson.

Table of Honor.

Programme of the Second Musical Soiree.

PART I.


PART II.


Closing Chorus—(Donizetti)...........All the Classes

Table of Honor.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 8th.

Honorably Mentioned.

1st Preparatory Class—Misses A. Clarke, N. Gross.

2d Preparatory Class—Miss L. Thomson.

3d Preparatory Class—Misses M. Quan, N. Bealy, A. Byrne, K. Hutchinson.

1st Jr. Class—Miss E. Quan, M. Hutchinson.

Table of Honor.