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When the Wind Shifts.

FRANK F. DUKETTE.

THE golden promise gleams the moon
O'er crag and cliff benignly;
But unseen clouds may gather soon
Changing the night to starless gloom
And bringing storms untimely.

Happy though the heart may be,
Though the mind from care be free,
A cause as slight,
Unseen and light
As the zepthers that ruffle my lady's hair,
May shroud in shadow the prospect fair
And leave my soul in sombre night.

The Alliance.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK (LAW), '99.

HE advocates of an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain tell us that such a union would be in keeping with justice and right reason. They tell us that the Anglo-Saxon peoples are to rule the world. They hold up to us beautiful pictures of common interest, kinship, religion and achievement. Henceforth America and England are to travel the same way, these good amateur statesmen tell us, and they propose that the two countries bind themselves with an alliance.

With the views held by Englishmen on this subject we have little concern. Our treatment of it is from the American standpoint. Yet we must note the fact that in England the desire for such an alliance is wider spread than with us. The English want it more than we do. The explanation is clear.

In England itself the foreign-born citizen is

weaker both numerically and in power than a like citizen of the United States who has at one time or another owed allegiance to an alien sovereign. Therefore, it is easier for England to form and sustain a determined foreign policy than for us to do so. There is more real unity, more fixity of purpose at Westminster than at Washington. With us the question of the alliance is treated in respect to its influence for good or evil. The question is "Whether it would be advisable for the United States to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain?" And to that question we answer "No."

We hold that there is a want of mutuality in the proposed contract. History, past and present, tells us that England is engaged in more trouble, international trouble, than any other nation. Sometimes England is right, sometimes she is wrong; but, right or wrong, the fact remains that an ally of England will find all the fighting she cares for. Even with the acquisition of our new territory we do not equal England in area; and the wars in which we are now engaged with our "silent, sullen peoples" can not approach in importance the strifes in which Great Britain is certain to be a prominent factor. We see, then, that in all probability we shall be called upon to perform more for England than she will be asked to do for us. But we are told that the proposed alliance does not require war on the part of the ally unless the ally believes in the justice of the quarrel. If this is true the alliance would be worse than useless to us. If England need help us only when she sees fit, she has the power of annulling the contract at her pleasure. We too should have this power. Then where would the benefit lie to either?

But granting that the alliance will be more substantial, more enduring, in what should we profit? We should have the assurance that

England's army and navy would be at our service if we require them. What is this assurance worth? It is worth exactly what it will bring. What will it bring?

Our claim is that such a hard and fast union—and, to be effective, it necessarily must be stronger than prejudice or caprice—that such a union would not be beneficial to the United States, but on the contrary would be absolutely harmful. Why? Because it would injure us in the eyes of other nations. It would announce to Russia, France, Spain and Germany that America had centred her affections upon a nation that is unfriendly in history and fact to these countries with whom we would not join. It would say to them that their past services to us are forgotten; that we cease to remember their aid to us at times when our new-found friend was facing us in deadly war. It would demonstrate that, as a nation, we place the specious plea of political advancement higher than the words of our greatest statesmen. And seeing all this, and noting the shifting, the double-dealing, the ingratitude and hypocrisy, we would be judged by the other nations. The verdict would be an adverse one.

Further, such an alliance would not only hurt us in the eyes of "our peers," as Mr. Kipling calls them, but it would work harm within our own borders. Under the provisions of such a compact, the German-American, the Irish-American, the American of Russian or French birth could be compelled to bear arms against his native land. We may say we are all Americans, be our fatherland what it may, and that our first duty is to our adopted country. It is true; and it is also true that the sooner such distinctions as German or Anglo or Irish Americans are wiped out the better for the political health of our nation. But fine words can not change human nature. A man fights his own battles better than he fights those of another. And while the man born near the Rhine, the Liffey, the Danube or the Seine, and who is now an American citizen, will give up his life if need be for the flag under which he lives, yet he will respond with less alacrity if his services are to be used under the banner of Saint George and against, perhaps, the flag of his fathers.

Such a condition—and it is inevitable if the alliance is to be more than a meaningless letter—such a condition will carry sectionalism with it. It would split seventy millions of people who are now living together in reason-

able peace and amity into rival camps. It would stir up old feuds now happily forgotten. It would breed bad faith and recrimination. And for what? For the friendship of a power in the history of whose dealings with us there have been nine pages of treason, cruelty, oppression and bad faith to one page filled with honest, friendly action. They call England our mother country, and say that America is her child. We are children indeed if soft words and easy promises make us forget the Revolution, the Indian massacres, the war of 1812, and the aid given the Confederacy.

We are not intended to be an ally to England. To place us in such a position the foundation of our government must be strained. The words of Washington are as true to-day as they were when, at the close of a bloody struggle with our red-coated patrons, the great captain said: "Beware of entangling alliances."

The Sons of Usna.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

The Gaelic literature is long dead, still its memories and that of the Irish people remain wrapped in the immortal light of song, which no length of time will render dim. The numerous manuscripts still found not only in Ireland itself but throughout the Continent attest to what a high degree of perfection the Irish poets attained before the Christian era. The literature of Ireland's heroic age is well represented by the "Tain," a fragment of an epic of no mean worth.

The "Tain" is composed of three separate fragments that do not dove-tail closely enough to call them a unit—namely, "The Children of Lir," "The Foray of Queen Meave," and "The Sons of Usna." Taken in itself the latter should not be classed with the other two, because it is a perfect unit, and not too large and extensive to be called an episode of the original epic. However, some critics are of the opinion that the end of this poem as we have it now is an interpolation by some inferior singer. The catastrophe is certainly too horrible and inartistic for the general sentiment of the whole poem. Mr. Aubrey de Vere has given us a good translation. We have also many clever paraphrases of this poem, especially those of Mr. Todhunter and Dr. Joyce.

The story is based on a legend of pre-

Christian times; and, as in the Iliad, the principal person around whom all centers is another Helen—an Irish Helen, as beautiful as the fair Queen of Sparta and purer. For her also wars were waged, heroes killed, and cities burned. Knights loved her and fought for her; wives and mothers wailed to see her pass, but blessed her for her beauty.

Unlike the ancient and the modern ideas of romance, the poet did not make his heroine unfaithful to her spouse. As Helen is noted for her unfaithfulness to Menalaus, Deirdrè is noted for her unflinching fidelity to the son of Usna. The faithfulness of this Irish maiden adds beauty and glory to the whole poem, no less than her very presence adds anguish to the bitter conflicts that form so important a part in her after-life; but her beauty like that of Helen is her curse.

The story of Deirdrè is as follows. Felim, the chief bard to Conor, King of Ulster, gave a banquet in honor of his master's late victories, and all the court were gathered there. Many were the jokes and deep the hearty laughter that mingled with the glorious strains from the harp of Fergus, the great poet-king who ruled his realm in Erin in her days of peace, and guided her faithful sons in time of war. Above the tinkling sound of the empty bowl and the prattle of the happy pages and the loud laugh of the mighty Red-Branch Knights as they recounted their adventures, "a thin, weak cry ran eerily through the house," and woke the drowsy gallow-glass in the dun, the maiden in her bower, the turtle-dove nestling in the neighboring woods, and deadened the notes of the harps. It seemed as if the very breezes had caught the sound and bore it swiftly over fen and moor to the low cabin of the White Woman till this weird creature took it up, and the breezes echoed her wail throughout the land of Eman. Then Cathbad, the ancient Druid and man of fate, "whose very voice was like the seas for mystery and awe, and whose eyes were blue as the brooding ocean and sad with things to come," advanced from his seat where he sat in silence all day, and pronounced these words, sad and mystical:

... "This day a woe to man
And yet the crown of woman's kind is born;
This day is sent a blessing and a ban;
She shall be black as night and white as morn;
And lo! upon her cheek I see such red
As stains great warriors on the war-field dead.
A death to mighty hosts that face shall be;
Through her a king shall pass to banishment:
Through her shall perish Usnach's peerless Three;

Through her from sacred Eman's roofs fire rent
Even now I see the reddening smoke-cloud leap:
Deirdrè her name. Through her shall mothers weep."*

Instantly the full-throated cry arose from Red-Branch Knights as the lightning flash after a thunder-clap: "The child shall die!" King Conor, gazing with fiery eyes over his bewildered vassals, and never known to walk in counsel save his own, and frowning like an angry god, replied:

"She shall not die: this babe I take
My ward until her destinies be known:
An isle tower-girt is mine in yonder lake;
There shall she live; and there shall live alone:
By none that fatal beauty shall be seen,
Full-grown the maid perchance may be my queen."†

Thus was Deirdrè, the daughter of Felim, born; the child of Destiny. In this isle tower-girt the years went quickly by; Deirdrè passed from infancy to maidenhood, and her life was as one spent in fairy-land. She had no companion to share in her rambles through the woods; she heard no human voice except the echo of her own as it rang in turn from rock to cavern, from moat to dell, to die faintly with the murmurs of the sea. The birds of the forest were her only friends; the robin came to feed from her hand; the blackbird sang his sweetest, and strove to blend his notes with hers; she was his teacher. The hare came to her when close pressed, and in winter time she learned to comfort the wild things in their besieged haunts.

