

ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

**BUTTRICK & EDDY,**  
**BEST \$2 HAT MADE.**

50 Cent Neckwear Our Specialty.

395 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

LOOK IN OUR WINDOWS.

---

**James J. McLaughlin,**

*LATEST STYLES,  
FINEST QUALITY.*

**HATS AND MEN'S  
FURNISHINGS . . .**

74 FRONT STREET,  
WORCESTER, MASS.

---

**J. R. Howe,**

646 MAIN STREET,

The place to buy the best **Flour** made.

**Grand Prize and King Arthur**

Also the

**Finest Tea and Coffee.**

Give us a trial.

**Telephone 657-4.**

---

**Ralston Health Shoe**

**FOR MEN.**

The Ralston Health Shoe is the product of years of experience in perfecting a perfect and healthful shoe for men's wear. Made on **Hygienic Principles**, and gives the wearer not only style, but comfort.

**Dadmun, Heywood & Co.,**

**520 Main St.,**

Agents for Worcester.

**Graduation Suits**

**OUR SPECIALTY.**

We have sole control of the

**Famous BLACKFAST Diagonals**

Without an equal for color and wear resisting qualities.

\$10, \$12, \$15 and \$20.

Blue Serge in Single and Double Breasted Sacks, plain and silk faced, \$6.98, \$7.98, \$10, \$12 and \$15.

Best line of **STRAW HATS** in Worcester. Rough Braid, Splits, Milan and Mackinaw.

---

**DANIEL DOWNEY,**

**522 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.**

---



## CONTENTS.

### The First Graduation Day at Holy Cross, Fifty Years

Ago, by Plymouth Rock, - - - - - 288

College of the Holy Cross, by J. L., - - - - - 297

### The Growth and Development of Athletics at Holy

Cross, by J. J. Mullaly, '00, - - - - - 300

"Don't," by James Jeffrey Roche, - - - - - 325

A Young Man's Search for Health, by Jos. W. Reilly, '97, 329

To the Law's Recruits, by Hon. John W. Corcoran, - 337

### An Untold Incident of the Late War, by Edward H.

Sheehan, '89, - - - - - 351

### The Purple Prize Winners:

The Essay, Maurice Francis Egan, - - - - - 355

The Story, Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J., - - - - - 357

### VERSE:

#### For the Ordination of P. M. C., S. J., by Michael

Earls, '96, - - - - - 354

### EDITORIAL:

Good-bye, (verse) by John E. Wickham, '99, - - - 359

Our Farewell Bow, by J. H. Gainer, '99, - - - - - 360

Our Advertisers, by J. T. Cassidy, '99, - - - - - 361

COLLEGE CHRONICLE, - - - - - 363

THE ALUMNI, - - - - - 373

ATHLETICS, - - - - - 381









RT. REV. JAMES A. HEALY, '49,  
BISHOP OF PORTLAND, ME.  
Earliest living graduate of Holy Cross College.



## The Purple.

---

THE PURPLE is a Literary Magazine, published at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Its aim is to cultivate a high literary spirit among the students by exercising them in both critical and creative composition. It serves also as a bond between the Alumni and their *Alma Mater*, chronicling their successes and telling briefly the important happenings of college life.

Subscription: One dollar a year, payable in advance; single copies, 15 cents. THE PURPLE is issued every month, excepting August and September.

---

Entered at the Post Office at Worcester, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

---

### BOARD OF EDITORS.

Editor-in Chief: JOSEPH H. GAINER, '99.

### EDITORS.

JOHN E. WICKHAM, '99.	JOHN J. WELCH, '99.
JAMES F. DONNELLY, '99.	JAS. W. FITZ PATRICK, 1900.
CHARLES A. ROLFE, '99.	HUGH J. McCORMICK, 1900.
DANIEL J. KENNEDY, 1900.	JOHN E. McTIGUE, 1900.
FRANCIS MONOHAN, 1900.	JOSEPH P. COLEMAN, 1900.
JAMES P. MOORE, 1900.	DAVID L. JORDAN, 1901.
JOSEPH F. X. MURPHY, 1900.	MELVIN E. TOLMAN, 1901.

### BUSINESS MANAGERS.

JOHN T. CASSIDY, '99.	JOSEPH E. MCCARTHY, '99.
EDWARD J. HUSSEY, '99.	JOHN J. MCCARTHY, 1900.

---

## THE FIRST GRADUATION DAY AT HOLY CROSS, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The history of any memorable event is best told by an eye witness. With a view, therefore, of getting a contemporary account of the first graduation day at Holy Cross, we have searched forgotten files of old newspapers with the following result. It will be seen from the



letter to the *Boston Post* of 1849 that Bishop Healy took all the honors of the graduating class, and that to him was assigned the then distinguished duty of preparing and delivering the valedictory. The second letter, to the *Boston Pilot*, was written by one who was a guest at the college during the two last days of the school year. The entire faculty of that early day has passed away. The graduates of '49 are all dead, except one, Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, who lives to enjoy the love and veneration which have come to him after half a century of devoted labor and great success.

MOUNT ST. JAMES,  
WORCESTER, MASS., July 26, 1849.

The selection of this beautiful hill as a site for an academic institution of the first order, bound by the force of circumstances to grow in spite of opposition springing from the yet rampant spirit of sectarian illiberality, is a proof of great taste and sound judgment on the part of the founders of the "College of the Holy Cross," at Worcester, which has now completed its fifth year, and to-day, for the first time, sent forth into the world a small detachment of graduates. The fact that it was the first "Commencement Day" of that institution seemed to me to possess sufficient interest to justify a letter giving an account of the proceedings for the information of the readers of the *Post*. The circumstance that the last legislature refused to incorporate the trustees of the college has given additional interest to it, for thousands who had never heard of it before



*FIRST GRADUATION DAY.* 289

have since become inquisitive with regard to it.

Having reached the Mount some time before the commencement of the exercises, I occupied the interval in collecting a few leading facts calculated to exhibit the general character and present condition of the college. It supersedes a sort of a semi-manual labor boarding-school for youth, established about fifteen years ago by the Rev. Father Fitton, I believe, or at least carried on by him for several years; and it differs from most other collegiate institutions, in combining a preparatory school, in which boys are fitted for a college, with a college in fact. It differs from other colleges in another respect: with the exception of the interest of a single donation of \$1000, it derives its support wholly from the regular fees received from the students for board and tuition, which amount to \$150 per annum each. Another difference is that the college students are not divided into classes, respectively styled seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen, but the classes are distinguished by the studies pursued in them.

The number of students now attached to the institution, either as belonging to the preparatory school or to the college proper, is 120—making a fee-roll of \$18,000.

The college faculty, or academic staff, appears to be sufficiently numerous for the number of students, and embraces several gentlemen of sound and extensive learning. The following is a list of them:

Rev. John Early, President.

Rev. Peter J. Blinkensop, Vice-President.



Rev. George Fenwick, professor of rhetoric and prefect of schools.

Rev. Felix Sopranis, professor of logic, metaphysics and ethics.

Rev. Kenneth A. Kennedy, professor of natural philosophy and chemistry.

Rev. Philip Sacchi, professor of German and Spanish.

Rev. Wm. Logan and Rev. Augustine L. McMullen, professors of the ancient languages.

The following gentlemen, of the ecclesiastical rank of "scholastics" are professors, without permanent rôles of duty as instructors, and are chiefly employed in the preparatory classes:

Rev. Samuel L. Lilly, Rev. W. Brady, Rev. P. J. Creighton, Rev. Joseph T. Callahan, Rev. John B. Wolfe, Rev. Henry J. Hennis and Rev. John B. Gillespie.

S. R. Leland, teacher of music and composer.

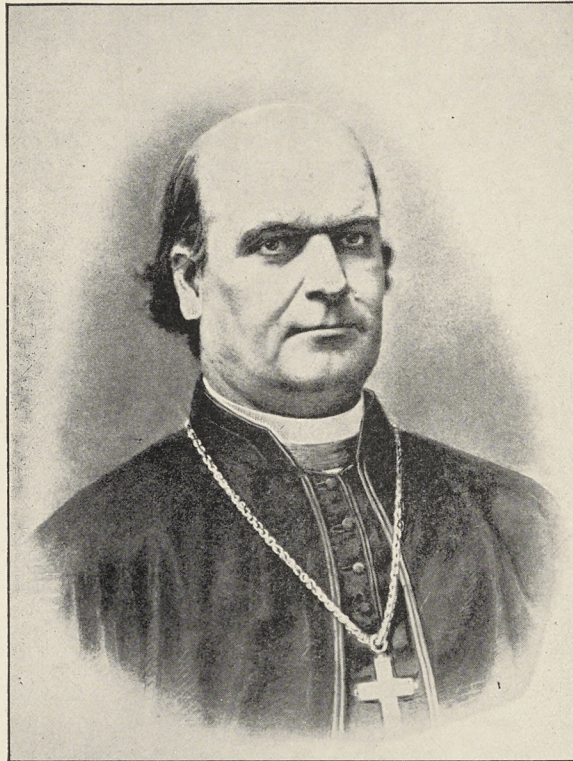
I saw nearly all the above named learned gentlemen, in their official vestments, and a more scholarly looking corps I never set eyes on. Some of them seemed to be the very personification of Greek and Latin, while the countenances of others expressed the very essence of the abstruse sciences.

I had an excellent opportunity for seeing the faculty and students together, in front of the college building. The boys belonging to the preparatory school were dressed in dark round jackets and white pants, of uniform fashion, and the college youths wore dark frocks and also white pants. About 9 o'clock, word was received that Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, the









RT. REV. JOHN B. FITZPATRICK.  
Second Bishop of Boston.



*FIRST GRADUATION DAY.* 291

head of trustees, Bishop Odin of Texas, and Father Mathew had arrived at the depot, and would be at the college in a few minutes. The whole academic body was thereupon drawn up in line, with the officers properly disposed throughout. When the bishop's carriage came in sight on the winding road on the left, a band composed of students, with sixteen pieces, struck up a lively air and the procession moved forward to receive the distinguished guests. At this moment the hill and valley smiling at its feet presented a most animated scene, there being about a thousand persons of both sexes, in vehicles and on foot, approaching from different points and converging on the grounds in front of the college. Bishop Fitzpatrick and his suite were received by President Early, with the usual forms, and Father Mathew was introduced to all the officers, who greeted him most affectionately. Although the number present was great, there was no crowding or bustling, but everything was done with decency and in order.

I pass over the congratulations which took place within the college, and proceed to the exercises, which were performed in a large hall, some 90 by 50 feet in dimensions. All the students were seated on a platform at the head; and there being some vacant space and a table between the two wings of students, some gentlemen connected with the public press were, without any application on their part, courteously invited to take seats at the



table, with no "tipstaves" to make them afraid. The first line of seats below the platform was occupied by the two bishops, the president, Father Mathew, the professors, Hon. Henry Chapin, mayor of Worcester, Gov. Davis, Judge Allen, Judge Barton, Rev. Mr. O'Brien of Boston, and that zealous convert to Catholicity, Orestes A. Brownson. In the rear seats, and the avenues between, there were perhaps a thousand spectators of highly respectable character, the standing portion being greatly blessed with the convenient virtue of patience and the power of upright endurance, for the proceedings occupied four hours, occasionally enlivened with excellent music by the amateur band. I have not sufficient time to notice in detail the several parts. A statement of the pieces will convey an idea of the character of the exhibition.

John M. Glover of New York recited an interesting poem about the carrying off of the bell of St. Regis from Deerfield, by the Indians.

Edward O. Boone of Washington, D. C., gave us a dissertation in French, contrasting the government of savage nations with that of civilized nations.

