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Inis Fail.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

O INIS Fail! sweet Inis Fail!
'Tis dawn and I dream with you;
To the languid songs of your feathered throngs,
Little Isle all adrip with dew.

O Inis Fail! glad Inis Fail!
'Tis noon and I laugh with you;
And this staid old earth never knows our mirth,
Little Isle for our laugh rings true.

O Inis Fail! sad Inis Fail!
'Tis eve and I mourn with you;
While the banshees moan, ochone, ochone,
Little Isle of the Emerald hue.

Erin's Apostle: Saint Patrick.

JOSEPH A. QUINLAN, '11.



he says that, after escaping captivity, he returned to his "relations in Britain."

Just what he meant by Britain, and whether the phrase "returning to his relations" means he was born there, is the issue of the dispute. The chances are it will never be satisfactorily settled from present documentary evidence.

Of Saint Patrick's life, we possess but scanty records. His "Confessions" and his "Epistle to Coroticus" furnish the only reliable basis upon which his biography can be built; and, no doubt, this scarcity of data has been largely

IT is not surprising that nations vie with one another in claiming Saint Partick as a son. Homer, about whose life the clouds of uncertainty gather so thickly that his very existence is sometimes disputed, was hailed as son by no fewer than seven cities; and the fact that so many Greeks were eager that their own town be acknowledged as his birthplace, argues high for his poetic genius. France, Scotland and Wales have, in turn, claimed Saint Patrick as a son. In his "Confessions,"

responsible for the interweaving of what is purely legendary with what is founded on historic fact. But, while all the legends connected with his life are not to be countenanced, there are a great number of beautiful stories that we love to link with the name of Ireland's apostle.

The following is related, by Father Ryan, in his life of the Saint, not as a legend, but as history. When Patrick was presented for baptism, the aged priest, who was blind and unable to find water for the Sacrament, was en-

lightened by the Holy Ghost so that he saw the infant's glorious future and was inspired to make a cross upon the ground with the child's hand; and as he did so, a gushing stream rushed forth, and the babe was baptized and christened Succat. Surely, a miracle was an appropriate beginning for so illustrious a life.

We know very little of his early life; but, from his "Confessions," we learn that, at the close of his fifteenth year, he was taken as a captive to Ireland, where he became a swineherd on the well-known mountain of Sleamish, in the county of Antrim. During the six years of captivity, he became acquainted with the Gaelic tongue, studied Irish manners and customs, and began to love his captors. He says of those days: "I prayed frequently every day, and the love of God and His faith and fear increased in me, more and more; and my spirit was stirred, so that, in a single day, I have said as many as a hundred prayers; and, in the night, nearly the same, so that when I remained in the woods and on the mountains, even before the dawn, I was roused to prayer, in snow or ice; and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any slothfulness in me, as I see now, because the Spirit of God was then fervent in me." These words, from the Saint's "Confessions," give us more insight into his youthful heart than would volumes written by an eye-witness.

We like to base our story of Saint Patrick, in so far as we can, upon his own statements, because whatever is said of his early life must rest upon his own words, if we are to be certain of its truth. He tells us of a voice that called out to him: "Thou dost fast well; fasting thou shalt soon go to thy country"; and of the same voice that again spoke to him, saying, "Behold, thy ship is ready"; and he started, with trust in Providence, to search out the ship. Great, indeed, must have been his sanctity! When the officers ridiculed him and refused him passage, he walked away, his sad heart opening itself in prayer which went direct to the throne of God. Before he had gone many paces, the men cried out to him to return and become one of them. But it was only after countless toils and sufferings that Patrick came to his "relations in Britain," who received him with outstretched arms, intreating him never again to depart from home.

The ties of relationship are hard to disre-

gard; but, in the face of a manifest call from heaven, which, he says, come to him in his sleep, even the greatest sacrifices became trifles; and Patrick, when he had heard the "Voice of the Irish" calling to him "to come and walk still amongst us," longed to return to the Mountain Sleamish and bring the Gospel to a heathen people.

After passing three months under the paternal roof, he travelled to Arenorica, and for the second time was taken captive. Soon he fell into the hands of the Picts and Scots, who carried him to Bordeaux, where he obtained his liberty. He would no longer hesitate to answer God's call, but set out for Lours and become a monk in the monastery of St. Martin. In the year 410, he was ordained priest. In 432, Pope Celestine, learning of his great piety and burning zeal, raised him to the Episcopate and authorized him to preach the Gospel to the Irish.

The Druidical priests, it is said, knew that a holy man would come and Christianize the island; and they were not slow to furnish opposition. Such hostility was shown him upon his landing at Wicklow that he sought refuge in his ship and turned his endeavors to a more northerly part of the land. He set out for Tara, the seat of the ardrigh and the nobles. On Easter eve, he stood on the Hill of Slove, looked down on the city of Tara, and breathed a prayer for its conversion. In Tara, it was the eve of the Feast of Beal, the fire-god, and no fire could be kindled before the great national fire had been lighted. Patrick, however, mindful of the season, lit the Paschal fire. The Druids saw the flame, hurried to the king, and prophesied, saying, "If that fire is not put out before morning, it will never be put out." Patrick was surrounded. He explained his mission and, as if by a miracle, was saved for that night. Early the next morning, clad in his pontifical robes, he entered the courtroom, chanting a litany as he walked. His clear reasoning, his holy innocence and his humility not only averted all punishment, but began to win adherents to the faith, among whom was the king's brother.

Satisfied with the success of his mission at Tara, Saint Patrick was consumed with a glowing zeal that urged him on to convert the entire people. No nation ever renounced her vices and superstitions more readily than Ireland or aspired more fervently to the exact

observance of the law. Monasteries rapidly arose in every quarter of Ireland, proving by their number and the liberality of their endowment, and by the almost incredible number of their inmates, the very highest esteem for the evangelical virtues.

But we must not think that, because his efforts were crowned with a wonderful success, he experienced no anxieties, no trials, no opposition. Often he suffered from hunger and cold; often he was despised and hated; often he complained against injustice.

But he triumphed over all obstacles. His conversions exceed any in the history of the Church; and before he was called, in 493, to be rewarded by the justice of God, he looked out upon a Catholic island.

As has been said, many lands claim the honor of St. Patrick's birthplace. The question is a purely academic one. For wherever born, under the blue skies of Erin he lived and labored and under her emerald sod his treasured bones await the final resurrection.

Weep Not Fair Eire.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

WEEP not, fair Eire, though the hour is past
 When heroes' sons met death to shield thy name.
 No more thy hills and vales the trumpet's blast
 Shall wake, nor shall the war-tuned harp inflame
 Thy wounded spirit liberty to claim.
 Weep not.

Weep not, fair Eire, though a cruel hand
 Has crushed thy noble spirit's fondest hopes
 Of future freedom. Through thy golden strand
 No more in nation power its portal opens
 To welcome exiles to its verdant slopes.
 Weep not.

