

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

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## "IF I WERE A KING."

A Drama in Four Acts.

### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Bay of Ischia.

[GENARO *lying asleep*; BAPTISTO, PHILIPPO, MARCO, SILVIO and CECATO.]

PHILIPPO. Genaro sleeps most soundly. I am glad  
To see him take his rest; but am afraid  
That we must lose him.

CECATO. Why? what do you mean?

PHILIPPO. They'll take him off to Naples I'm afraid.

BAPTISTO. No fears for that. Genaro would not go.

PHILIPPO. Wait!—I will tell you something. When  
the fight

And troubles all were over, and the king  
Came back into the palace, I was there.  
I did not know Genaro had come home,  
And found it out this way. The king's first words  
Were: "Where's that glorious youth  
Who did so wondrously expose the plot?"  
Then everybody searched. They went and came,  
And hunted high and low, and all around,  
But no one found Genaro. Now the king  
Became impatient, troubled and dismayed.  
Comrades, in all my life I ne'er saw man  
So eager as the king. He would not rest.  
"Where is the youth to whom I owe my throne?"  
Thus cried he many times; and everyone  
Was praising the young shepherd. I was proud  
To think 'twas our Genaro. But ere long  
His majesty told officers to search  
And find him at all hazards, then straightway  
To bring him to the Court. There is, you see,  
Much danger that we lose him.

CECATO. (*Scornfully.*) O, you boy!  
Think you he'd go to Naples without us?  
Besides, no one would think of coming here.

GENARO. (*In his sleep*)

The Palace! Guard the Palace! Stand your ground!

MARCO. (*Turning to look at GENARO.*)

Genaro dreams he is in Naples.

PHILIPPO. Yes;

He thinks he is in the skirmish.

GENARO. (*Still asleep.*) Kill me then!—

Naples is saved! But hurry, boys! hurry!  
The Palace is on fire! Save the young Prince?

CECATO. I'll wake him—for he suffers in his dreams.

GENARO. (*Awaking with a start.*)

Where are we? In the palace? Are they gone?  
Where are those black brigands—I fear them not!  
Alberto, my dear Prince, what place is this?

PHILIPPO. Wake up, Genaro; let us hear you talk.  
You are at home, among your dearest friends.

GENARO. (*Placing his hand on his head.*)

I wear no crown. I dreamed I was a king,  
And swayed the sceptre.

CECATO. Which indeed you do,

Genaro. Welcome home! You are a king;  
And never was monarch so beloved.

GENARO. Yes! I'm at home. Yet these are royal robes  
It is not all a dream. I was at Court.

What strange reverses rule my path! One day  
I go to sleep a shepherd in a vale—

The next, wake in a palace,—save the crown—

And nearly lose my life. I sleep again,

And awaken in the forest as of old.

Man is the toy of time, like a leaf

The gay wind tosses at its changing will.

Cecato, all the pleasures of the world

Are not worth seeking after; and to-day

I am contented with my humble lot

More than my words can tell you. You are friends

Constant and true. Earth holds no other wealth.

MARCO. You are fatigued, Genaro, and should sleep,  
For even heroes have a right to rest.

GENARO. (*In a merry manner.*)

I'm quite rested dear Marco. We will talk  
About our adventures late.

(*Turns to CECATO.*) There you are, Cecato! strong  
enough.

To master the brigand I'll half try.

CECATO. (*Laughs.*) I should have brought a club along  
To pickle in home.

GENARO. I thank you, Cecato, and thank you,—  
And both are welcome to these exciting days to us,—

PHILIPPO. These are exciting days to us,—  
With fighting, winning, and fro.

GENARO. Speak no more of things. Go farther  
back—

Or, rather, let us stroll about the bay

And strive to think of

PHILIPPO. If we could only

But we will dance up to midnight

And be as merry as we can

GENARO. Yes, dance and sing like the Queen of  
Heaven

That I was born to such a queen

The flowering meadows and the sparkling bay,

The quiet flocks, the gentle company,

Are fairer after all than those of kings.

Thank God I am a Shepherd.

PHILIPPO. And thank God

For giving our Genaro back to us.

(*Exeunt Omnes.—Lively Music.*)

## SCENE II.—Bay of Ischia.

[GENARO, CECATO, BAPTISTO, MARCO and PHILIPPO.  
Enter VALERIO.]

VALERIO. (*Embracing GENARO.*)

How are you, my dear brother?

GENARO. Very well!

But it seems like a month since last we met.

VALERIO. Have you not heard the frightful news?

GENARO. What news?

VALERIO. Of Banquo's dreadful death!

GENARO. (*Surprised, while the shepherds cluster round.*)  
Is Banquo dead?

VALERIO. Yes; he expired last night. He raved and  
cursed,  
Despairing to the last.

CECATO. How did you hear?

VALERIO. Friar Giovanni told me. He was there  
And saw the wretched creature breathe his last.  
He gnashed his teeth, and foamed, and tho't that hell  
Was open all around him, while his tongue  
Was bitten quite in two.