James A. Healy of Macon, Ga., illustrated the importance of moral principles as the only effective support of social order.

The converted philosopher was the theme of Henry Castles of Lowell, Mass.

Little men and big men were represented by Daniel Boone of Petersburg, Md., and

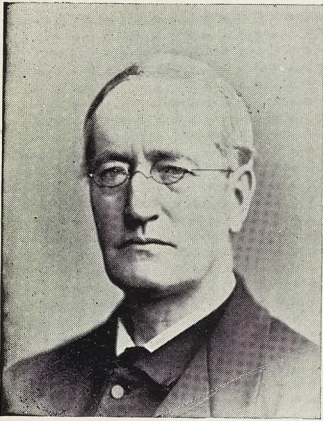




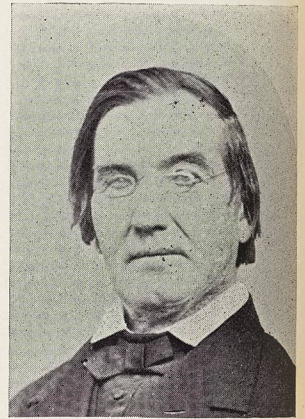




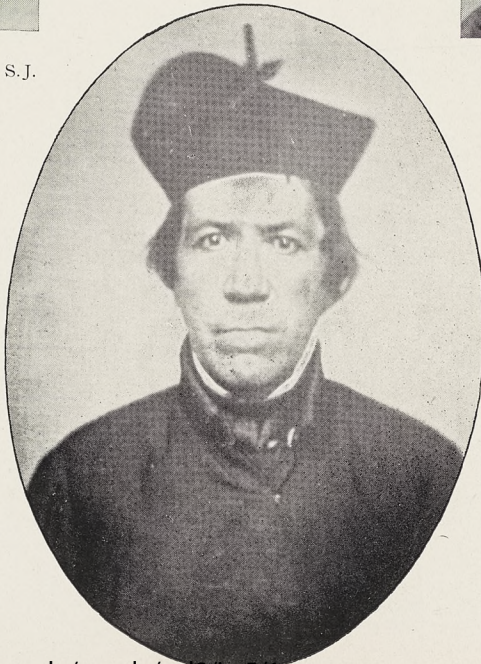
REV. THEOBALD MATHEW, S. J.  
The Apostle of Temperance.



REV. PETER BLENKINSOP, S. J.  
Vce-President, 1849.



REV. JOHN EARLEY, S. J.  
President, 1849.



REV. GEORGE FENWICK.  
Professor of Studies in S.



*FIRST GRADUATION DAY.* 293

Alexander S. Healy of Macon, Ga., and the manner in which the faculty smiled at their humorous personations showed that a good joke is not contrary to the canons of the church.

"Vencedores de Bunker Hill" — historical — was rather hurried through by Patrick H. Healy of Macon, but the pronunciation was good.

John McCabe of Waterford, Mass., sketched the principal points in the history of Ireland with patriotic fervor.

The dispersion of the monks of St. Bernard, by the Swiss, was effectively portrayed by John Powers of Charlestown, Mass.

James Green, also of Charlestown, recited a poem in which Attila, the "Scourge of God," received a liberal instalment of the indignation yet due to his bloody memory.

The battle of the Dutch and Swedes, a la Knickerbocker, by Richard McCaffrey of Boston, was a very lively affair, and made the dignitaries pay another tribute to Momus.

The importance of a classical education found an able advocate in John Mulligan of Hartford, Conn.

"The Farewell to College," a poem, by Henry C. Simms of Washington, D. C., would do to print, as containing a beautiful and faithful description of Mount St. James and its environs.

James C. Bergen of New York was very happy in a Latin ode to Pius IX., which he reeled off with great fluency and spirit.

A third very amusing affair was a dialogue



on vacations, by James McCabe of Waterford, Mass., and Thomas F. Meigham of New York.

Liberty, by John B. Brownson, of Chelsea, was the most elaborate effort of the day, and written with considerable force. Its opinions, perhaps, would not pass muster in a radical club.

The valedictory was delivered by James A. Healy of Macon, before mentioned, and the manner in which he executed the task fully justified the government in assigning it to him.

To sum up the performances, I should say that the elocution was not of a high order; but, in view of the fact that the oldest speaker was not over nineteen, the compositions afforded evidence that their minds had been exceedingly well disciplined. They have been taught to think. As to their elocution, the defect was not in any want of spirit. Their tone of speaking was manly and energetic generally, but there was a want of finish.

The next business was the conferring of the degree of bachelor of arts, by President Early, under the authority of the chartered college of Georgetown, D. C., on the graduating class, consisting of four young gentlemen, viz:

James A. Healy of Georgia, John H. Brownson of Massachusetts, John McCabe of Rhode Island and Hugh C. Healy of Georgia.

How this turn-out will compare with the first fruits of other colleges I cannot state, not having the figures at hand. I have a sort of recollection that the yield of the first commence-



*FIRST GRADUATION DAY.* 295

ment of one of our now most celebrated colleges was one.

The medals and premiums were now awarded by Bishop Fitzpatrick, as follows:

Two gold crosses of honor, to James A. Healy of Georgia, for superiority in the classes of moral philosophy and natural philosophy.

Silver crosses to Patrick Healy of Georgia, John Power, Mass., (three); Daniel C. Fitzhugh, D. C., Henry Collier, Newton, Mass., Francis Conly, Mass., Amedee Boisanbin, N. Y., Charles Ballou, Mass., Adolph Leblanc, La., Thomas Donworth, Me., Edward D. Boone, D. C., Robert G. Harper, Md., James A. Conron, N. Y., Arthur Jourden, La., Francis Braggiotti, Smyrna, Greece, Dominick M'Guire, Conn., Henry P. Castles, Mass., Joseph Callaners, N. Y., Joseph C. Wade, Mass., James Timmins, N. Y., John Baggott, R. I., (three); and Mortimer L. Fowler, N. Y.

Premiums for particular excellence in certain branches of study were awarded to John H. Brownson, Mass., Ramon de los Reyes Gavilan, Cuba, John Mulligan, Conn., Dennis H. O'Neil, Ireland, Alexander S. Healy, Georgia, Thomas Boudar, Va., John Hatterly, Mass., Frederick Garay, Buenos Ayres, Daniel Sharkey, Mass., James Timmins, N. Y., Timothy Tumer, N. Y., Cæsare Leblanc, La., Thomas F. Boudar, Va., Daniel C. Major, N. Y., Adolph Leblanc, La., John Mulligan, Conn., Wm. Lyndin, Mass., Joseph G. Boudar, Va., Dominick McGuire, Conn., Michael J. Keyes, Mass., Hugh F. Meigham, N. Y., George Debarates, Lower



Canada, William Ford, Mass., William H. Devlin, Mass., Henry Castles, Mass., William J. Hickey, Md., and Michael Healy, Mass.

The names of seventy-four were also announced, as "*accesserunt*," or having approached to within one step of the mark which would have entitled them to premiums.

Thirteen states are represented in the college by students, and also Canada, Cuba, Buenos Ayres, Greece and Ireland.

Being under an engagement to attend a levee in Faneuil Hall in the evening, Father Mathew left for Boston at the close of the exercises, declining a pressing invitation to dine with the faculty and several distinguished guests. He evidently enjoyed his interesting visit to Worcester very much. He was treated like a venerable and valuable gentleman, and not like a raree show.

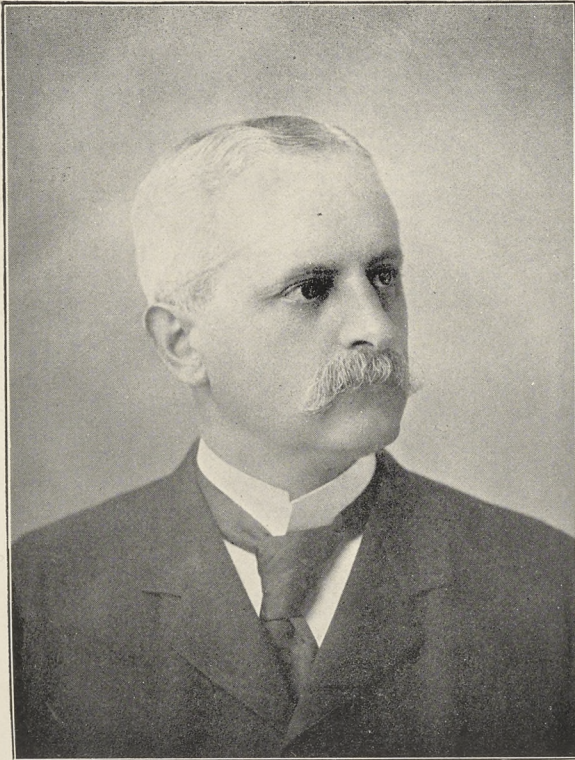
The next college term will commence on the 15th of September. Although I am not a Catholic, and in no way connected with Catholics by relationship, I cannot but hope that the next legislature will grant a fair and liberal charter to the college.

PLYMOUTH ROCK

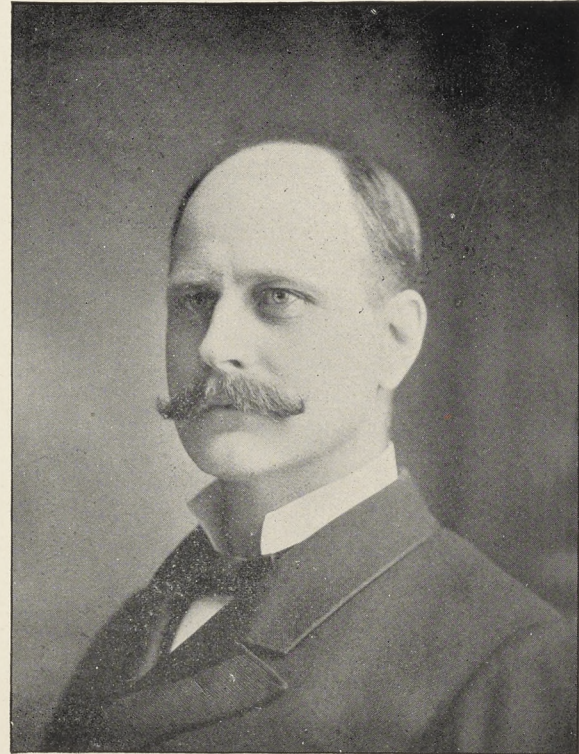








HIS EXCELLENCY, HON. ROGER WOLCOTT.  
Governor of Massachusetts.



HIS HONOR, RUFUS B. DODGE.  
Mayor of Worcester.



*COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS. 297*

---

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS.

WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 3, 1849.

I have just spent two days of real enjoyment. I have had the pleasure of attending the two public exhibitions at the College of the Holy Cross, on the 25th and 26th of last month, and I say, without enthusiasm or exaggeration, that I never was present at a college commencement calculated to give a higher idea of the institution which prepared it.

The lectures on Natural Philosophy, on the 25th, were not so well attended as they deserved. I was inclined to blame the officers of the institution for not announcing them more publicly, for, I think, had it been generally known that so interesting an entertainment was prepared, the partakers of it would not have been so few. There were five lectures, on the subjects of Chemical Affinity, the Atmosphere, Heat, the different gases, and Electricity. The lecturers were John H. Brownson of Mass., Ramon Gavilan of Cuba, Hugh C. Healy of Ga., John McCabe of R. I., and James A. Healy of Ga., and their manner of treating the subjects and illustrating their discourses was admirably scientific and satisfactory. They are evidently masters of the matters they have studied.