Her very life in this island-garden of the king is in itself an exquisite idyl. The beauty of her home brought no contentment. The frost came and went, and again the violets sprang here and there among the brown grass, and the anemone peeped from behind the dried leaves; and then the fragrance from the wild thyme on the neighboring hillside refreshed the cool morning breeze, the daffodils and fairy cups, the purple iris and the blossoming white thorn were full of murmurous bees; the cuckoo came to her first to shout his glad message that winter was no more, still all these brought her no comfort. She thought she too was an ivy thrown among the tall grasses, and she longed for an oak to cling to.

Levarcam, her nurse, from time to time seeing her charge so moody endeavored to console Deirdrè by saying that she was one day to be the Queen of Conor's realm. This caused Deirdrè to hate the king more and more, and to love that free liberty beyond the shores of

* Mr. de Vere. "Sons of Usnach."

† Ibid.

her tower-girt isle. She saw the swallows come and go; and wished to be as free as they; she heard the wild doves coo among the half-opened leaves, and then fly away over the sea to some sunnier isle. She too longed to fly away, and her longing and curiosity took her one day higher up the rocks than she was wont to go, and looking over she saw the great world spread out—and lo! the sons of Usna tilting in the plain.

“Three youthful knights in all their martial pride,
With red cloaks fluttering in the summer breeze,
And gay gems flashing on their harnesses,
And on the helm that guarded each proud head,
And on each shield where shone the branch of Red.
And as they passed, the eldest of the three
With great, black, wistful eyes looked up at me.
For he did mark this yellow head of mine
Amid the green tree’s branches glint and shine,
And oh! the look—the fond, bright look he gave.”

Thus did Deirdrè meet the sons of Usnach, and with them her doom—Naisi the bold, Aiuli the swift of foot, Ardan of the sweet voice. Naisi was tall and manly, “as beautiful as a god, mighty of stature, graceful as a drifting swan. Brown his face and sinewy his arms from the wind and rain; and the blood gleamed richly under his clear skin; and his brown eyes were clear and full of lurking lights as the deep crystal pool of Glendalough.” He was kingly; he was noble; he was brave—but she was beautiful and like a queen,

“And graceful as the doe
That hears the hound’s cry in the green heart of a wood;
She standing like a pine shot from the craggy side
Of wild Slieve Mish; more light the bending than the
boughs
Of a fair willow when the whispering summer breeze
Silvers Ard-Sallagh: sweet the music she made
In her going, for the eye, as ever for the ear
Of a great king was made by noble harps. Her face
Was lovelier in its light than the first glorious day
That bears the breast of heaven, and in o’er the withered
grass
Finds the brown lark, and up shuddering with sudden
song
Lifts him as with warm kiss upon their crimson lids
It opes the daisies’ eyes. The dew-drops at your feet,
O Deirdrè, were the tears wept by the blissful morn
That looked on you for joy that it had looked on you!”*

Of course, they loved at first sight; he stole her heart and finished his conquest by gaining her hand in marriage.

Soon after their marriage they fled from Eman accompanied by Clan Usna, and took up their abode in Scotland. Their lives here had been much in the pleasant fields of happiness; many battles had been fought, and

many conquests had been made, and a large portion of land came under their dominion. Still these warriors longed for the dear soil of Erin; there the deer roamed nobly through the forests; the Red-Branch Knights in merry jousts tilted in the plains; the Druids old and grey sang of love and war. The very breeze blowing across the sea to their Albion home whispered to them, that

To guide the plough
Or break the clod, still breathing Erin’s air
Were better than to rule and reign elsewhere!”

The fame of Deirdrè’s beauty filled the land. Each new sun brought fresh color to her cheek, a new glow to her eye; she seemed to grow like the morning glory that each day takes a fresh tint, still never changes. Soon a king of Scotland heard of her beauty and planned to make her his bride. He concluded to invade the hold of the Sons of Usna, but his steward counselled prudence. Knowing the vanity of woman, this wily servant brought jewels the most beautiful that could be had to lure Deirdrè from her home. No sooner had she learned of this treacherous plot than

“Deirdrè rose in wrath, and cried with a stern cry:
‘To my side, Clan Usna!’ Straight Ardan, leftin dum,
Her guard was at her side. Then with a scorn that made
Each word a scourge, she said: ‘Black be the day, O son
Of a bad mother,—black the day that first mine eyes
Looked on thy traitor face! And black for thee shall be
The day that mine thou sawest. O wretch! know that
my name

Is Deirdrè, and to thee dreadful shall be the sound!
This answer take thy king!’ And with that word she spat
Upon the gifts of gold, and in the steward’s face
So fiercely flung them; back he staggered from the blow
Stunned, bleeding, scared, and turned to flee. Fierce to
Ardan:

‘Slay me this dog!’ she cried. ‘He comes with his vile
dross

To buy me for his lord.’ Ardan with one swift stroke
Smote him. The headless trunk fell prone; the severed
head

Beside it in the dust, puddling with blood.”*

This passage should not be allowed to pass without comment. It is noble, strong and beautiful, while its tragic spirit is wonderfully strong. It portrays most beautifully the Celtic nature—proud, haughty and invincible under oppression; noble, dignified and full of heart where kindness reigns.

In the meantime over in Ireland King Conor still gloried in the hope of one day seeing the haughty sons of Usna bend the knee in submission before him, and he longed to have Deirdrè as his peerless queen. Consequently

* Mr. J. Todhunter: “The Fate of the Sons of Usnach.”

* Mr. J. Todhunter: “Fate of the Sons of Usnach.”

he sent Fergus to Alba to invite the sons of Usna back again, promising them their former lands in Eman.

The poet king and his two sons, Illan the Fair and Red Briene the Pitiless, soon landed off the coast of Alba and came to Loch Eta where Clan Usna dwelt. Naisi and Deirdre were playing chess when they heard the Irish shout come over the waters, at first faint, then loud as it came nearer and nearer. Deirdre knew it was the voice of Fate calling the sons of Usna to their doom, and strove to persuade Naisi that it was the voice of some shepherd from the rock-girt fields who bids his master rejoice because a boar is slain. But Naisi cried: "Our Erin nursed that voice. 'Tis Fergus! Our Fergus! Fergus Roy!"

This true ambassador and truer knight, not knowing the foul intentions of his master, opened his heart to Clan Usna, and told them how the Red-Branch Knights had longed for them again in Eman's land; and how Conor was pleased to take their hand again, and willingly forget the past. Fergus pleaded with Naisi to return; but Deirdre fearing the treachery of Conor wished to restrain them. Then Naisi like a southern lark caged in our dull northern clime, when autumn woods are grey, dashes the sides of its iron house with battered breast, longing for its sunny south, stood up and gave voice to the dearest longings of his heart:

"This is a goodly land, but not my land. Not here
Our mother kissed us first; not here our father saw
His boys grow strong; not here our kinsmen's cairns are
green—

Though great our living here, 'tis Ireland has my love.
Fair be her fortunes! O the fields my childhood knew—
The flowers upon her fields, the fair sky over them!
White were the daisies there in springtime in her fields;
Yellow the cowslips there; yellow upon her hills
The scented furze, and blue the bluebells of her woods.
Sweet in the autumn there the apples that we plucked,
I and my brothers; sweet the first found blackberries
Ripening on the hot rocks. O for the thrush's note
In her glad woods first heard, the blackbird's whistle
there!

O the red stags of her glens, the eagles of her crags,
That first I climbed!—And O for the first brave hound
I followed

Through the sweet Irish dew! I left my life behind
When I left Ireland. O the comrades I had in Ireland!
O the games on Eman green, the feasts
In the Red-Branch House; the friendly faces in the hall—
Irish and true! My heart a bird above the waters
Flies to the glad green fields of Ireland that I love;
I am a lonely man till I am home in Ulla.*

That evening they sailed from Alba, Naisi and Fergus sat at the bow and talked of past

victories and old friends in Ulla, but Dierdre sat alone at the stern, and with tearful eyes gazed through the coming gloom on the dear wood of the land they were leaving. Long she sat here, and many stars came and faded away again, but none brought her a single ray of relief. The cool breezes were moaning through the rigging, while her heart kept saying, "O farewell, beautiful land, our home no more—but still my heart is thine."

