

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 26, 1873.

Number 93.

"IF I WERE A KING."

A Drama in Four Acts.

Composed Expressly for the St. Cecilia Society, by a Member of the College Faculty, for the purpose of bringing out the Elocutionary Talent of the Junior Collegiate Department.

[CONTINUED.]

(Enter GENARO suddenly, agitated, vest open, hair dishevelled etc., etc.,)

SILVIO. (*Rushing with the other boys to greet him.*)

We were all speaking of you.

PHILIPPO. (*Shaking hands with him.*)

Welcome home,

Genaro; may God bless you! Are you well?

GENARO. Yes, well. And you are well? I am glad to see you.

But I am somewhat weary.

CECATO. (*Shaking hands and leading him to a mound.*)

Have a seat!

It seems an age since you have run away.

Pray, what has kept you?

(*All regard him anxiously.*)

GENARO. Oh! it's nothing, boys.

BAPTISTO. Genaro, had Cecato gone away, And staid without good reason, in that case We would think nothing of it; but for you— We do not understand it.

CECATO. Hear the lambs!

They welcome you, but want your own account.

GENARO. Which they shall have to-morrow; now, my friends,

I rather think how pleasant 'tis to meet.

CECATO. You found more pleasant friends when away; Therefore you staid so long.

GENARO. There you mistake.

Home is the sweetest place on all the earth. But what did Banquo say that I was gone; Or did he not observe it?

CECATO. Catch him blind! He hustled like a hornet, and declared He'd beat you till the blood ran.

GENARO. (*Rising proudly.*)

Beat me! No!

Banquo shall never beat me!

SILVIO. Let him try, And we will string him for it.

CECATO. But, I pray, What has disturbed your feathers? you, as neat

As a one year old lambkin,—what rude brier Has torn your fleece?

GENARO. (*Laughing.*) My hair, then, needs a comb. Boys, I am tired; come, let me rest awhile, And in the morning all shall be quite smooth.

(*He throws himself on a mound.*)

BAPTISTO. (*Music.*) Yes,—rest, Genaro.

Boys, come on—let's dance to welcome Genaro.

Silvio, tune your guitar. Now, boys, take your stand.

(*Aside.*) 'Tis not our business why he was away.

(PHILIPPO, CECATO, MARCO, and BAPTISTO dance an Italian step; GENARO looks on for awhile, then falls asleep and the dance closes.)

CECATO. (*Approaching GENARO cautiously*)

GENARO is asleep. I'm glad he is!

But I do wish I knew what happened him!

SILVIO. Stop talking, CECATO, or he will wake;

Besides, we ought to go and tend the sheep,

And leave the poor boy resting. (*Exeunt omnes but GENARO; he awakes after a moment.*)

GENARO. (*Rising to a sitting position.*)

Is it morn?

No; only twilight (*he looks around to assure himself that he is alone*)—of a happy day,

Because I've saved a fellow-creature's life;

And this is my reward—a Cross of gold.

(*Draws a Cross from his bosom and kisses it.*)

How near we all came drowning! It is well

My strength did not forsake me.

It is a happy day—to save a prince—

The boat sank down so swiftly I saw not

The coat of arms embossed upon the prow;

I leaped into the bay and grasped the youth—

My energies all bent on saving him—

And, rescued once, my mind was so absorbed,

If nobleman or beggar it was the same;

But when he gave this Cross and promised me

Protection and undying friendship, then

His gentle, courteous words unnerved my strength.

I swooned, and when revived the Prince was gone;

But o'er me bent his servant, and he gave

Reviving cordials, and a world of thanks;

"For he whose life you saved," the servant said,

"Is the great king's beloved and only son."

(*Thoughtfully*) 'Twas odd how he was wrecked!

'Twas very strange!

Would I could meet that Prince again;

(*Rises*) For I am tired of life without endeavor.

Eat—drink—sleep,—no thought, no act

To elevate my mind.

Oh! it is galling to me! I would learn

About the great, broad world. I want to be
All that my soul can make me. Here, I am
A poor, ignoble shepherd: but within
There pants a heart that burns for something higher.
Would I had means to cultivate my mind!
I pray to meet that generous friend again;
His words ring in my ears. I love the Prince.
(*Mournfully*) But no, no, no! I am but a simple shepherd—
The slave of Banquo,—treated as a brute,—
Bearing injustice till my soul is crushed.
Who thinks of poor Genaro? There's not one.

— (Enter BANQUO.)

BANQUO (*Not seeing GENARO*).
That wretch of a Genaro! The young scamp
Is growing too large for his old shoes!
I'll teach him a good lesson!
(*He flourishes his whip and perceives GENARO*.)
Ha, you wolf!
Were have you been these three days? Speak, I say!—
You filthy, cheating viper! Were 've you been?
And what've you been about? Tell me, I say!

GENARO. (*Proudly*).
I've nothing, sir, to tell you. (*Aside*) 'Tis a dream
Too sweet to be disclosed to that bad man.
No, Banquo shall not know it.

