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Inter Magnus Dier Festos.

A Merry Christmas, Reverend Father General,
A Merry Christmas, Reverend Fathers all;
And Christmas blessings on our kind professors,
And our good brother priests, do we call!
And should you think it late for Christmas,
And our food granting on you pail,
When the New Year brings the Happy New Year
Shall ring throughout this ancient hall!
But we would fain you hold to better custom,
And much prefer the greater, elder Day;
So, for twelve Christmas days, from Great to Little,
A Merry Christmas still we say!

There's nothing new beneath the heavens;
The Old Tear gone, the New is coming.
'Tis thus we think, dear friends and Fathers,
To hear no more the tinkling sleigh-bells,
Or round about the board of plenty,
To see no more the snow-ball tossed.
And why are Catholic journals unable to give you those things? Because you neglect to support them. Patronize the good as you do the evil, and you will have all you can desire in this or any other legitimate way.

Besides, there is another important duty which every Catholic should perform. He may, according to the measure of the ability God has given him, cultivate what we might term, a higher sense of Catholic principles than that which marks the ordinary routine of Catholic life. He must not be so strongly influenced by the heretical or irreligious society which surrounds him, that he should lose sight of the fact that the "new order of ideas" meant anarchy and infidelity to the Church. The present is striving to oppose the Church an insurmountable obstacle to the spread of such opinions as now govern the world. This is a new counsel; it is honor and religion's own precepts—absolutely necessary in this age, without which we are but half Catholic. The very thought of any compromise or agreement with this adversary we should look upon as apostacy from principle, and a treacherous betrayal of the Church of God. We are a different people from those who drift, without rudder or pilot, upon the ever-changing sea of human fallacies. This world and its wealth, its fame, its rapid travelling and its discoveries which are only acceptable in so far as they render more certain the pursuit of gold, is not and should not be the boast of Catholics. The spirit of this world is insatiable. It is only to religion, and to those arts which are the handmaids and offspring of the supernatural idea. The days of art are gone by, because skepticism has materialized the powers of genius. Faith alone can engender true art. The beautiful belongs not to infidelity.

No compromise, then. De Catholic, Ultramon- tane, Papal, for, with Saint Ambrose we cry:
Ut Mariae, ut Ecclesia.
And, let us add: Ut Ec- cleasia ut Catholici, ut haeres suavis invincit, ut Popo filii oblivuentes! We mean no negative, passive support of true principles. Active, aggressive opposition to the infidelity of our times,—anyyielding hostility to the scoffing enemies of religion and its human incarnation, the Pope,—a sturdy Catholic loyalty that出游s not before the hydra-headed adversary we should look upon as apostacy from principle, and a treacherous betrayal of the Church. This is our true line of conduct. Catholicism finds a perfect application with respect to the Church. The present is striving to oppose her beneficent progress, but the ages of the past, full of her mighty achievements,—diversified with the sunshine of peace and the shadows of persecution,—beautified with the noble gifts she has bestowed upon humanity,—elevated and adorned by the touch of her civilizing hand,—enlightened by the voice of her God-given wisdom,—blessed with the splendor of her great children and saints, move serenely by her side, and at once encourage the faithful and sternly rebuke the ungrateful skepticism of the age. This elevation of sentiment will produce a corresponding one in the moral life. Thus Catholics may present a solid phalanx to the assaults of the enemies of religion and the Church, and each individual become an active principle of good to those whom he is affiliated with the sects, found that their popular-ity was only the pleasant fiction of a summer's day. They dallied with revolution until revolution-ism remained a idle dream, they fixed their thrones upon what they considered the "new or-der of ideas" and, at the first commotion, found that the "new order of ideas" meant anarchy and national suicide. Every alliance with the clubs and smeared at the conservativeness of the Roman Pontiff. They may now in forced retirement from their countries and thrones meditate upon the witty saying: Qui mange du Pois se crive,—who eats the Pope buns.

What shall we deduce from all this? What les-son does it teach us? We may not be called upon to withstand the spirit of the times with our lives; but we should offer no capitulation of principle to the infidelity of our times.—unyielding fidelity to the Church, and each individual become an active principle of good to those whom he is
II. THE REFORMATION

Catholic: To theologists the most important question at stake between the Church and world are of vital importance. They belong to the essence of that moral law which has established, which the Church interprets and upon which all social order is founded. If the slightest compromise were made by the Pope, the immutable principles of right and justice would be sacrificed. Pius IX—Patrick was not free to accept or reject the conditions which the spirit of the age offers to him. His cause is not susceptible of human modification or change. God has delivered to his keeping laws essential to the welfare of man. To "fall in with the progress of the age" would be to betray his trust. And to betray his trust would be the destruction of the Church. He cannot do it. The Holy Ghost is with him, and, until the day of doom, the "spirit of the age" will bear but one answer to its insidious overtures,—the solemn oracle, No possession. So we should answer, guided by the unchanging principle of the Vatican.