The land of Eman was not their home. They dwelt in the Red-Branch House, and there King Conor planned their death. He sent a soldier again to see Deirdre and tell if she were beautiful; the man had never seen beauty till that moment he saw Deirdre and her husband playing chess. He told his master, and soon the order was given to bind Clan Usna, and bring the woman to the king.

The battle that followed is Homeric: it shows the greater strength of Clan Usna and the valor of Naisi and Ardan, who beat down their foes by the fifties. Red Briene the Pitiless, unfaithful to his promise, sold Clan Usna to Conor. When morning broke over the hills, Naisi and his two brothers saw they were alone, their friends all dead around them; then they linked their shields and placed Deirdre in the hollow and sallied forth to their doom, but breaking down the ranks of Conor's men, and leaving many a headless trunk beside their path.

Then the tyrant king brought the Druid Cathbad to cast over them a spell, and render them helpless in his mystic meshes. Instantly a cloud of vapor encircled Clan Usna, and they acted as if they were wading in water; the men of Ulla rush in, and the brave Clan Usna are slaughtered.

Mr. Todhunter has Deirdre taken to the house of Conor and there remain a year as his wife, after which she commits suicide. This is indeed too horrible and inartistic to come from the pen of the author of the rest of the poem. Mr. De Vere on the contrary makes her die on the grave of her husband. At his headstone stands Deirdre weeping over her dead. The words in which Mr. De Vere pictures her admit of no paraphrase:

"But Deirdre at the grave-head stood alone
The surging crowd held back by holy dread;
Her face was white as monumental stone;

Her hands, her garb, from throat to foot were red
With blood!—their blood. Standing on life's dark verge
She scorned to die till she had sung their dirge."

That Dirge is pathetic, weird and beautiful. It comes from her heart; it is wrung by force,

* Mr. J. Todhunter. "The Fate of the Sons of Usnach."

but flows as pure and mellow as the lark's song at early morn. It reminds us of the old song by which Irish heroic valor was praised and sung by the bards. We heard it echoed over the plains of Munster when the hero of Clontarf was laid low; it travelled slowly like the first breath of winter among the pine tops when the Red Hand fell from the flag of Ulster.

With the death of Deirdrè and her burial the poem closes. The prophecy of Cathbad comes true. The three sons of Usna are destroyed, the empire of Conor is divided, and the king himself and all his family banished. Throughout the whole poem there are many remarkable specimens of pure dramatic action, and many long passages so full of real poetry that they seem modern.

The battles are strong and forcible, and many of his war-like scenes resemble Homer. His heroes on the battlefield are as fierce and resolute as they are gentle and kind without effeminacy in the banquet-hall.

He has placed within their breasts strong hearts of steel ready to dare and do, and at the same time he wraps them in a robe of chivalry that ennobles and elevates them. In the eldest son of Naisi we see again the noble person of Hector; when the battle rages fiercest we are again brought face to face with the gentle parting of wife and husband. Deirdrè is a noble, amiable woman ready to suffer in silence so that no pain may come to those whom she loves. Standing over her dead warriors she speaks her mind so clearly that her true character stands boldly before us:

"Is there who breathes that, now my Naisi's breath
Is stilled, his wife will tarry from his side?
Thou man that mak'st far down yon cave of death,
Be sure thou dig it deep and dig it wide!
There lie the Brothers Three! 'Tis just, 'tis meet
Their sister take her place before their feet."

No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort. I have said no great intellectual thing; for I do not mean the assertion to extend to things moral. On the contrary, it seems to me that just because we are intended, as long as we live, to be in a state of intense moral effort, we are not intended to be in intense physical or intellectual effort. Our full energies are to be given to the soul's work—to the great fight with the Dragon—the taking the kingdom of heaven by force.—Ruskin.

Varsity Verse.

CHANGE.

IN many hearts the thought of change
Has stopped the deeds and cropped the range
Of will domain.
What *is* may live, and live for years—
It brings us joy, to others—tears.
While sordid gain
Bids fair to foul; and tears to see
The wrong that *is*, where right should be,
Shall still remain.
The suppliant hands once clasped in prayer
Now turn aside in mute despair
The chastening rod.
The doubtful pen that science wields
Throws broadcast o'er our towns and fields—
"There is no God."
The bells that rung this very eve,
Though full of joy still quietly grieve
For what is passed.
There is no rest, no pause in time;
But years are marked by some great crime
Which before us cast
A colored glass that we may see
The crimes that are to some degree
The truth at last.

P. J. D.

LAKE MICHIGAN.

Upon thy lone, white-pebbled shore,
I love to roam each autumn night,
For when the surging billows roar,
My soul receives supernal light.

Thy tumbling waves play on the sand,
And lash its pebbles to and fro;
The pines that in their quiet stand,
Forever whisper soft and low:
Out of the night
Into the light
Many a soul is passing now.

Majestic rolls the crested wave,
A dewdrop on the purple sea;
No sound is heard from wood or cave,
The dead can ne'er come back to me.

J. J. T.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

Great waves roll in and break upon the shore:
The storm-winds fiercely howl, and gauntly white
The breakers' foam-crests glisten through the night:
The storm dies down, and in my ears the roar
Still rings, but on the wreck-strewn beach no more
The green waves crash, but in the morning bright
The swelling sea is calmed, and wavelets light
Dance on the sand where tumult raged before.

The gloom of sadness lies upon my soul,
And restless thoughts my mind, world-wearied, pain;
And griefs so great they seem too great to bear
My heart-strings wrench. The grey years outward roll,
And sorrows rest at ease that long have lain
On me, and youthful griefs are gone fore'er.

J. F. F.

Ireland in Sunshine and Shadow.*

EUGENE T. AHERN, 1901.

"Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy stars will shine out when the proudest will fade!"

The present agitation for a Catholic University in Ireland, together with the recent impetus given to the study of the Irish language, lends a tone of special significance to this day's celebration. Even in America, in this land of ceaseless push and progress, we find ourselves inclined to turn aside briefly from the dizzy whirl of a busy life, and allow our thoughts to wander across to that lone little isle that Irishmen ever love to call home.

The story of Ireland's sorrows and joys, of her triumphs and misfortunes, presents the most beautiful as well as the most pathetic pages in history. It would be interesting to dwell on the history of ancient Ireland; to study the theology and investigate the philosophy of the Druids; to sing the songs and enjoy the music of the Bards; and to ponder over the wisdom of the Brehons, as they sat in deliberative counsel in the famous hall of Tara. But a brighter period in Irish history claims our attention; and so, leaving behind all the glory, the power, the wisdom, and the magic of pagan Ireland, we pass on to the early part of the fifth century of the Christian era, when the God-given Apostle, St. Patrick, brought to the yearning Irish heart the "gift of God's faith, the sweet light of His love." And oh! what a glorious page in Ireland's history is that which records her conversion to Christianity. Not an act of violence, not a tear of sorrow, nor the shedding of a drop of blood mars the beauty of the story. Here we have the first grand exhibition of the sublimity of Irish character. While other lands were reeking with the blood of Christian martyrs, Ireland accepted the sweet yoke of the Gospel without an effort; while other pagan peoples were writhed and twisted into the most horrible contortions in their struggle to be rid of the hideous nightmare of idolatry, the people of Ireland, under the guidance of Saint Patrick, serenely passed from the errors of their pagan rites into the acceptance of the solid truths of Christianity: just as an innocent child waking from a peaceful slumber leaps, as it were, into the full enjoyment of the heavenly light of a new-born day.

During the first three centuries following her conversion, we find Ireland taking first place among the nations of Europe. The ruins of numerous educational institutions bespeak her intellectual greatness, while the names of hundreds of Irish saints that are venerated in the calendars of different nations tell of her apostolic zeal. So great was her fame for learning that we are told it was a common practice all over England, and other countries as well, that if any one was away from home his absence was accounted for by the saying, which passed into a proverb, "He was sent to Ireland to be educated." No words can express the happiness and prosperity of the Irish people during those times when schools existed alike for prince and peasant; and when crime and immorality were utterly unknown in that land. When an Irish princess travelling unattended across a lonely moor could say to the stranger knight whom she met, and who inquired in wonder if she did not fear to travel alone, if the glitter of jewels or the beauty of maidens had no charms for the Irish youths? "Yes, good sir," said she, "the youths of Ireland love wealth and admire beauty, but they prize honor and virtue more."