BANQUO. (*After pausing in surprise, threatens with his whip*.)

Dare me, boy!

Tell me, or I will kill you!

GENARO. (*Defying BANQUO*.) I shall not.
You have no right to treat me as you do—
Nor will I bear it longer. Wicked man!
Learn you to keep your distance. Stand away!
I will not take your insults.

BANQUO. (*Lowers his whip in surprise, retreating from the scene, speaking back over his shoulder*.)

Ah! fine airs!

Fine airs for you, young fellows. But we'll see
What good will come of them! Impertinent,
Ungrateful, lazy brute! go tend the sheep!

(Enter VALERIO.)

GENARO. (*Indignantly*.) Why must I do his bidding?

VALERIO. Welcome home!

God bless you, darling brother! Where were you
When everybody thought that you were lost?
Oh! but I'm glad you came!

GENARO. Valerio,
My only comfort is with you.

VALERIO. But say, Genaro, what were you about?

GENARO. O, nothing much! A little lamb was lost,
And I strolled off to find her.

VALERIO. The poor thing!
But, brother, surely you look very strange!
Your clothes are rumpled, and your face is red.
Say! have you seen old Banquo? and has he
Been scolding you again?

GENARO. Let Banquo go!

VALERIO (*Crying*.) Yes, if we could. He treats us
both so harsh
I want to run away. He curses me
And starves me half to death, and makes me cry,
Till I am sick of living.

GENARO. (*Embracing VALERIO*.) Don't despair,
Dear little brother; for that cruel man

Shall never lay his hands on you again.
I will not let him.

VALERIO. (*Looking puzzled*.) Why, how odd you look!
(*Abruptly*) I understand! we both can run away!

GENARO. Or go in quiet to more worthy friends.

VALERIO (*Clapping his hands*.)

Good! Let us go now and chat with the boys.

I'll tell them you are coming. So make haste.

(*He runs off the stage, followed by GENARO walking slowly*.)
(*Curtain falls. Lively music*.)

On Flattery.

It is an old French proverb that flattery is the homage vice pays to virtue! There appears to be a great deal of truth in this saying; at least it suggests to me some thoughts that I shall try to express in my tedious and perhaps round-about manner. Flattery certainly wears a very pleasing aspect, and her approaches are always met with favor; she does not encounter little checks and mortifications like other vices, unless she oversteps the limits of modesty and abuses her privilege. All orders of society are open to the seductive influence of flattery—the rich as well as the poor, the master as well as the servant, the wise as well as the foolish, the learned as well as the unlettered—so that opportunities for the exercise of it are not wanting. We find, everywhere, that people are continually seeking out occasions to gain the applause of others, that pride and vanity display themselves at every corner, and that artifice and folly take the place of nature and common sense. How strange it is that people will suffer themselves to be imposed upon by that which can be so easily detected! for flattery may be as easily distinguished from sincere admiration as mere tinsel from pure gold. But when we consider the weakness of human nature, and how it falls into error at every step, this does not surprise us; for we see that people are neglectful of everything that most nearly concerns them; those professing to be Christians, and believing that there is an eternity of happiness or misery in store for them, they do not take the precautions that would insure them against this greatest of evils, the loss of their spiritual salvation; we hear people speak of health as the best of temporal blessings, and yet act as if their only object was to destroy it as quickly as possible; and while proclaiming contentment to be the perfection of earthly happiness, we see them continually troubling themselves with little anxieties and little difficulties which would speedily vanish if left to themselves.

Thus, in life, people are struggling to obtain imaginary benefits, often choosing some brilliant toy which they know will not content them, and at the same time forsaking what they know to be more substantial and permanent, and which would bring them more real happiness. Since the desire of gaining the esteem of others is so common, it is not at all surprising that flattery exerts so much influence in society; and, indeed, flattery is so much in accordance with human nature, that I do not believe society could exist without it; there must be variety in intercourse; there must be lights and shadows,—perfect equilibrium would not do. Ostentation is the life of society, and flattery is the food upon which it feeds. This, I think, is the governing principle of society, as it springs from human nature. People having a natural desire to gain the good opinion of others, to have themselves praised, and to be en-

vied, naturally feel pleasure when some one tells them that they have some peculiar excellencies, or that they have succeeded well in some undertaking. But too often they suffer themselves to be deceived by false blandishments, and pride themselves on accomplishments they do not possess, or at least not in the degree which they are led to imagine. It is in this manner that flattery operates as an irreparable injury, by sapping the foundation of self-improvement, and by concealing our defects until we are unable to distinguish our true character and make no efforts to correct the faults into which we have been led. It is in this sense that flattery has been accounted more pernicious in its effects than slander; for while slander destroys the good opinion of others, flattery undermines the character of the mind itself, until it falls like a tree whose root has been destroyed. A great deal more might be said of the artfulness and cunning of flattery, but I will content myself by hoping that all who desire either temporal or spiritual welfare will avoid it, or at least not be misled by it.

E. MCSWEENEY.

The Ruins of Time.