Let every Catholic, then, do his part manfully and he may leave with confidence the issue of the present troubles to Almighty God. Though he may now and then receive an encouraging pat on the back, he may afterward laugh at himself behind his back. The suffering of Calvary will be followed by the splendid coming of the Son of Justice. The Church of God will yet see the end of all those movements which are now in the day of their power. Built on a rock, the Church partakes of its immovable stability. Her influence for good in the future will be extended in proportion to the terror which now assails her, for men will be compelled to admit that she contains a principle of vitality beyond the reach of the most powerful combinations of infidelity and rebellion. The glooms which now hang above her head will soon be dispelled by the splendid coming of the Son of Justice. The suffering of Calvary will be followed by the glory of Oliver. The centuries that have gone up in smoke are to be a wonderful way in which the Church of the Most High is preserved to victory over her dark assailants. The chaste flower of the twelve apostles will rise up and testify to the wonderful way in which the woman is to be saved by dreaming that their liberalism can be reconciled with conscience. The Church interprets and upon which all social order is founded. If the slightest compromise were made by the Pope, the immutable principles of right and justice would be sacrificed. Pius IX—Patrick was not free to accept or reject the conditions which the spirit of the age offers to him. His cause is not susceptible of human modification or change. God has delivered to his keeping laws essential to the welfare of man. To "fall in with the progress of the age" would be to betray his trust. And to betray his trust would be the destruction of the Church. He cannot do it. The Holy Ghost is with him, and, until the day of doom, the "spirit of the age" will bear but one answer to its insidious overtures,—the solemn oracle, No possession. So we should answer, guided by the unchanging principle of the Vatican.
Edwin, and at last he fancied that he was praying. He had heard much about godliness; his father, a gentle soul, had impressed upon him the principles of refinement and good taste, and his tone was nobler and manlier than it had been before. "Pampered the cowherd with its ample fortune, which Montagu was to inherit, he troubled himself with none of the deep mysteries of life, and all his future life. Ah! how often he had done so by sad experience: "Then I said, it is mine not yet learned the lessons which David learned in his wounds, and pained his affectionate heart. So he laid there so white and calm; sorrowing beside it, who had seen the pale, dead, holy features of a loved figure in light infinitely above him, and with this of the dear face, called up the haunting lineaments of the dear face, but that night the dew of blessing did not fall for him on the fields of sleep. He was frightened by unbidden dreams, in all of which his conscience obtruded on him his sinfulness, and his affection cooled up the burning lineaments of the dear face. He was wandering down a path, at the end of which Russell stood with open arms inviting him to join him there; he saw his bright ingenuous smile, and heard, as of old, his joyful words, and hastened to meet him; when sud­denly the boy-figure disappeared, and in its place he saw the stars below, and glancing garments, and drawing onward the Avenger. And then he was in a great wood alone, and wandering, and the well-known voice called his name, and entreated him to turn from that evil place; and he longed to turn back, but whatever he tried, ghostly hands seemed to wave him back again, and irre­sistible cords to draw him into the dark forest, amid the sound of mocking hawks. Then he was still, again into a gulf, darker and deeper, and even the inner darkness of a sin-deso­lated heart; sinking, helplessly, hopelessly, ever­lastingly; far away, like a star, stood the low place of his entrance, infinitely above him, and pluming hands implying his deliverance, but could not prevail; and Eric was still sinking, sinking infinitely, when the agony awoke him with a violent start and sullen scream.