GENARO. Enough, Valerio.  
Tell me no more of that unhappy man.  
I shudder but to listen.

CECATO. I am sure

I wish he had been good.

BAPTISTO. And so do I.

MARCO. What is that yonder on the water, boys?

GENARO. A sail! The wind is fair. It comes this way.

MARCO. Those are the royal galleys. Oh, how bright  
The gold and purple glitter in the sun!

GENARO. It is a day propitious for a sail  
To those who are quite happy.

VALERIO. Are you not?

GENARO. (*Hesitating.*) No—yes, Valerio, happy in the  
thought  
That we are all together.

CECATO. I have fears  
Genaro likes the taste of life at Court,  
And will not be contented; though, you know,  
Now Banquo will not trouble, we can live.  
As happy as seven boys could wish to be.

MARCO. Why are those galleys steering for this shore?  
It is remarkable! What can they want?

BAPTISTO. These royal people are a wayward set.  
They have no business, and they stroll around  
To find what they can do. See there! They land!

MARCO. They're coming here direct. 'Tis for you,  
Genaro. Don't you go! Why don't you hide?

(*Enter MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, etc., etc.*)

MELCHIORE. (*Bowing to GENARO.*)  
Youth worthy of all honor, Ferdinand  
Desires you at Naples.

GENARO. Is it true  
That I have been officious in my zeal?

MELCHIORE. Not so. The king feels greatly in your  
debt  
For the grand service you have done the throne,  
And sends to beg your presence at the Court.

GENARO. The king's kind wish I cheerfully obey,  
If, gallant nobles, my good comrades here  
Can join me in my pleasure.

MELCHIORE. Yes, brave youth,  
There is no selfish pulse in your true heart,

And for your sake we honor those you love.

Take them with you to Naples if you please.

GENARO. Thank you, my lords,—and we, my friends  
to-day

Shall ride like happy princes on the bay.

(*Exeunt omnes.—Music.*)

SCENE III.—Royal Hall.

(FERDINAND and COURTIERSE seated. Enter MELCHIORE,  
GENARO and VALERIO, with SHEPHERDS.)

MELCHIORE. Your majesty, behold our great success,  
In bringing him we long so vainly sought,—  
The fortunate deliverer of Naples.

(*All greet GENARO with marks of great respect.*)

FERDINAND. Welcome with honor to the royal hall,  
True benefactor, savior of the crown.

Your magnanimity has won all hearts—

Your valor gained the plaudits of all tongues.

(*To the Court.*) It is with pride we publicly proclaim

Genaro, from the Ischia, worthy praise

Of most exalted nature. 'Tis to him

We owe our life, our kingdom, and our peace;

(*To GENARO.*) Accept my gratitude, most generous youth.

GENARO. (*Kneeling to kiss the hand of the king.*)

My king, receive my homage. I am proud,

Though but a peasant, if I have in truth

The slightest claim to your unmeasured praise.

But give it not to me. 'Tis not my right;

For by a grace above all mortal grace

Your kingdom has been rescued. Happy am I

To be the instrument,—yet do not think

I am insensible of favor shown

By you, beloved sovereign. I am not.

There is no heart more sensitive, my king,

To gratitude your kindness must extort.

(*MELCHIORE hands a letter to the king.*)

MELCHIORE. It is important news, your majesty.

FERDINAND. (*After reading, with great emotion.*)

It must be true. Ah, cruel Ruisco,

How you have wronged me!—but thank Heaven, at last

That he confessed his malice. (*Looks at GENARO.*)

(*Aside.*) It is the same.

The same white lock that marks our line of kings.

He surely is my son. (*Aloud.*) Nobles, go forth,—

Be ye assembled in the hall of state; (*Exeunt.*)

Brave youth, your honors, measured by your deeds,

Shall be awarded in their fitting place.

(*The sides and rear of the stage open, presenting the Royal*

*Hall, throne, etc. FERDINAND leads GENARO*

*to the throne.*)

Ascend with me, deliverer of the land,

That throne your valiant wisdom has preserved,

And hark you while I question.

(*GENARO is seated by the king.*) Will you tell

Where are your parents?

GENARO. Ah, your majesty,

Father or mother I have never known!

Those sweetest of all titles never yet

Have found response when uttered by my lips,

Save in the region of my mournful thoughts.

My brother and myself are orphan boys

FERDINAND. Where is your brother?

GENARO. (*VALERIO advances.*) Here, your majesty.

FERDINAND. (*Embracing both.*) You are not orphans,  
although motherless,

But are my children, kidnapped years ago,  
And now miraculously given to my embrace.  
I am your father. (*Folds them in his arms.*)

GENARO. Oh! it is too much!  
I cannot credit this great happiness!  
My father! Dearest father!

ALBERTO. (*Coming forward.*) What is this?  
Has it been proved the patriotic youth  
Is really my lost brother? He is the same  
Who saved my life when drowning in the bay.

FERDINAND. (*With great emotion.*)  
And proved in this, as many a time since then,  
True Angel of our Kingdom and our house.  
Embrace your brothers, Alberto, my son,  
And thank the God of kingdoms that His might  
Has thwarted malice of our deadly foes.