The exercises of the 26th were accompanied by more display, and were perhaps more generally pleasing than those of the preceding day.



There was an additional interest attached to them by the presence of the friend of Ireland, Father Mathew, who arrived at the College with the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Boston and Texas, a short time before the commencement of the exercises. The students received their distinguished visitors by marching in procession, accompanied by the excellent college band, to meet their carriage.

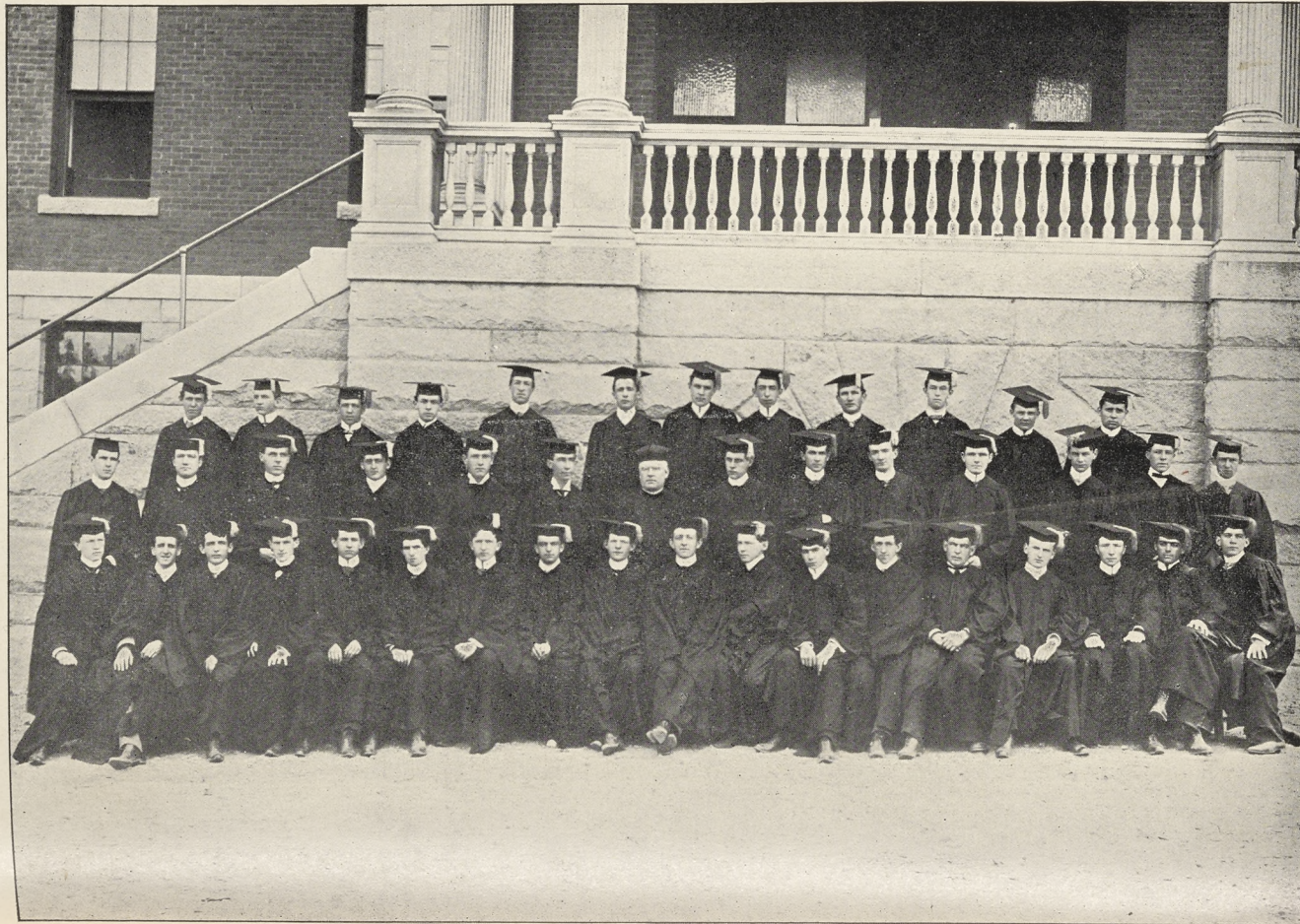
At half-past nine, A. M., the exercises commenced in the study room, which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion. I learned that the decoration was entirely the work of the students, and it was for me a proof both of their good taste and of their affection for the college.

The speaking, to which I listened with interest for four hours in a throng of perhaps 900 or 1000 persons, was, in point of composition as well as of delivery, of a superior order. The discourses of the graduates excited my admiration by their solidity, and the interest with which they invested subjects peculiarly appropriate at the present time. Moral principles, as the foundation of national greatness, Ireland, Liberty, are subjects almost hackneyed, but these young gentlemen made them appear new by the view they took of them, and their judicious selection from the abundance of material furnished them. I was indeed surprised to hear such productions from youths just finishing their collegiate course. Young men starting with ideas so correct, and so well instructed to use and apply them, may be











*COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS. 299*

regarded with hope, as likely to be hereafter capable of directing the affairs of their country wisely and prosperously.

After the exercises in elocution, the degree of A. B. was conferred on James A. Healy, John H. Brownson, John McCabe and Hugh C. Healy. The distribution of medals and premiums then closed the exercises. The audience was highly respectable. About forty priests of the dioceses of Boston and Hartford, ex-Governor Davis, several members of the state legislature, the Mayor and many of the first citizens of Worcester, were present, and all appeared highly pleased. For my part, the scene brought me back to my college days, and during the whole of the proceedings I felt all the excitement of a college boy. I looked back to my time of boyhood with regret, and wished it had been spent in such a school as the College of the Holy Cross.

J. L.



### THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.

The prominent position Holy Cross now holds in every branch of athletic sport not only introduces us to a subject worthy of consideration, but also makes the history of our struggles, our victories and defeats especially interesting. Yet each passing year seems to make more indistinct the memory of the hard-fought struggles of the past, as each season's games absorb our immediate attention.

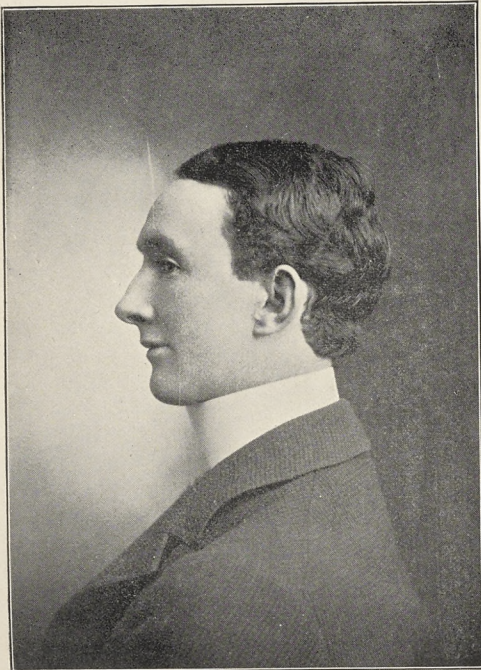
In order to understand the present position of Holy Cross in the athletic arena, and to see clearly how this position has been attained, it is necessary to have some knowledge of those beginnings, from which has developed our present standing among the colleges in athletic sports.

The first period in our athletic history was that beginning with the opening of the old gymnasium, which was situated near the present billiard room, in 1874, afterward enlarged to what is now known as the base-ball cage, and ending with the completion of the present large gymnasium in 1895. During those early years the students enjoyed the privilege of using the gymnastic apparatus then in vogue, consisting of some dumb-bells, climbing ladders, horizontal bars and boxing gloves; later, when the present cage, or gymnasium, as it was then known,



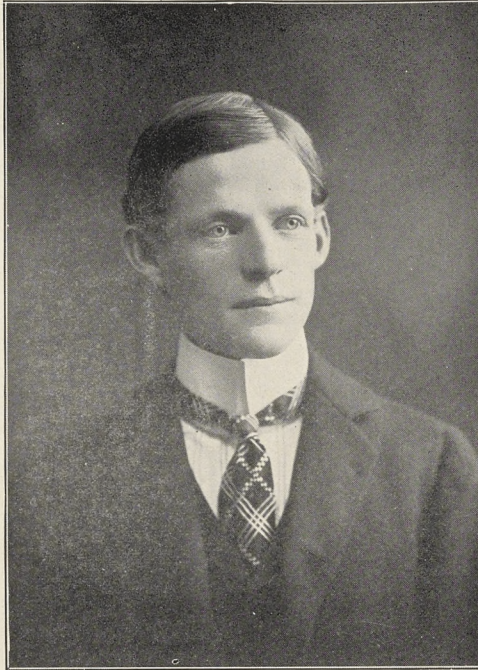






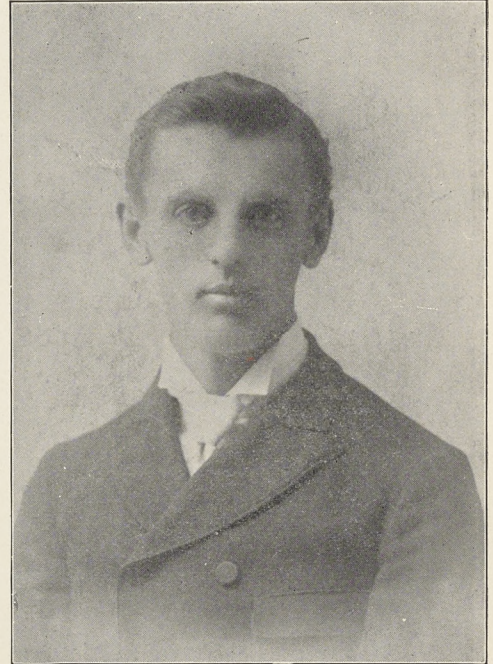
F. J. MAXWELL, '99.

Winner of the 600 yards foot race at  
H. C. C. Meet, Feb. 11, '99.



C. J. CONWAY, '99.

Capt. H. C. C. Track Team of '99.



T. W. MCKENNA, '99.

Capt. of H. C. C. Track Team, '96 and '97,  
which defeated Yale both years.



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 301

was opened, two bowling alleys were added, which were quite an innovation, and upon which some good scores were rolled.

In track athletics the regular annual fall meetings have been held for over twenty years. During that time the standard of athletics in the college has gradually, but surely, advanced; and so remarkable has been the success during the past few years that the Purple has not only met the fastest college men of the country, but is now a very dangerous color for its opponents to tackle.

The earliest record we have of track or athletic games among the students dates as far back as 1879, though it is evident from the reading of that record that games were held at least one year earlier; but after careful search no clue could be found as to when and where they were held.