Weep not, fair Eire, sons thou hast as brave
 As those who dying from their young lives wrought
 A wreath eternal for the youthful grave
 Of Liberty. These too thy soul have caught:
 To live for thee, their life, their love, their thought.
 Weep not.

Weep not, fair Eire, why should futile tears
 Thy deep eyes dim? O bid thy woes depart
 And leave thee joyful. Serfdom but endears
 Thy ones beloved, and thy trials start
 An endless yearning in each Irish heart.
 Weep not.

Erin's Martyred Patriot: Emmet.

DENNIS A. O'SHEA, '10.

One hundred years and more have passed away since Robert Emmet, one of the truest sons that Ireland ever harbored, before offering up his young life that his country might live, said: "I am going to my cold and silent grave, my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—I have parted with everything that is dear to me in this life for my country's cause; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

Robert Emmet, the youngest son of Doctor Robert Emmet, an eminent physician, was born in Dublin in 1778. Of his early years, the most we can glean from his biographers is that he was a favorite son and, like all the Emmet children, was given a very brilliant education. At an early age he had shown a great aptitude for the exact sciences and mathematics. His great devotion for chemistry caused him to set up in his room a chemical laboratory, where he studiously employed himself. "These studies," says his biographer, "were nearly the cause of his death, on one occasion, as Robert applied himself to the solution of a very difficult problem in Friend's Algebra; it was a habit of Robert whenever in deep thought to bite his nails, and so, while revolving the problems in his mind, he unconsciously put his fingers to his mouth and in doing so took in some poison, for shortly before he had been manipulating with corrosive sublimate. Immediately he was seized with most violent pains; and though fully aware of the cause of his sufferings and of its danger, instead of disturbing his father, he went to the library and looked up the article "Poison" in the encyclopaedia and thus discovered that chalk was recommended as a prophylactic in cases of pain from corrosive sublimate."

In October of 1793, Emmet entered Trinity University. Here he soon rose to prominence in his classes, and was a leading figure in the Historical and Debating Societies of that institute. Among Emmet's chums was Thomas Moore, the poet, to whom we are indebted for

many of the tales concerning their school days. These two lads were eager watchers and took the keenest interest in whatever pertained to Ireland's welfare. The one desire that burned in the two young hearts was to do something good and great for their people; it urged Moore to sing Ireland's joys and sorrows in poetical measures, and Emmet to be a leader and director of Ireland's men. "One evening," says Moore, "while Emmet was visiting me, just as I had finished playing a spirited tune called the 'Red Fox,' Emmet sprang as from a reverie and exclaimed, 'Oh, that I were at the head of 20,000 men marching to that air.'"

In 1798, that famous year '98, while his brother Thomas, a member of the United Irish party, was a prisoner, Emmet made his debut as a public speaker, under the auspices of the Historical and Debating Society, discussing the question, "Is a Complete Freedom of Discussion Essential to the Wellbeing of a Good and Virtuous Government?" Though all allusions to modern politics were forbidden, Emmet, keeping within the required rules, showed, as he always did whenever occasion permitted, the necessity and advantage of this liberty; he showed that those governments in which it was forbidden resulted in despotism and tyranny. "If," he said, "a government ever were vicious enough to put down freedom of discussion, it would be the duty of the people to deliberate on the errors of their rulers, to consider well the wrong they inflicted and what right or course it would be for the subjects to follow, and having done so it would be their duty to take practical conclusions." It was in debating, or in oratory, says Moore, that no two individuals could be more unlike than this same youth before rising to speak and after. The brow that before seemed inanimate, and almost drooping, at once elevated itself to all consciousness of power and the whole countenance and figure assumed a change as if suddenly inspired.

Emmet had passed his twenty-first year when "98" had died away. Later he saw the Irish Parliament become a thing of the past and the much-hated Union a reality; he saw the promises of the Prime Minister which did so much to quicken the Union ignored by a bigoted and incapable king; he saw the Catholics, the bulk of the Irish population, grievously burdened and with no signs of redress or relief; all this he saw, but he did not despair.

Desperate riots now and then occurred, which proved that Revolution, "The Spirit of '98," was not dead but only slumbering. In his mind's eye, Emmet saw himself the head and voice that was to lead his people to freedom. To his side he gathered such heroic souls as Myles Byrne and other survivors of '98. To these trusted souls he let known his plan, which, though desperate, was by no means hopeless. Large supplies of arms and gunpowder were to be stationed at different places; only men pledged to risk their lives were enrolled; a provisional government was carefully arranged in documental form; copies were printed which would be given at random when Ireland's flag floated over Dublin Castle. Could such a plan be a reality, an accomplished fact? With Dublin once in the hands of the Revolutionists, rebellion would spread like wild fire and Ireland would be free.

Everything seemed to tend toward success. The rocket, the meteor of insurrection, that pierced the heavens that calm summer night of July, 1808, was the signal which was to mean failure instead of success. Shortly afterwards, a small body of men rushed to the principal station of supplies. Emmet, who expected to lead an army, was surrounded by an undisciplined mob. Still undaunted, in his uniform of green and gold, his spirit never left him. He turned his steps toward the castle, but the mob lacked purpose; some went this way, some that; and while Emmet was trying to rally his men for action, the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, the Chief Judge, came slowly down the street. At once it was an object of attack. Lord Kilwarden and his nephew who were in the carriage were killed, and the daughter only escaped a like fate through the protection of Emmet, who did his utmost to quell the uncalled for slaughter. Soon a body of soldiers appeared, put the mob to rout and Dublin was once more calm and peaceful.

Emmet escaped; but where, only a few trusty followers and the farmers whose hospitality and protection he shared while in the Wicklow mountains knew. He might have escaped to France, but Emmet was young and in love. "The idol of his heart," as he loved to call her, was Sarah Curran, the daughter of the Orator of '98. Emmet determined to see his love once more before he left Ireland, and it

was this determination that cost him his life. For as soon as he reached Dublin, his place of refuge was betrayed and he was arrested by Major SIRR.

His trial was a hasty one. Though few were there to plead for him, Mac Carthy says, "No advocacy of either men or angels could by any possibility have stirred the hearts of those in authority for one who rebelled against the Union." Emmet's eloquent and impassioned speech of vindication is familiar to us all. "When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written," were his last words on earth. Shortly afterwards he was condemned to the gallows and was executed September 20, 1803. Before his execution, however, he penned a few lines to his love. "— I did not look to honors for myself," he writes. "Praise I would have asked from no man; but I wished to see in the glow of your countenance that her husband was respected. Sarah, my love! it is not thus that I thought to requite your affections. I had hoped to be a prop round which you would never have been shaken, but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over the grave."

Dagda's Harp.*

JAMES DEVINE, '12.