GENARO. (*With great feeling.*)  
A Prince I am indeed! No orphan now!  
Valerio,—Alberto,—father,—home,—  
These each are mine; but I shall not forget  
Those who loved me in my adversity.  
My father and my king, receive my friends  
(*Pointing to the Shepherds.*)

Oh, shelter from cruelty and wrong,  
That poverty invites from icy hearts;  
Reward them for the love they bear your son.

FERDINAND. Why ask me this? Your friends, beloved  
child,

Shall be my special care.

CECATO. Now this is grand!  
To have a real, earnest friend at Court!

GENARO. Behold, dear comrades of my orphan days,  
How signally your love finds its reward.

END OF PLAY.

### Manzoni.

Not only the readers of Italian literature, but many others, will learn with surprise of the death of Manzoni, the great Italian writer. They will be surprised, probably because nine out of ten of them will have supposed him long since dead,—one of the celebrities of the early part of the century, contemporary with Byron, Goethe, Chateaubriand, and others, who passed away even before the present generation arose. Manzoni was, indeed, withdrawn from public view long before his life, which was extraordinarily protracted, closed.

He was born in 1784, at Milan. His mother was the daughter of Beccarici the publicist; his father, a man of little culture. In early life he was bent to literature by the influence of his thoughtful grandfather, who initiated him into the world of new ideas of which France was at that time the centre. Educated at Milan and Pavia, early distinguished for his enthusiastic admiration of Alfieri, he was taken to Paris in 1805 and introduced into a circle of which Volney, Cabanis and Garat were among the leaders.

His first poem was occasioned by the death of a friend, and was published in Paris 1806. In 1807 returning to Milan, in 1808 he married the daughter of a Geneva banker. In 1809 publishing his second poem, "*Urania*," a mythological work quite familiar to lovers of Italian literature, In 1810 his "*Inni Sacri*" announced his renunciation of the liberal ideas he had caught up in Paris, and his conversion as a Catholic. From this date the romantic school of

literature in Germany exercised a commanding influence in his work, and he was one of the first to introduce into Italy what English critics term the Gothic type of romance.

Thus from the romantic, of which his "*Conte di Carmagnola*" is an example, and which commanded the admiration of Goethe, he drifted naturally to the novel, in which his first great success was won in 1827 in "*I Promessi Sposi*," a Milanese story of the seventeenth century. Having published this story, which American readers will remember as the "Betrothed Lovers," and which has been translated into all languages, to be admired by all the literary world, he renounced profane literature, and has, for the past thirty years, lived quietly at Brusano, near Milan.  
—*New York Evening Post*, May 23.

### Nothing in Particular.

MR EDITOR: I notice in your late issue an article signed B. S., (which I hope means nothing worse than Bachelor of Science,) and attacking with extreme severity the mathematical sciences, for no other apparent purpose than to enhance the value of the study of history by contrast. Now it is all very well to praise history; I like history very much myself, although I don't suppose history will ever do very much for *me*; but why run down mathematics? The highest proficiency in one of these sciences is not incompatible with any desirable degree of mastery over the other. There is nothing antagonistic in them. On the contrary, we have the History of Mathematics, and the Mathematics of History—the science of determining dates, an intricate and useful study. But our friend B. S. has an intense dislike to "sober mathematicians," it appears. The adjective implies that he has no particular objection to drunken ones. Now that is where he and I differ. I once had to bring a drunken mathematician home. He persisted on taking for a basis of perambulation that beautiful but singularly inappropriate curve known as the *sinusoid*; and when I flattered myself that I had at last got him home in spite of his differential coefficients, he insisted on going back to the origin to examine it for multiple points. I let him rip.

"A religious," says B. S., "derives but little benefit from mathematics." Will he please to inform us why a religious man cannot derive as much benefit from any of the blessings afforded us by Providence as an irreligious one? We had always understood that the chief use of religion was to enable us to direct all things to their legitimate end, and thereby to derive the greatest possible benefit from them. Hence, if our view is correct, a religious derives more benefit than anybody else from mathematics.

But we see our friend is not in earnest. The manner in which he romances about "grandpa" at the close of his article convinces us that it is all a joke. Yes; grandpa is generally apt to be an historian—but history is also apt to be his story.

I do not claim to be a great mathematician. I never got much further than Paralytical Geometry. I have a general impression that the "five regular solids" are bread, butter, beefsteak, bacon and beans. My ideas on the subject of Navigation are chiefly derived from the Chambermaid of the Pinta, a particular friend of mine, who tells me that when the wind blows W. S. E. they always boxhaul the flying jib boom to prevent the bowsprit from washing out of the lee scuppers, with similar items of information of a like useful and entertaining character. But yet, the slender knowledge I do possess of mathematics convinces me that life would be merely a great Dessert of Sarah if we had nothing to feed upon but the plagiarisms and fabrications of the historian. I therefore, Mr. Editor, beg leave to conclude, signing myself,

Truly yours,  
AN ENRAGED BUT HUMBLE VOTARY  
OF MATHEMATICS.