Day and night, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, succeed one another; the earth moves on in its orbit, the appearance of the heavens is constantly changing before our eyes, and yet though we see these changes we seldom reflect upon the onward march of time—and that we, like the heavens, which we observe from night to night to be changing, are constantly undergoing alterations, though in a manner less perceptible. It is true that these changes, which are constantly taking place, do not sometimes cause even a thought, yet our ideas of things do not keep pace with what we know to be the case; if a child be taken from our sight, and we do not see it for several years, we often feel an interior dissatisfaction when we see it again, for it is not as we expected it would be, or it does not look as it did.

When an edifice is erected, we admire the beauty and polish of the material, the excellence of the workmanship, and the genius of the architect. But this admiration is but for a day or two; it then becomes commonplace to us, and we notice it in particular no more. The rains, the winds, the frost, and the heat, are nevertheless at work the same as if we watched it day and night, and soon our attention is called to the fact of some part of it becoming dilapidated, or time-worn,—or perhaps the architectural taste has changed a little. Thus we too insensibly grow old, and finally a silver-hair apprises us of the fact. Mutable indeed are material things. Little changes like these make up the events of our life, and at last our time comes, and we are called to the silent tomb; our race is run, we are interred, and the world takes no notice of it, but passes on as if nothing had happened. We look upon common things as almost nothing; and when at each pulsation of the heart a soul is separated from its companion the body, death itself then is but another of the common occurrences, and passes unnoticed. Thus does generation after generation pass away, and it is only by reflection and mental abstraction that we become conscious of the great fact. Yet what are all these things but the ruins of time that fall under our observation? and we barely notice them, heeding them not; it does not cause us to look into ourselves or contemplate our own nothingness, and admire the Omnipotent who thus causes and ordains all things.

We step into our library, take up the *Iliad* of Homer, and read of the downfall of Troy, of the thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers whose ashes have long since been scattered by the winds. We cast our eyes upon the books that grace the shelves, and see there a history in many volumes—literary works by men whose final resting-place is not known; but what does all this teach us? We take down a volume of history, read from it the events of the times of which the historian is speaking, and we read there of nations whose very existence is now no more. Livy speaks to us of the founding of Rome, and carries us back into the *mystic* past, apprizing us of the fact that there was a time in the history of Rome when written history did not exist. Yet though it is of great extent even now, how little compared to the whole! and Rome, how changed from the time when Livy penned his immortal lines! And thus with the histories of other nations and other peoples. But even these are but the brief outlines of the events of the times. The pyramids—who can unveil the mystery in which they are shrouded? who can relate their origin? who can give the name of the builder? They most probably stand as the monument of events considered great in their time, but what these events were no one can tell,—and we stand in silent admiration of them. Truly did some one say “time flies,”—and, he might have added, the memory of it.

Within the period of written history, how many and how great changes have taken place! A Mahomet appears among men declares himself the last of the prophets—is at first hooted at, and made to fly for refuge from his native city, yet in less than fifteen years he counts his followers by thousands and not by units, and his armies are threatening the destruction and plunder of the whole Christian world; kings and nations bow in humble submission to his sway, and yet he is but a blind fanatic. Look at the world to-day, and reflect what it was nineteen hundred years ago. Where now are the worshippers of the Court of Mount Olympus? Where are their altars? A world steeped in the dregs of sin and licentiousness, in vice and corruption,—a world looking upon immortality as a virtue; but how different to-day; Though wicked and sinful still, yet it is saintly in comparison. All these things have taken place before the eyes of men, and yet who noticed them? Like changes may be going on now, and we cannot be expected to notice them. The hour-hand of a clock travels around the dial-plate twice in the twenty-four hours, and if we watch it steadily we cannot perceive it is moving: so with these changes that are brought about by the addition of *littles*. All we can do is to compare the state of things now with that of some period in the past which is sufficiently distant to enable us to see the cause and the effect. The pages of history present to us strange incidents that have taken place, and we feel that we are reading a romance rather than a collection of facts they are strange to us—for the times have changed, and mutilation has crept in. History is indeed the monument of the ruins of time. yet how time-worn are even its scanty pages! Scarcely does it extend over one half of the time since man's creation. We follow it back from age to age, and begin to notice, even in it, changes of great importance. As we observed of Livy, it takes us back into the *mystic* past; not indeed that the past was in itself any more mystic than the present, but history has made it appear so.

But it is in language especially that we are able to mark

the changes by well-defined outlines; for this is a thing of primary importance, and of such a nature that a change in it can be more readily noticed than in the manners and customs of the people which, though they change more rapidly, still are not of so much consequence. It is an established fact that no living language can remain permanent; there is constantly at work in it some elements that are causing it to change form in some respect. And it is by these little changes that language reaches its perfection, then becomes corrupted, and finally is called a dead language.