But alas, this happy condition was not to last forever. Although Ireland was almost the only country in Europe whose soil had not been desecrated by the Roman soldier, she was destined to suffer at the hands of a more merciless foe. Near the close of the eighth century, the Norsemen made their appearance in Ireland. We need not dwell on the havoc wrought by the incursions of those barbarous hordes in their effort to rob Ireland of her faith and nationality. It is sufficient to remark that the Irish people, with a courage and devotion worthy of their race at a later time, stubbornly resisted the murderous inroads of those wild sea-rovers of the North; and when after more than two centuries of intermittent warfare the power of the Norseman was broken, although the Isle of Saints and Sages was well-nigh transformed into a desert, yet Ireland still lived as a nation, and in the true, loyal hearts of her people the faith of Saint Patrick glowed with undiminished beauty and fervor.

The Norman Invasion may likewise be passed over. For although the shocks of these successive assaults left Ireland so demoralized that the heart literally broke in the nation's bosom, and, in the words of the poet,

"The emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of the stranger,"

* Delivered in Washington Hall, March 17, 1899.

yet Ireland's sufferings had just begun; her severest trials were yet in store for her. She was still destined to exhibit the unparalleled example of a people undergoing the most galling, grinding persecution ever instituted by a heartless and soulless government, and yet preserving their nationality intact and their faith pure and undefiled.

In this new struggle the sufferings that Ireland had already endured had rendered her invulnerable on these two points; and when, amid the wreck of the centuries, the clouds of religious intolerance are seen gathering in England and sweeping across the sea to settle down on charred and blood-stained Ireland, there is likewise beheld a race of people ready to sacrifice all earthly possessions, yea, eager to give even their life blood rather than surrender the least tittle of national principle or of religious belief. There is not in the annals of written or traditional history a parallel to the patriotism and devotion displayed by the people of Ireland from the time that England's Nero began his systematic extermination of an entire race, down to the abolition of the infamous "Penal Laws," a time within the memory of men still living. During those three hundred years there was not a national feeling but was insulted, not a sacred right but was trampled under foot; from the time that inhuman monster, Cromwell, and his brutal soldiery, not satisfied with the devastation wrought by fire and sword in the fair land of Erin, would even have snatched the blush of virtue from the cheeks of Irish maidenhood, on down to the close of the last century,—when even at that time the man who dared to teach the merest rudiments of learning, or to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, was guilty of treason against the mother country, and incurred the penalty of death or exile. Ah! what a loving mother, what a tender government that was that would have robbed a people of the faith they held dearer than life; that stole from Ireland her very alphabet, and then held her up as an object of ridicule before the world. What wonder if Irishmen in this country are inclined to look with suspicion on the present friendly overtures made by England to the United States! What wonder if they say let England prove her sincerity by granting to Ireland the rights that for centuries have been denied, before she need expect America to enter into an alliance with her!

But the longest night must have an end.

And so with the dawn of the present century there appeared a brighter era for Ireland; for in spite of obstacles almost inconceivable, Ireland still continued to produce her heroes, men that were ready and willing to make every sacrifice and to brave every danger in order to keep alive the fires of patriotism in the hearts of their countrymen. During the latter part of the eighteenth century, there appeared a galaxy of patriots and statesmen who for courage and eloquence in championing the rights of their people remind us of the men of ancient Greece. Among this gallant array none shines more fair than the name of that noble patriot, that pure-souled, high-minded, intrepid young martyr to the cause of liberty, Robert Emmet.

But it was not until the second decade of the present century that a leader appeared who was to achieve the first real victory for the Irish people. Before his awe-inspiring presence the minions of bigotry were sent cowering in shame; under his powerful eloquence the prejudice of centuries melted into sympathy. Inspired by his magnetism as a leader the people rallied in a campaign of peaceful agitation, and Ireland began to breathe the pure air of religious tolerance in 1829, when seven millions of Irish Catholics entered the English parliament in the person of their deliverer, Daniel O'Connell.

From that day to the present the Irish question has occupied a prominent place in English politics; and to-day, after centuries of agitation, the cause of Irish freedom is brighter than ever before. True, the struggle still continues, and evictions are, even yet, not unknown; but the English masses have at last awakened to a sense of shame, and are steadily coming to realize that the only way they can hope to retain the respect of other nations will be by granting to Ireland a native parliament.

Yes, Ireland must again be free. To say that Ireland will not obtain her independence is to say that truth will not triumph over error; it is to say that right must forever surrender to might. But this will never do. Ireland deserves to be free. Her claims to a place in the sisterhood of nations are based upon rights the most inviolable, and upon characteristics that stamp her indelibly as a separate and distinct nation. They tell us that Ireland is not a united nation; but I challenge all history to produce an instance of such whole-souled and disinterested devotion to country.

as has been displayed in Ireland's struggle for her rights.

Despite all efforts on the part of the British government to stir up religious strife among the Irish people, many of Ireland's ablest leaders have been men whose religious belief differed from that of the masses, for whom they, in not a few instances, laid down their lives. Yet they labored with a zeal that brooked no question as to creed or canon, and as a reward they received the veneration of a whole nation. The names of Emmet, Grattan, Wolfe Tone, and Fitzgerald are held as sacred in the memory of the people as the name of O'Connell or any Catholic leader.

That the Irish people are capable of self-government is evident from the fact that in every land where equality of rights is observed, the sons of Erin are found in the front ranks of their fellow-men in the march of human progress. In the affairs of our own country from the foundation of the republic, the Irish have taken a prominent part, and to-day many of our leading men in statesmanship and in the various professions, where ability and integrity are recognized, are either Irish or Irish descent.

But it is sometimes asked, will the Irish be able to maintain their independence once it is secured? Let the answer be a reference to those pages in the world's history that have made Fontenoy and Waterloo synonymous with Irish valor, even under a foreign flag. Turning again to our own country, with what grateful recognition should we not regard the bravery of the Irish soldier? There is no need to remind an American audience of the ability of the Irish people to defend their rights once they shall have been secured. The records of those famous brigades that so often struck terror to the enemies of the flag during the Civil War, and in whose ranks the sunburst of Erin was borne side by side with the stars and stripes, speaks more eloquently than words. But what need is there to particularize? for it may be truly said of America that her every battlefield, from Lexington to the last skirmish at Manila, has been wet with Irish blood.

But the real greatness of Ireland's triumphs has ever been in her loyalty and devotion to that faith that St. Patrick implanted in the hearts of her people so firmly that ten centuries of blood and trials have not been able to eradicate it. Truly, to those who love devotion to principle and admire constancy in faith, there can be nothing found in history more

sublime, more truly edifying than the steadfastness with which Ireland clung to her faith in adversity as well as in prosperity. For it must be remembered that during the great upheaval of the sixteenth century, when the faith of a large part of Germany was swept from its moorings; when proud England fell prone at the feet of her lustful and ambitious monarch; when even the faith of France hung trembling in the balance;—nay, when a century and a half later that grand nation so far forgot her glorious traditions as to hearken to the infidel teachings of godless men, until the wrath of her misguided people burst like a mighty cataclysm in that awful "red fool fury of the Seine"—throughout all, Ireland alone, poor, down-trodden Ireland, remained firm and immovable in her faith as the veritable rock upon which that faith is grounded. What an example of the power of Christian truth is here afforded! The world to-day is full of men who mockingly ask: "What has religion done for the human race?" of philosophers, so-called, who would have us believe that crime and immorality are the necessary results of poverty, thereby degrading even the honestly poor to the level of common criminals. They would persuade men that religion is powerless to console except when backed by ease and plenty. But the record of Ireland's sufferings completely refutes that false philosophy, and bids silence to such canting hypocrites. While the triumph of the faith of Saint Patrick is known among men, so long will the world have assurance that although false prophets may arise, and rulers may forget their God, yet while the faith of a people remains firm, morals will remain pure and civilization will be safe. In this loyalty to principle, Ireland stands forth ahead of all nations. And whatever be her troubles and trials in her fight for liberty, there is naught to shake the faith of her people.

Thus as we trace her history in sunshine and shadow, we see that Ireland's devotion to her Patron saint has been her inspiration in prosperity and her sweetest consolation in her sore distress. And now as the shades of the century's evening are closing in, and we see the bright future that the new century promises for Ireland, it is with grateful hearts that we turn again to that great Saint whom we honor to-day, and repeat the beautiful lines of the poet:

"There is not a saint in the bright courts of heaven
More faithful than he to the land of his choice;
Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,
In the faith of their sire and Apostle rejoice."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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} *Reporters.*

—There will be no SCHOLASTIC next week. The board of editors will give the next two weeks to the preparation of a special Easter number, that will appear on Saturday, April 1.