# The Scholastic.

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## TERMS:

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It was like old times to see Rev. Father Riordan at Notre Dame.

THE celebrated Indian Missionary, Rev. Father De Smet, died last week in St. Louis, Mo.

MARSHAL McMAHON has been elected by the Assembly President of the French, in place of Thiers, resigned. That was doubtless the only tear shed on the occasion.

It was downright pleasant to listen to the modest terms in which the lads of the Junior Department spoke of themselves. Some one suggests they meant it for a joke. Many a serious thing is said in joke.

SOUTH BEND exults and is glad in a daily paper. The enterprising *Tribune* will make the music, and every South-Bendian will cheerfully buy the paper if they do not fully pay the piper.

OUR old friend Mr. Ireland, for so many years the kindest and most accommodating livery man in South Bend, has given up the cream-colored team and all his horses, except the blacks, and retired from business.

QUITE a number of the citizens of South Bend were present at the St. Cecilians' Exhibition, last Tuesday evening; many others were, no doubt, prevented from coming by the threatening aspect of the sky—and it didn't thunder much, either, after all.

## Fly-Catches.

EXCURSIONS are frequent.

THE Thespians will soon be rehearsing.

EVERYONE says: "How quickly the month has gone by!"

COMPETITIONS have commenced in the Collegiate Classes.

PHOTOGRAPHING will soon be prosperous at Notre Dame.

"COMMENCEMENT" is becoming the topic of conversation.

THE 31st of May (to-day) is a grand anniversary at Notre Dame.

THE CATALOGUE is being "set up," and is already far advanced.

THE ENTERTAINMENT given by the St. Cecilians was a very successful effort.

THE NEW CHURCH.—Preparations are making to put the roof on the New Church.

PROF. VON WELLER has painted several magnificent scenes in the Exhibition Hall. Good!

THE BAND are enjoying themselves on recreation days by taking walks into the neighboring country.

THE WINDY SEASON has come at last, but our base-ballists were too early in their operations to enjoy it; a sand storm always *pleases* (?) the ball-players.

WARM WEATHER.—In common parlance, we are said to have hot weather. The foliage on the trees has shot forth with amazing rapidity within the last ten days.

ONE HUNDRED of the students now attending the University are from Chicago, Ills., on which account we think that it deserves honorable mention. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that Chicago always furnishes a goodly corps to swell the ranks of Notre Dame.

"JUNE SUGGESTED."—Nothing is more suggestive to the old student of the nearness of Commencement Day than to take a promenade into the field and behold the great number who gather under the shade of the various trees, for protection from the heat of the sun. This old, familiar scene is known to every student of former years.

POTATO BUGS are again "right side up with care." On our way to the lake we are met by a great many of these pests of the garden; no doubt they are making reconnoissances, and forming plans for a season's campaign. Their warfare thus far has been very successful, and the enemy's guns have not been brought to bear upon them as yet.

EXCURSION.—The Thespians, accompanied by several invited guests, made an excursion to the "St. Joseph Farm" on Saturday last. Having taken an early breakfast at the College, they were soon on their way to the rural retreat. But many of the company being members of the Band, brought along their instruments and struck up a pleasant air as they were leaving the College grounds; they continued to play until the tones died away in the distance. They then amused themselves admiring the beauties of nature, and in various other ways, until finally good Brother Vincent swung open the farm gate, and the driver turned in, when they were kindly welcomed by Father Letourneau, C. S. C., who during the whole day spared no pains to make everything as pleasant as possible. At about noon some one espied Rev. Fathers Lemonnier and Carrier approaching in the carriage: the Band played, and all were pleased at their arrival. But, gentle reader, you must not expect me to detail: we leave you to imagine how much all appreciated the rural scenery and enjoyed their stay at the Farm. Sister Good Shepherd, to whom be many thanks, had prepared a most excellent dinner, which was spread on the spacious tables in the park. In short the day passed away quickly, pleasantly, and happily, and at eight o'clock the little Band might have been heard pouring forth "Home, sweet home," as we drove up the main avenue in front of the College. Thus ended the happy occasion. No one had been struck by lightning, and hence no need of the "continuous copper rod."

## "Excelsior."

A writer in the *Catholic Mirror* (Baltimore) thus speaks of Prof. Howard's book on Politeness:

"The first book we happen on invites us by its neat binding and clear fine letter-press. It was issued last year by the house of Kelly, Piet & Company, and, as the theatrical critics say of the stars, has had a very successful run. 'Excelsior, or Essays on Politeness, Education, and the Means of Attaining Success in Life,' is the title; and the contents are not only agreeable, but quite instructive. The first part is meant for young gentlemen;

the second for young ladies. Mr. T. E. Howard, the Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, is the author. In the hands of Catholic educators this volume can be made one of great utility for students. A truly polite man, says some author, is he who never intentionally and rarely unintentionally wounds the feelings of another. Mr. Howard understands the truth of that apothegm, and enforces it admirably. For Exhibition purposes we can safely recommend Excelsior."

