

awarded them \$750 each, a poor compensation for the student-ship, the value of which is \$500 a year, for seven years. The University football club have this year again succeeded in putting on the field the best team in Ireland, so that prosperity reigns in every department.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Sporting News.

THE receipts of the Harvard Base Ball Club of last season were about \$4,600.

CAMP, the professional coach of the Yale football eleven, was recently severely injured in playing.

THE Queen's College Association Football club have played five matches this year and were not beaten once. The following are the clubs which they played:—University College, Victoria College, Bowmanville, Belleville and Kingston City. The Rugby club has only been beaten once, namely, by Ottawa.

MUCH disappointment is evinced in Harvard at the result of the Princeton game. Better results had been hoped for by the majority of the students, but the outcome was exactly what was expected by the closer observers. Hard work is, however, being put in order to make the best possible showing against Yale on Thanksgiving Day, and the result will probably be somewhat more favorable than the game with Princeton.—*Ex.*

MUCH excitement was caused in Harvard and Yale lately by the action of the Faculty of the former University, in forbidding the football team to play any more games, on account of the brutality of the rules. This resolution was afterwards rescinded to allow the match with Yale, all the arrangements for which had been made, to take place on Thanksgiving Day. In future, however, the Faculty will not permit students to play football unless the game is so modified that it may be played by gentlemen without derogation. Lest our readers should suppose that the game, as played in Canada, is open to the same objections as those which have caused the action of the Harvard Faculty, it may be stated that in the United States the rules admit of a much greater degree of roughness than they do here, and that the students of some colleges there have in the past taken advantage of their superior strength to injure—sometimes seriously—their opponents and so render the superior playing of the latter of less avail.

THE following is the account of the latest amusement of the Harvard students, given by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*:—

A new dissipation has broken out among the students of Harvard College. From the earliest days of the institution its stately halls have rung with the shouts and songs of undergraduates gathered around the flowing punch-bowl. The allurements of the corps de ballet have heretofore been irresistible, and every Boston theatre had its nightly patronage of "Cambridge men." But the student mind is insatiable for fresh excitement. Hence, wrestling matches, fierce glove contests, all-night poker parties, and various other entertainments of a mild nature have long been enrolled on the list of standard amusements, and the casual caller at a college-room may stumble upon one of these any evening. Until very recently, however, it is believed that the cock-fight has not been found flourishing in the classic shades. From time to time, as these interesting and elegant events have taken place in the neighborhood, some few students have been found among the spectators; but a genuine cock-fight, conducted from beginning to end, according to Ed. James, taking place in one of the buildings of Harvard University is, to say the least, a refreshing novelty. A few nights ago your correspondent found himself in a richly furnished room in one of the popular dormitories of Harvard. A dozen or more students were present. Several were padding the walls of the room to prevent any unusual noise from rousing the proctor. As one of the students condescendingly explained, "He wouldn't be disturbed by an ordinary rumpus, don'tcha know—a punch or soiree musicale, don'tcha know, with a little rum flip, but if the demnition birds should squawk, why—er—al—he might

think the Sabines were attacking Rome again, ya know, and that the demnition poultry were cackling to warn him." It might almost be said that all classes of students were represented, for one or two were present who have gained no low position in the rank list. The final touch to the preparations was given, after removing the furniture, by spreading a sheet over the expensive carpet. Then the cocks were brought forth from a dark closet. They were handsome birds, showing their blood and breeding in every motion and every feather. The long, cruel steel spurs having been adjusted, the birds were permitted to peck at each other's heads for a moment to stir their me'le, when they were breasted and the fight began. The students were grouped about the room, and for a minute or two nothing was heard but the flap, flap, of the wings and the occasional sharp click of the spurs when they met. Then Tommy T—, the host, cried out, "I'm gambling fifty more on my bird." This bet was taken at once and others were quickly made of sums ranging from \$5 to \$50. Everybody was in a state of intense excitement. The battle had been the subject of much anticipation and speculation. Both birds were known to have fought several times, and had been bought by their respective owners especially for this fight. One, known as Dandy, was owned by a peculiar specimen of mankind, a species rare among students, a man whose every thought and purpose centred upon contests of this nature. He was evidently the ringleader, and probably the only one present who entered into the sport with genuine, deep enthusiasm. He was nervous and excitable, and took every advantage allowed by the rules to benefit his bird. The host's bird was called Jim, and was at a slight disadvantage in the betting, the proportion being 5 to 4 on Dandy. Meantime the fight was being contested stubbornly and was waxing hotter. Several strokes had taken effect on each combatant, and the white sheet was liberally sprinkled with blood and feathers. Every now and then, as one bird drove the other across the sheet, there was a stampede of students to the window seats and the corners. The fight was evidently against Jim, and Tommy and his friends began to look despairing.

Suddenly a heavy knock sounded on the outer door of the room. Every one, including the *H-rald* correspondent, turned pale and trembled. It must be the proctor had heard the racket when they all had to dive and dodge from the furious cocks. Ten frightened young men rushed into their bed-rooms and locked themselves in, while Tommy and Ben coolly but quickly caught up the birds and dumped one in the coal closet and the other in the bottom of a bookcase. Then Ben hastily rolled up the sheet while Tommy went to the door. He opened it deliberately, and upon the ears of all fell the words:

"I've been a knocking at your door, Mr. —, full foive minutes: I jist called for the wash—"

"Oh, bother the wash," growled the host; "call to-morrow morning," and he slammed the door and everybody re-entered the battle ground. The momentary damper upon the evening's pleasure was soon unfelt, as the birds were again breasted for the fatal encounter. One of them must surely die, perhaps both, though it seemed almost certain that a few moments more would finish poor Jim. But with Jim's decreasing strength Tommy grew more interested, and finally danced over the carpet fairly wild.

"Go it, you dogond coon! give him one behind his ear," then, as he saw the poor bird's struggles with his own weakness, he added in a tone of contrition, "no, you poor old cuss; you're a game stag; if you're licked it isn't the fault of your pluck."

While Tommy was wrapped in gloomy despair, Ben and his backers were correspondingly exultant. Both birds were fighting magnificently, as an enthusiastic observer afterward expressed it, but the end was drawing near. Tommy and his fellow backers had given Jim up for lost; the birds hesitated a single moment face to face, their feathers erect, their eyes bloodshot, when Jim, dying as he was, all but dead, with one convulsive spring met his opponent and drove his long spurs clean through Dandy's brain. Ben's face fell and his spirits sank a hundred degrees, as he looked ruefully at his fallen and vanquished bird, too