The events run off in those days by athletes who have preceded us differ somewhat from our more modern idea of sport, in that they were more diversified—if we may use that term. For example, in the program for the games held on the upper terrace, October 31, 1879, we find these events:

100-yards dash, 120-yards hurdle, standing high jump, running high jump, one-half mile run, three-legged race, running broad jump, hitch and kick, putting light stone, putting heavy stone, one-mile walk, three-mile go-as-you-please, hop step and jump, sack race and a consolation race. This last race generally turned out to be the most interesting event on the program, since it usually resolved itself



into a class affair. The start was at the other end of the lower terrace, across the field, and up the two flights of steps to the upper terrace. In this race, which was as near like a cane rush as it could possibly be, an antagonist could trip, or do anything that might give him an advantage, and so it happened that a class usually chose one man to win the race, while as many others as possible were entered to interfere for him, so to speak, and do everything possible to enable him to win. The games always closed with an address in Olympian Hall—the present large study hall,—by the president of the association. Dr. Bossidy, '81, of Boston, was quite an all-around athlete in those days, winning the dashes, the hurdle races, and the high and broad jumps, while Dr. J. Gallagher, '82, of New York City, finished second in the dashes. These gentlemen together won the three-legged race. Fr. Prendergast, who was a professor at the college last year, and is now in Jamaica, West Indies, won the hitch and kick, and finished in the high jumps. This list of events was duplicated the following year, with the addition of a fat men's race; a wheelbarrow race, blindfold, and a tug-of-war between two of the upper classes, which is described as being such a hotly contested event that two ropes were broken before a decision could be rendered. Nothing is said as to how the wheelbarrow race, with the contestants blindfolded, was run off; but the winner's time is given as 21 4-5 seconds. Judging from this, we are inclined to the belief that the distance was about 100 yards.









Doyle.  
Moylan.

Lynch

O'Brien

Jim Prendergast.  
Clerkin  
'77 TEAM.

Markley.  
Collins

Joe Prendergast.



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 303

These yearly meetings continued without interruption as regularly as the years rolled around until 1891, when, by an agreement between Boston College and Holy Cross, it was arranged that a dual meet should be held, under the auspices of both institutions, every year. The first meeting under this agreement was held at Worcester, October 15, 1891, Holy Cross defeating her Boston rivals by 28 points, our total score being 90 points. On October 20, 1892, Boston College returned the compliment by sending us home with 63 points to 75 for our opponents. But much consolation was derived from the fact that we won the team race, the principal event on the program, winning by about 100 yards. Holy Cross was represented by 20 athletes at this meet.

Twenty of the points gained by Boston College, or four firsts, were won by Bernard S. Wefers, the greatest amateur runner America has ever produced, while Eugene Bickford, '96, captured second place in three of the dashes. It might be of interest to mention here that among those whose names are still handed down in the traditions of Holy Cross, we find none so prominent as that of Wefers, who, when a student here, discovered his sprinting powers by mere chance. It happened that he was entered by mistake in some of the college games, and after he had been cajoled into competing he astonished everybody by winning two seconds without apparent effort—he was as much astonished himself as were the other students. This is merely



another proof that one never knows what he can do until he tries.

In 1893, the third year of the dual agreement, Boston College decided not to come to Worcester to compete. The two colleges had contested twice; first in Worcester and then in Boston. Each college had carried off victory once, and there was considerable speculation as to who would win the third set. To settle the difficulty, representatives of both colleges met in Boston, but could not agree. Boston College was willing to come as far as South Framingham, but Holy Cross would not consider such a proposition, and the agreement to hold dual games between the two colleges was dropped and the regular yearly field sports among the students were renewed, continuing until 1895, when the new gymnasium was opened and the late Mr. Robert T. Starkey, who was well known in Boston gymnasiums, assumed charge of the physical training and our track athletics began to boom at once. It was during this year that Holy Cross became a member of the Intercollegiate Association of America; it was during this year also that interest in track athletics was fairly aroused and Holy Cross began to be as formidable on the track as she is on the diamond. This interest culminated in the first open set of games held by the college association at the Rink in Worcester, March 12th, 1896, and a new impetus was added to this rapidly-growing sport among the students. It was at this set of games that the sons of old Eli made their first appearance in Worcester. The meet was one of the most successful ever



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 305

held in Worcester. Great interest was manifested in the match race between Charles Kilpatrick of Princeton and Thomas P. Conneff of Holy Cross. The distance was three-quarters of a mile, "Tommy" winning by a foot. The event of the evening, however, was the team race between Yale and Holy Cross. This race aroused great excitement, but was not entirely satisfactory, in that one of the Yale team fouled Carey, who had the last relay for Holy Cross, and lost the race thereby. Holy Cross would undoubtedly have won anyway, as Carey was passing his man on the last turn when the foul took place. The relay team that represented Holy Cross that year was made up of such men as Walter McKenna, Capt., Wm. H. Fox, Wm. Carey and Louis Sockalexis, and a fast quartette they made. The following year, 1897, was a gala one for the track team. Holy Cross again defeated Yale at the B. A. A. in Boston. On this occasion the race was very closely contested by both teams, the lead alternating in every relay but scarcely a yard ever separating the runners at any time, Holy Cross winning finally, amidst immense excitement, by a foot. The only other Holy Cross winner at that meet was Charles Conway, '99, captain of the present track team, who showed his heels to a large field by winning the 600-yards run in the fast time of 1.19. The second set of games under the auspices of our association took place two weeks after the B. A. A., and Holy Cross once more administered defeat to Yale in the college gymnasium. Yale requested that the relay for each man be half

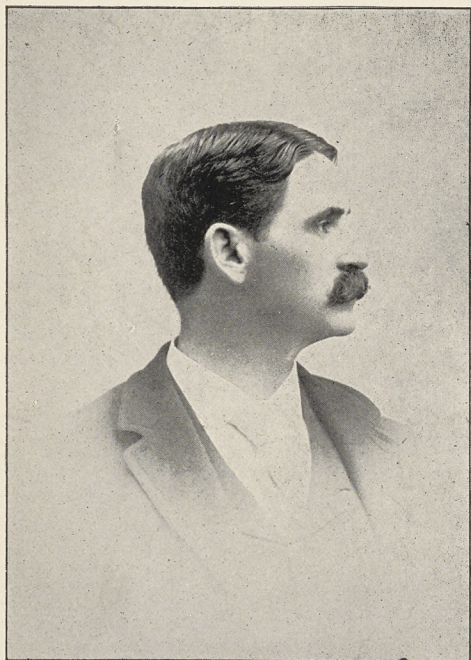


a mile and was accommodated, but at this distance Yale was outclassed, Holy Cross winning by about 200 yards. Conway, '99, Hoban, '99, W. H. Fox, '00, and McTigue, '00, were other prize winners at this meet, Fox capturing both the handicap and invitation dashes. In 1898, for obvious reasons, the association decided not to hold an open set of games; but this does not mean that athletics came to a standstill; on the contrary, the team prepared itself for other meets. At the annual B. A. A. games in Boston, we were chosen to run against the University of Pennsylvania, whose team comprised four of the fastest relay men among the colleges; but they met men worthy of their steel when they came to the mark with Holy Cross. Pennsy's speed was tested to its utmost, and she was forced to break a world's record in order to lower our colors; it was a defeat in which there is no disgrace. The season of 1899 is too familiar to the readers of this article to need any comment here. Under the management of John F. Murphy, '01, and the captaincy of Charles Conway, '99, the track team continued its good work; the relay team, made up of such flyers as Charles Conway, Jere Moynihan, Charles O'Connor, Edward O'Connor and James Sullivan, lowered the colors of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at our own meet here in Worcester and Boston College at the B. A. A. games in Boston. Suffice it to say that never was there a year when the students were so thoroughly interested in this sport and never had Holy Cross greater reason to be proud of her track team.









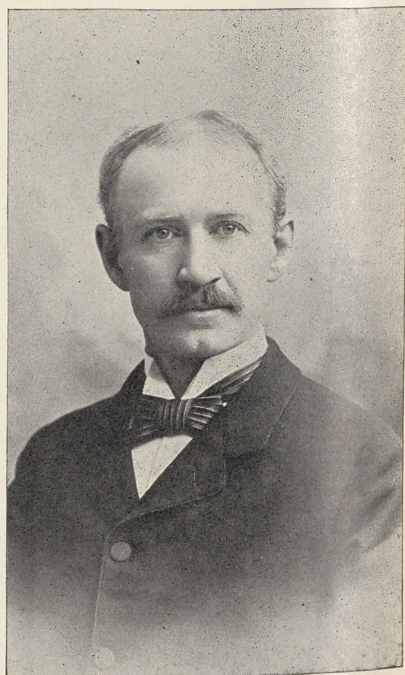
JOHN J. LYNCH, '77.



REV. J. J. HOWARD, '87.



PHILIP J. MARKLEY, '77.



DR. JOHN C. BOSSIDY, '81.



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 307

In base-ball, Holy Cross has ever borne an enviable reputation. Year after year, farther back than any present inmate of the college can remember, the royal purple has floated in triumph over many a diamond. Year after year, teams have been selected and equipped for the fray, and it is not saying too much to assert that every team sent out has taken a place among the college teams of the country. Our interest in the sport dates back to the hazy days of '69. In those days the game was played over west of Stillwater, on a field skirting St. John's Cemetery, as the present ball field was not in existence at that time. Special games were always played at the Worcester Driving Park; we find teams mentioned boasting such names as the Mazeppas, the Haymarkets and the Alphas. The players of those days enjoyed no such thing as a catching glove or chest protector, but the times have changed and so have the teams. By degrees our team became a strong one, but the intercollegiate idea did not manifest itself until 1876, when a challenge was sent to Brown and accepted. The game took place June 10th, 1876, at the Driving Park in Worcester, and resulted in a victory for our friends from Providence by the score of 11 to 5. Since then the game has been played mostly with representative teams from different colleges, and with each succeeding year the wearers of the purple are more and more respected. The Rev. J. J. Curtin of Waterbury, Conn., who played centerfield, was made manager of the team in 1876, and was the first manager a Holy Cross team had up to that time; and it was



mainly due to his efforts that Holy Cross and Brown first crossed bats on the diamond. We are unable to give the make-up of the team that was defeated by Brown in '76, but the team that represented Holy Cross in '77 and redeemed the defeat of the previous year by the score of 3 to 2 was made up of Philip Markley, now practicing law in New Britain, Conn., catcher; John Lynch, captain, pitcher. Mr. Lynch, by the way, was the first pitcher to use the curve ball at Holy Cross; he is now a well-known lawyer in Portland, Me.; Joseph J. Prendergast, who played first base, is none other than the Rev. Fr. Prendergast, who was a professor in the academic department last year; he is in Jamaica, W. I.; James J. Prendergast, second base, of Binghamton, now a successful lawyer of western New York; Thomas O'Brien, s. s., of Worcester, at present practicing law in Kansas City; M. J. Doyle, third base, of Worcester; Thomas J. Collins, 1. f., in business in Manchester, N. H., and John V. Moylan, now pastor at Honesdale, Pa. Two members of this great team have kindly written their recollections of base-ball in that distant period.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., April 27, 1899.

JOHN J. MULLALY, ESQ.,

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 19th inst., asking me to give you some reminiscences of athletics at the college during the early seventies, was duly received. I have been too occupied to give it any



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 309

attention until the present time. I will give you some of my recollections; you of course, will pick out what you desire.

Athletics at Holy Cross in the seventies were far from what they are to-day. We had no gymnasium, but, having the desire for one, we obtained permission to tear up the floor of one of the rooms in the lower corridor opposite the old wash-room, and dug out the earth for a depth of about three feet. Then we took up a collection and bought a few equipments, and were quite happy. Subsequently the gymnasium building was constructed in the rear of the college by Father O'Hagan and, for those days, quite well equipped, having bowling alleys, parallel bars, ladders, etc. About '72, Joe McDonough was the leader in athletics and captain of the ball team.

The grounds were west of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad tracks, just west of Stillwater.

Joe McDonough is now Father McDonough, located at the Cathedral in Providence.

Base-ball in those days was confined to rival teams in the college, and I can recollect of no outside games until about '74. In 1874 — I think that was the year — a good team was organized, with myself as catcher; John J. McCoy as pitcher; Michael Harty, now dead, as short stop; John J. Lynch of Portland Me., as first base; Joe Prendergast as second base, John J. Clerkin as third base, and Daniel Higgins, now dead, as left field. I cannot recall the other outfielders. They were changed quite fre-



quently. The infield as above held together until the Commencement of 1876, when John J. McCoy was graduated. The next year Lynch pitched and I caught, until both of us were graduated in the Class of '77.