Yet those are but the moral changes that are and have been taking place since the time man came to reside upon earth. But these are not all; we open the volumes of science, and what startling facts are not demonstrated to us. The earth itself has undergone wonderful changes. We look into its rocks, and read therefrom a history of the world's formation and of the changes it has undergone since first it began to revolve in space. Deeply buried in the rocks of the different formations we find the fossil remains of animals long since extinct. In what is called the Reptilian Age by geologists there existed huge monsters and gigantic beasts to which the largest animals with which we are acquainted are but as infants. The change of the earth from an incandescent state to that which it now has, and the various effects that this transition must have caused, is a subject well worth the attention of any one—in fact it forms one of the most important as well as interesting of the natural sciences.

How vast, then, are not the ruins of time! Age after age has rolled into the mighty past, and yet how scanty are the recollections of them! How frail human knowledge! We look upon it and attempt to span the immensity with the mind's eye but in vain. At best we can catch but a brief outline, so immense and grand are these ruins, speaking to us in voices of thunder the mutability of temporal and physical beings and calling upon us to admire the omnipotence, immensity and wisdom of Him who thus ordained all things and to whom all things are known.

AN eminent scientist, writing of the struggle for life among plants, makes this striking statement: "Each plant endeavors, almost consciously, to destroy its neighbor, to occupy his ground, to feed upon his nutriment, to devour his substance. There are armies and invasions of grasses, barbarian inroads, and extirpations. Every inch of ground is contested by the weeds; the forest is a struggle for precedence; the wars of the roses are a perennial feud. The serenest landscape, the stillest woodland, is the mortal arena of vegetable and animal conflict."

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM advises us to give to detractors the following warning: "Have you anything good to say of your brother, I am ready to listen to your communication with gladness; if it be anything bad, my ears are shut against you; they refuse to be sullied. What profit am I to derive from hearing that some one has behaved badly? I was ignorant of it, and your telling me of it can only make me sad. Why should you not speak to him? Let us meddle in our own business only; we have quite enough to give an account of our own thoughts, words, deeds, and omissions; let us bring that restless curiosity and scrupulous examination to bear on our own conduct, instead of setting up ourselves as censors of others, and spending so much valuable time in scrutinizing and diving into the deepest recesses of other people's hearts.

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SEVERAL COMMUNICATIONS about Base-Ball games, entertainments, etc., have been sent in this week, without any name, or with an assumed name. We have time and again said that we will publish nothing referring to local matters unless signed by a responsible name.

Fly-Catches.

THE winds are chilly.

THE Play-hall is seldom visited.

FISHING has its admirers as usual.

STEAM comes handy occasionally.

HUNTING is still in the ascendancy.

WE have recreation after supper now.

THE flowers have commenced to blossom.

WE do not think that loons are very looney.

THE steps to the Old Church go up inside now.

THE Surveying Class has commenced to go out.

THE best antidote for Spring-fever is hard work.

THE Minims too have lost some of their play ground.

THE Juniors have taken away their back-stop. Why?

MATCH games of base-ball are not unfrequent at present.

BUT few went home for Easter, and they have returned.

THE loon of which we spoke was brought to shore by Bro. Paul.

BROTHER THOMAS' friends have renewed their piety since Easter.

ONE clear evening last week Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M., took his Astronomy Class out, and pointed out to them some of the most brilliant stars and planets and constellations above the horizon.

GEOLOGICAL.—The path on the hill opposite the boat-house has been seriously impaired in several places, owing to an attempt being made by part of it to "slide down hill." It has been grooved in other places by the action of the water. The little hollow would look very pleasant if it were nicely sodded.

RECREATION is well used, and every means of exercise and amusement made available. It is hard to say which attracts the most attention: at times the swings are the scene of attraction; at other times the ball-alleys or the ball-fields. Everybody seems to enter with spirit into the open air exercises, and as the time is admirably well regulated by the rules of the Institution we cannot but applaud this desire to take healthy exercise whenever opportunity offers.

THE PIER which has for ages stood out into the upper lake has at last been obliged to succumb, and is now visiting various parts of the lake. The high water of which we spoke in a former issue was the cause. It however could easily be restored to its old foundation, though a new one would probably answer better. The fishermen miss it.

METEOROLOGICAL.—The weather is getting pretty good-natured, and everybody feels willing enough that it should be so. Of course we have a little snow when we least expect it—still this is not so frequent as formerly. Warm rains are still frequent, which occasionally choose a Wednesday or an extra recreation day on which to set in an appearance.

THE YARD.—Much change has been made in the front yards of the two Departments; as we before said, a slice has been taken off both, which is being planted with trees. This cannot fail to be a most beautiful place, and that too in a few years hence. In fact it is somewhat so already, and when the trees have decked themselves in their livery of green it cannot fail to attract the notice of the visitor.

GONE HOME.—We, with the Band, regret the loss of Mr. W. H. Wallace, who left for home a few days since. Though the Band is deserving of much praise for its excellence, we are not a little surprised that it should be what it is—for it will be remembered that during the whole year the Band has been very unfortunate with regard to the loss of its members. Thus during the present session it has lost no less than five of its best members. Their places had to be filled, and yet we find the organization comparing very favorably with the Band of former years, a fact which cannot but redound much to the credit of the present members and more especially to that of its energetic leader.