—Manager Eggeman, Captain Powers, trainer Engledrum, Connors, Duane, O'Brien, and gentlemen of the track team all, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to offer you its heartiest congratulations. The victory of last Saturday was a well-deserved one, and if we can judge from the applause given by the students your labors have been duly appreciated. A student of Notre Dame—one of the SCHOLASTIC'S own, too—once sang: "Our Flag is at the Peak for Aye," and we believe his words, if not true at that time, were in the nature of a prophecy that is likely to be verified from now on. Let us see you continue your good work; and while speaking of the meet, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend thanks to St. Mary's Academy for the beautiful pennant presented; to the gentlemen that donated the prizes; to the various committees, and to all that helped make the meet the success that it was. Nothing was left undone; so while we are rejoicing over the victory let us not forget the work of Messrs. Eggeman and Dwyer in arranging the meet.

Powers and Notre Dame are First.

Long before two o'clock last Saturday afternoon a large and enthusiastic crowd was assembled in front of the gymnasium entrance waiting for the great indoor meet to commence. Hundreds of persons; students and visitors from South Bend and elsewhere had the Gold and Blue pinned on their breasts, and were in good spirits to see those colors lifted to the top notch. When the doors were thrown open it was not long until the large gallery was well-nigh crowded, and every circus seat in the room below was occupied. The walls of the gymnasium were tastefully draped with flags of every description, the stars and stripes being most conspicuous, and the colors of the three universities being formed into a large rosette at one end of the hall. The lines around the gymnasium court showed that all was in readiness for the events to begin, and that the management had taken great care to have everything in good shape. The University Band rendered the "Belle of Philadelphia" march, while the athletes to compete in the first heat of the forty-yard dash strolled slowly to the starting line. The 'rooters' took matters to heart about this time, and blasted out good hearty cheers for the men that they wished to win. Then there was quiet for a moment as Borden, Fair and O'Brien stepped on their marks and waited the crack of the pistol. A second later the meet was started, and the three men came down their lines abreast until within a few feet of the tape when Fair and Borden forged ahead.

Donoghue of Illinois, Maloney of Chicago and Duane of Notre Dame ran the next heat, first place going to Illinois and second place to Chicago. Smith and Schmahl were too much for Wynn in the next heat, and Notre Dame was left without a point in the event. Borden took first in the finals, Donoghue second and Fair third. The mile run was announced, and Connors, on whom all the rooters depended, was setting a good, lively pace followed by Smith and Russell of Chicago. There was a continuous roar from the rooters' quarters during the whole race, until Connors, unfortunately, after a plucky race, fell fainting just one foot from the tape and lost to Chicago. Mr. Fox then straightened up the figures on the score-board, and the points were distributed thus—Chicago, 18; Illinois, 13; Notre Dame, 0.

The hearts of Notre Dame's supporters went down with Connors, and many a visitor looked wistfully at the Gold and Blue on his coat, and wondered if he had not better put it in his pocket. Back in the dressing rooms, however, Captain Powers was being rubbed down for the next event, and when he walked out on the gymnasium floor a mighty yell went up from the Notre Dame people, for they knew that the score would soon change. Glynn followed Powers and was also greeted with a wild cheer.

Fred took a few easy steps in the running high jump, and went over the bar at five feet. Smith of Illinois followed with a nice jump. Schmahl, Glynn and Keator dropped out when the bar reached five feet seven inches. Byrne of Chicago stopped at five-eight for third place; Smith of Illinois took second and Powers first. This started the scoring for Notre Dame, and after that Mr. Fox was kept busy adding additional points to our column until we were ahead of all others.

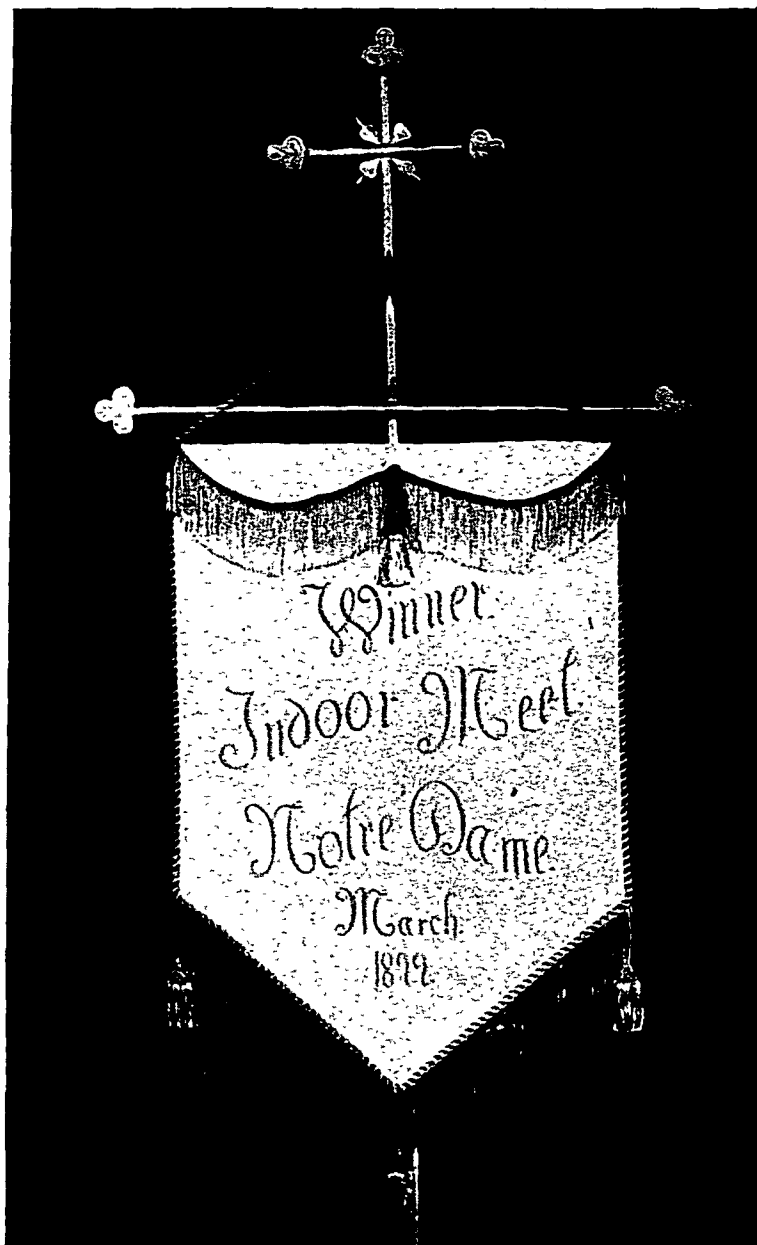
The rooters arose *en masse*, and roared and bellowed so loudly for about five minutes that the band could not be heard.

Duane and O'Brien had come in for 1st and 2d in the 220-yd. dash; Eggeman and Powers had a walk away in the shot put. The "mighty" Herschberger had gone down in the pole vault and hurdles, while Herbert and Corcoran were coming in second and third in the half-mile run. The quarter-mile run went off at a terrific pace, and, unfortunately for Notre Dame, O'Shaughnessy fell at the start, and was unable to keep his course, else Maloney might have crossed the tape second. The 220-yard dash was the prettiest race of the day, and when

Duane and O'Brien finished there was scarcely a foot between them. The score stood, Notre Dame, 30; Chicago, 28, Illinois, 23.

The running broad jump was the only event left, and Notre Dame felt certain of winning, for our good old Powers was in this event, and whenever the winning of a meet is left to our captain there is never any doubt of what he will do. Illinois started off with a surprise in this event; Keator came running from the other end of the gymnasium and jumped twenty

feet and seven inches on the first trial. The Gold and Blue supporters crouched low in their seats, for Powers had been working hard and was worn out. Moreover, they expected Keator's second or third jump to reach about twenty-three feet. Powers did not reach twenty feet on his first jump. Glynn made a good distance, and showed that he was in for a place in the finals. Duane, Corcoran, Schmahl, Boyd and Herschberger dropt out, and the finals were left to Keator, Powers, Glynn and Smith. Powers came down to the board at a good pace, and cleared twenty-one feet. A yell went up from the Notre Dame



section, but as there were still two trials left we were not sure of first place. In regular order the men came up for their trials, and after the last jump, Powers was first, Keator second and Glynn third.

Then the meet was won for Notre Dame. The band stood in the center of the Gymnasium and played a "Hot Time"; hats and canes were flying in the air, and six hundred rooters fell over one another with joy, screamed mighty yells for Notre Dame, and rushed out on the floor to shake hands with the winners.