We were thought to have a pretty strong team in '74-75-76-77. Lynch was the first pitcher who ever curved a ball on the Holy Cross College team. McCoy was a powerful young man and had a very swift delivery. Ball players of national repute at that time called him one of the swiftest pitchers in the country. He pitched a straight ball, there being no curve whatever, and no such thing as a drop or rise. Indeed, curve pitching was unknown until either the Fall of '75 or the Spring of '76. I remember distinctly the first time we faced curve pitching. We were playing a nine from Worcester Academy on the top of the hill south of the College — we laid out the grounds up there in the Fall of '73, or Spring of '74, and continued to play there to the end of our term — the pitcher had an outward curve, and for several innings we struck out one after another. Towards the end of the game, however, we got our eye on his curves and measured them quite accurately, and finally won out the game by pretty heavy batting.

McCoy used to delight in standing in the pitcher's box and pitching at the boards forming the back-stop behind the catcher, to see if he could smash the boards at that distance. It was no trouble for him to do so. His method of delivery was to pitch as near to the









Harkins.

Higney.

Boland.

Cahill.

O'Brien.

Meade.  
Powers.

Sinon.



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 311

handle of the bat as possible without striking the batsman, and just far enough away from the batsman to tempt him to strike at the ball; in that he was quite successful.

During '74-75-76 our outside games were played principally with Brown University, the Grafton, Webster and Clinton teams. The last game that I played on the Holy Cross team was played against the Brown University team, with Lynch as pitcher. We played at the Driving Park in Worcester, and won the game by a score of 3 to 2.

Lynch, while not as swift as McCoy, was a very effective pitcher. He delivered the out-curve and in-shoot and had very good control of the ball. There was such a contrast between his speed and McCoy's that it was a pleasure to catch for him, and I really think his pitching was more effective. We played some fine games with the above-named teams. The Browns beat us the first game we played. We played them in '75, I think, but I cannot recall the score.

During the Spring of '76, the team was very successful in its games, and we conceived the idea of going to Fordham and Manhattan, to show the fellows down there how to play. We did go. We left immediately after Commencement, going by train to New Haven and then by boat to New York.

We were treated very royally both at Fordham and Manhattan. We played two games at Fordham and one at Manhattan. The first game was played on Saturday afternoon at Fordham and



won by the Holy Cross team. Puffed up with pride, the boys went over to Manhattan, and after a very hospitable reception by the good friends and students the game was commenced.

For about an hour and a half the Holy Cross boys chased the leather around the Manhattan field in the boiling sun until they became leg-weary and discouraged, believing they would be kept running until darkness obscured the field. The captains, along about the 6th inning, when the score was in the neighborhood of something like 30 to 5 in favor of Manhattan, decided to call the game, and the Holy Cross boys began to think there were others than themselves who understood something about baseball.

We went back to the college and were dined and wine until late in the evening, when we departed. After that game we thought it was time to sneak home, and we did so. The fact is that the boys were really tired out anyway, and were in no condition for ball playing.

To the student of those days the development of college athletics at Holy Cross, and the encouragement given to the same by the Faculty, merits commendation.

Back in the seventies it was difficult to obtain any encouragement whatever, and athletics were almost discouraged. Whatever the boys obtained in that line came only from constant knocking, but so constant was the knocking that many of us in later day talks agree that we laid the foundation good and strong in those years, '74-75-76-77, for the development



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 313

---

of the athletic spirit and successful achievements in sports that Holy Cross has since engaged in.

I wish that I had more time to think out some of the incidents of those days and relate them to you, but I am pressed for time and know that you should have such information as I can give as soon as possible, to be of any benefit to you.

Your well-wisher,

PHILIP J. MARKLEY, '77.

PORTLAND, ME., May 4, 1899.

JOHN J. MULLALY, ESQ.,

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

My Dear Sir:

I have your favor of recent date, requesting recollections or reminiscences of base-ball during my stay at Holy Cross. Nothing could please me more, but I regret that time has wiped out many incidents worthy of mention.

The first student I remember meeting there was John Corcoran of Clinton, the same General John W. Corcoran who won his titles and honors by ability and wears them with modesty and grace. He introduced me to the college world and soon made me feel at home, for you know that, coming from "'Way down East," I was a countryman. Corcoran was captain and pitcher of the nine. I think I was assigned to short stop, though first base was my favorite position. We had some good players, but base-ball at that time was crude, and the boys did not show the interest they subsequently manifested. Captain Cor-



coran did not stay long at Holy Cross,—I believe he went to Fordham. We played at Clinton every Memorial Day, and would win and lose as all clubs do. Father Patterson always entertained us in regal style. A 'bus was our conveyance, and you can imagine how we felt with college restraint removed. Of course we had a prefect with us, but at the same time we knew he was our friend, for he is always the boys' friend. The impression prevails with me that our mascot and scorer was John Lehy, now your reverend and respected president. He was honest, good-natured and true. Though not an athlete, he was in the midst of the sports, and we were all very fond of him. The Clippers of Webster had players of a high order. Several of them were professionals in ability, and they soon graduated into the national league. I remember Jack Madden, Jere Turburdy, McAloon and others, who became famous. We played several games with the Clippers.

In 1874, I believe it was, the "big four" of the Bostons, Spaulding, McVey, "Deacon" White and Barnes, went to Chicago and organized that team, but before leaving, a game was arranged with the Bostons, at Worcester. Ours was a picked nine, five from Holy Cross and two each from Clinton and Webster. Of course we were beaten, but the professionals paid us several compliments on our work. The Bostons were composed of: White, catcher; Spaulding and Harry Wright, pitchers; McVey, first base; Barnes, second base; Shaffer, third base; George Wright, short stop; Andy Leonard, left









Halloran. Mahoney. Barnum. Cane. Jerome.  
Cronin. Neary. Merritt. Bolan. Baker. Donnolly. Echeverria.  
Hayden.  
'00 TEAM.



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 315

field; Jim O'Rourke, center field, and Jim Hall, right field.

With the exception of the pitchers—who were great in those days,—I believe that this was the strongest aggregation of ball players that ever appeared on a diamond. Our pitcher was Jack McCoy, '76, now the celebrated orator, Rev. John J. McCoy. He was a corker. I have played with professionals and against them, but I honestly think that Jack—speaking of him as a boy—pitched the swiftest and heaviest ball I ever saw. It was exceedingly difficult to hit him. His movements were easy and graceful, and his power was developed in the peculiar swing of the arm. It was neither a throw nor a pitch, but something between. I often shuddered for the poor batsman when the ball headed for him. He generally got it in the neck, and was out and gone. We won some of our victories through sheer fright on the part of the opposing team. But nobody could hold such speed. Phil Markley, '77, the keen and scholarly lawyer of New Britain, Conn., was our catcher. Considering his youth and experience, he did well; but endurance has its limits. Jack was too much for him. Phil was an honest, all-around ball player.

In 1874-75-76 I played first base, having been transferred from short by Capt. McCoy because objection was made to my throwing—too hot, they claimed.

The Graftons, during my college days, were perhaps the best amateur team in the country. They furnished good material for the league.



George Washington Bradley (Foghorn) was pitcher. He afterwards pitched for the Bostons and Chicagos. Bradley and McCoy had it nip and tuck, but we won the series. In 1876 we played the Brown University team, down on the old diamond within the race track in Worcester. They defeated us. That was our first game with a college nine, though there were several with the Worcester Techs. The Browns were very strong, and their article of ball was snappy and heady. We learned many points from them, of which the most important was team work. The Holy Cross boys were noted for heavy batting, and he was a good pitcher who escaped a pounding. It now occurred to us that we were strong enough to make a trip, so arrangements were made for two games with the Fordhams, one with the Jaspers of Manhattanville, and one with the T. Bs., of Bridgeport, Conn. After collecting some money from the alumni to help defray expenses, we started for New York after commencement exercises. We beat the Fordhams the day we arrived, but they turned the tables the next day. The Jaspers played us to a standstill, and we thought we had enough. After dividing what money was left and cancelling the T. B.'s game, we started for home, and right glad we were to get there. The trouble was behind the bat. Prior to this trip, Markley's hands gave out, and "Montoya" lasted really but one game. Just mention "Montoya" to Fr. McCoy when you see him. We had the straight pitch. A young man named Bosworth, of the Grafton's second



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 317

nine, used to come over to the college and practice with us. He had fine curves, and I got on to them, so to speak. He taught me what he knew, and, with constant work, I improved. This was in 1876, and McCoy graduated in June. I played on the Resolutes of Portland during vacation, and pitched against good teams at home and abroad. When we returned to college in September I was elected captain, and became the pitcher of the nine, and was the first to use the curve. Markley was our catcher, and he turned out to be a hummer, because my pitching, though swift, with curves, was easy to hold. He gave me perfect support, and I felt that nothing could get through him. We practiced our men faithfully in curve batting and team work. In 1877 we played several good games, and lost few. Our most notable struggle was with the Browns, and we were determined to redeem ourselves. I think their pitcher was named Howe, and he was ranked as the best college pitcher in the country. It was a hot game, and but few hits were made by either side. The score was 3 to 1, I believe, in our favor. How the students rushed and carried us off the field! The papers were full of our praises. Of course we felt proud. After the game we entertained the Brown boys. I send you a picture of our famous team, one of whom was Joe Prendergast, now a Jesuit father. They were: Phil. Markley, catcher; John Lynch, pitcher; Joe Prendergast, first; Jim Prendergast, second; Mike Doyle, third; Tommy O'Brien, short; Tom Collins, left; Johnny



Clerkin, center. I have forgotten the name of the right fielder. In my opinion this was the strongest nine Holy Cross ever had up to 1877, and was the forerunner of her brilliant teams since then. In 1882 Mr. Howe and I met at Providence, he a member of the Governor's staff of Rhode Island, and I of the Governor's staff of Maine. We went through that game once more with much interest. He acknowledged that we were the toughest nuts he ever tried to crack.

Since that victory Holy Cross has been making giant strides in base-ball and general athletics, and I take pride in seeing her name coupled with those of our great universities. She has grown in numerical strength also, because her representatives have introduced her to young America, who is a natural athlete, and who prefers to attend the school that affords him opportunities to develop. No young man should ever leave college without an athletic training of some kind. The mind and body should expand together. If it be true that a boy must not devote all his time to play, it is equally true that he should not spend all his time in study.

A well-stored intellect in a weak body is almost as pitiable as a weak intellect in a strong body. I would advise the faculty to make athletic work compulsory. No truer rule than "A sound mind in a sound body." Keep up the good work. Advertise our college, and let our aim be her advancement. She is young, but not feeble. Though small, she will grow. Her sons can hold their own with the sons of









FIRST GAME ON H. C. C. GROUNDS.  
Georgetown vs. Holy Cross.

Score: H. C. 4-G. U. 2.

Decoration Day, 1899



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 319

the largest universities, and they do not fear them. If we are true to our college we will be true to ourselves.

Respectfully,

JOHN J. LYNCH, '77.

Early in the eighties, a diamond was marked out on the hill above the college, and most of the games took place there, special games being played at the Fair Grounds. Our team continued to improve, and usually landed near the top at the end of each season.