### The St. Cecilians' Exhibition.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 27.

Warm work and warm weather have come upon us, and all together. The St. Cecilians, who are no less noted for the *élan* of the merry members than for the tenacity of purpose with which their President and Director persevere in, and finally achieve any undertaking they take in hand, took advantage of the second warm day and the seventh thunder-shower to come out in full bloom and exhilarating freshness, and then took us by storm. We confess that we did not intend staying through the whole Exhibition, and to see them 'play out the play'; for tho' we are not *blazé* in the matter of College exhibitions, we feel, sometimes, so misanthropically inclined that we would willingly allow them to go to *blazes* as far as we are personally concerned. But we had no sooner seated ourself with dignity, ease and comfort, and taken a taste of what we were to expect, than we inwardly remarked "You are in for it now, my boy: and you are going to enjoy yourself hugely."

And we did.

What first hooked us in, and held us fast at anchor, was the grand opening march by the N. D. U. C. B. Music hath charms to soothe the savage Modoc, and a Brass Band has been a matter of enchantment for us ever since we followed 'Old Snyder' and his German Band around the streets of our native village, as they gaily played the March from *La Fille du Regiment*, at the head of a brave Company of Germans, while two of the portliest Teutons of them all majestically marched ten paces in front, with enormous shakos and terrible battle-axes.

We may remark that the awful admiration which filled our youthful soul on beholding these two portentous men of war was dispelled when we found out that one of them was the butcher; ever afterwards his martial weapon was nothing more to us than a meat-axe. But Snyder with his Band and their bright brass instruments, was a joy forever. And now when we hear a Band playing well—as the N. D. U. C. B. played their opening march—the chords of our heart are tightened up to concert pitch, we feel in harmony with all around us, and there is no danger of any chord snapping, as the E-flat string of the Professor did just when it was needed most.

After the stirring march came the sweet music of the stringed instruments, along with the French horns that choked their sounds down to softness in order not to overwhelm the quivering violins, the cooing flute, the piping fife, the good-natured double-basses and the gentle 'cello. Something would have been added to the pleasure of the evening if the Orchestra had played oftener; and though it was well represented between acts of the play by the Quartette—of first and second violin, viola, and violoncello,—yet one of the old double-basses seemed to be the exponent of public opinion as well as of its own sense of wrong in being left out, by suddenly snapping one of its strings

as it lay mute and inglorious on its side in a corner of the hall.

We would, here, with the greatest circumspection and extremest caution, for fear of tramping on anyone's corns—remark that it would be meet and proper and just the thing, that the ears of certain youngsters which have not been sufficiently cultivated to appreciate classic music, should, as a preliminary lesson in the fine arts, be well boxed if the said certain youngsters continue—with a zeal worthy of a better cause—to make such a noise as to prevent others from enjoying the music. We make this remark with our usual candor, not that we love little lads' voices less, but that we love good music more. The singing by the Vocal Class, though it by no means came up to the mark that Notre Dame has always exacted to merit unreserved applause, brought out several good voices, and proved that some improvement has been made within a few months. We like to hear a full voice, coming from a mouth wide open. None of your mincing, half-choked, muzzled-up voices for us.

There were addresses, too, and a welcome to Spring. The addresses had not only the merit that we always expect to find at Notre Dame, of being well written and well read, but also of being short and not too laudatory. Exception, however, might be taken to the views of one of the addresses. We admit that the Junior Department is highly favored in having in their refectory such a distinguished presiding officer, but we would seriously urge on 'la crème de la crème,' as the St. Cecilians with becoming modesty termed themselves, the advisability of their abstaining as severely from following his example at table—where he eats too little and too fast—as they should endeavor sincerely to imitate him in the virtues of which he gives so shining and constant an example. Should they rashly determine to rival him in dietetics they would find themselves too thin for skimmed milk, not to mention cream.

As for the play, the *piece de resistance*, the roast-beef of the meal, to which the music and singing and speechifying were the sauce and little appetizers, it was excellent.

When we say excellent, we mean excellent, and no fuss and feathers.

Every one knows how much the adventitious aids of scenery and costume set off a good play. In respect to the first, the audience owes much to Mr. C. A. B. von Weller, who had painted an entire set of new scenes for this play; and in regard to costumes, all were in the best taste—except, perhaps, Banquo's, which made him look too much like an old woman. We say "perhaps," for that outlandish costume may have been *de rigueur*, and consequently, like many fashionable dresses, had to be worn though it was ridiculous. We regret this strict adherence to fashion, if that were the reason of appearing in such a costume, for Banquo did his part well,—he has a good face, expressive countenance and easy gesture.

But if splendid scenery and fine costumes add to the success of a good play well acted, they serve to doubly damn a play that is badly executed; and conduce to render defects more glaring; so that slight defects that would be overlooked in a less pretentiously dressed actor are quickly noted in one set off in all the finery of velvet, silk and stage jewelry.

The St. Cecilians bore this test triumphantly.