The St. Cecilians.

The 35th and 36th regular meetings were held on April 12th and 19th respectively. At these meetings the following read compositions and delivered Declamations: Messrs E. Ohmer, B. Baca, E. Dougherty W. Gross, J. McGrath, J. Devine, J. Quill, J. Stubbs, W. Meyers, and H. Hunt. Then the Debate,

"Resolved, That it would be better for Ireland to be a Republic than to be Annexed to the United States,"

was discussed. W. Breen, F. M. Osker, D. O'Connell, J. Stubbs, A. Reid, J. O'Connell, F. Sweger, J. Marks, and O. Tong, upheld the affirmative; while J. Devine, W. Fletcher, O. Waterman, J. Dunne, E. A. Dougherty, J. Ewing, and R. Hutchings defended the negative. The President, having weighed the merits of both sides, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. There was much enthusiasm displayed during the debate, and a great deal of historical knowledge exhibited. Among those present, besides the members, were Messrs. Devine and J. P. Lauth, of Chicago. Mr. Lauth, having been requested by the President to address the members, did so in a forcible and eloquent manner. Mr. Baca closed the exercises by giving a very spirited declamation in the good old Castilian language.

W. BREEN, *Cor. Sec'y.*

"Fot's that?" said Mickey, when the waiter brought him a plate of hash. "Wittles!" Mickey eyed the compound suspiciously, and concluded, "Be jabbers, the man hat chawed that can ate it."

My Once Happy Home!

BY MC.

Faint in the distance the last ray is gleaming
Of Erin, the land of my once happy home,
Its mountains, so lovely, in sunlight now streaming,
Seem kissing farewell to me over the foam.
Farewell, lovely Island, our parting's forever,
Your picture alone is engraved on my heart,
Which the strength of a tyrant, though great, cannot sever—
While memory lingers it cannot depart.

Nor never, fair land of my once happy childhood,
Shall time mar the image that's here in my breast,
The image of valley, of highland, of wildwood,
And image of virtue, that Erin loves best.
Oh, sweet do they seem as a heaven-born vision,
Enticing my heart with a wish to return;
But fate casts the yearning aside in derision,
Saying here are your joys, to lament and to mourn.

Oh, God! but it's painful to leave, and forever,
The home, though a cabin, where childhood was blessed
With fond love of parents that weakened no never,
Till death laid the dear ones forever at rest.
Oh sadly they lift my lone heart in its breaking,
Their sweet faces lit with a false smile of joy,
They knew how I valued what heaven was taking
And smiled but to cheer up the heart of their boy.

My dear little sister, who left them in sorrow
And winged her lone flight to the home of the blessed,
Knew little, at leaving, that soon on the morrow
Her parents would follow to share in her rest.
Oh! little she knew that the sword of the slayer
Would rob me of parents, the child's earthly trust,
And force me away without time for a prayer
To breathe o'er the cold earth that covers their dust.

My prayers must reach them across the rough billow;
No other resort has the poor Irish boy;
Oh, would that my head too but pressed the cold pillow,
My soul be with theirs in the realms of joy.
Oh! then might the tyrant boast over his power,
That blots from existence the family and name
That otherwise stands as a mark from that hour
A witness in proof of his murder and shame,

"Forgive them and pray!" were the words of my mother,
As dying she pressed her cold lips to my brow;
"There're pains in this world, but there're joys in another,
That must be obtained by our suffering now."
To pardon the tyrants who stole such a treasure
Is hard—but, Almighty! revenging is Thine;
To Thee is the power of justice to measure,
To wait on Thy goodness and mercy is mine.

It is said that Don Alfonso, the younger brother of Don Carlos, has won all hearts in Catalonia. His Princess, Doña Maria de las Nieves, is with him. A letter from Vidra, in the *Esperanza*, describes their dress. The Prince wears red pantaloons with black braid, Hessian boots, a white pelisse and *boina* (the round cap worn by the Carlists). The Princess also wears the white *boina*, with a long gold tassel falling over her left shoulder. At San Quirce they were received with every honor, and were attended by the chiefs Torres and Saballs, now generals, holding their commissions from "His Majesty Don Carlos."—*Correspondent London Post.*

St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society.

THE 8th regular meeting came off Thursday, April 17. At this meeting Masters Dexter, McIntyre, Weisenburger, Reid, J. Dore, E. Holt, T. Schmidt, J. Jepson and S. McGee, delivered Declamations. Then Masters F. Austin and S. Hurst presented themselves for membership, and after performing the necessary conditions were unanimously elected.

S. MCGEE, *Secretary*.

The Columbians.