Smith of Illinois, a favorite with the audience, was cheered to an echo, and in the pandemonium, Illinois and Chicago yells were mixed with our college cries. It was fully fifteen minutes before the marshals could clear the floor for the relay race.

Maloney, Fair, Pettit and White for Chicago, ran against Corcoran, Herbert, Wynn, O'Brien, for Notre Dame. The race was very exciting, and had our men practised more on the relay we should have won. As it was, on the final stretch Fair started at least fifteen yards ahead

SUMMARY OF TRACK MEET.

FORTY-YARD DASH.

First Heat Fair, Chicago, first; Borden, Illinois, second; O'Brien, Notre Dame, third. Time :04½.

Second Heat -Donoghue, Illinois, first; Maloney, Chicago, second; Duane, Notre Dame, third. Time :04½.

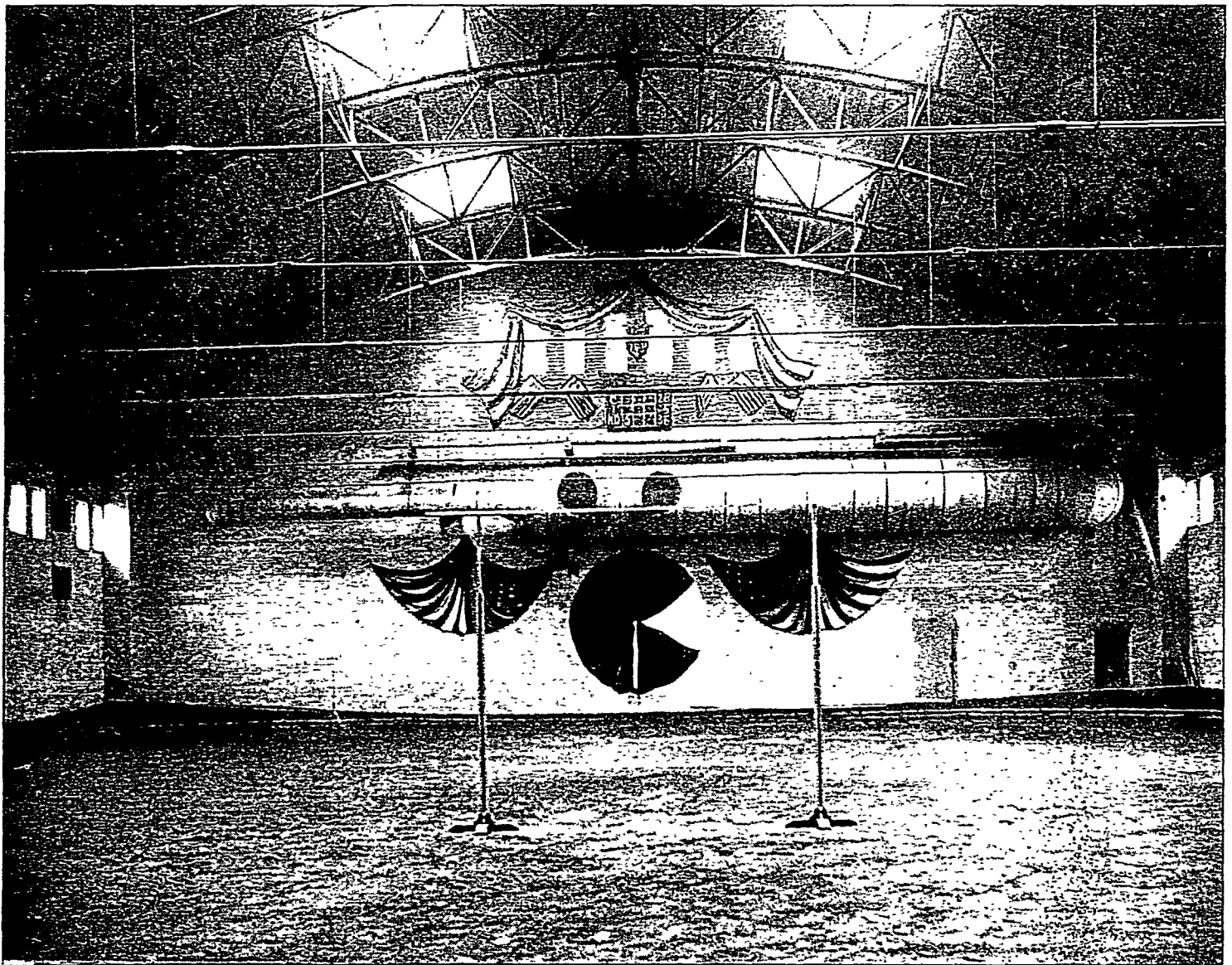
Third Heat Smith, Illinois, first; Schmahl, Chicago, second; Wynne, Notre Dame, third. Time :04½.

SEMI FINALS FORTY-YARD DASH.

Borden, Illinois, first; Schmahl, Chicago, second; Maloney, Chicago, third. Time :04½.

ONE-MILE RUN.

Smith, Chicago, 1st; Russell, Chicago, 2d. Time, 1:39.



of O'Brien and finished only about five in the lead.

After this Father French presented the medals and wreaths to the victors. Some of the Chicago men had to be present at a comic opera in which they took parts that evening. Illinois left with them, and so the banquet to be given them could not be held. The men were all cheered as they left the grounds, while Captain Powers and his men took charge of the beautiful pennant presented by St. Mary's Academy. The score at the close was Notre Dame, 36; Chicago, 28; Illinois, 25.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Powers, Notre Dame, first; Smith, Illinois, second; Byrne, Chicago, third. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

FINAL HEAT 40-YARD DASH.

Borden, Illinois, 1st; Donoghue, Illinois, second; Fair, Chicago, third. Time :04½.

440-YARD RACE.

Maloney, Chicago, 1st; Herrick, Illinois, second; White, Chicago, third. Time :57.

POLE VAULT.

Powers, Notre Dame, first; Herschberger, Chicago, second; Smith, Illinois, third. Height, 10 feet.

40-YARD HURDLES.

First Heat—Hoover, Illinois, first; Herschberger, Chi-

cago, second; Powers, Notre Dame, third. Time :06.

Second Heat -Calhoun, Chicago, first; Freese, Illinois, second. Time :06.

Third Heat -Byrne, Chicago, first; Boyd, Illinois, second; Duane, Notre Dame, third. Time :06.

PUTTING 16lb. SHOT.

Powers, Notre Dame, first; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Sutter, Illinois, third. Distance, 41 feet 6 inches.

FINAL HEAT 40-YARD HURDLES.

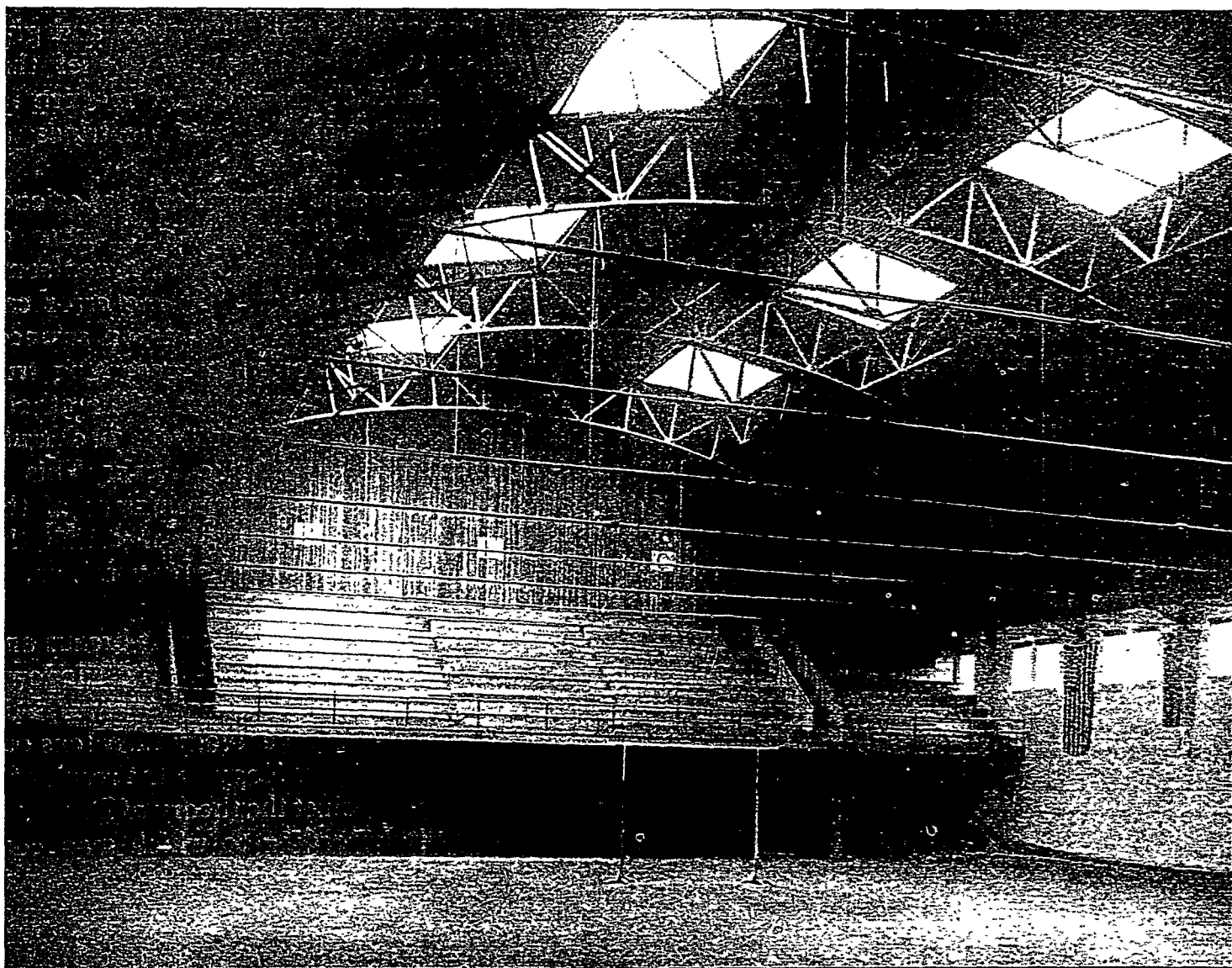
Hoover, Illinois, first; Boyd, Illinois, second; Calhoun, Chicago, third. Time :05 $\frac{3}{4}$.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Powers, Notre Dame, first; Keator, Illinois, second; Glynn, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 21 feet 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Death of Father Clarke.