And springing out of the train before it had well stopped, he had shaken hands hastily with the old coachman, who was expecting him, and jumped up the river, and on the other side the river, and and his eyes sparkling with pleasure and excite­ment. As he thrust his head out of the window, and the excitement of working for the examination, and Eric had spent his Christmas in friends in another part of the island. But now he was once more to see dear Fairholm, and his heart exulted and been born again, and the joys, tri­umphant mornings those were! How the heart exulted and been born again, and the heart exulted and been born again, and the heart exulted and been born again, and the thought of Russell mingled with all the heart of its meaning with wonderful vividness. So that, without losing any of that winning gracefulness of address which made him so great a favorite with the school, it became evident to all that he combined with it a touching earnestness. Sometimes when he read the Bible to Edwin he began to wonder at his past ignorance and selfishness, and humbly hoped for better things. All that night of death he had truer comfort than Eric—for he cast his cares on God; more calm than Eric—for he fixed his hopes on the Son of God; greater strength granted him than Eric—he because he had learned not to rely upon his own; less fear and torment than Eric—because he laid the burden of his sins before the cross, and, as a child, believed in his forgiveness for His sake who died thereon.

The holidays were approaching. Eric, to escape as much as possible from his sorrow, plunged into the excitement of a happy boy, and went on with his course the same heart­heart. The branch train soon started, and in another hour he would be at Fairholm.

It was not till then that his home feelings awoke in all their intensity. He had not been there for a year. At Roslyn the summer holidays were also weeks, and the holidays at Christmas and Easter were short, so that it had not been worth while to travel so far as Fairholm, and Eric had spent his Christmas with friends in another part of the island. But now he was once more to see dear Fairholm, and his heart exulted and been born again, and the thought of Russell mingled with all the heart of its meaning with wonderful vividness. So that, without losing any of that winning gracefulness of address which made him so great a favorite with the school, it became evident to all that he combined with it a touching earnestness. Sometimes when he read the Bible to Edwin he began to wonder at his past ignorance and selfishness, and humbly hoped for better things. All that night of death he had truer comfort than Eric—for he cast his cares on God; more calm than Eric—for he fixed his hopes on the Son of God; greater strength granted him than Eric—he because he had learned not to rely upon his own; less fear and torment than Eric—because he laid the burden of his sins before the cross, and, as a child, believed in his forgiveness for His sake who died thereon.

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Several letters and exchanges have failed to reach us in time because they were directed to South Bend instead of to Notre Dame. Will subscribers and friends generally bear in mind that our address is

Editor Scholastic, Notre Dame, Ind.

Among the guests of the College at the time of Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess’s visit to the College, we were honored with the presence of Rev. T. O’Sullivan, Rev. J. Kraemer, and Rev. F. Bach.

We congratulate the Law Class on their having Mr. Bigelow for Professor. We do not know all the members of the class, but it must be a strong one to induce the authorities of the College to place Mr. Bigelow over it, as that position must interfere with his other duties, or tax his energy to the utmost to fulfil them and the one newly imposed upon him.

The visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess was an event that spread universal pleasure throughout Notre Dame and St. Mary’s. On Wednesday the Rt. Rev. Prelate promoted Rev. E. Lilly to the diaconate, and Rev. Mr. O’Connell to the subdiaconate. We congratulate both the Rev. gentlemen on their promotion, and hope to see them both soon raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

We regret that the rigorous accomplishment of a daily duty prevented us from being present at the re-union of the St. Edward's Society, on Tuesday evening. It would have pleased us as much to be present, as it gave us gratification to receive the invitation, which was made not only in due form, but also in the hands of the officers of the society. The election took place on the usual day.

The royal Theespian gave a royal banquet on the principle of “prepare for one hundred if you expect to have fifty guests at table.” It was no stage affair, where you only “go through the motions;” and yet, in a private, or in a stage whisper, we remark that we must not be considered as depreciating the “stage” banquet, for apart from the effect they have, in the extreme, many of the parents being present to welcome their sons and daughters. The night trains East, West, North and South carried away the bright prospects and the good wishes when the brightest prospects and the good wishes of a large community would have rendered his life one of usefulness.

We have been disappointed in our Professor of Painting, Mr. De Blaye, of Belgium, who, having had the good fortune of receiving the highest prizes at the Art Exhibitions of Brussels, was offered an appointment from the Belgian Government.

Another artist of equal merit is expected from Paris at an early date. We promise the members of the class, but it must be a strong one to induce the authorities of the College to place Mr. Bigelow over it, as that position must interfere with his other duties, or tax his energy to the utmost to fulfil them and the one newly imposed upon him.

The Art Exhibitions. At present we must content ourselves with inviting them to call at the Studio, and judge, by the Drawings constantly exhibited there, of the merit of our young artists.

Very Rev. Father Corby accompanied the students as far as Chicago, where a special train was in waiting for them and the pupils of the Academy, to start half past six o’clock for Chicago. The officers of the two Institutions, who are always kind and ready to accommodate, will accept the heartfelt thanks of those they obliged on this occasion, and particularly of the Superior of the two Institutions.