The 4th regular meeting was held April 15th. When the meeting was called to order, and after the miscellaneous business had been transacted, the President introduced to the members the efficient superintendent of the AVE MARIA printing office, Mr. W. C. McMichael, who delivered an address on the duties of young men to their country. The speaker was listened to with the utmost attention. His address was well written, and delivered with that clear, modulated, emphatic voice which would do credit to older adepts in elocution. Before the exercises of the evening were concluded, the members unanimously tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. McMichael for his able address. Next came the debate,

Resolved: "That Poverty is better than Riches for the Development of Character."

The affirmative was supported by Messrs. J. McAlister, P. O'Sullivan, J. B. Crummey, and M. B. Torbett; the negative was sustained by E. Mullen, H. Cassidy, J. B. Comer, and E. J. Plummer. After the criticisms by Prof. A. J. Stace, the Promoter, which were rather keen, though praiseworthy, the President briefly reviewed the discussion, dwelling chiefly on two points deduced from the debate, and accordingly gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. The debate was carried on in a very amicable manner, and those who participated in it may well be proud of their first efforts.

The 5th regular meeting took place April 22d. At this meeting the Constitution was voted upon and adopted, after which the Promoter, Prof. A. J. Stace, gave a dramatic reading which was most enthusiastically listened to by the members. The Director, Rev. Father Lemonnier, President of the University, was present, and was well pleased with the exercises.

A. A. ALLEN, *Cor. Sec'y*.

It is a singular fact that although the French Government took no official notice of the death of Napoleon III, President Thiers himself was obliged to go in mourning for him. By the statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece, with which the late Emperor and the present ruler of France were connected, the wearing of mourning for a certain period on the decease of a member is obligatory. The Order is one of the oldest and most important of the chivalric institutions, and M. Thiers is said to value its decoration more highly than any other with which he has been honored. M. Guizot is also a knight, and, whatever may be his individual feelings, he must also put on the sable. The Order, which was founded by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, in 1430, is now divided into two branches, one in Spain and one in Austria; each claiming to be the successor of the original institution, and neither recognizing the other.

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 pecceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1873.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, F. Buter, W. Briant, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, V. Baca, Valerio Baca, W. Bartlett, L. Burridge, J. Browne, J. Begue, M. Bannon, P. Cooney, W. Clarke, A. Costello, J. Comer, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, B. Dorsey, J. Devine, J. Deneny, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, T. Dundon, C. Dulaney, P. Downey, J. Egan, T. Flannagan, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, D. and J. Hogan, T. Hansard, E. Halpine, J. Harrington, A. Horne, H. Hug, J. Ireland, P. Jacobs, T. Keenan, J. Kelley, P. Lilly, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, D. Maloney, T. and J. Murphy, E. Monohan, J. McAlister, A. Mooney, J. McCormack, E. McSweeney, E. Mullen, E. McLaughlin, P. Matamore, P. O'Connell, P. O'Mahony, P. O'Sullivan, F. Phelan, G. Ruger, E. Spitley, G. Stack, C. Spears, R. Staley, L. Sanders, F. Scrafford, J. Scherer, M. Torbett, S. Valdez, L. Watson, T. White, C. Walter, H. Walker, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin, G. Amann, B. Baca, W. Breen, L. Busch, P. Brosseau, C. Burger, M. Blake, H. Bennett, M. and B. Casey, J. Devine, J. Dore, W. Dexter, F. Egan, H. Enneking, J. Ewing, W. Fletcher, G. Gross, J. Grace, W. Green, J. Graham, H. Hunt, E. Holt, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, H. Hirsch, J. Jepson, A. Kleine, R. Kelly, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, A. Kramer, J. Lambin, L. Loser, B. LeFevre, W. Meyer, F. McOsker, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, E. McMahon, F. Dowe, J. and S. Marks, J. McIntyre, J. McGrath, E. Milburn, F. Miller, J. McHugh, V. McKinnon, N. Mooney, J. McGinnis, L. Munn, D. McAndrews, J. Nevin, J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, W. Poliard, J. Quill, A. and C. Reid, C. Ruger, W. Ramely, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, H. Schaller, W. Scuttheis, J. Shanahan, O. Tong, N. Vannamee, S. Wise, J. Wanbaugh.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

A. Koch, H. Dechan, H. and C. Faxon, A. Wetherbee, J. Cooney, C. Whitcomb, E. Raymond, W. O'Hara, A. Murphy, T. Hooley, J. O'Meara, C. Parker, L. Frazer, J. Shannon.

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary*.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in *all* studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1873.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

G. Crummey, V. M. Baca, P. Cooney, E. Halpine, F. McOscar, F. Egan, O. Waerman, S. Valdez, F. W. Phelan, H. C. Cassidy, E. W. Dulaney, J. Harrington, J. B. Comer, J. C. Donnelly, W. T. Brant, E. Morancy, A. Greening, T. D. Flannagan, T. J. Fitzpatrick, J. P. Hoffman, P. Jacobs, A. J. Mooney, C. Vinson, J. W. McAlister, E. Mullin, G. Ruger, E. Spitley, P. O'Mahony, J. Schmidt, J. Gillespie, G. Stack, J. Wolfe, M. Torbett, G. Tobin, J. Stubbs, C. Ruger, W. Myers, H. Hunt, L. Hibben, E. Milburn, J. Quill, L. Loser, J. Mullarky, W. Gross, E. Ohmer, J. Devine, P. J. O'Connell, S. Wise, L. Watson, F. Buter, G. Crosby, J. Brown, J. McDermott, J. E. Devine, A. Allen, A. Hess, W. Bartlett, P. O'Sullivan, F. St. Aubin, M. Gavitt, J. Begue, H. Zeitler, T. Keenan, W. Green, J. McGrath, B. Baca, C. Furer, A. Kleine, J. Hackett, E. Holt.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEP'T.) April 21, 1873.

Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lassen, A. Mast, A. Shea, K. Haymond, B. Crowley, L. King, M. Lange, A. Todd, L. Niel, M. Kearney, M. Comer, J. Walker, R. Green, A. Lloyd, M. Prince, I. Wilder, B. Reynolds, L. Ritchie, B. Grace, L. Daly, M. L'Tourneau, A. Church, J. Locke, L. Dragoo, E. Boyce, S. Shipley, A. T. Clarke, L. Weinrich, A. Hambleton, N. Foote, A. O'Connor, N. Heedy, J. Walsh, M. A. Roberts, R. Woolman, L. Pfeiffer, R. Rosesco, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, A. Roberts, S. Chenoweth, M. White, A. Stockton, R. Klarr, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, L. Scheiber, F. Snouffer, L. Lilly, M. Lyons, H. Miller, M. Kane, B. Turnbull, C. Lee.

First German Class.—Misses K. Zell, L. Pfeiffer, L. Black, M. Comer, L. Beckman, M. Faxon.

Second German Class.—L. Scheiber, H. Miller, L. Weinreich, K. Schmidt, T. Schulte, A. Goldhardt, K. Finley.

Third German Class.—A. Shea, B. Crowley, R. Marr, E. Richardson, L. Daley, M. Martin, M. Kueseborg.

First French Class.—R. Spier, L. Dent, M. Letourneau, M. Cochrane, M. Kearney.

Second French Class.—M. Comer, A. Reid, M. E. Roberts, L. Tinsley, A. Lynch, M. and E. Thompson.

Second Division.—A. Todd, and M. Lassen.

Third French Class.—N. Langdon, L. Ritchie, M. Brown, L. Niel, E. Haggerty.

Latin.—Miss L. King.

Dress Making.—Miss L. Dragoo, K. Haymond, E. Boyce, A. Church, A. Reid, M. Waite, B. Johnson, K. Casey, M. Kane.

DRAWING.

First Class.—Misses K. Young, B. Reynolds, R. Devoto, L. Black.

Second Division.—Misses E. Wade, B. Wade, L. Weinreich, A. Keeline, L. Pfeiffer.

Second Class.—Misses D. Simonds, S. Chenoweth, R. Woolman, N. McEwen, L. Penniman.

Second Division.—N. McAuliffe, S. Smith, N. McMahon.

Third Class.—Misses K. Finley, C. Smith, M. Boothe.

OIL PAINTING.

First Class.—Misses L. Black, B. Reynolds, B. Wade.

Second Class.—L. Pfeiffer, S. Shipley, A. Keeline, R. Woolman, N. McMahon.

WATER COLOR PAINTING.

Misses K. Young, R. Devoto, S. Chenoweth, D. Simonds, N. McAuliffe, A. Goldhardt, S. Smith.

CRAYON.

Misses S. Shipley, L. Weinreich, and E. Wade.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class.—Miss Lillie West.

Second Division.—M. Ward, R. Devoto, L. Black, M. Prince, E. Haggerty.

Second Class.—A. Shea, M. Foote, J. Noonan, M. Wicker, N. Langdon.

Second Division.—Lillie James, M. L'Tourneau, L. Beckman, Sarah Shipley, J. Locke, S. Heckman, A. Goldhardt.

Third Class.—L. Daly, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, R. Marr, H. McMahon, A. Reid, S. Smith, C. Smith.

Second and Third Division.—K. Schmidt, B. Grace, A. Lloyd, M. Comer, N. McMahon, S. Chenoweth, K. Kueseborg.

General Class.—A. Lynch, B. Lynch, A. Walsh, M. Walsh, L. Walsh, M. Carlin, E. Jackson, M. Booth, N. O'Meara, M. Hildreth.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class.—E. Plamondon, R. Young, J. Walker.

Second Division.—L. Black, R. Spiers.

Second Class.—A. Goldhardt, E. Quinlan, A. Todd.

Second Division.—B. Grace, L. West, D. Greene, J. Noonan.

Third Class.—L. Beckman, H. Foote, N. Heedy, S. Shipley, A. Roberts, I. Wilder, N. Gross, A. Smith.

Second Division.—M. Letourneau, K. Zell, M. Comer, M. Lange, A. St Clair, A. Reid, M. Koch, R. Devoto.

Fourth Class.—E. Ives, D. Simonds, A. Shea, A. Keeline.