Just as we go to press the sad news reaches us of the death of Rev. J. W. Clarke, pastor of St. Patrick's Church in South Bend. We regret that we can not say more of this good man who was a friend of Notre Dame, in fact, a friend to all, than to insert the notice of his passing away. He was a teacher at Sacred Heart College in Watertown for years, and was an honored member of the Community of the Holy Cross. May he rest in peace!



220-YARD DASH.

First Heat--Fair, Chicago, and O'Brien, Notre Dame, first; Herrick, Illinois, third. Time :25 $\frac{2}{3}$.

Second Heat--Duane, Notre Dame, first; Donoghue, Illinois, second; Borden, Illinois, third. Time :25.

880-YARD RUN.

Maloney, Chicago, first; Herbert, Notre Dame, second; Corcoran, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:21.

FINAL HEAT 220-YARD DASH.

Duane, Notre Dame, first; O'Brien, Notre Dame, second; Fair, Chicago, third. Time, :25 $\frac{2}{3}$.

RELAY RACE.

Maloney, Pettit, White, Fair, Chicago, first; Corcoran, Herbert, Wynn, O'Brien, Notre Dame, second.

St. Patrick's Day Exercises.

As St. Patrick's day fell late in the week this year a limited amount of time prevents us from speaking as we would concerning the manner in which it was celebrated at Notre Dame. It may be said however, that the exercises in general were of the same order as those of other years. The day was opened as usual with a solemn High Mass, Father Regan celebrating, Father French acting as deacon and Father Ready as subdeacon. Father

Maguire preached the sermon, a very interesting discourse on Ireland's Patron Saint.

After Mass the band—always ready to help out on festive occasions—visited and serenaded the different halls. They played many selections including old Irish melodies that are always favorites on the seventeenth of March. This practically finished the exercises of the morning.

The afternoon was given over to the production of "Fontenoy," a drama in three acts. The author, Rev. Francis Clement Kelly, is a man of eminent distinction. He has been noted for his skill and force as a lecturer for some years past. During the late war he left his parish in Lapeer, Michigan, to serve as chaplain of the 32d Michigan Volunteer Infantry. Since then he has met with eminent success in delivering his lecture on the "Yankee Volunteer."

Before the play was given, Mr. Eugene Ahern delivered his oration on "Ireland in Sunshine and Shadow." Mr. Ahern is very much at home in the capacity of a public speaker, and has a very pleasing style of delivery. We print his oration in another place in this edition.

The play, thanks to Professor Carmody's training and the hard work of the Columbian Society, was a success. Mr. Harry V. Crumley, the leading character, was very even in the rendition of his lines, and is possessed of a good voice. Mr. Maloney as Captain Sydney shows that he has a great amount of acting instinct. He was very good in his part, and may be said to have done the best of anyone in the play. Mr. Baab was good in his part, though there seemed to be something mechanical about his work in general.

Messrs. Kinney, Lennon, Collins and Murphy were all very good in their respective rôles, and we should be more particular in mentioning them if we had more time. The characters playing less important rôles were more even, and, in some ways, better than the leading men. Messrs. Hamilton, Hennebry, Schwab, Pim, Mulcrone and McGuire were represented in these parts. As for the ladies, they did their lines in fairly good shape, but were greatly handicapped—Mr. Shane especially—in their "make-up." Mr. Wynn was good in his part, as he could more easily adapt himself to it. Mr. Shane is too large and broad-shouldered to be "made-up" in ladies costumes with much success. His work was good, but his appearance was against him, and the appearance on the stage is an important matter.

Exchanges.

In replying to a criticism, the *St. Vincent Journal* says that I must be either ignorant of the aggressive propaganda of anti-religion theories or reprehensibly unconcerned about it. The writer then shows that despite my statement to the contrary, empirical psychology is breaking church windows.

There is much materialism to-day, yet the cause of late-day materialism is not science, but a misconception of the relation that science bears to religion. By crying "wolf" at science we only increase this misconception, and give our opponents grounds for their belief that religion is afraid of science, that modern investigation has exploded the doctrines of our faith.

Since the erroneous impression that science has undermined religion is a real cause of late-day unfaith, the first task that confronts us is to correct this error. But the error can not be corrected by declaring war on science; it can be corrected only by accepting true science, and thus demonstrating to the atheist that one need not abandon religious truth in order to accept scientific truth. This is the course that the great theologians of the past have followed; it is the course that the best Catholic thinkers of the day follow; it is the spirit of the Church.

As to empirical psychology: if it breaks any church windows the fault is with the windows. Unlike the writer in the *Journal*, however, I do not fear that the new psychology threatens our religion. Modern psychology is the result of a rational reaction against the theory of Descartes and his school according to which man consisted of two separate elements, the soul and body, each distinct from the other, the former inhabiting the latter in much the same way as a person inhabits a house, without unity of any kind except of localization. Modern psychology disproves by experiment the theory of Descartes, and in its stead accepts the theory of Aristotle, that man is the result of the coalescence of two factors into absolute unity, though each factor retains its own essence, just as water is the coalescence of oxygen and hydrogen. After the coalescence neither exists as such, though in either case the compound is capable of being separated into its original elements. This is the essential thesis of empirical psychology, and why we need fear it I am at a loss to know.

Personal.

—Mr. R. Healy, student '90, of Chicago, was at Notre Dame last week.

—Mr. Stephen Fleming, student, '89, was a recent visitor at the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rumely of Laporte, Indiana, were recent visitors at Notre Dame.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Finlay, Jacksonville, Ill., are visiting their son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Engelhardt of Chicago were the recent guests of their son of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. M. Herbert of Chicago was the guest of her son, Mr. Herbert of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Thomas Furlong of Springfield, Ill., was the guest of his brother of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Joseph V. Sullivan, A. B., '97, of the Chicago Press Association, spent Sunday at the University.

—Mrs. Charles P. Althoff of Dayton, Ohio, was at Notre Dame recently visiting her son of Carroll Hall.

—Miss Genevieve Ahern of Campus, Ill., was a recent guest of her brother, Mr. Ahern of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Joseph Miksack of Chicago was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of his son of Carroll Hall.

—The Misses Shane of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have been the guests for the past few days of Mr. Shane of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson of Chicago spent Saturday at Notre Dame. Mr. Wilson was a student last year.

—Mr. F. J. McNichols, of last year's baseball team, was among the many old students who attended the track meet.

—Mr. Hal Jewett of Detroit, the most famous of Notre Dame's athletes, was an enthusiastic spectator at the meet on Saturday.

—Hon. John Morris of Fort Wayne, accompanied by Mr. Kenneth C. Larwell, spent a day of last week at the University.