Very Rev. Father accompanied the students as far as Laporte, Wednesday morning, at half past five o’clock, for South Bend, where a special train was in waiting for them and the pupils of the Academy, to start half past six o’clock for Chicago. The officers of the College, for the ordination of Messrs. Lilly and O’Connell, happily coincided with the celebration of another festival—the patronal feast of the little chapel of the Children of Mary, which is a Jesse day of the Holy House of Nazareth. The hour of the sunshine translation of the most sacred Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, at which the Son of God became incarnate, was celebrated on the 14th this year, as the second Sunday of Advent coming on the 10th prevented the celebration taking place on the usual day.

At an early hour the festival began by the celebration of Mass in the chapel, which was tastefully decorated. Very Rev. Father General said Low Mass at 3:30, a.m., Mr. Lis and O’Connell, happily coincided with the celebration of another festival—the patronal feast of the little chapel of the Children of Mary, which is a Jesse day of the Holy House of Nazareth. The hour of the sunshine translation of the most sacred Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, at which the Son of God became incarnate, was celebrated on the 14th this year, as the second Sunday of Advent coming on the 10th prevented the celebration taking place on the usual day.

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leaving the hall, to some of the guests, that it was a rare thing to find such perfect performers in a young ladies' school. Rev. Father Kramer went further in his commendations,—but he is young, and the truth is he believed that he said was perfectly true, we think it better to let it descend to future generations in the form of tradition, than to fix it in type at the present date.

In the evening the Litany of Loreto was sung by the conventual choir. We have heard a great deal said about the College choir and we have heard very good music coming from around the grades in Sacred Union in the College Church, but we never read anything about the choir of St. Mary's. The reason is not because the choir does not deserve mention, for the finest sacred music we have heard this side of the ocean we have heard in the humble chapel of St. Mary's, but as the members sing for God, and not to stir up the admiration of the hearers, they have always had the good fortune of being passed over in silence. Were it allowed us to give the names of some of the singers, those who know them, or who heard them some years ago, would need no testi­mony from us to be assured that the choir produces good music.

The Rev. Bishop after delivering an eloquent and moving sermon, brought the celebration to a close by giving the benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

On the 10th the pupils of the Graduating and of the First Senior Classes gave an evening entertainment in honor of the "Name-Day" of their Teacher; but of this we cannot now speak, as we have already kept the printer waiting, and our good friend the foreman is in a hurry to lock up.

**Christmas Holidays.**

It has been often said that the Christmas Holi­days are a great inconvenience in Colleges, and many arguments have been brought forward to prove it; still, with all that, the inconvenience does not abate but rather increases year after year. Students are obdurate, parents are incredulous and tender-hearted; the class-rooms must be emptied for two weeks; studies must be neglected for three days. The pleasure they anticipate.

We made a visit to the studio a few days ago. Bro. Albert, who takes pleasure in showing the work of his pupils to the visitor, welcomed us cordially and was ready to answer all our enquiries concerning the progress, promise, and ability of his young artists. Bro. Albert is one of those quiet, unostentatious men, who is enthusiastic in his art, and whose de­light is in his studio. He has a conscientious teacher and strives to imbue his pupils with those high and holy ideals which should ever animate the soul of the artist. All persons having a love for the beau­tiful and a taste for art, are sure of finding in him that sympathy which urges them on; which en­courages them to advance farther and farther in their studies.

In the drawing of figures, the specimens of Messrs. Mitchell, McGuire, and Devoto, show the greatest improvement. We should judge, from what we have seen, that, should Messrs. Mitchell and Devoto continue, their tastes would lead them to become painters of historical subjects or port­raiture. Mr. McGahan is more inclined to become, we think, a painter of genre pieces. All three of the gentlemen show a decided taste and ability, and their improvement is rapid and good. They understand that they must have first the genius and then bring hard work to bear in their art. Messrs. Clarke, Zimmer and Marshall also have on exhibition some very creditable specimens of figure drawing.

In landscape drawing Messrs. Kelly and Kauf­man give us the best specimens. It is in landscape painting that we have been the most unsuc­cessful. And at present the American artists can, in this branch of painting, rival those of any other country. Messrs. Miller, Campeau, Quinn, Campbell and Lane also exhibit some very fair specimens in this branch.

In flower drawing we saw but one specimen, that of Mr. W. Kelly, which, was executed with much taste and skill.