The King (L. O. Hibben) held himself royally, without

putting on too much style. Alberto, Bozza, Melchior, Alonzo, Orazio, Marini, Dorio,\* and the pages, chamberlains, soldiers and guards, did justice to their courtly dresses, not only in their graceful demeanor but also in the manner they spoke the parts assigned them. Ruisco, Don Gonsalvo, and Banquo, the three villains of the play, with Stephano and all his brigands, from Pedro to Cherubino, entered with zest into the spirit of their respective rôles, which they seemed to appreciate thoroughly, the consequence of which was that they played them well. But in all of the above-named characters, except the part of the king, Ruisco and Banquo, no great study was required in order to understand the parts. The number of handsome young lads in fine clothes, moving or standing on the stage without any constraint, added immensely to the charm of the play as a mere spectacular representation, and, let it be added, the ease and *sang-froid* that they gain in such plays will be of great advantage to them in after life, though they may not all have an opportunity in each play of cultivating their elocutionary powers to any alarming extent. But if the gaily costumed lords, courtiers and brigands pleased the eye with their bravery and their natural, unconstrained movements, it was the peasant lads in their plain sad-colored suits that charmed the fancy and won the hearts of all: while the whole interest of the play rested on Genaro, the shepherd-king, the only difficult part in the play, and the only one that required real dramatic talent to form a true conception of the character, and real ability to present it on the stage. Genaro was well supported by Valerio, Alberto and the peasants,—characters which, though but secondary, required considerable appreciation both of the serious and the humorous to be well represented on the stage before such a criticising audience as the one composed of their fellow-Juniors and the students of the Senior Department. But if well supported, Genaro crowned the work by the unaffected but most affecting manner he rendered his part. We never praise one to the apparent depreciation of others, and we do not do so when we give a greater meed of praise to Genaro than to the rest. They did as well as their parts allowed them, and it may be that there were some that had minor parts who could have played Genaro as well as the young St. Cecilian who had the honor of being the star that evening. But he was the one who did act, and who acquitted himself well, and hence our praise is due to him, as it would be to any other young student who would do as well as he did. Genaro has a good voice that can yet be much improved; a mobile countenance, a great gift to an actor, which expresses the emotions of the mind quicker, and, at times, more vividly than words; naturally graceful gestures, and a quick appreciation of character. We sincerely hope that the talents he displayed, as well as the advantages he may derive from such dramatic and elocutionary exercises, may be employed hereafter by him in the defence of truth and justice, either in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the legislative hall.

The grand tableau at the end of the last act was very striking, with all its accessories of scenery, red lights and splendid costume; it pleased everybody except the stage carpenter, who tried to throw cold water on it from a Babcock extinguisher.

As the curtain descended, a rousing "Quickstep" from the N. D. U. C. B. set the audience moving, and its lingering

\* For the names of the actors see programme.

notes still echo in our ear, while memory recalls scene by scene the beautiful drama so excellently played by the talented St. Cecilians.

Grand Opening March, - - - - - N. D. U. C. Band  
Overture—"Entführung" (Mozart), - - - - - Orchestra  
Song and Chorus—"Speak of a man as we find him,"—

E. Ohmer, J. Campbell, W. Ohlen, F. Devoto,  
A. Costello, F. Smyth, C. Burger  
Address of the Evening, - - - - - L. O. Hibben  
Song and Chorus, - - - - - Vocal Class  
Address to Very Rev. Father Provincial, - - - - - W. Breen  
Prologue, - - - - - O. Waterman  
Music—Pot Pourri—(Labitzky), - - - - - N. D. U. C. Band

### "IF I WERE A KING."

#### A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

*Composed Expressly for the St. Cecilia Society, by a Member of the Faculty.*

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Genaro—Shepherd King.....O. Waterman  
Ferdinand—King of Naples.....L. O. Hibben  
Valerio—Genaro's Brother.....E. G. Ohmer  
Bozza—Major-Domo of the King's Palace.....J. Devine  
Ruisco—Cousin of the King, and Conspirator.....F. Egan  
Don Gonsalvo—Spanish Ambassador.....W. Fletcher  
Banquo—Overseer of the Shepherds.....E. Dougherty  
Alberto—Son of the King.....W. Meyer  
Melchior—A Courtier.....W. Ball  
Alonzo—General of the King's Armies.....J. Quill  
Stephano—Chief of the Brigands.....F. McOsker  
Cesare—General and Traitor.....J. S. Dunne