HE stood within Formorians' gay throng
And called his harp that slumbered on the wall.
It woke from lonely silence at his song.

And leaping to his arms returned his call.

He plucked the chords; they sang a song of tears
The women and fair damsels softly wept.
The men grew sad and dropped their bloody spears,
While silence o'er the merry feasters crept.

Again he struck; a wondrous song of mirth
Burst forth and rang from chords that throbb'd
with might,

Joy rose in hearts long silent, and the earth
Resounded with their shouts of wild delight.

He softly touched the strings; a gentle strain
Of sleep was murmured. Every eye grew dim
In slumber's thralldom. Peace and dreams now reign
While shadows mingle with the sweet-toned hymn.

* The Formorians stole the harp of Dagda, a De Danaan bard, after the battle of Mag Tured. He went to their camp with some companions and called to his harp where it hung in the Hall of the Feast. It leaped to his arms. He played the song of tears, of mirth and dreams. While the Formorians slept under the spell of this last he stole away with his harp.

Erin's Pre-Christian King: Cormac.

WILLIAM A. CAREY, '11



IN the beginning of the third century, there sat on the throne of Ireland her most illustrious pagan king. He is known in history as Cormac Mac Art, or Cormac, the son of Art. After driving out two usurpers, he ascended the throne at Tara and ruled Ireland for thirty-nine years, which period is known as the brightest pre-Christian epoch in the history of that nation.

King Cormac was a cruel though accomplished ruler. The first period of his reign is marred by many acts of tyranny. He made numerous incursions into the neighboring counties, and at the point of the sword forced his laws and sovereignty upon them. His object was to unify the people of Ireland, and severe means were employed to accomplish this. He it was who fitted out the fleet which sailed across the channel and brought Alba into subjection. He was quick to resent injury and never failed to get revenge on his enemies.

Withal, Cormac was an able king, and his influence was felt through many succeeding decades. We know that he was an ardent patron of education from the fact that he established in his realm three colleges—a college of war, a college of history, and a college of jurisprudence. He also founded a college for women at Tara; for we read that while he was away on one of his expeditions, his father-in-law, the King of Leinster, made a descent upon Tara and murdered all the inhabitants of this college with their attendants. Many of the slain were poetesses and druidesses. Cormac avenged this atrocity by executing twelve Leinster nobles and exacting the Boruma tribute from that province.

He himself accomplished the task of codifying and revising the Brehon Laws, which, with some modifications by St. Patrick, three bishops, three kings and three scholars, remained the standard of Irish law for nine hundred years, up to the

time of the Invasion. He likewise assembled all the Bards and Poets at Tara and directed them in compiling the annals of Ireland. He then appointed a number of scholars to continue these records from year to year. This work was called the Psalter of Tara and is no longer extant. Toward the close of his life, most probably after his abdication, he composed a tract called the Teagusc-na-Ri, or the Institutions of a Prince, a work which is still extant and contains many admirable maxims of morality, social life and government.

King Cormac was a patron of art, and from the descriptions of his palace at Tara we know that the art of building was well advanced in his reign. The House of the Thousand soldiers and The Great Round Mead Hall were built for him at Tara. The former contained "three times fifty compartments," in each of which were "three times fifty soldiers." There were "three times fifty" continuations of these rooms and in each of these were "three times fifty soldiers." The palace was illuminated by gorgeously wrought candelabra. Its front was inlaid with bronze and other metal platings.

An old manuscript minutely describes the person of the king. It tells that he was "perfect in form." Of his apparel, O'Curry quotes in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish": "He wore a red buckler with stars and animals of gold and silver, a crimson cloak fastened by a golden brooch, a neck torque of gold, a white shirt interlined with golden threads, a girdle inlaid with precious stones, shoes of gold, two spears in his hand with golden sockets, and besides he was perfectly symmetrical in form and without blemish or reproach." Surely this gorgeous apparel was in strict keeping with his high dignity.

His family and lineage were noble. He himself was the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles. His son Finn MacCool was the general of his standing army which was called the Finians. Finn was called the warrior poet. Finn's son Ossian, the grandson of Cormac, was the greatest poet of pagan Ireland.

After Cormac had reigned well for thirty-nine years, he was wounded in battle and lost an eye. In compliance with the Irish

law, he abdicated, after first punishing his enemies. He died at Cleiteach about the year 270 A. D.

It is the opinion of many historians that Cormac adored the God of the Christians, but evidences in proof of this are not very conclusive. It is certain, however, that for some reason he incurred the anger of the Druids, through whose conspiracy he lost his life. It is asserted that the reason of their displeasure was the fact that Cormac not only refused to adore their idols, but he even showed hostility to Druidism. It is not at all improbable that a man of so wide a learning should have been influenced by the spreading spirit of Christianity. While many atrocities and cruelties have somewhat marred the earlier period of his reign, yet King Cormac was the most illustrious of the pre-Christian kings, and the period of his reign is known as the Golden Age of pagan Ireland.

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

"THE harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,"
Has slumbered long on Tara's walls,
But oh! it is not dead.
The throbs to which it once had leaped
Have lapsed in silence long,
But 'tis because its strings were steeped
In grief too deep for song.

But time has touched away her tears,
And Erin rises now,
The white dawn of the coming years
Upon her virgin brow;
While thro' her hills and emerald vales,
A thousand throbbing strings
Tell of the harp that never fails,
The race that ever sings.

No more, sweet harp, shall music dare
To live from thee apart,
And ye shall dwell,—a wedded pair—
Within the Irish heart.

No more shall sorrow soothe to sleep
Thy lilting, wind-blown cry;
Sweet harp, while Irish pulses leap,
Thy voice can never die!

Erin's Champion Saint.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

O PATRICK, faithful Ireland's Sainted Knight,
Thy soul still sees reflection in that isle
Of love. No stains of unbelief defile
Thy chosen home, but ever strong and bright
Within her virgin heart, undimmed the light
Of faith still burns, by thee inflamed. The smile
Of peace is on her chastened brow, the while
She breathes thy spirit's love of truth and right.

What though a tyrant hand may seek to still
The throbs of ardent love that stir her breast!
Not cruel exile, not e'en death can chill
The faith that makes her name forever blest.
As long as breathes a soul 'neath Erin's sky,
Thy glorious name, O Saint, shall never die.

Erin: The Isle of Song.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

A nation seldom has honors thrust upon it. Like the individual, it must first possess a special aptitude towards accomplishing the extraordinary in some one line of thought or endeavor; added to this and co-operative with it, must be a wonderful enthusiasm for working in that special field, the combination of which two qualities can alone produce that power called genius. But beyond even ability and power and enthusiasm, a nation must force the acknowledgment of its work upon the world by actual accomplishment, before mankind will consent to betow upon it the particular title of its own particular work.