In 1885 we met Harvard for the first time and were defeated. Two years later, in 1887, under the able management of J. Howard, '87, now Fr. Howard of St. Peter's Church in Worcester, Holy Cross developed a strong team, and a challenge was sent to the Harvards, who agreed to come to Worcester for a \$100 guarantee and expenses. The game was played at Agricultural Park in this city, June 18th, 1887, before 3000 spectators, many of whom were Harvard rooters, who came down to witness the game. Meade and Cahill were in the points for Holy Cross, but the game was won out by Harvard by the score of five to three.

Just as the game was about to begin, Morgan, Harvard's second baseman, was struck in the right eye by a batted ball and painfully injured. A physician was called, who dressed his wound, and, as Harvard had brought no substitutes along, O'Callahan of the Holy Cross nine was taken into the ranks of the Harvard team and sent to left field, which position he fielded well.



This was the only game Holy Cross lost that season, playing ten games in all, defeating among others Brown, Boston College, Bowdoin, and Tufts. In 1888 Yale was added to the list. We did not, however, succeed in defeating Harvard until June 10th, 1891, when, after a brilliant and exciting game at Cambridge, we lowered their colors, with Stafford and Merritt for our battery.

It was a pitchers' battle throughout, in which Stafford excelled by his great work when men were on bases and hits meant runs.

When the news of the victory reached Worcester, not only the college but also the people in the city began celebrating in a fitting manner. The students marched to the depot and gave the team a royal welcome home. The route to the college was ablaze with fireworks, and Mr. M. J. Whittall paid the team a very nice compliment by illuminating his house and decorating his grounds with Japanese lanterns in honor of the victory. It may be interesting to some to know who took part in that game, and we give the tabulated score herewith:

## HOLY CROSS.

	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
O'Neill, rb.,	4	2	2	9	0	0		
Mahoney, zb.,	3	0	0	2	6	0		
Merritt, c.,	4	0	0	9	2	1		
Cain, l. f.,	4	0	0	4	0	0		
Stafford, p.,	4	0	1	0	5	0		
T. Kelly, r. f.,	4	0	3	0	0	0		
W. Kelly, c. f.,	4	1	2	1	0	1		
T. Lynch, s. s.,	4	0	0	2	1	0		
J. Lynch, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	0		

## HARVARD.

	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Dean, zb.,	2	1	0	2	2	0		
Hallowell, c. f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0		
Hovey, s. s.,	4	0	1	2	2	0		
Trafford, rb.,	4	0	3	13	0	1		
Frothingham, rf.,	4	0	0	0	0	0		
Alvord, l. f.,	4	0	1	0	0	1		
Cook, 3b.,	4	0	0	2	3	0		
Upton, c.,	4	0	1	8	3	0		
Bates, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	0		

Eight Holy Cross men struck out in this game, while nine men from Cambridge succumbed to Stafford's curves. Lafayette College, whom we









W. J. Fox.  
McTigue.

Sockalexis.  
Gaffney.  
Kelley.

G. E. Kerrigan, Mgr.  
Powers.

Maroney.  
W. H. Fox,  
Curley.

O'Brien.  
Pappaleau

'95 TEAM.



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 321

have not had the pleasure of meeting since then, was also a victim to our prowess that year. Two years later, on Decoration Day, 1893, the present base-ball field was formally opened, with Georgetown for our opponent; in this game Leahy, the Holy Cross catcher, made the first home run on the new grounds, banging a long line hit to left center, and sending home the winning run.

The season of '95-'96 was an unparalleled one for the team, as it won nearly every game played. It was during this season that Brown's great record of straight victories was broken, when we administered her first defeat in one of the most exciting games ever played on Lincoln Field, winning by the score of four to one. The only games Holy Cross lost that season were two to Brown and one to Yale, and when the season was over it was found that Holy Cross had finished in third place, Princeton and Harvard being first and second respectively.

In 1897 the good work was continued, though many thought that the loss of our crack battery, Pappalau and Powers, would be severely felt, but Linnehan and Brennan proved to be worthy successors. In fact, Linnehan was the find of the season; out of eight games in which he pitched victory perched upon our banner seven times. There was some doubt as to George's ability when he tried for the pitcher's position, but he soon proved himself not only a pitcher with good curves and speed, but, what is more requisite, a good head.

Last season—1898—the team did not fare so



well, but this was due more to the unusual strength of other college teams than to any weakening of our own.

This year's result was a matter of conjecture at the opening of the season, owing to the fact that three vacant places had to be filled. The time of doubt, however, has passed away, and it is now a question as to who will beat us out for first place at the end of the season. Thus far we have won eleven out of thirteen games, an excellent record, which bespeaks team work of a high order. The newcomers have filled the positions vacant when the season opened very acceptably, and the team as it is now made up is certainly the equal of any college team in the country to-day. It is a team in which Holy Cross takes pride in, and it is a team that will have to be reckoned with when the records for this season are arranged.

Foot-ball is the latest sport that Holy Cross has entered upon, finishing its third season last fall. The spirit in which this latest sport was taken up by the students, and the determination of the eleven to do its level best, has as much as any thing else to do with its success; while the remarkably good record made on the gridiron in three short years is merely indicative of what is to come.

Although the game has been played here for some years past, chiefly inter-class games, yet there was no regularly organized team to represent the college with the single exception of the famous Midgets' team, of the season of 1894, which was organized with Matthew Conlin, then



*ATHLETICS AT HOLY CROSS.* 323

of the class of '99 but now at Bowdoin Medical, as captain. The team went through the entire season without a defeat. George Linnehan, '00, is the only "Midget" now at the college.

The first regular college eleven was organized in 1896, and only a few games were played, as nothing but the foundation could be laid that year; but a good start was made, and in 1897, under the management of Francis Maxwell, '99, the eleven began to branch out, playing nine games in all, of which we won five and lost four. It was not until last season, however, that the development began to assert itself. The superior playing of this team over those of the two previous years was noticeable. Out of ten games played, we lost four and tied one. This may not seem to be very successful on paper, but when one considers that we lined up against such strong teams as Brown, Wesleyan and Boston College,—teams we forced to play to their utmost to win, although much heavier than Holy Cross—even the most skeptical must acknowledge the record a good one. Much of the success of this team is due to M. J. Thompson, '00, who devoted much time and labor to securing a winning eleven, also to Coach Maurice Connor, an ex-Harvard player, who, taking in hand the raw material that presented itself for positions on the team, moulded an eleven which is bound to be much improved next fall, and will, we feel certain, compare favorably with all other colleges in New England.

It is peculiar to college athletics that only those who have won a place, or made the team,



are allowed to wear the regular college emblem. This rule holds good at Holy Cross, as at other colleges, and the lucky wearers of this emblem are as highly regarded as the men who have secured the Y of Yale or the H of Harvard, or as those who have "won their blue" at the English universities. This may seem trivial, but in college life, as elsewhere, it is the honor which sets a value upon the emblem. These wearers of the H. C. have met and vanquished representatives of all New England colleges, as well as those farther south.

In this imperfect sketch of athletics at Holy Cross we have merely endeavored to place before *THE PURPLE*'s readers a slight, and yet comprehensive, review of our growth and development in all branches of college sport. Although the subject might have been treated more minutely, and although a more complete chronicle of this department in our college might have been presented to our readers, yet we can plead that such an account would partake rather of a history, which this article cannot, and does not, pretend to be, and of which neither time nor space would permit.

JNO. J. MULLALY, '00.









JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.  
Editor of the Boston Pilot.



"DON'T."

A FEW WORDS TO ANY YOUNG MAN WISHING  
TO BECOME A NEWSPAPER WRITER.

1. *Don't* begin by asking a busy editor for a place on his paper, without showing him samples of your work.
2. *Don't* expect him to read them if he does not need an assistant.
3. *Don't* invite sudden death by asking him for an opinion or criticism of your prose or poetry. He has a thousand other things to do.
4. *Don't* forget that journalism is a trade and requires at least as much apprenticeship as any other trade. You wouldn't ask an Atlantic liner's captain to give you a mate's berth just because you had a taste for yachting.

So much for the preliminary "Don'ts." If you aspire to succeed as a newspaper writer it is essential to bear in mind that the Rules of Rhetoric are the rules of all good writing, whether it be the editorial, reporting or any other branch. No doubt I violate several or all of them every day—especially when I write "Advice to Young Writers," which, *Laus Deo!* I do not do every day or every year.

1. Be brief. When you have boiled down



your article to the smallest dimensions, boil it again.

2. Avoid "fine writing" and, equally, hackneyed phrases, and, above all, slang, which is language in its shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet and vulgar beyond—alas no!—*not* "beyond expression."

3. Say whatever you have to say plainly, succinctly and with every essential detail of date, place and person.

4. Don't take it for granted that your reader knows all about any of the matter until you have *briefly* recapitulated it. Then, if you must turn your pen loose and burst into metaphors and other fireworks, do so. The editor will cross it all out, and admire you not at all for giving him the trouble.

5. Always respect your reader's intellect. You are in no danger of ever writing above it if you humbly endeavor to write after the manner of the best masters. Shakespeare is not above the understanding of the wayfaring man; and the *literary* merits of the Bible are second only to its religious value.

I think I began this hasty essay by saying, "Be concise." You see that I have disobeyed my own injunction; but I have this excuse: That I have not had time to "boil it down" twice or even once. Therefore, you may take me for an awful example, if not a wise model. Finally, if you "contemplate embarking on the sea of literature," and if that is the way that you are tempted to express your intention,—DON'T! The ocean is crowded with polysyllabic dere-



## "DON'T."

327

licts; but there is room enough still for modest little one-masted shallops, which may grow up to be full-rigged ships if they sail prudently on their early voyages.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[The following letter discloses the fact that Mr. Roche's fee for passing judgment on the merits of certain verses is really exorbitant.—Eds.]

BOSTON, MASS., May 13, 1899.

MY DEAR MESSRS. EDITORS:

Here is my favorite picture. It doesn't look a bit like me now, but it is the best I have ever had taken, and I mean to stand by it.

No, I will not umpire any competition of prose or poetry. Rather would I act as referee in a prize-fight, and risk my bones, than come between the lists of the *genus irascibile vatum*. Too long have I been an editor, condemned to pass judgment on poetry, to assume, voluntarily, the risk of deciding on the comparative merits of any set of poems. I am poor, *ergo* honest; but if you can arrange for any competitor to send me a certified check for \$100,000,000, which is my very lowest price, and give me ample time to take passage for Terra del Fuego, Cochin China, or any other place where extradition laws prevail not, I may be induced to award him a favorable verdict.

I will tell thee a tale. Once upon a time, *Consule Granto*, there was a man who kept a restaurant on School Street, Boston, hight "Jameson's," and it was his wont to ask of each diner, as he passed out, "Have you had a good



dinner?" and all, as in duty bound, answered, *more Americano*, in the affirmative; until *occurrit quidam notus mihi tantum nomine*, who ventured to say, "No, I hadn't." *Deinde dixit* the urbane host: "Sir, you don't know what a good dinner is." *Haec fabula docet* that I should be an awful fool to pass judgment on the relative merits of any given number of poems. I hope to run for mayor of Worcester some day; so please set it down in letters of gold, on pillars of marble, that I consider *all* of those poems (none of which I have yet read) so good that it is impossible for me to choose between them.

Yours impartially,

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.









E. H. SHEEHAN, '89.



JOSEPH W. REILLY, '97.



### A YOUNG MAN'S SEARCH FOR HEALTH.

That health resorts are surrounded by a halo of interest is proved by the great popularity enjoyed by a book dealing with the scenes and the people found in those places. When "Ships That Pass in the Night" appeared, the public read it with avidity, partly (if one may hazard a guess on so profound an affair as the people's choice) because of the pseudo-religious atmosphere of the book, and partly because of its unfamiliar theme. That the sketch which follows will prove readable depends entirely upon the uniqueness of the spot described among American health resorts, and it is this only that has induced the writer to send his notes to the editor.