#### PART FIRST.

Orazio .....	Courtiers.	.....J. Stubbs
Marini .....		.....S. Marks
Dorio .....		.....W. Breen
Verdi .....		.....V. McKinnon
Beppo .....	Pages.	.....W. Green
Lino .....		.....W. Kinzie
Angelo .....		.....J. Marks
Cecato .....		.....W. Gross
Philippo .....	Shepherds.	.....J. Ewing
Silvio .....		.....J. Campbell
Baptisto .....		.....D. O'Connell
Marco .....		.....H. Hunt
Guido .....	Chamberlains.	.....J. McGinnis
Lupo .....		.....J. McHugh
Royal Usher .....		.....J. McGrath
Pedro .....		.....A. Reid
Urso .....	Brigands.	.....R. Lewis
Lucio .....		.....J. O'Connell
Serrano .....		.....R. Hutchings
Fulmine .....		.....F. Sweger
Cavallo .....	Soldiers.	.....O. Tong
Diavolo .....		.....N. Mooney
Cherubino .....		.....C. Furer
Hugoni .....		.....W. Morgan
Crescio .....	Guards.	.....B. Baca
Marzo .....		.....C. Ruger
Giovanni .....		.....B. Lefevre
Giacomo .....		.....J. Wanbaugh
Ozarm .....		.....E. Milburn

EPilogue.....E. G. Ohmer  
CLOSING REMARKS.....Very Rev. A. Granger  
and Rev. A. Lemonnier  
Music—"Crummey's Quickstep".....N. D. U. C. Band

### Married.

In the city of Toledo, on the 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Father Lemonnier, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame, Louis E. Bassett to Miss Mary A. Edwards.

We wish the happy pair a long life of peace and joy.

CARD.—The members of the Band return their sincere thanks to Prof. Schnurrer for several beautiful pieces of music which he has kindly presented to them.

SATIRE should not be like a saw, but a sword.



## 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, MAY 23, 1873.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, D. App, F. Buter, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, V. Baca, Valerio Baca, W. Bartlett, G. Brown, J. Browne, J. Begue M. Bannon, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke, A. Costello, J. Comer, W. Campbell, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, A. Chapoton, G. Crosby, J. Drake, B. Dorsey, J. Devine, F. Devoto, P. Deneny, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, T. Dundon, P. Downey, M. Foley, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, J. Flynn, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, E. Graves, D. and J. Hogan, T. Hansard, E. Halpin, J. Harrington, A. Horne, A. Hess, H. Hug, J. Ireland, P. Jacobs, A. Kreichgauer, T. Keenan, J. Kelly, E. Kimm, P. Lilly, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, D. Maloney, T. Murphy, J. Murphy, E. Monohan, J. McAlister, A. Mooney, J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. Mullen, E. McLaughlin, J. Ney, P. O'Meara, J. O'Brien, P. O'Sullivan, P. O'Connell, P. O'Mahony, F. Phelan, E. Spitley, G. Stack, C. Spears, R. Staley, F. Scraf-ford, J. Scherer, M. Torbett, J. Trimble, S. Valdez, W. Van't Woud, C. Vinson, L. Watson, T. White, H. Walker, C. Wal-ter, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin, B. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, L. Busch, C. Black, P. Brosseau, C. Burger, M. Blake, H. Bennett, F. Cronin, C. Clarke, J. Carmody, J. Campbell, J. Caren, B. Casey, E. Dougherty, J. Devine, J. Dore, W. Dexter, F. Dowe, J. Daly, H. Enneking, F. Ewing, W. Fletcher, C. Furer, F. Frazee, Geo. and W. Gross, J. Grace, W. Green, J. Graham, H. Hunt, E. Holt, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, J. Jepson, A. Kleine, R. Kelly, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, A. Kramer, J. Lynch, L. Loser, B. Le-Fevre, C. Lewis, W. Meyer, F. McOsker, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, E. McMahon, S. and W. McMahon, J. McNally, J. and S. Marks, J. McIntyre, J. McGrath, W. Morgan, E. Milburn, T. Miller, V. McKinnon, J. McHugh, N. Mooney, J. McGinnis, L. Munn, D. McAndrews, J. Nevin, D. and J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, W. Pollard, J. Quill, H. Quan, A. and C. Reid, C. Ruger, W. Rumely, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, F. Sweger, H. Schaller, H. Shephard, J. Shan-nahan, O. Tong, L. Van't Woud, S. Wise, J. Wanbaugh, C. Campeau, O. Waterman, J. Wilson, F. Wittelsberger, H. Zuber.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. Cooney, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, J. O'Meara, A. Murphy, F. Carlin, L. Frazee, H. Canoll, A. Koch, C. Whitcomb, C. Walsh, A. Miller, W. O'Hara, J. Nelson, T. Hooley, K. Haley, C. McKinnon, F. Van de Mark, J. Shannon,

THE Class Honors of the Preparatory Course are una-voidably crowded out this week.

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct de-portment and strict observance of academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

TABLET OF HONOR (SR. DEP'T), May 25, 1873.

Misses Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mamie Lassen, Alice Mast, Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bibbie Crowley, Lizzie King, Min-nie Lange, Aline Todd, Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie M.