Ancient Athens did not win undying renown as the home of the orator by the single efforts of a Demosthenes or an Aeschines, but rather because its whole history, the environment of its people, its homes and its schools teemed with the spirit of the orator; Rome cannot be called a land of warriors simply because she has given us a few great generals, but rather because her people, her institutions, and the entire state were permeated with the spirit of conquest and imperialism; even our own land does not enjoy the title of which she is so justly proud through the work of a few individual lovers of liberty, but rather through the combined thought and action of all our people, throughout all our fair young history. This is not a voluntary rule, but rather the law of ages.

The world has always proved itself a very reticent judge in bestowing titles of honor upon a nation, in its capacity as a nation, unless there has been sufficient superiority in accomplishment as to give undisputed grounds for so doing. What wonder then, that the land of Erin still cherishes among the greatest and the fairest glories of her past history, that early sister-title to the "Isle of Saints and Scholars," which the ancient world so universally bestowed upon her, when she was called by all nations "The Island of Song."

The Irish singer or bard is as old as the nation itself. The most ancient annals of the race tell us, that as far back as thirteen centuries before the Christian era, Ollamph Fodhla, the learned King of Ireland, had already established a bardic school of music. We also find in McFirbis' "Book of Genealogies," that "in the days of Connor McNossa, several centuries before Christ, there met once 1,200 poets in one company; at another time 1,000, and another 700; namely, in the days of Aidh McAinmore and Columcille, in the sixth century, A. D."

Think of it, away back before the dawn of Christianity, in the time of Ancient Greece and Rome, ere the modern nations of today were yet even in the infancy of their existence, that little island, smaller than many of our middle-states, could actually call together one thousand two hundred poets. And after entire centuries had passed away, when all Europe was just recovering from the discordant mass of ravaging barbarians and the depravation of her own semi-civilized multitudes; when Grecian culture was no more, and Rome had fallen, little Ireland could still call forth her minstrels by the thousands, to sing not only the island and its people, but also the new-found faith. And yet again after another space of years, when one, two, even five centuries had passed away; after writers of the times were forced to confess to the superiority of Irish music and song, a superiority which she had never yielded during the centuries.

But who were these bards of which history speaks? Were they mere poets or singers as we understand the terms today? The ancient bard or singer had not only to be a born poet and a musician by nature, but he was also the finished product of a long course of special education in music and song, covering a period of twelve years. Even then before he could

win the coveted title of bard, with all its kingly prerogatives, the long-haired singer of the flowing robes must be able to follow his chief into battle and there sing its progress to the accompaniment of his harp. Just as well must he be able to make the gentle love song and weave the varied narrative of his own particular clan; he must be prepared at all times and in any place to narrate upon the demand of his lord 5 x 50 prime stories and 2 x 50 of the second class, and finally, as a universal test of his ability, he must be able to compose and sing upon native subjects, to anyone of the Irish metrical forms then used, of which there are two or three hundred still extant.

But the productions; of what value are they one is tempted to ask. It is said that a song sings in a bad accent in any language not its own. This is an axiom of poetic criticism. Even such great classics as the *Illiad* and the *Aeneid*, when put into another tongue, though that translation be made by a master of poetic art, are spiritless, impersonal, in comparison with the original poems of the Latin and Greek. What is true of all tongues is true of the ancient Gaelic—a language possessing more than others perhaps, a spirit and a nature peculiar to itself. Yet even under this restraint, when we look at the songs of the old Irish minstrels, transcribed into modern tongue and judged by a modern spirit and modern principles of criticism, we cannot be insensible to the true vein of poetic feeling and expression which runs through their varied lines. The entire known works of the ancient bard Ossian, fragments of song from his great contemporaries, Columbcille's celebrated "Song of Derry," Mac Liag's "Kinkora," Owen Roe's "Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," and a hundred others, give evidence of high poetic and musical value.

We have no need, however, of basing these assertions upon personal observation alone. Spenser, the "Rubens of English poetry," who was certainly at no time a friend of Ireland, after reading a mere translation from the ancient bards, was forced to confess to the real literary value of their productions in song. Geraldus Cambrensis, who was likewise no flatterer of the Irish, when writing of their music and song, declared that there was no such music heard in all the world. Such writers as Bacon, Carodoc of Drancarvan, the Welch Historian, Fordun Camden and others, have

shown themselves to be in perfect agreement with the above authorities. Even modern celebrities have admitted the same. Handel wrote his wonderful "Messiah" under the spell of the Irish people, and he afterwards declared that he would rather be the author of the ancient air "Eleen Aroon," simple melody though it was, than of all the music he had ever written. And Handel was not alone in his admiration. Hadyn and Rossini have paid the highest tribute, though a silent one, by adopting into their masterpieces some of the ancient Irish songs. One piece at least, Flotow's "Martha," has been said to owe its very soul power to the presence of that old Irish air, the "Groves of Blarney," popularized by Moore as "The Last Rose of Summer." And yet when all has been said the sad fact still remains that this wonderful music and song of the early Irish nation is only the half remembered remnants of that former glory which centuries of blood and war and persecution have left as the only echo of its former greatness.

Such in a few words was the merit of the ancient song of Erin, which was destined to win from the learned Geminiani, even so late as the eighteenth century, the statement, that there was no original music in the West of Europe except that of the Irish. Such was the ancient bard in his capacity as poet, singer, musician, guardian of the ancient faith, Irish receptacle of the Irish spirit. The day will surely come when the world will atone for the forgetfulness of these later years, by placing the Irish bard and his productions in music and song upon the honor roll of the truly great in music and literature.

From Eire's Earth.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

SURE, 'tis only a bunch of shamrocks
 From an island in the sea:
 But what dreams they bring of childhood
 From that sea-girt land to me!
 Ah! they speak of a sleepless brooklet
 That within a dingle flows,
 And along its velvet borders
 The dear Irish shamrock grows.
 And they tell of the happy comrades
 Who, with light and buoyant air,
 At the grey dawn's first awak'ning
 Used to pluck the shamrock there.
 Ah! full well do I know the fingers
 That have culled this sweet bouquet;
 And from that dear haunt of childhood
 It has come for Patrick's Day.

Erin's Early Colonists.

JOHN H. MULLIN, '11.

That all history of ancient and remote times is considerably clouded with doubt and obscurity is generally ceded. Being aware of the superstition accredited to the Irish people, one may easily be convinced that much fiction has crept into her early history. Of her first inhabitants, comprising the followers of Caesair, Partholan and the Nemedians we know practically nothing. But through the De Danaans, a later race, we have acquired some knowledge relative to the Firbolgs.

Before the arrival of the Danaans, Ireland was inhabited by two classes of people, the Firbolgs and the Formorians. The former was a short, storky race, and dwelt inland. The latter was of a larger build and lived chiefly along the coast. Having destroyed their ships as soon as they disembarked, the natives looked upon them as beings having dropped from heaven.