While Florida, North Carolina, and California have long been noted for their salubrity, it is only within the last decade that Saranac Lake has come into prominence as a resort for consumptives. Unlike the Southern and Pacific resorts, this spot is frequented by invalids, not for the balmy quality of its air, nor for the mildness and equability of its climate, but for the invigorating effects of its intense cold. Saranac Lake is a small village, situated in the heart of the Adirondacks at an elevation of eighteen hundred feet. Mountains circle it on every side and break the violence of winter's high winds, — a feature which, no doubt, accounts for its



selection from among the other mountain towns.

The little history that the town may be said to have is comprised in a few facts. A young New York doctor found himself at an early age suffering from lung trouble. In his wanderings from place to place in search of health, chance brought him upon this lonely spot in the mountains. So bracing did he find the air that he soon grew stronger, and slowly but surely recovered his one-time vigor. Gradually a colony of similarly-afflicted invalids settled there, and from a bleak spot dotted with a few straggling houses, and peopled by an odd family or two of wood-choppers, it has become a fair-sized village that can boast of numerous neat Queen Anne cottages, many commodious hotels, and five respectable churches. Not the least notable portion of the village is the Trudeau Sanitarium, a collection of cottages, built upon the brow of a neighboring hill, which accommodates a hundred patients.

The mode of treatment in vogue at Saranac Lake differs much from that in use at other resorts. The invalid goes south to get the benefit of a mild air, laden with the fragrance of pine; to Colorado, for the peculiarly thin quality of its air and its even climate; to southern California, for its myriad days of glorious sunshine; but the only allurements that Saranac Lake has to offer is the intensity and duration of its cold. The fortunate patient in the South strolls among the pine groves, or sits on the veranda of a hotel, or throws himself at length on the grass, and thinks himself especially miser-



*A SEARCH FOR HEALTH.*

331

able; but if he could only catch a glimpse of his brother, exiled to the northern mountains by the same inexorable disease, he would think his own lot far preferable. He would see him seated for eight long hours of the day, (and sometimes of the evening), in a chair on the piazza, experiencing all the agony that accompanies the fall of the mercury to twenty below. A stranger, unacquainted with the character of Saranac Lake, must find it a novel sight to see, as he saunters through street after street, rows of eight or ten consumptives sitting complacently on the veranda of each cottage, swathed from head to foot in clothes like an Egyptian mummy,—fur coats to keep the body warm, blankets and moccasins to shield the extremities from the wind,—some beguiling the tedious hours by reading the newspaper or the latest novel, others discussing with sympathetic friends the newest symptoms in the progress of their disease, others “smoking” their thermometers with feverish anxiety as to how their temperature is running, still others dreaming and planning for the future that perhaps may never come.

As may be imagined, those of a curious turn of mind find ample material for study in the different persons with whom a sojourn in Saranac Lake, whether long or short, brings them into contact. The psychical student can compare his theories about the influence of mind on body and *vice versa* with the facts as they really are; he can mark how by an intense effort of the will a certain amount of buoyancy is induced in the feeble frame and a false strength gained;



he can trace the gradual changes that appear in the body as the struggle of the will grows weaker and weaker. The medico, fresh from conning his pathology, can admire the old physician Hippocrates for his truth and acuteness in naming the "*spes consumptiva*" among the prominent symptoms of phthisis; for this is one of the most poignantly pathetic circumstances about this disease — that the sufferer never realizes how slim is the thread by which he clings to life, but is always immoderately sanguine, always occupied with the future, only yielding with the last gasping breath. The student of manners can take advantage of his position to compare the New Englander with the New Yorker, the provincial Canadian with the Canadian from the city, the Westerner with the Southerner; he can observe how they are distinguished one from another by peculiarities of speech, dress and race. All states contribute their quota to the life of the village and make quite a cosmopolitan spirit prevail there.

Even a desert has its oases; so there are occasional bright spots in the life of the invalid at Saranac Lake. Evenings are generally devoted to social pastimes. A whist party at one's own cottage, or a musical entertainment at a neighboring cottage, helps to make one's stay less like an exile. Sometimes the enthusiasm for outdoors, for its blood-renewing air, becomes a perfect mania; the warm parlor is abandoned for the frosty piazza, and the pleasure of shuffling cards under the glare of an incandescent light in midwinter is experienced. The



*A SEARCH FOR HEALTH.*

333

writer is not trying to out-Munchausen Munchausen when he relates that, the coldest night of last winter, he sat from seven until ten, playing duplicate whist on the piazza of his cottage with three other chosen souls.

And then there are always the mountains to take one's mind off self. Their beauty may not appeal to the poor patient, racked with pleuritic pains, and tortured by burning fever, but there will be times when the sight of the peaks glistening in the noonday sunlight or bathed in the purple haze of the setting sun will bring the hidden music of his heart to the surface. Then their immense mass will strike him and he will find himself wondering why, in his depressed moments, he blamed Byron for penning those stanzas in praise of the Alps.

To the lover of winter sports Saranac Lake offers as splendid opportunities as any Canadian town. To the New Yorker, who associates the winter with carts filled with something that is neither snow nor dirt, but a mixture of both, and to the New Englander, who pines for such a snow-storm as Hawthorne not many years ago described, it is a genuine delight to experience a Saranac Lake winter. There is an almost unbroken stretch of sleighing from December until April. Roads branch out from the village in all directions, cut through fir forests, whose boughs are laden with snow of immaculate whiteness, follow the windings of the mountains' bases along the shores of ice-bound lakes or go up the mountains in a spiral, and bring the invalid home marvel-



lously refreshed in mind and body. If he is strong enough, he may coast down any of the long hills that ascend from the village, or he may take his skates and circle the rink for hours; if he is brave enough to endure a few falls and the laughter that his awkwardness causes among the bystanders, he may get a great deal of sport out of snow-shoeing.

The great event of the winter, however, is the carnival. This has charm enough to bring the most torpid of the invalids from their solitary retreats. This affair lasts for two days. The town puts on its prettiest adornments. The sidewalks are lined with fir trees, mounds of snow fashioned as wigwams are heaped at short intervals, the houses are hung with festoons of the fir that is so plentiful; yards of gay bunting help to relieve the intensely dark green of the boughs; strings of vari-colored incandescent lights span the streets at prominent places; the whole town, in fine, is decked out in its brightest trappings. The first day is devoted to the parade of floats, representing typical scenes in Adirondack life, one picturing a sportsmen's camp, another a hut occupied by "loggers," others patriotic episodes in America's history.

The parade proceeds through the various streets of the town and breaks up at the rink of the Pontiac Club, where sports such as a hockey match, fast skating, and trick skating, are indulged in. In the evening occurs the masquerade ball on the ice. The skaters, costumed to represent angels, demons, lords and ladies of the reign of Louis Quatorze, different animals, all



kinds, in fact, do indeed make a picturesque sight as they glide over the ice in pairs. The following evening there is the siege of the ice fortress, a structure built of blocks of ice to the height of 40 feet and the length of 60 feet. This mass of transparency is illuminated by hundreds of parti-colored lights. From many loopholes peep forth the guns of the besieged. At a signal the attacking force approaches in two lines from side-hills and, when within firing distance, discharge a fusilade of sky-rockets. The battle waxes warm, the air is filled with bursting fireworks, the shouts of the warriors grow loud and then die away, the silence telling that the fortress is stormed.

These two days, although they may seem insignificant to the visitor who has witnessed the magnificence of the winter sports at Montreal, yet bring a great deal of sunshine into lives that need it sadly. During Carnival time hundreds of consumptives throng the streets, view the unwonted bustle from a distance, and amid such inspiring scenes feel the strength of their vigorous youth reassert itself. Who will say that this breath from out their former days, like the salt breeze coming to the nostrils of the land-sick sailor, does not waft them over many dangerous shoals?

The time for departure has come. It may be that the specialist's stethoscope tells the good story of lungs healed, of the crisis past, and a fresh lease of life; it may be that it reveals a different story, a story of disease mercilessly advancing, of lungs riddled by tubercles, of a



struggle that has availed naught, of inevitable death. Whether returning home well or ill, one carries with him from his winter at Saranac Lake impressions that will not soon leave him. Need I say that they are impressions of sadness?

JOS. W. REILLY, '97.









HON. JOHN W. CORCORAN, '68 to '73.



### TO THE LAW'S RECRUITS.

“I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto.”

The quaint language of the maxim just quoted from Lord Bacon expresses with characteristic strength that great jurist's appreciation of the debt which every lawyer owes his profession, because of its dignities and its opportunities. And with force and felicity the same maxim expresses that wise lawyer's conception of the manifest duty which every member of the bar owes to his brethren, to see to it, so far as his own life and conduct are concerned, that he will add something of honor and character to his profession.

I can conceive of no text from which to speak to the recruits of the law more instructive, more inciting, than that which teaches of the great nobility of their future calling, and that which inspires lofty appreciation of the duties of the proud profession which they propose to embrace. I have, therefore, determined not to discuss the gospel of the law, but to speak of its disciple, the lawyer, who expounds its truths and dispenses its benefactions.

In the days of a ruder civilization, before con-



science was wont to kneel at the altar of justice, the lawyer was not the advocate who pleaded in the temple, but the warrior who ended controversy on the tented field, or the chosen champion who settled disputes in the arena of strength and prowess. A progressive civilization, guided by Christian enlightenment, has substituted the brief for the sword, and the knights of right now contend in the forum, rather than upon the field of might.

I indulge in no license when I state that the legal is and ever has been the most liberal and the most intellectual of the learned professions. In making this assertion I challenge no controversy with the clergy, whose sanctified lives, consecrated to God, and whose selfless labors dedicated to man, belong not to a profession but to a vocation. Their triumphs are the verdicts recorded by the Guardian Angel,—verdicts that are never set aside, but are followed by judgment that endures for eternity. Neither do I seek in this statement to disparage by invidious distinction the priceless labors of the devoted physician, whose wonderful skill reads, so far as they can be read by the human eye, the great secrets of life and death, who gives health to the sick, comfort to the suffering, and hope to the afflicted. Nor do I seek to belittle the scholars, specialists and philosophers, in their fields of intellectual labor, whose sacrificial lives have won from nature and wooed from science the great discoveries that have enlightened the world and uplifted mankind. Nor am I unmindful in this connection of the patriot



*TO THE LAW'S RECRUITS.* 339

soldier, whose heroism and whose sacrifices have established his country's liberties and strengthened the institutions that contribute to its growth and grandeur. I simply seek to state, as I understand it, a great historic truth, which looks for its origin to the institution called government, and finds its developments in the rise and progress of human civilization.

The law and its offspring, the lawyer, are as inseparable as the epistle and the apostle. The one is as necessary to a man's temporal safety as the other is essential to his eternal salvation. In the history of the secular, the lawyer occupies as commanding a place as the preacher holds in the spiritual world. Their lines never cross. Their duties run in parallels. Both appreciate and heed, in their respective spheres, the scriptural injunction: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Social order which is established among men—namely, government—is the child of the law and the ward of the lawyer. Stated in its simplest terms, it is a compact by which each member of the state agrees with the rest to observe certain rules of civil conduct, that he may thereby promote his own good and enhance the general welfare. The selfish differences that cupidity, avarice and ambition provoke, generate disputes which must be settled in some forum. Civilization, Christianity and enlightened conscience have all turned to the court as the tribunal in which to settle these controversies and to end other consequent contentions.