Mr. F. F. Savage and Mr. F. Graham of Chicago attended the track meet Saturday, they were the guests of Mr. Charles Foley.

—Miss Alice Sullivan and Miss Catherine M. Smith of Chicago were the guests over Sunday of Mr. Joseph Sullivan of Sorin Hall.

—Mrs. Dougan of Niles, Mich., accompanied by her son, Mr. Richard Dougan, student '93-'95, spent Saturday of last week at the University.

—Mrs. P. Burns of Michigan City, Ind., and Mrs. John F. Burns of Laramie, Wyo., are visiting at Notre Dame, the guests of the Rev. Professor Burns.

—Miss Wilson of Harvey, Ill., Miss Conkling of Joliet, Ill., Miss Tuohy and Miss Beck of Chicago, all of whom were guests at St. Mary's, attended the indoor meet Saturday afternoon.

Local Items.

—Leaving all jokes aside now Fox has no right to foster a moustache any more than he has to wear talkative ties, has he?

—Manager Eggeman has received many letters of congratulation since the victory of our track team last Saturday.

—Sorin Hall students are glad to see John Meyers back again. Mr. Meyers was forced to leave Notre Dame some weeks ago on account of sickness.

—No SCHOLASTIC next week. But just wait until you see the pictures of the editors in the Easter number—Jim Murphy—St. John—Yum; Yum!

—Second preliminary debates will take place next Wednesday and Thursday evening in the law room at half past seven. Students are invited.

—Despatching ramrods from the cannon's mouth may prove an enjoyable pastime, Arthur, but we fear that repeated indulgence in this diversion might ruffle the chief's placid temper.

—To calm the troubled waters of stormy discussions among local students of uranography, we hereby vouch the information that the longitudinal and attenuated body seen speeding its mad flight over the dome last Saturday afternoon was not a startling meteorological phenomenon, but merely the ramrod which Gibbie, doubting the cannon's efficacy, projected with a full charge of the sable explosive.

—Bro. Alphonsus Liguori and his corps of painstaking assistants have the best thanks of all at Notre Dame for their tasty decoration of the gymnasium last Saturday. The rosette showing the colors of the three competing universities was particularly pretty and appropriate. Bro. Alphonsus evidences marked fondness for athletics. Whereas other enthusiasts gave the meet as much of a boom as they could, he boomed it fifty times with the aid of his cannon—a piece of artillery, by the way, entirely of his own design and construction.

—Students in the oratorical contest should know that the orations are demanded about the first of April. This decision is firm, and stragglers had better beware lest their golden opportunity should be intercepted. The reason for doing this is that orations will be submitted to outside judges who will decide as to the literary merit of the composition and quality of thought developed. The oratory will be judged in the regular contest. An oration that does not receive a favorable criticism when submitted to the judges on the 1st of April will not be permitted in the contest. An unusually large number have decided to enter, and the competition for the medal will be exciting.

—On Thursday morning Father Talbot Smith and Vice-President French spent a few pleasant hours at the Seminary. One of Father Smith's books—the best of them—is entitled "The Training of a Priest," and no ecclesiastic in America is more absorbingly interested in the work of our seminaries than he. Of course, Father Smith had to make a speech, and for more than half an hour he discoursed deliciously and inspiringly on manliness as a factor in the priestly character. He instanced Boyle O'Reilly and the still lamented Father Riordan, of New York, as the finest embodiments of manliness he had ever known. Wit and wisdom, things grave and gay were adroitly commingled, and when the short half hour was up the seminarians all felt they had come into contact with a most breezy, stimulating and helpful personality.

—The SCHOLASTIC will be very much pained to have the duty of announcing to its readers the decease of a harmless little pamphlet, that was launched into its career on wind and prattle. What has become of it? Where has it gone? The large-headed editors have spent their power in bringing forth with bombastic effrontery an idiotic compilation of exquisite rot. After a few numbers their stock of originality was dangerously low, and they are praying unceasingly that the gentle rains of sweetening spring will have a recuperative influence on their exhausted imaginations. Let us hope that they will again take heart, and resume the child play that was manifestly too much for occasionally brained persons. It is almost uncharitable for us to hope they will continue, when we realize with what distressing zeal they searched their Sahara-like craniums for extremely slender thoughts. May the Fates be merciful with them.

—Dupe received a snug parcel of popcorn balls lately that came all the way from some collection of residences in the State of Louisiana. It was a pathetic scene to watch him as he removed each one, and bestowed a loving kiss upon it, because he knew that her rosy fingers dwelt a long time in shaping each one. He gave none away fearing that perchance she had also kissed them, and such kisses were not for the many. So he fondled them and counted them and diminished them one by one. Now the loving balls are gone, but the effects are more enduring. Everything appears rather sticky. Parts of his hair are again open to the morning curry, and many others will do penance for the rest of Lent. Several ten and twenty dollar certificates are glued faithfully together, and no coaxing on his part can estrange them. This is sad. You begin to observe that she is an expense. A woman never looks at both sides of a question.

—WEATHER REPORT.—The committee in charge of the weather bureau announce the following streak of weather for the coming week:

SUNDAY:—Forenoon, beautiful with long sermons. Afternoon, temperature will vary. Mercury, weary from trying to hide in the bulb, will endeavor to clamber out of the upper orifice.

MONDAY:—Slight rain in the east followed by a dead calm or a cyclone.

TUESDAY:—A perpendicular zephyr in the morning followed about noon by a cloud-burst or a drought.

WEDNESDAY:—Next door to being an ideal day for weather "cranks." Closes fair with strawberries down to thirteen cents per box.

THURSDAY:—The first robin will wend his way down to the sand-bars of the St. Joe, for a drink, and will try to pass a lead nickel on the mermaids.

FRIDAY:—Fishy day. Finny sky and scaly atmosphere.

SATURDAY:—Sort of dreariness settles down all over the country and "pussy willows" come out to screech on the back fence.

The committee wish to state that the isothermal apparatus seriously conflicted with the barometrical furniture, whereupon the barograph retired in a high dudgeon. And owing to the lack of this instrument we can not say that implicit reliability should be placed on the forecast.

List of Excellence.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Arithmetic—Masters A. McFarland, Abercrombie, Van Sant, Giffin, W. McNamee, Weis, Hart, Wagner, Dessauer, Lawton, J. Fogarty, Fleischer, F. Fogarty, W. Butler, P. Bortell, E. Manion, Shipley, L. McBride, C. McFarland, W. Manion, Kirwan, Rotchford, Schonlau, Seymour, G. McNamee, C. McNamee, Bemis, Schaus, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Bernero, B. McMaster, Topper. *Grammar*—Masters L. Hart, McCarthy, Hall, P. McBride, A. McFarland, Huleatt, Ervin, Weis, Dessauer, Casparis, W. Butler, Bosworth, E. Manion, Taylor, R. McMaster, L. McBride, Phillip, P. Bortell, F. Fogarty, C. McNamee, C. McFarland, Bemis, Donahoe, Downer, A. Fuchs, *Spelling*—Masters Fleming, Lawton, Giffin, Abercrombie, T. Butler, Ahrahams, H. Carey, C. Carey, Dessauer, L. Hart, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Shields, Donahoe, J. McBride, Dee, B. McMaster, R. McMaster, L. McBride, E. Manion, W. Butler, F. Fogarty, Nelson, *Geography*—Masters Abercrombie, J. Fogarty, Weis, T. Butler, A. McFarland, Dessauer, R. McMaster, Rotchford, L. McBride, J. McBride, E. Manion, Shields, Nelson, Downer, C. McNamee, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, B. McMaster, Phillips, William, W. Butler. *Catechism*—Masters Fleming, Abercrombie, Hall, L. Hart, Dessauer, McCarthy, A. McFarland, W. McNamee, L. McBride, F. Fogarty, R. McMaster, Bemis, Bosworth, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Topper, Shipley, W. McBride, W. Manion, C. McFarland, St. Clair. *United States History*—Masters Huleatt, W. McNamee, Dessauer, Weis, L. Hart, A. McFarland, Ervin, Casparis, Blanchfield, E. Manion, Hall. *Instrumental Music*—Masters Lawton, Weis, R. McMaster, Deur, Ahrahams, P. Bortell, Dessauer, Abercrombie, L. McBride, A. McFarland, Phillip, Kidwell, G. McNamee, W. Butler, Fleischer, Wagner, Casparis, Hall, Donahoe, Griffith. *Vocal Music*—Masters W. McNamee, P. McBride, L. McBride, Blanchfield, Wagner, J. McBride, Ervin, Huleatt, Hall, F. Fogarty, G. McNamee, Lawton.