Eocaid, high-king of the Firbolgs, first received the tidings of their advent. Accordingly he gathered his chiefs in council, and after much debate it was decided that Streng, the bravest among them, should go and find out all concerning the new-comers. The Danaans having heard of this move sent Breas to meet him. Upon their meeting, Breas was the first to speak. He said that since the waters were full of fish and the woods abounded in deer, both people should be able to live there peacefully. But, as one might imagine, the inhabitants were unwilling to accept the plan of the strangers. Accordingly the enemies met at Mag Tured and fought all day long, the battle resulting in favor of the Danaans.

Nuat, king of the victors, however, granted to Streng the right to rule over one-fifth of the land. The offer was accepted, and he accordingly chose Connaught as his domain. Since it was customary among the ancients that their rulers be physically perfect, Nuat, having been injured in the recent conflict, was forced to resign, Breas being selected to rule in his stead. The new ruler was half Danaan and half Formorian. So tyrannous was his sway, that in a short period he was compelled to abdicate and take refuge among the Formorians. At once he set about inciting the people against his former subjects, defeating the Formorians at Mag Tured.

That the Danaans were of an advanced civilization is apparent from the remnants of their craft. The most remarkable of these antiquities are the wonderful pyramids at Brugh, which are to-day known as the mounds of New George, Knowth and Dowth. But besides these, the Danaans have left us

other evidences of their civilization—granite basins, combs, amber trinkets and many other objects of interest to the student of history.

It appears that the peoples of the East were always looking westward in hope of obtaining homes and land. Many tribes landed on the coast of Ireland and lived there in peace until disturbed by newcomers. The Danaans banished the Firbolgs; but they, in turn, were to be conquered by the Milesians. The Danaans had held out the emblem of peace and love to the Firbolgs and asked for union, yet they themselves stoutly resisted the Milesians.

The Milesians were a band of men who came from the remote East to Spain or Gaul and thence to Ireland. Unnoticed by the Danaans they landed, and at once demanded that the government be turned over into their hands. The Danaans, surprised beyond limit, considered the secret stealth that had characterized the Milesians' methods to be unfair, and agreed that, if the Sons of Milid would attempt a second landing and succeed in the attempt, they would surrender. The Milesians consented to the plan, says the legend, and went out to sea "the distance of nine waves." A heavy fog filled the air; the waves rose high against the ship, and only a few Milesians reached the shore. These few survivors, however, were sufficient to defeat the Danaans at Tralee and to place the Milesians in a position of power.

Of all our Irish ancestors, these Milesians were, by far, the most civilized. They cultivated the soil and planted corn; they knew the use of metals, and, what brings most credit to them, established a stable government. They were also the first people to adopt a set form of law. This was known as the Brehon Law, and its central idea was the unification of the family. It established the father as head of the family, which in the sense of the Brehon Law, might number two hundred or more people. The sons could never become legally of age, that is, they never passed from control of the head of the family or clan. At the death of the father, the right hand son became the head, provided he was considered competent to govern it; in his default, the next oldest son was chosen.

The Brehon or judge was the supreme arbiter of all family or clan disputes. His duty it was to decide all lawsuits and mete out justice. The guilty party had to pay as a fine to the state a certain number of cows.

The struggle for supremacy among the ancient colonists of Ireland was long and tedious. Here was a complete social evolution—from the cave dwellers to the highly organized clan system. Each new people advanced civilization one step, till with the coming of the Milesians, law was established, and Ireland began her life as a nation.

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—This week the Irish History class presents an Irish history number of the SCHOLASTIC to commemorate the patronal feast-day of Erin. In

A Worthy Tribute view of the many
By the Irish History Class. other university activities that make large demands on their time, the spirit and enterprise of these young Irish Americans are an object-lesson to the members of other classes. Of course, one does not expect to see every department of the University produce a special issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Indeed not every department is presented the appropriate occasion, nor has every department that wide range for the free play of fancy in the regions of song and story. Ireland's singularly checkered history, the commingling of myth and fact in her pre-Christian period, the bardic songs that tell the stories of love and war with a swell and a resonance like the ocean waves she hears forever, the spirit lore of banshee and fairy, as well as the racial qualities of the people themselves—all these various elements are such as to quicken the imagination of the young man whose day-dreams drift into the past. The members of the Irish History class are to be congratulated and commended, not only for the brilliancy of their work but also for its spirit and tone.

It is pleasing to note that during the two years the course has existed, students without exception have given evidence of genuine enthusiasm in their work. It is gratifying to be able to say also that the University gives full history credits to those who attend recitations, hence no objection can be raised on the score of "special class." A regularly endowed chair of Irish History is all that is needed for a complete development of the course. And in considering the matter of endowing chairs for Irish History in different colleges and academies, those who have the movement at heart should not consider merely what Notre Dame *may* do, but what she is doing for the glory of the cause, and that too with a very meagre measure of recognition.

—It is the sacred duty of every newspaper, founded on a custom which originated in the days of stone tablets and almanacs, to chronicle the advent of **A Practical Spring**; founded on usage just as **Spring.** ancient is the invitation to the bards and long-haired people to sing the praises of the waking earth and budding trees and babbling brooks. But why not break away from tradition just for once and welcome a practical Spring? The gentleman in the white necktie lays down his volume of Browning, and flecking an invisible speck from his black Prince Albert, exclaims, "Horrors!" A practical Spring!—such sacrilege! Spring has always been the private property of poets and fool poets, and the idea of coupling it with such a mercenary word is shocking. But on second thought, there is no reason why Spring should not be the most practical of seasons. The renewed activity of nature is typical of man's activity. The farmer is out early and late, plowing and planting; the contractor and builder who have been forced indoors can renew operations; everywhere is life and activity. Spring fever is the invention of the laggard who finds his course at variance with this general awakening. The student, if he only sets himself to it, can study twice as well as during the gloomy days of winter, for he can find healthful rest and recreation to free his mind outside of study hours and keep it healthy and active. One should make full use of these fine days; get up and see the

sun rise, take long walks during hours of recreation, and read nature in nature's own book. It may be pleasant to lie awake in bed and dream Spring poetry, but it is far better to get out and see poetry in action.

—On April 15th the annual State Peace Oratorical contest will take place at Wabash College. Before that time, a local contest

The Peace Oratorical Contest. will be held to choose a representative. So far, only a few have signified their intention of entering the contest. This evidences a deplorable apathy. The subject of international arbitration and peace is very far-reaching, and no one should find it difficult to determine upon some phase of the general topic for discussion. The splendid record of the past has established Notre Dame's prestige in oratory. Let us keep up the record! No student should allow himself to neglect all practice in public speaking. The reasons for this are many and have often been presented in these columns. No one should wait until his last year in school before entering contests of oratory or debate. A man can not become an orator or debater in a day; honest, conscientious work is required.

