"IF I WERE A KING."

A Drama in Four Acts.

[ACT II—SCENE II CONTINUED.]

STEPHANO. I know not who he is; but if again
The scoundrel crosses me he'll learn the taste
Of shot and powder. You men, watch your
Chance to end this slippery business. Shoot the Prince!

CERANO. I understand you, captain.

STEPHANO. (To the Bandits.)

Meantime,
Be ready for an adventure. Ruisco
Left but a moment since. He counts on you.
All. We are on hand!

LUCIO. No fear. Our blades are keen.

SCENE III.
Bay of Ischia.

(BANQUO alone, with both hands to his ears as if frightened
nearly to death.)

BANQUO. (Trembling.)
I have my senses left—but oh, my stars,
I don't see how it happened! Never man
Lived through such fright as I have just escaped.
Having my brains blown out, and like as not
Won't get a 'cent of money from those knaves I
How sad to think there is no honest way
For people to make money! Had there been,
I would avoid these troubles. As it is,
My need of money may yet cost my life.
I know not what to do, except to hide;
For I could not endure another fright
Like that among the robbers. Maybe, though.
My troubles come because I have done wrong
In stealing those two boys, heirs to the throne.
I may have often treated them unkind,
And now I get my pay for it. I'll go
And find some lonely cavern, and will stay
Till all this fright is over. I'll take
A hermit's cowl, and keep me out of sight,
And say my prayers, for fear I may be shot.
Out on that old Ruisco! He it was
Who first imposed upon my ignorance. 'Twas he
Involved me in this trouble. Wicked wretch!

[Exit BANQUO.]

SCENE IV.

(VALERIO alone—Enter BAPTISTO, CECATO, SILVIO, PHILIPPINO and MARCO.)

MARCO. Valerio, where's Genaro?

VAlERIO. I don't know.

I cannot tell how he could get away
Without my knowing, for I fell asleep

Lying beside him; but when I awoke
I could not find him, hunting far and near.

CECATO. (Puzzled.)
Where can the boy have gone?
What shall we do?

BAPTISTO. Do! Why, go on to Naples to be sure.

SILVIO. What! go without Genaro!

BAPTISTO. Why, of course!

SILVIO. They'll think we have gone crazy!

BAPTISTO. No, indeed;

They'll take us for a set of honest boys.

PHILIPPINO. But shall we dare to go with these old clothes
Before the Court of Naples?

CECATO. Yes; or, if not,
We'll turn them inside out to make
Them clean. That's a grand invention!

BAPTISTO. Boys, I think
We should not make this fun. As to our clothes,
We have no second suits, so must wear these.
But what we say is the important point.

Cecato, though, can talk just like Genaro:
Cecato must be speaker.

CECATO. (With an air of importance.)
That I will.

Now, if I had fine clothes— But never mind:
I'll get a wig and whiskers, then my face
Will be more dignified. Of course the king
Will pay attention to what I say then.

BAPTISTO. What will you say?

CECATO. (Indignantly.) "Your majesty!" You guat,
You think I don't know how they do at Court?

BAPTISTO. (Argumentatively.)
Why no, Cecato; but for all us boys
'Tis best to know when each one ought to speak.

CECATO. (About to leave.)
I'll go and get my whiskers and my wig—
Then I can do it better. (Exit.)

SILVIO. (Knittingly.) Cecato
Is really smart. He well knows what is what!

(Enter CECATO with wig and whiskers—All slap their hands
in applause of his appearance.)

CECATO. Baptista, you must stand at my right side;
You, Silvio on my left; Philippino, you
Stand close behind Baptista. Marco, boy—
Go stand by Silvio. Now do this way:

(All do as directed by CECATO.)

Stand strong on your left foot, your right foot out;
Heads up, just like the soldiers.

VAlERIO. May I not go to Court with all the rest?

CECATO. Oh yes, you birdie! You were quite forgot!

VAlERIO. I want to find Genaro.

CECATO. Like enough
We'll meet him on the way. You shall stand here,

(Gives VALERIO a place in front of himself.)
To gain an audience, yet well we know

{gesticulates.}

Have something bad to tell”—

nisay: “Your Majesty: We shepherd boys

When wicked men conspire against the crown.”

We know that shepherd boys have little hope

Let’s write it down, so that you won’t forget.

He will not listen.

Say something that will show we are afraid

Keep step with me. Remember.’

Baptisto, you must say that one of us

Has overheard a very wicked plot.

Invasion, conflagration, and ill-luck!

Naples were not secure from danger. Ah,

Whose merry heart is worth a world of prowess.