Clarke, R. Devoto, Mary Brown, Rose Mary Spier, Rose Mary Green, Lillie West, Mary Comer, L. M. Black, Nellie Langdon, Marietta Ward, Annie Lloyd, Mamie Prince, Ida E. Wilder, J. Kearney, Bay Reynolds, Lettie Ritchie, L. Dent, B. Grace, Lizzie Daley, Kittie Finley, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, J. Locke, L. Dragoo, E. Boyce, E. Plamondon, Sarah Shipley, Gen-ieve Walton, Lella James, Julia Fanning, Amelia Keeline, Annie T. Clarke, Mary Riley, Jennie Noonan, A. St. Clair, Nellie Foote, H. McMahon, Lou. Beckman, N. Heedy, M. A. Roberts, E. and B. Wade, R. Woolman, L. Pfeiffer, Clara Germain, E. Bur-ney, Mary Quill, Katie Casey, Rose Rosesco, Ella Quinlan, N. Mc Ewen, Mary McGuire, Agnes Conahan, Maria Pinney, Lucy Penniman, L. Henroten, R. Canoll, S. Chenoweth, Mary C. White, Annabel Stockton, Mary Dillon, D. Simonds, Livinia Forrester, R. Marr, J. Valdez, Romualda Manzanaraes, Fannie Snouffer, T Heckman, E. Drake, L. Lilly, Mary Lyons, H. Miller, M. E. Black, M. Kane, B. Turnbull, Cora Lee, Kittie Isman, Ameli Bosier, A. Garies.

### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Graduating Class.—Misses K. Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen, Alice Mast, Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bibbie Crow-ley, Lizzie King, Minnie Lange, Aline Todd.

First Senior Class—Lizzie Neil, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke, Rose Devoto, Mary E. Brown, Rose Mary Spier, Rose Mary Green, Lillie West, Mary Comer, Libbie Maria Black, Nellie Langdon, Marietta Ward, Emily Haggerty.

Second Senior Class—Annie Lloyd, Mamie Prince, Ida E. Wilder, Julia Kearney, Bay Reynolds, Mary Wicker, Loretto Ritchie, Lillic Dent, Bridget Grace, Lizzie Daley, Kittie Finley, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, Josephine Locke, Lodena Dragoo, Esther Boyce.

Third Senior Class—Genevieve Walton, Julia Fanning, Amelia Keeline, Annie T. Clarke, Mary Riley, Jennie Noonan, Agatha St. Clair, Nellie Foote, Hanna McMahon, Lou. Beckman, Nellie Heedy, J. Walsh, Annie Reid, M. A. Roberts.

First Preparatory Class—Emma Wade, B. Wade, R. Wool-man, L. Pfeiffer, C. Germain, E. Burney, F. Rush, Mary Quill, Katie Casey, Lizzie Ritchie, E. Ives, B. Gaffney, Rose Rosesco, M. E. Roberts, Addie Roberts, Ella Quinlan, Nellie McEwen, Mary McGuire, Agnes Conahan, M. Pinney, Lucy Penniman, L. Henroten, R. Canoll.

Second Preparatory Class—Sarah Chenoweth, Mary White Sophia Smith, A. Stockton, Mamie Dillon, D. Simonds, Lavinia Forrester, Rebecca Marr, Katie Wickham, Rosa Klar, J. Val dez, Romualda Manzanaraes, Fannie Snouffer, T Heckman, E Drake, Louisa Lilly.

Third Preparatory Class—A. McMahon, Henrietta Miller, M E Black, Rose McKeever, Mary Kane, B Turnbull, C Lee, K Isman, A Bosier, A Garies.

### TABLET OF HONOR, (JR. DEP'T.) May 26.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, G. Kelly, L. McKinnon, B. Quan, M. Hepp, M. Martin, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Ewing, M. Reynolds, M. Walsh, N. O'Meara, M. Hildreth, J. and M. Thompson, K. Schmidt, T. Cronin, A. Noel, L. Schuerle, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, E. Lappin, M. DeLong, M. Booth, R. Hooley, C. Walker, A. Koch, C. Smith, A. Paulsen, E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, G. Hooley, D. Allen, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, S. Lynch, M. Ware, M. Kaeseburg, K. Bolton, N. Marr, A. and M. Green, I. Mann.

### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Second Senior Class—E Richardson, and A Smith.

Third Senior Class—K Joyce.

First Preparatory Class—L Tinsley, M Faxon, A Walsh and G Kelly.

Second Preparatory Class—B Quan, M Hepp, M Martin, A Lynch, N Vigil, M Carlin, M Brown, M Reynolds, M Ewing and M Walsh.

Third Preparatory Class—E Orton and S Lilly.

First Junior Class—N O'Meara, K Schmidt, T Cronin, A Noel, A Burney, L Schuerle, E Lang, E Lappin, M DeLong, M Booth, R Hooley, C Walker, A Koch and C Smith.

Second Junior Class—E Jackson, K Hector, D Allen, M Low-rey, S Lynch, M Ware, M Kaeseburg, N Mann.

Third Junior Class—A. and M. Green, L. Isherwood, and I. Mann.

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"	4.59 p.m.	"	5.30 p.m.
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Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
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"	6.30 p.m.	"	7.10 p.m.
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"	2 55 a. m.	"	6.50 a. m.
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"	6.05 p. m.	"	9.40 p. m.
"	6.37 a. m.	"	10.30 a. m.
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\* Second day.