—There is now in preparation under the auspices of the Irish Industries' Society of Chicago, a grand Irish pageant which is considered the most vivid **The Irish Pageant.** portrayal of Irish life and events ever attempted. The movement has drawn to itself the support of nearly all the Irish societies and many of the churches. The originators of the idea are contemplating the reproduction of ten dramatic scenes from ancient Irish life, followed by one allegory. The scenes will represent two periods of Irish history—first, from the time that Milid and his followers came—many centuries before Christ—up to the coming of St. Patrick in 432, A. D. The second period will extend from the conversion down to the battle of Clontarf, in 1014. The pageant will close by a symbolic allegory in which some twenty-five hundred Irish citizens will take part. Once more all the living descendants of the various clans in Chicago will be assembled to represent

clan customs and clan life. The costumes will be imported from Ireland, and the scenery, meagre though it must be, will be prepared by eminent Irish artists.

In order to get the real significance of such an undertaking, one must realize what its successful issue actually means. It means that the American public will have received its first vivid lesson in Irish history. The early history of Ireland, like that of most other nations, is enveloped in legend and mysticism, with this one marked difference, however, that beneath it all flows a mighty undercurrent of poetry and literature unsurpassed of any nation. The history of Ireland is full of deeds of valor and of chivalry. Her customs, language and literature have been almost buried in oblivion by oppression and tyranny. But present indications point toward a great Irish renaissance, which will once more bring before the world the rich literature and beautiful history of that nation. It is a movement which gathers force as it goes on, and this great pageant is but a new manifestation of the forces that are at work within it. It is well worth the best efforts of the best men.

—The practice prevalent in certain younger set circles of carving their names on every sign post and vacant wall is what will keep the younger set young forever. This feeling of being young may have a measure of recompense for those who act young. **A Post Mortem.** The spirit of man thirsts for immortality of some kind. And so if your name does not appear on the pages of the college weekly, nor on a literary, social or athletic program; if lack of talent,—or, more properly, lack of industry—keeps you among the unknown, pull out your jack knife and carve yourself a name which will endure as long as the post. The fact that the letters thus carved may not awaken high admiration on those who behold is of small consequence. You have cast your lot with the post, and with the post you will go down in history: not very gifted, not very industrious, always very young, always doing what thoughtful, well-bred people never do, one to be counted in the city's census as an inhabitant, in other respects—a plain post.

 Official Notice to Parents.

REGARDING THE SO-CALLED EASTER HOLIDAYS.

I earnestly request the co-operation of parents and guardians to secure strict observance of the University regulations with regard to the so-called Easter holidays. The Catalogue distinctly says "There is no vacation at Easter," but in order to grant the privilege of a brief visit home to those who live within a reasonable proximity to the College, the Faculty has decided to transfer the regular classes of Saturday, March 26th, to the recreation day, Thursday, March 24th. This will permit students to leave for their homes after their last class on Friday, March 25th. The Monday after Easter has always been a recreation day at the University, but classes commence promptly on Tuesday morning, March 29th.

Parents, acting sometimes on the suggestion of their sons, have in past years frequently requested permission for students to leave the University at an earlier date than that fixed by the Faculty. The result has been disappointment for parents and children and a great deal of unnecessary annoyance for the officers of the University. I am sending this notice to parents and guardians in the hope that fewer students will ask to be absent from the University at Easter and that in no case will permission be requested to go home earlier than after their last class on Friday. The necessity for securing "new clothes" for Easter and other considerations of a similar kind are not considered valid reasons for making an exception. I therefore request parents and guardians to assist me in securing the strict enforcement of this regulation.

JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

Semi-Finals in Debate.

The semi-finals in the debates were held last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings with the following result: Mathis, 1st; Toole, 2d; Hope and Murphy tied for 3d; Finnegan, 5th; Schmid, 6th; Sands, 7th; Donovan, 8th; O'Hara, 9th; Hagerty, 10th. The first eight men will compete in the finals, and from these, four will be selected to represent Notre Dame in the coming intercollegiate debates.

 Echoes of Lætare Sunday.

The selection of Maurice Francis Egan for the Lætare Medal has proved a popular one. The press and the public seem united in the opinion that the choice of Dr. Egan was well judged.

Archbishop Ireland telegraphed, "Very glad. An excellent choice." Archbishop Spalding wired, "I am delighted to hear of the honor conferred on Maurice Francis Egan." The veteran William J. Onahan, Lætare Medalist of 1890, writes, "I warmly congratulate you on the choice made this year of Dr. Egan for the Lætare Medal. It is in every respect fitting, and I am sure the selection will be cordially approved by the press and the public." Miss Katherine E. Conway, Lætare Medalist, 1907, says, "Heartfelt congratulations on your new Lætare Medalist. It is a splendid choice." Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan (Christian Reid) writes these beautiful words: "Let me thank you most cordially for your very kind telegram, received last night, informing me of the University's choice of its Lætare Medalist for this year, and at the same time allow me to congratulate you warmly on that choice. I am sure that you have never made one which more perfectly fulfils the purposes for which the beautiful custom of bestowing the medal was instituted. Dr. Egan is, in fact, an ideal subject for the honor Notre Dame has bestowed on him—a man of letters of high rank, who has not only adorned every province of literature which he has touched, whether as poet, essayist, critic, or professor, with the charm of a fine art and a cultivated genius, but who has never failed to add the crowning grace of a truly exquisite perception of the things of faith, of the note of a militant Catholicity. He will wear your medal most worthily, and his name will add lustre to the list of those on whom you have bestowed it." Col. R. C. Kerens writes, "This is an excellent selection."

We should like to quote some of the tributes by the Catholic press, but these have already been enjoyed by our readers.

An attempt was made to reach Dr. Egan by wireless telegram, but the effort failed because the Scandinavian boat on which he had taken passage was not equipped with wireless apparatus. A cablegram was, however, despatched to him and will greet him on his arrival at Copenhagen.

Shakespearean Reading.

Mr. Sidney Woollet gave a reading of Shakespeare's historical drama, *Henry V.*, in Washington Hall on Wednesday, March 9. The interpretation was by no means the most successful given at the University this year. Whether it was because of the hall or the audience, or the inability on the part of the reader to vary tone and gesture, the selection proved monotonous. *Henry V.* is by no means the most entertaining of Shakespeare's historical works, and this may have had something to do with the lack of interest manifested by the audience.

Grand Male Quartette.

The Grand Male Quartette gave a most enjoyable concert last Monday, March 7. Without the desire to indulge in extravagant praise, it may be said that the company is one of the best-trained and most entertaining that has greeted a Notre Dame audience for some time. A wealth of tone-quality blended with mellowness and unity caused rare harmony; the musical pauses were filled in with remarkable skill and judgment. The selection from "*Faust*" was the most acceptable number. The bass and tenor solos brought out a wonderful range of voice on the part of the performers, but it may be said in both cases that the selections were not really happy, as they seemed to have been chosen rather with the sole aim of displaying this range than for any motives of art. The quartette on the whole made a most pleasing impression.