My crown, my throne, in favor of a joke.

What were these fellows’ names? I can’t think.

Very grand {Eying CECATO.} Very grand

{Scratbes his head.)

{Tis bad without Genaro—that’s a fact!

{Laughing.)

'Tis bad without Genaro—that’s a fact!

{Scratching his head.)

'Tis bad without Genaro—that’s a fact!

What should this joke end in an insurrection?

ALONZO. {Laughing.)

I should stand by to quell it. Give the joke,

Your Majesty; we thank you for a joke.

FERDINAND. Whatever this king commands shall be obeyed,

As if I gave the order. Understand:

Melchior shall be master of the fun,

And mystify the youth so he will think

Himself transformed indeed—quite turned a king.

ALBERTO. To make him feel at home, some one should ring

Sweet little sheep-bells; then the lambs should bleat.

MELCHIORE. {Pressing ALBERTO.)

No, my young Prince; your scheme would break the charm,—

He would be still a shepherd.

FERDINAND. Ah, my child,

Your plan would be too homelike. Everything

Must be completely royal. Let each one

Appear in regal robes of state.

VERDI. {Gloftully.)

'Twill be magnificent! Our lowest bows

Must greet the Shepherd King.

LINO. And, Guido, you

Must stand to bear his train on the left.

GUIDO. {Disatisfied.) I’d rather on the right—you on

the left.

ALBERTO. But, Guido, Lino’s place is on the right,

VERDI. Now, pageants, do not quarrel; or don’t laugh,

LINO. (Bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter.)

I cannot help it. I'm sure I can’t.

VERDI. We ought to have some story very droll,

To make it seem that we but laughed at that.

ALBERTO. Why should you laugh? Laughter will

spoil the joke.

VERDI. May be. If we can help, we won’t. If not,

I will pretend to stumble and fall down.

LINO. To fall would not be courtly.

VERDI. What of that?

Fancy that clown once reeling through the hall

Like a schooner in a gale. Look here!

Those peasant boys walk this way:

(He mimics a peasant’s walk.)

ALBERTO. No. Not all.

I saw one peasant who walked like a prince.

He did not walk as you walk.

VERDI. How walked he?

ALBERTO. Most graciously. As well as you or I.

FERDINAND. Delay not, Melchior. Let us haste.

See everything prepared. Do not forget

That none shall say to me, “Your Majesty.”

Should they, I will not answer. Bear in mind!

MELCHIORE. I promise for the Court.

FERDINAND. Dispatch affairs,

Or his recumbent highness will awake.
To cheat an unoffending shepherd boy.

The new king cheerfully. Bozza, depart!

Desist from gloomy words; and prompt obey
A jest has cast a monarch from his throne,
And made his royal diadem a toy
It would be very manful.

Bozza. He makes a pretty picture, and in truth
Could we but know the youthful peasant's dream
We would be very manful.

Bozza. No doubt
Of magic castles, and bright feathered birds,
And beautiful gazelles, and flowers that speak.
Oh! I have dreamed such dreams an hundred times.

Bozza. But this poor youth should have been left
To comfort parents who will mourn his loss at home.
Think of the pangs they suffer! I must say
Kings Ferdinand degrades his dignity.
And will regret this folly. When we mock
The poor and friendless we but curse ourselves,
And shall receive rebuke. I feel ashamed,
Old man as I am, joining in this farce,
Though young, and old, we must obey the king.

Marino. (While they lay Genaro on a sofa.)
These robes lie graceful on him. If a prince
He could not wear a more majestic smile.

Bozza. (Discovering the white lock in Genaro's hair.)
What does that mean? Marino, do you see?

Marino. I see the boy's head. Bozza, what of that?

Bozza. That lock of hair, white as a Greek's camice.

Marino. (Observe ing it closely.) That is unusual!

Bozza. (With feeling.) Were the queen alive,
We have lost patience waiting, you are our king.

Genaro. (With dignity.)
I beg you, sir, do not impose on one
Who ne'er has harmed you. Tell me where I am.

Melchiorre. In your own palace, most benignant
Prince.

Genaro. Mock me no more! Inform me who you are,
And by what freak of fortune I am here.

Melchiorre. Your royal highness, know you not your Court,—
And your most loyal subjects? We await
To execute your bidding. Pray, command!

Genaro. (Frankly.)
In truth, good friends, I'm puzzled. Am I not
Genaro, the poor shepherd? Where are those
I love so well? "Valeric, my brother,—
Cecato and Baptisto?—can you tell?—
Where are those youths who tend the flocks with me?