Second Division.—M. Corcoran, G. Kelly.

Fifth Class.—K. Haymond, K. Finley, E. Boyce, A. Stockton, L. McKinnon.

Second Division.—B. Trumbull, T. Schulte, M. Faxon, M. Booth, C. Walker.

Sixth Class.—A. Allen, A. Paulsen, M. Carlin, J. Locke, C. Lee, L. Lilly, A. Conahan, A. Lloyd, K. Wickham, M. Hildreth.

Second Division.—N. McAuliffe, C. Germain, M. Thomson, E. Wade, B. Wade, E. Richardson, L. Weinreich, M. Reilly, A. Noel, G. Hooley, M. Roberts, A. O'Connor.

Seventh Class.—K. Hector, E. Jackson, M. Dillon.

Eighth Class.—E. Lange, B. Quan, N. O'Meara.

Ninth Class.—K. Bolten, E. Lappin, T. Cronin.

Tenth Class.—M. De Long, F. Dee, K. Lloyd, L. Schuerle.

HARP.—E. Plamondon, M. Wicker.

GUITAR.—S. Shipley, L. Dragoo.

Exhibition by the Pupils of the Cathedral School.

A very fine Exhibition was given by the pupils of the Cathedral School, Fort Wayne. The *Sentinel*, of that city, says:

"The Cathedral School Exhibition last night was patronized by a large number of people. Colerick Opera House was crowded and everybody was pleased with the efforts of the parties participating in affording the amusement. It is seldom that so young amateur talent will so satisfactorily please the criticising people who attend performances of the nature of the one last night, yet all who were there, who have expressed themselves at all, say that the entertainment was decidedly entertaining. The amateurs did all they could to please, and in their efforts succeeded. We cannot particularize, and thus 'puff' any one or more characters, but can only say that all were good. In fact, we were surprised at the talent exhibited, and wonder at the stage presence of the youthful people who helped fill out the programme. The affair, too, was financially a success, for which we are glad. We hope these same persons will favor the public again."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne and many of the Clergy were present. We give the programme:

Overture.....Prof. Leifel's Orchestra
Prologue.....J. F. Kane
Chorus, "Away, Away,".....Vocal Class

A SUDDEN ARRIVAL.

A FARCE.

CHARACTERS:

Cornelius Croker.....J. McCarthy
Marmaduke Twist.....J. F. Kane
Resolute Crammer.....J. Beegan
Bounceable Bang.....D. Kiley
Marplot Mooner.....B. Reekers
Porters.....J. Schweeters, C. Reekers
Song.....E. Burns
Music.....Orchestra
Chorus—"Morning's Ruddy Beam,".....Vocal Class

EXHIBITION INTERRUPTED.

CHARACTERS:

M. McDougal, E. Burns, W. Mannix, G. Egerter,
John Kelly, A. Cour, C. Kane, A. Cour,
B. Mommor, A. Cody, J. McNally.
Music.....Orchestra
Song, "Nobody's Darling,".....George Egeler

SPECULATORS.

CHARACTERS.

J. McCarthy, J. Beegan, D. Kiley, A. Cour,
C. Reekers, G. Grimme, J. F. Kane, C. Pierr,
L. Centlivre, B. Reekers.
Music.....Orchestra
Chorus—"Midnight Moon,".....Vocal Class

UNFORGOTTEN FOE.

CHARACTERS:

Paulus, (a Christian,).....John McCarthy
Maro.....J. F. Kane
Music.....Orchestra
Song—"Good Night, Good night,".....Vocal Class

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Leave Niles,	6.50 a. m.	Arrive South Bend,	7.30 a. m.
"	9.35 a. m.	"	10.15 a. m.
"	4.50 p. m.	"	5.30 p. m.
GOING NORTH.			
Leave South Bend,	8.40 a. m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a. m.
"	11.45 a. m.	"	12.25 p. m.
"	6.30 p. m.	"	7.10 p. m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.			
Arrive South Bend,	9.30 a. m.	Leave South Bend,	10.00 a. m.
"	5.30 p. m.	"	6.30 p. m.

S. R. KING, Agent, South Bend.

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Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.S.C.

President.

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TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows

GOING EAST.			
Leave South Bend	10 30 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4.05 a. m.
"	12.25 p. m.	"	4.05 a. m.
"	9.15 p. m.	"	1.35 p. m.
"	12 35 a. m.	"	5.20 p. m.
"	8.20 p. m.		Runs to Elkhart.
"	4.35 p. m.		

GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8.20 p. m.
"	2 55 a. m.	"	6.50 a. m.
"	5.00 a. m.	"	8.20 a. m.
"	6.05 p. m.	"	9.40 p. m.
"	6.37 a. m.	"	10.30 a. m.
"	8.20 a. m.	"	12.30 p. m.

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Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:15 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p. m.	*9:40 a. m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	†6:30 p. m.	*4:30 p. m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	†9:00 p. m.	†7:15 a. m.
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* Second day.