Philosophers' Day.

Students who wander through the mazes of psychology and metaphysics and rack their brains with logic have their trials, but they are not without compensation, as those who attended the banquet of last Tuesday will testify. The occasion which was the anniversary of the death of St. Thomas was also the feast day of the Rev. Father Crumley, Professor of Philosophy. The Rev. Vice-President has made it a custom to tender his students a banquet each year

on this day besides exempting them from classes. On Tuesday, therefore, the philosophers enjoyed a free day, and one hundred and twenty all told did full justice to a varied and highly palatable menu extending over several courses. Father Schumacher was present as guest of honor. There was no oratory,—which, by the way, is not an unmixed evil.

SOCIETIES.

Electrical Engineering.

On Tuesday evening the students of the engineering department were entertained by Mr. Albert W. Hadley with his interesting stories of foreign travel. Mr. Hadley was for several years in the United States Forestry service, but during the past year has been travelling through Europe. He has made a special study of the pyramids in Egypt, and has written several noteworthy magazine articles upon this subject. The inferences he draws regarding the construction of the old pyramids are decidedly original, and much more plausible than the worn-out theories advanced by a great many stereopticon entertainers. He called special attention to the "step pyramid," which is similar in construction to those found in Mexico and South America, a fact, in his opinion, showing the probable common origin of the peoples occupying all of these countries.

Last summer Mr. Hadley accompanied Prof. Greene to the aeronautical exhibition at Rheims, and afterward he attended the aeronautical exhibition in Frankfort, Germany. The limitation of time, however, prevented much discussion of this latter subject.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting last Sunday night and the following program was rendered: "*The Charge of the Light Brigade*," E. Brentgartner; "*Glenanaar*," P. Byrne; "*Christmas Treasures*," P. Meersman; "*Martyrs of the Coliseum*," G. Marshall; "*Phileas Fox*," L. Cauly; "*Our Whippings*," G. Sippel; "*The Chase of an Heiress*," L. Kiley. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That

the jury system should be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Morrissey, Marcille and Meersman, and the negative by Messrs. Hinde, Clark and Soisson. After an interesting discussion, the decision was awarded to the negative. The following names were presented for admission into the society: J. Dean, Steinhöff and Adams. After criticisms by the Rev. Father Carroll, the meeting was adjourned.

Philopatrians.

We give below the cast for the Philopatrian play. The piece is entitled "The Prince and the Pauper," adapted from Mark Twain's novel of the same title. The performance will be seen next Thursday, St. Patrick's Day.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Edward, Prince of Wales.....	George Clarke	
Tom Canty, the Pauper.....	Louis Cox	
Miles Hendon, protector of the Prince—	Frank McInerny	
Henry VIII., King of England.....	William Bensberg	
Earl of Hertford.....	Bernard Bogy	
Prince Godfrey, cousin of Prince Edward—	Jos. Peurrung	
Page to the Prince.....	Walter Ward	
Servant to Hendon.....	Hervey Ridgeway	
John Canty, father of the pauper.....	Edward Sippel	
Sykes, uncle of the pauper.....	Mark Broad	
Dan Canty, brother of the pauper.....	Cecil Birder	
Yokel, a vagabond.....	Martin Walter	
Mad Sam.....	Roy Loeb	
Humphrey Marlow.....	Thomas Burke	
Anthony Gorse	} Guards	N. C. O'Brad
Hugh Gallord		Herbert Koelbel
Robert Godfredson	} Dancing pages and court jesters	
Francis Logue		
Milton Mann		
Thomas Hogan		
John O'Brien		
Thomas Walsh		
Alfredo Zubiria		
Raymond Loeb		
Thomas Clark		

Courtiers and vagabonds by members of the society

Civil Engineering.

On February 9th the weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held. Mr. Romana spoke of the necessity of the student engineer in watching the more needful works of his country, in order to make the greatest success in his chosen profession when he enters the business world. He showed how the work of the civil engineer is demanded in nearly every other branch of engineering, and the vastness of his own field. The appli-

cation and advantages of a reconnoissance survey, especially in selecting triangulation stations in geodetic work and in choosing railroad routes, were discussed by Mr. McSweeney. Although a survey of this kind is not executed with much precision, questions of financial importance, which deal with the construction of the road bed, and also with the success of the railroad when in operation, are constantly in the mind of the chief of a party. In presenting his reasons for desiring to become a civil engineer, Mr. Duque claimed that the broad theoretical training offered in the college course was an incentive to him, and also the numerous opportunities offered for such a man in South America. Mr. Vera discussed the phenomena of electrolysis, which was first experimented with in 1800. Its practical uses, as in electroplating, and its destructive effect to underground iron pipes, which are in the vicinity of electric car lines, were well explained. The polarization of light and its purity in determining the degree of clearness which certain transparent substances possess were touched upon by Mr. Wolff. Prof. Ackerman paid a visit to the society.

Obituary.

By the death of Mr. Antoine Cartier, the State of Michigan loses a distinguished citizen. Mr. Cartier was a prominent and successful business man and a large figure in the life of the commonwealth. Few men of his time have been more respected by those who knew him best. We extend sympathy to his sons, Mr. Warren A. Cartier (B. S. '87, C. E. '87) and Mr. Dezera E. Cartier (B. S. '92) and to his grandsons, Ray and Morgan Cartier of Walsh Hall. *R. I. P.*

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We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Margaret Cavanagh who passed away recently at her home in Chicago. The deceased was the President of the Alumnae Association of St. Mary's College and Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, and was deservedly considered one of the most distinguished and representative Catholic women in America.

One of her brothers, the Rev. Patrick Dillon, C. S. C., was President of the Univer-

sity of Notre Dame in 1866. Another brother, the Rev. James Dillon, C. S. C., was a prominent chaplain of the Civil War. Two of Mrs. Cavanagh's sons; Charles T. (A. B. '91) and Thomas T. (A. B. '97) are alumni of the University. To them the SCHOLASTIC extends the assurance of sympathy and prayers.

Personals.

—On Monday February 28, Brother Titus celebrated his 80th birthday. Brother Titus honored the event in his own quiet way with a few old-time friends. *Ad multos annos!*

—E. L. Miller (student '01-'02) is now secretary of the Skagway Commercial Club of Skagway, Alaska. From that far-away land he writes: "I was certainly elated when I read that the boys slipped a few goals over on Michigan's line last fall. Hope they can do it again."

—"Jerry" Sheehan, the heavy-hitter of the Varsity prior to 1907, has been engaged as captain of the Streator Reds, which this season will be a member of the new Illinois Valley Trolley league. Since leaving Notre Dame, "Jerry" has been playing with Portland until last year, when he managed the Knox College team.