Melchiorre. (Speaking mysteriously.)
Mock me no more! Biform me who you are,
And think not of that, I've seen the joy and grief—
Within this palace for these twenty years
I've seen the changes. They are sad enough.
But I alone have memory of the griefs.

Melchiorre. Have you the new king ready?
Bozza. Ah! my lord
Melchiorre, in the Court—to which we look
For gravity and truth. I blush to see
Proud noblemen descending to play jokes.
The king ignores his danger; in his mirth
Ignores the past, forgets that one day since
The Prince escaped so narrowly from death.

Melchiorre. For this we should make merry. Good
old man,
Desist from gloomy words; and prompt obey
The new king cheerfully. Bozza, depart!

Bozza. He makes a prettier picture, and in truth
Could we but know the youthful peasant's dream
It would be very manful.

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The 1st of May not being a fine day, the students did not ask for recreation until the next day, when it was granted.

There was less grumbling at umpires if some of our players better understood the game and rules of base-ball.

If you hear anything, multiply it by two before you tell it; in this way a false truthful (?) report may be easily started.

"THE EXCELSIORS" have not suffered a single defeat, and we feel very confident, will not. But we don't mean to discourage.

BASE-BALL is the life of the recreation hours, and hence it is that we have so much to say about it, though we do get behind occasionally.

LINGUISTIC.—Some one observes that the corruption of the word "recreation" into "rec" is an exemplification of the phonetic changes that living languages are constantly undergoing—very slowly of course.

BASE BALL.—There are so many good games of ball nowadays that it is almost impossible for one to keep track of them all. But the games of this year have to make up in number what they lack in excellence when compared to those of last year.

THE WALKS which had been so well trodden down in the Seniors' front-yard have been changed and removed, so that now as we come out of the yard the walk has two branches—one leading towards the Study-hall, the other towards the Post-office. The front yard is beginning to look very tasty.

THE LAKES are much higher than they were, owing to the recent rains; in fact we never saw them so high. There does not seem to be much probability of their drying up for a few years yet. However, the fishermen do not have extra good luck, though they are patient and persevering. Several excursions have been made on the old pier.

THE WEATHER is becoming warmer, and apprizes us that June is near at hand. The Spring showers have nearly done, and we have become accustomed to fine weather. The fishermen continue their sport, but the nimrods have done, and we have become accustomed to fine weather. Several excursions have been made on the old pier.

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BEING READ.—The Seniors have finished "Irving's Life of Washington," and are now listening to a very excellent work entitled "Getting on in the World,"—by Prof. Matthews of Chicago University. It is indeed a happy effort, and the finest work we have heard in our refectory for some time: written in a very pleasing, plain and pointed style, and tempered with just enough wit to render it interesting to listen to without becoming tired, and the subjects discussed are treated of in a manner remarkably clear and logical. Indeed the work speaks highly of the literary abilities of its author. It is generally well listened to by those present.

It is seldom we have the pleasure of attending so really entertaining an exhibition of musical talent as it was our good fortune to be present at on the evening of the 27th ult. Notre Dame's musical star again appears ascendant. Some one said, in our hearing, that we were making a retrograde movement in the music line here at Notre Dame.

"Adrift."

The account of the Base-Ball match between the Quick-steps and Tom Thumbs, though well written, is too long for mention in our short columns.

Our thanks to the reporter of the Debate of last Tuesday evening. The report was handed in too late for publication this week, but will appear in full in our next issue.

We were much pleased to meet with an old student of '60, Mr. George Gardner, who is now doing business in Hillsdale. He was in excellent health, and on his way East.

"Adrift."

The readers of the AVI MABIA will be delighted to hear that in a week or two we shall begin publishing a new story, entitled "Adrift," written expressly for the AVI MABIA by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, whose charming style they have so often admired in the pages of our Blessed Mother's Journal. The scene is laid in the Eastern States, and will, we doubt not, prove highly interesting, as all of her stories in the AVI MABIA have hitherto done. We are happy to announce that this gifted writer devotes her pen almost exclusively to the AVI MABIA.

CHAMPIOKSHIF

A Scientific Entertainment is said to be in preparation.

THE United Scientific Association has reorganized, and work still continues in the Classes, Good.

THE recreation after supper is very pleasant. We occasionally think of Summer even now.

THE "purp" has not visited the College this Spring yet. Can a meal be squared? Yes, a great many can do this.

WALKS around the lake are pronounced very pleasant. A Scientific Entertainment is said to be in preparation.

THE Senior Baseballists have a walk very handy; a little to the east of the Play-hall.

FLY-CATCHES.

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THE new fence has been painted.