In animal drawing Mr. Kaufman has done very well,—though we prefer his endeavors in landscape, where he seems to be far more at home.

Messrs. Dunmore, Rumley and O'Keefe, in machine drawing give very good. This branch of drawing pertains more to the useful than to the fine arts, but as the gentlemen wish, perhaps, to make their art serviceable to them when they enter business we will not quarrel with them for adopting it.

W. Lucas, J. Kilcoolin and W. Quinn show specimens in architectural drawing, all of which are very creditable. We should judge that they have not been studying long.

In linear drawing Messrs. Lahn and Schwab are the only exhibitors of specimens. These specimens are done in rather good style from which we infer that they will exhibit in the course of time much better specimens.

We were well pleased with our visit to the studio, and would urge all who wish to spend a pleasant half hour to follow our example and visit it also. They will find themselves well enter­tained and will often repeat their visit.

**The Thespian Banquet.**

The Thespian solemn doth things by halves. When they do anything, they do it well. It is an Exhibition—who ever saw the Thespians fail? Do they have a supper—who ever knew a single guest to go away otherwise than well satisfied—more than satisfied? So when we received an invitation from our friend, Marcus J. Moriarty, Corresponding Secretary of the Thespian Society, to attend the "Thespian Banquet" in the Senior Refectory, on Tuesday, December 19th, we im­mediately said to ourselves—"We'll be there."

And we were there—and we saw there members of the Society, all drawn up in battle array; we saw the Directors, Mr. W. C. McMichael, Prof. Stace, Clarke, Regisler, Mr. F. B. Bigelow, Drama­tic Instructor of the Association, and more. And as we looked around upon the happy faces of those assembled, our mind wandered back to the good old times when "the good and generous Thespian Messrs." as Father Pearsall calls them, used to assemble for like purposes. There were different faces, but they were real Thespian faces—just as those assembled were Thespian faces. J. Moriarty sits in Chambers with Brown's; O'Mahony, in O'Mally's; Watson, in Schutts; Cochrane, in Crowleys—but we can't run over all the names of all the "old boys," nor of the "new" ones. If we go on at that rate, the viands will become cold.

And now for the feast. Three large, plump Turkeys laid in state on three different tables, surrounded by the accoutrements which should surround those noble fowls—something to wash them—not whole—down our throats, etc. We haven’t a "Bill of Fare" with us to run over all the dishes. Suffice it to say that everything was gotten up by Bro. Beford in Bro. O'Dwyer’s own way. Isn’t that enough to say? If he don’t know how to cater to your taste, can your taste be catered to?

After all had partaken freely of the good things set before them, Father Pearsall called upon, arose and feelingly addressed those assembled. It was to the Thespian, he said, that the College always looked to represent it, and if the College had always represented Father Gibbons, in answer to the calls of the members, spoke of the Society when he was con­nected with it both as a student and afterwards as an officer of the University. He said that he had been already taking steps to have written a complete history of "The Glorious Old Thespians" from the year 1844 to the year 1871. Rev. J. O’Connell, Prof. Stace and O’Plum, Mr. W. C. McMichael, and Frank C. Bigelow also spoke briefly, thanking the members for their kind­ness and hospitality.

And the College deserves great praise for the man­ner in which he prepared the banquet. He left nothing undone that would tend to make it a complete success. His face showed that he enjoyed it as much as any of those present.

**DIFFERENT MODES OF EXPRESSION.**—Giles Jen­nings says, "The profile and color of his Amelia’s hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by the nimble fingers of the easy hours as they glided through bright June pleasant half hour to follow the homeward cam­pions in the meshes and were content to go no further."

Joe Brown expresses the same thing by saying, "Her hair is a wonderful red."
The St. Edward's Banquet.

On Tuesday evening, the 19th instant, at half past seven, o'clock, the St. Edward's Literary Association entertained their friends at a splendid banquet in the Senate Refectory. The guests were numerous and distinguished, and the viands well chosen, rich and substantial. After those viands had received ample justice, the toast-master, Mr. E. F. Rossi, rose, and after a most appropriate preface, proposed the first toast in the following terms:

1. Notre Dame University. One of the most, if not the most justly celebrated centers of Christian piety, and most distinguished seats of learning in our country, within whose peaceful halls is heard the voice of arts and sciences, tuned by and blended with the subduing and ravishing notes of a divine religion. Brilliant has been her glorious career, and widely has she made herself felt in the past, but may she in the future so extend the sphere of her usefulness and glorify her name in imparting to youth the incomparable benefits of a thoroughly religious education, as to make her position as well as her name be such as to command the respect, esteem, and approbation of all the nations, and satisfy the most cherished hopes of her noble founders and her present worthy President.