—Albert A. Kotte (C. E., 1906) was recently elected City Engineer of Alliance, Ohio. The city is to expend \$400,000 on public improvements, the greater part of this work to come under the jurisdiction of the engineering department. Mr. Kotte has at present two assistants and is making inquiries for additional help.

—The jaunty and dignified State Senator Robert E. Proctor (LL. B., 1904) was recently the recipient of the following interesting document from the state capital:

MY DEAR SIR:—Permit me to extend congratulations upon the birth of a baby boy. I should like to wish him some good thing as he starts in life. Therefore, I hope that he may grow up to have a conscience which will determine the right thing for him to do and the will to do it, always in consonance with the principles upon which our government rests.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Thomas R. Marshall, Governor.

To those who know the ideal wife and children with which Mr. Proctor has been blessed, these congratulations seem a worthy honor. Mr. Proctor has been elected President of the Indiana-Michigan Baseball League.

Calendar.

- Sunday 13—Brownson Literary Society.
 " Walsh Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 Monday 14—Band practice 12:30 P. M.
 " Orchestra practice 4-6 P. M.
 " Frederick Ward.
 " Glee Club practice 7:00 P. M.
 Tuesday 15—Mandolin practice 12:30 P. M.
 " Wrestling class 7:00 P. M.
 Wednesday 16—Freshman banquet. Boxing
 class 7:00 P. M.
 " Band practice 12:30 P. M.
 Thursday 17—St. Patrick's Day.
 " Band concert.
 " Philopatrian play.
 " 2d Annual banquet of Class '12.
 Friday 18—Mandolin Club practice 12:30.
 Saturday 19—St. Joseph's Day.
 " Track Meet with Ohio State.
 Baseball practice, daily at 3:00 P. M.
 Sunday and Thursday at 9:00 A. M.
 Track practice, daily at 3:45 P. M.

Local Items.

—Nine rahs for Inis Fail!

—No SCHOLASTIC will be issued next Saturday.

—Spring is here in earnest. Even the most unobservant can not fail to notice the robins; the first "rec" Tuesday of the opening season has come and gone and you may expect to meet ere long that curious individual athirst for information who will hail you with the time worn question, "When will the 'Dome' be out?"

—Aero clubs from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Columbia and Cornell will meet at Philadelphia April 1st and 2d for the purpose of effecting the organization of the North American Intercollegiate Aeronautic Association and to arrange its affiliation with the Aero Club of America. The local Aero Club has been invited to send a delegate to the convention. It is hoped that a series of intercollegiate meets and model gliding contests will be arranged.

—The balmy weather of the preceding week, so delightful after the long and severe winter, could not fail to encourage long walks across the big campus. To the temperate these strolls always afford relaxation and enjoyment, but there are unfortunately many who recognize not moderation and who overtire themselves by extending their rambles beyond the conventional limits. Unwarned by the sad experiences of older

and wiser ones a party of youthful students essayed to rove toward the setting sun. It was the same old story. Why dwell on the harrowing details. The fleetest of foot arrived home in a bedraggled condition, and are congratulating themselves on their powers of sprinting; the less fortunate bend wearily over a thumb-worn edition of the college magazine thoroughly convinced of the ubiquity of the average prefect.

—The outdoor baseball season opened last week with a contest between two rival Brownson coteries, a fact which would be of small moment did not one "Pat" Anderson thereby attain to undying glory and the dizzy heights of popularity. This is the way it all came about. At the end of ninth inning the score was 16 up and the sport continued. In the — inning (our reporter was not sure whether it was the 17th or 23d, and as the numbers have nothing to do with the general narrative we cheerfully omit them) with several men on bases. "Pat" trembling with anxiety, arose from the bench, planted himself in front of the over-confident twirler, and like the proverbial Casey slammed the horsehide into the boundless expanse of surrounding space. The game was *won*, and amid wild acclaim the hero was carried from the field. Brownsons feel that if the big league sleuths can be kept at bay they have the interhall baseball championship cinched, and to this end are watching their "find" closely.

Athletic Notes.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TO NOTRE DAME.

It was fitting that Chet Freeze should lead his men to victory in his last game of basket-ball with Notre Dame. By defeating Wabash, the State Championship banner was retained by the wearers of the Gold and Blue. Coach Maris has had a hard time of it getting together a team which would carry away its share of victories. "Pete" Vaughan, last year's star center, was unable to play because of injuries received in football. Vance, who would have developed into a crack player, deserted the team early. The team which faced Wabash was in the best of condition, and fast work on the part of every man resulted.

The game opened with Murphy getting the jump on O'Neill and putting the ball in the hands of a local man. After ten seconds of quick passes Fish put the scorer to work with the ball caged in the basket. Again Murphy got the jump, and the ball was worked down under the local goal where the big center got clear and made the second basket for Notre Dame. On the next

play Yount of Wabash got the ball about midway down the field; finding no one in position to take it, he tried for goal and made the prettiest shot of the game. On a quick pass from Fish, Maloney added two points for the locals. Ten seconds later he repeated on a pass from Murphy. Time was called for Leffel to rest his weakened ankle. On resuming play, Ulatowski worked the ball down the field and made his basket after a fierce struggle. Freeze next shot the ball to Maloney who grabbed it off his head and made his third basket.

Fish started the rooters by making the next basket, while down on his knees with his guard leaning over him. On a foul by Yount, Maloney threw the first goal from foul for the locals. On the next play the locals worked the ball down under their goal, and after several passes Murphy cleared his guard and added two more. Wabash got the ball on the next play and Stump missed an easy chance for goal. Murphy fouled, but O'Neill failed to make the goal. Lambert got the ball and made the second field goal for the visitors. The playing now became very fast, and Fish getting a long pass from Freeze made a pretty shot, caging the ball. The half ended with Fish and Murphy working the ball toward the local goal. Score, 19-6.

The second half opened fast. Yount was forced to take out time. In the jump with Fish, Leffel secured the ball and made the basket. On a foul by Yount, Maloney made goal from foul. In the next play Leffel was forced to leave the game because of his ankle, and Ebbert was substituted. Ebbert was in the game but a few seconds when he scored for his team. Wabash took a brace and began playing fast. The local men seemed to be working in hard luck. Throws which looked good for baskets missed by a small margin. At last, however, Murphy broke the ice and put the ball in the basket on a pass from Maloney. On a pass from Ulatowski, Murphy again scored. With no one near him Lambert found a soft spot and stretched out to await pleasant dreams. He was rudely awakened by his team-mates and the game went on. After making a pretty basket Lambert again sought rest and he was taken out. Burke went in for Fish. The game ended with both sides working hard. Score, 28-19.

CULVER MEET.

The Freshman track team journeyed down to Culver last Saturday and took the soldier boys into camp, the score being 48-29. The Culver gym proved inadequate for a track meet, and because of this the time made was slow in comparison to what the Freshies would do in our own gym.