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What does he, what can he say now, after listening to the "delicious floods of harmony" with which we were regaled on the evening in question? He can only echo the general verdict "that it was excellent," and that we are progressing instead of retrograding; in fact we are "coming in like old Dexter on a home stretch." If he would not be speaking classical English he would at least be telling the truth, and that is all we ask of anyone.

We will not weary our readers by following out the long programme in detail, but will simply mention those most deserving of praise. First, of course, comes the not too much praised N. D. U. Quartette. The Entertainment would have been worth attending if only to hear them. Little Tommy Hooley was the favorite of the evening, if the vociferous encore of which he was the recipient is any criterion. The soprani and alti of the Vocal Class certainly make a good appearance; their great improvement is apparent. The Junior Orchestra also greatly increased the enjoyment of the evening, but would have made a far better effect if all the instruments had been in tune. Messrs. C. Burger, J. Campbell, W. Ohlen, E. Ohmer, A. Schmidt, and H. Quan, all performed well, and added much to the success of the Entertainment.

Notre Dame affords superior advantages and holds out extra inducements to those desirous of pursuing a thorough musical course. In most of the institutions supported by the State, music is not taught, and in the others it is not made a specialty. The capacious building here, separated from the main building of the College, offers many advantages. Opportunities for the study of the organ, piano, string and wind instruments, harmony, etc., are given; and the numerous musical organizations, such as the Choir, Orchestra, Cornet Band, etc., give ample occasion to put into practice the instructions received in instrumental and vocal music.

**St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society.**

The 9th regular meeting came off April 24th. At this meeting C. Burger presented himself for membership and was unanimously elected. Declamations were then delivered by T. McGee, W. Dexter, C. Reid, J. McIntyre. The 10th regular meeting was held May the 1st, at which the debate, Resolved, "That Base-Ball is better for Health than Boating," came off. Those who took part in it were Masters W. Dexter, C. Reid, J. McIntyre and A. Schmidt, on the affirmative; E. Holt, F. Weisenberger, J. Jepson, T. McGee, on the negative.

**The Columbians.**

The 5th regular meeting was held April 29th. At this meeting Mr. Greening presented himself for membership, and after complying with the required conditions he was unanimously elected.

The Vice President then assumed the chair (the President and Promoter having been called away on important business to the Exhibition Hall,) and the regular exercises were continued in their usual order. The following read Essays and delivered Declamations: Messrs. J. Crummey, V. Baca, J. Schmidt, E. C. St. Aubin, L. Sanders, G. Crummey, F. Jacobs, J. Rofnot, J. Donnelly, W. D. Vau't Woud, J. D. George, G. Tobin, L. Whittaker.

At the 7th regular meeting, held May 5th, the following deserve mention for Compositions and Declamations: Messrs. G. Crummey, L. Whittaker, J. Crummey, W. Gavitt, J. Brennan, J. D. George.

(A: the 5th regular meeting, held April 23rd, we omitted to mention the name of T. Flannigan, who presented himself for membership and was unanimously elected.)

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

**Rural Happiness.**

A country life is not all made up of sunshine and bliss. It is not, entirely, made up of those romantic pictures of love, happiness and innocence which poets delight to paint of it—pictures, the subjects of which are to be found only in the dreamy brains of poets themselves, and which are as visionary as was the belief in the existence of Hy-Brazil or Eldorado.

A country life is composed of stern realities. It has its clouds as well as its sunshine. In most cases, it requires a greater or less amount of manual labor. Yet, though it may have its clouds, there is always a certain quietness and innocence prevailing, which serve to dispel these clouds; and though it may require a certain amount of manual labor, this labor is always the promoter of sound health, without which life, even in thierma age, would not possess the least joy.

Most persons born in a town do not believe that there is the least pleasure or amusement to be had in a country life. In their eyes, life in the country is nothing more than a continual drudgery from morn till night—a life fit for slaves only. True, indeed, country people seldom have an opportunity of engaging in the debauches or revels to be found only in the city. They do not attend the masquerades nor frequent the brilliant ball-rooms which seem to possess such charms for city folks. But to persons born and reared in the country, the rural amusements in which they participate have more real pleasure connected with them, and are also far better adapted to physical and moral improvement than are those of the city. In no country, it may be almost truly said, are rural amusements indulged in to a less extent than in the United States; and as yet it could not be otherwise. The persons inhabiting the country districts live too far apart, and are too few in number, to indulge in those rural amusements which are to be found in European countries. The French peasantry, although not much given to rural sports, seem to enjoy as much real happiness as is to be found in any other country. The peasant, after his day's work is over, is to be found quietly enjoying his glass of wine and cigar under the shade of the trailing vines which encircle his neat cot. Here, surrounded by his family, he seems the very picture of happiness.