A response to this toast was solicited from Rev. Father Granger, who replied in his usual kind and winning manner.

2. The Faculty of the University, whose counsels, firm yet tempered with mildness, are ever preserved and inspired by the spirit of justice and equity, and whose wholesome measures are always calculated for, and characterized by that which is most intimately connected with the integrity, honor, and success of the University and the well-being and happiness of the students of the stage that the remedies emanating from them be such as to command the respect, esteem, and obedience of each and every personage coming under its influence.

Prof. Howard responded to this toast with the greatest delight, and giving way to unmingled approbation, proposed the second toast:

The St. Edward's Literary Association. Yes, the St. Edward's Literary Association is a school in which the worthies of other schools can behold a model and a beacon. Let the St. Edward's Literary Association claim for itself its well-deserved honors, as well as the gratitude of those who have contributed their labors and their results, and the St. Edward's Literary Association, it may fairly be said, is the most estimable preface, proposed the first toast in the following terms:

2. The Faculty of the University, whose counsels, firm yet tempered with mildness, are ever preserved and inspired by the spirit of justice and equity, and whose wholesome measures are always calculated for, and characterized by that which is most intimately connected with the integrity, honor, and success of the University and the well-being and happiness of the students of the stage that the remedies emanating from them be such as to command the respect, esteem, and obedience of each and every personage coming under its influence.

The first part of the exercises consisted of songs, music, and readings. In each of these parts, the Literary, Musical and Dramatic, we may fairly proclaim it a great success, and in the literary portion, we may say, with the poet, that the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, was omitted in the report of their exhibition, and we hope and pray that we may have the opportunity to allude to the Exhibition of the 12th as a whole, as a fitting introduction to the main feature of the evening—the Drama.

The St. Edward's Literary Association, though founded but a few years back, yet, under the able management of the Senior Refectory, has gained rapid strides and surprising progress is the exhibitions of the most interesting character; and where all did entertainments it has ever been our fortune to attend. Nearly or quite fifty of the students had parts in the exercises, which throughout were of the most interesting character; and where all did so well it would be ungenerous to select any one for special praise.

The last part of the exercises consisted of songs, the reading of a poem, "St. Cecilia's Vision," a declamation, a burlesque address, etc.

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the attractive subject of the Play, the innocent lad stolen away and crowned heir of a throne, a part so well rendered throughout its difficult phases by Frank Eagan; on C. Berdcl, as the noble, good-hearted and earnest soldier, than whom no better levelled the aristeats on the stage; on Ste­phan, the superannuated pedagogue, so well por­trayed by the acting of J. McHugh. These parts had been already noticed elsewhere, and there­fore we dismiss them to speak of a few others not mentioned before.

The Prince of Macauza was represented by S. Dungan, in night as in Piano playing. Mr. Dum might improve his self-control, and apply the institution stage. the chest register than of the falsetto.

At the end of the play, the Right Rev. Bishop

The singing which took place in the first act,

the" and "W. Myers. Considering that these

The few other speaking characters, Piedro, E.

Henry Higgins T. O'Mahony

F. Sage, B. F. Roberts, H. Beckman, J. Peterson,

Faxon, C. Beck, A. Morton, F. Huck, T. Nelson,

the Prince of Macauza was introduced as in Piano playing. the chest register than of the falsetto.

The singing which took place in the first act,

As to the scenery and general entourage, which added their lustre to the grand display, eyes less familiar than ours with our stage properties could not but admire what even we thought beautiful and grand.

At the end of the play, the Right Rev. Bishop

T. O'Mahony, F. Badenx, C. Campeau.

FRANCIS.

J. Derrin, A. Schmitt, H. Hoffmann, B. Beck­

man, J. Carr, J. Bracken, H. Hunt, H. Faxon, F.


MUSIC.


HONORABLE MENTIONS.

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MUSIC.


SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy.

December 17, 1871.

TABLE OF HONOR.—Sr. DEPT.


HONORABLE MENTION.—Sr. DEPT.


First Senior Class—Misses A. Mast, M. Lassen.


M. Moone, N. Sanders, C. Crevling, N. Sullivan, A. Todd.

Green, A. Woods.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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