The peasantry of Italy are very much given to amusement. Who ever visited an Italian village on a summer's evening without experiencing a feeling of delight at beholding the inhabitants engaged in their innocent pastimes? Here and there are to be seen groups, some engaged in the dance, others singing the beautiful songs of their native land, and all seeming perfectly happy and contented.

No country in the world, perhaps, can compare with Ireland for its rural amusements. Here are to be found the many sports, combined with the more gentle pastimes. Hurling, foot-ball and bowling are the favorite sports; and the com-
The National Bridge Hoax.

SOLD BY THE AMATEURS.

The Southern Collegian of March 8, conducted by some amateur young journalists of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, has published an account of quite a prodigy at the famous Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County, of which Lexington is the county seat.

The account represented that wonderful structure as slowly consuming, the writer suggesting that electricity was the cause, and calling upon Prof. Campbell, of the Lexington University, for an explanation. A note is then subjoined, purporting to come from Prof. Campbell, and signed by his name, in which he states that large fissures of the limestone of the bridge are filled with a kind of bituminous coal or asphaltum, and gives chemical reasons for the combustion.

The paper containing the story was sent to us carefully marked some time since, but we as carefully abstained from noticing it. Several rustic journals of Virginia and Maryland have been burned by the Natural Bridge conflagration, and it is still kept going in the Northern press.

Without any discourtesy to the authors of this nonsensical invention, we think that if they would employ themselves in pursuing the studies for which their parents sent them to college they would help the dignity of the new University at Lexington and their own usefulness, more than by manufacturing idle canards, and especially by fabricating the letter of a Professor in their institution, though if they can excurse such a liberty perhaps no one has a right to complain. We fear that when the truth reaches those who can never again indulge in sports with the same ardor and gaiety as was their wont when in their own green Isle.

F. O'SULLIVAN.

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 preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1878.

SCHOLAR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.


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, conforably to the following arrangement. That 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, MAY 2, 1878.

MODERN LANGUAGES AND FINE ARTS.

GERMAN.

THE SCHOLASTIC.

279


FRENCH.


DRAWING.


INSTUMENTAL MUSIC.

PIANO.


VALEN.


CLARIONET—G. Brown.

GUITAR—W. B. Torbett.

SAX HORN—A. Horne.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

TABLET OF HONOR, (Sr. Dep't.) May 5, 1878.


INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Senior Class—E. Plamondon, K. Young.

Second Division—L. Black, R. Spiers.

Second Class—A. Golhardt, R. Quinlan, A. Todd.


Second Division—Mary Comer, M. Lange, M. Koch, Maggie Letourneau, K. Zell.

Fourth Class—Emma Ives, Mary McGuire, D. Simonds, A. Keeline, J. and M. Kearney, A. Shea, L. King, L. Daly.

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


Sixth Class—C. Lee, L. Lilly, K. Wickham, A. Paulsen, M. Hildreth.


Second Class—R. Klar, S. Chenoweth, M. Dillon, L. Niel.

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

Ninth Class—E. Lappin, T. Cronin.

Eighth Class—L. Schlueter, F. Dees.

HARP—E. Plamondon, M. Wicker.

GUITAR—S. Shiplay, L. Draggo.

VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class—Lillie West.

Second Division—Mittie Ward, Rose Devoto, Mary Prince, Libbie Black, E. Haggerty.

Second Class—Mary Wicker, Alice Shea, Minnie Quan, J. Noonan, M. Langdon, Helen Foote.

Second Division—Little James, M. Letourneau, L. Beckman, Sarah Shiplay, J. Locke, T. Heckman, A. Goldhart.


GERMAN.

First Class—Katie Zell, Mary Comer, Louisa Pfleifer, Libbie Black, L. Beckman, Marian Faxon.

Second Class—Laura Weinreich, Henrietta Miller, Katie Schmidt, Louisa Schuler, Annie Garles, Amelia Boser.


FRENCH.


PLAIN SEWING.


TABLET OF HONOR, (Sr. Dep't.) May 5, 1878.


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, G. Kelly.


Third Preparatory Class—E. Orton and S. Lilly.


Third Junior Class—A. and M. Green, F. Dees.

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11:45 a.m.; 12:30 a.m.; 7:15 a.m.

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President.

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TRAfNS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

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GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 4:28 p.m.; Arrives at Chicago, 8:30 p.m.

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2:10 a.m.; 5:40 a.m.; 10:40 a.m.

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