The temple of justice is now the refuge of the wronged and the hope of the oppressed; at its altars the lawyer invokes the rights and seeks the remedies which carry out its enlightened decrees. No more severe test can be applied to the efficiency of a government than its ability to enforce just laws and its power to administer impartial justice.

Without law, tempered with justice, government fails of its mission and ceases to have justification for its existence. To create and to perpetuate this kind of government, no power in the state is so potent as the influence and the example of an honorable and upright bar. From the nature of things it is in touch with the popular feeling,—it is cognizant of the people's needs, jealous of their rights, and has always been the guardian of their liberties.

Time will not permit of an inquiry into the part played by the profession in the general history of mankind, but the traditions and the annals of our own country justify the claim that the lawyer was the architect of the stately edifice called the Constitution, under which generations of free people have for the first time enjoyed popular government. They were lawyers who aroused the colonists to an indignant sense of the wrongs which the mother country sought to impose. Samuel Adams, James Otis and Patrick Henry, ornaments of the bar in their day, spoke the speech of the patriot, and waxed eloquent with the fire of the lawyer, as they denounced the oppression of the king, and proclaimed the privileges of the people. In



TO THE LAW'S RECRUITS. 341

---

drafting the imperishable charter of our liberties, the legal genius of Thomas Jefferson found its ample scope and abundant opportunity. In creating the financial department of the government and establishing the credit of the republic, the brilliant Hamilton found guidance and confidence in his legal knowledge. In strengthening popular government on these shores, free from foreign intrigue, Monroe derived inspiration for his famous doctrine in his knowledge of international law. The great mind of Lincoln found in the teachings of his profession the guide that pointed the true course in the darkest hours of his administration, and the principles upon which a civil war could be fought and peace established without constitutional disruption. I might go on, *ad libitum*, citing instances of the great achievements of the bar, redounding to the public welfare, not only in our own, but in every country upon which liberty has smiled, or upon which the sun of constitutional government has shone.

In asking, a few days ago, a distinguished lawyer of the Boston bar for a thought pertaining to this topic, I was told to call attention to the pecuniary and political temptations that beset the lawyer, and I confess I was much impressed with the suggestion. I know what wrecks, unfortunately, both temptations have thrown upon the shores of the profession. Perhaps there is no man in the community who is intrusted with so many secrets, who is the repository of so many confidences, who is the trustee of so many interests; the widow and the



orphan, the merchant and the manufacturer, the suspect and the criminal, alike place themselves in the care and keeping of their counsel. If he does not share all their joys, he must, in some measure, share their griefs and disappointments. His social surroundings are always inviting, his associates are usually gentlemen, his tastes are generally cultivated, and his habits are grievously invited toward extravagance. At an age when the young merchant has scarcely an *entree* into the counting-room, the lawyer has the confidence of his clients. In the adjustment of suits, large sums of money come into his hands; in the execution of trusts, great interests are in his keeping; and in the various other lines of his profession, opportunities for wrong-doing crowd upon him,—opportunities which have often incited the cupidity of the banker and made sad havoc with the reputation of trusted public servants.

In the early struggle of professional life, with the natural pride of association, with the example of affluent friends and clients, the young lawyer is often sorely exposed and grossly tempted. I would therefore impress upon his mind from the beginning of his career, the wisdom of scrupulous abstention from the use of the moneys of clients, or of the handling thereof, except in the usual course of business. Money that comes to hand easily goes with equal facility. The habit of spending money grows, and the wish to gratify habits that have become fixed is almost irresistible. I know that the lawyer sometimes in his fiduciary



*TO THE LAW'S RECRUITS.* 343

---

relations falls by the wayside, but I am led to believe, from a considerable observation, that the fault is oftener of the heart than of the head. The mixing of the money of the client with one's own has been the cause of blighting many a promising career. I fear the practice is as misleading and delusive as the frequent repetition of the fabricated story, which can be told so often by a good romancer that even he finally believes it to be true. It is more than likely that the frequent, or constant, intermingling of other people's moneys with one's own leads to such a confusion of *meum* and *tuum* as to make one unconsciously forget to discriminate. In any event, no mistake can be made by drawing deep and wide the line of demarcation,—by refusing under any circumstances to make personal use of trust or fiduciary funds. No man can succeed at the bar whose integrity is challenged. Indeed, such a one, possessed of brilliant qualities, may for a time dazzle the eyes of the vulgar and the unthinking, but the confidence which begets clients, without which enduring success cannot be had, is not begotten of a sullied reputation. Moreover, the true lawyer typifies such integrity, such honesty, and such manhood that, like Cæsar's wife, he must be "beyond suspicion."

In other callings, the professional man renders a service, makes a charge, and, like the merchant or trader, sends his bill. But not always so with the lawyer. It may be, perhaps in the majority of instances it is the fact, that before any considerable service is rendered a



large sum of money, like the share of an estate, the collection of a claim, the satisfaction of a judgment, comes to his hands and possession. If he is not possessed of tried and scrupulous forbearance he is severely tempted to overcharge or otherwise overreach his client. A cheaper sale cannot be made of one's reputation; no more unworthy surrender can be made of one's probity than to take advantage of a client for the paltry gain that can be thus acquired.

The laborer is worthy of his hire; the attorney is deserving of his pay. Let it, however, be a fee and not an extortion.

If I were asked to exemplify the integrity and purity of which I speak, I would point to the judiciary—the complement of the bar and the fruition of the profession. Conspicuous in ability, learned in the law, distinguished for lofty character, they surrender the opportunities and rewards which these great qualities command, to do for their countrymen patriotic service, arduous in kind, exacting in degree, and unremunerative in compensation. Somebody has said the lawyer works hard, lives well, and dies poor. It may be truthfully said of the just judge. He works hard, lives modestly, and dies rich only in the priceless bequest of purity, honor and distinction, which he leaves his family. Who that loves the applause that comes from duty well performed, the commendation that comes from reputation well earned, does not respect and revere the upright judge? What man would exchange such a heritage, if it were his, for the dross of Cræsus?



*TO THE LAW'S RECRUITS.* 345

The other of the temptations to which I have adverted, and which perhaps has robbed the bar of more genius than all other distractions, is the alluring voice of the siren, politics.

I do not forget that I have called attention to the high honors the lawyer has won in official station, nor am I unmindful of the great service he has rendered in public life. But these are the rewards and these the achievements of the veterans and not the novices of the bar. Ability developed by application, experience guided by learning, were the gifts and qualities that brought the distinctions and triumphs to which I have referred. There are those who have the legal instinct to a greater degree than others, and who, thereby, profit the quicker by study and practice; but, unlike poets, lawyers are not born so largely as they are made, nor, like Minerva, do they spring from the brain of the university Jove, fully armed and equipped. There is no calling which demands greater or more varied talent than that of a lawyer, but talent without study and application is as barren as seed without soil.

In the first place, a profound knowledge of the science of the law is indispensable. Its greater principles must be explored to their sources, and its precedents must be studied as the mariner studies the lights and beacons on the coast. There is no such thing as natural equipment, and there never were inherited qualifications that alone assured eminence or success. The glory of the profession lies in the fact that every member is essentially the



architect of his own future, and the size and character of the edifice he builds depends not only upon the natural advantages he brings to his task, but upon the industry, fidelity and learning he bestows upon his work. Every distraction, therefore, is an impediment in the way of professional growth and a brake upon the wheels of professional progress. In my own experience I have seen the sons of eminent lawyers, notwithstanding the advantages and inspiration of their fathers' careers, make colossal failures at the bar, and I have likewise witnessed with satisfaction the brilliant success won by the children of toil, who had neither inherited example nor inspiration to incite them.

Because of the dangers heretofore suggested, illustrated in the ruined careers of many men of early promise, politics should be shunned, even as an occasional occupation, until one's professional career is either closed or assured. It would ill become anyone with patriotic feeling to urge young men to deny the state the benefit of their knowledge of the science of government. In warning against the dangers of politics, reference is made only to such activity therein as leads to neglect of professional work, or stands in the way of professional study and discipline. The qualities of the lawyer—learning, address, eloquence, and capacity for affairs—all make him the embodiment of those attributes which adorn the public servant. For these reasons he is more sought for representative service than any other member of the community. In our own history the lawyer outnumbers almost all classes



*TO THE LAW'S RECRUITS.* 347

in the halls of legislation. It would be unfortunate, indeed, both for the profession and the people, if the lawyer refrained from participation in the law-making or other departments of the government. His presence there is as essential to the making of good laws as the chart and compass are to the sailing of a safe course. It is not the public service that is performed as a duty that is the hindrance to professional success; such service is but the tribute of good citizenship upon the altar of patriotic obligation. The admonition which it is intended here to give is against that political activity that preoccupies the mind and prevents methodical study and disciplined application. Moreover, the shamelessness of intrigue and the selfishness of office-seeking blunt the sensibilities and impair the independence that are the inspiration and power of the true lawyer and the courageous advocate. But beyond these hindrances to his growth, the young lawyer always suffers in his prospects and possibilities by any marked activity in politics, because of the enmities that are thus provoked, the passions that are aroused, the prejudices that are awakened, and the disappointments that are suffered. In the world in which we live every man has his friends, who sympathize with him in his defeats and who share with him the pains and pangs of his disappointments. In no field in which men are pure volunteers are enmities engendered that are more bitter, hatreds that are more implacable, than those which flow from the discomfiture of the caucus and convention. These enmities and hatreds, whether they



be reasonable or otherwise, are visited, not alone upon the heads of candidates, but upon their friends and supporters; and the result and penalty are that the punishment which these animosities seek to inflict falls upon both men, in disappointing their ambitions and thwarting their material prospects. In this connection it may be well observed that the conservative client, the one who not only desires but is able to pay for the best service, seeks for counsel among those members of the profession whose devotion to their work has polished their intellectual faculties, rather than among those whose preference for other pursuits has impaired their capacity for legal labor. It should also be borne in mind that juries are human, and have their full share of sympathy and prejudice. It not infrequently happens, therefore, that their dislike for the advocate, unconsciously provoked by party passion, shapes the size or the character of a verdict.

But these specifications are only incidents in the general result. Experience and observation alike attest the disaster that politics have brought upon budding professional prospects. In the twenty years that I have been at the bar I have never known a lawyer to reach eminence, even position, in his calling, through political power or public position, though I have seen many reach the highest official distinction through the merit and ability shown in their professions. If propriety permitted, I could mention numerous instances of young men at the bar,—men of marked capacity and brilliant



promise,—whose disappointed lives illustrate, and whose darkened futures emphasize, the dangers of which I speak. The folly of subordinating or even compromising professional success for politics is well demonstrated in the conduct of many men of national reputation, men who have made the halls of legislation melodious with their eloquence,—men who have dominated states by their influence. I have known of many such who, in disgust and disappointment, cast away the bauble of office to return for relief and reward to the profession whose labors they loved and whose triumphs they cherished. I recall a conversation which I had a few years ago with a distinguished senator who, at the time of my admission, was the acknowledged leader of his bar. Speaking in this very connection, he said, “I know of no man so happy as the lawyer with a love for his work, who is able to pick his cases, and whose income assures him comfort and competence.”

In no walk of life can men succeed without equipment for their work, least of all in a profession which calls for the highest talent, the widest learning, the broadest experience, and the most tireless application. If, therefore, you are ambitious for the honors and emoluments of the bar, prepare yourselves for its duties, train yourselves for its labors, and discipline yourselves for its sacrifices. In the practice of the law there is no royal road to success. Merit alone is the passport to its rewards; some merits, perhaps, are more productive of financial return than others, but on the whole its distinctions



are generously and discriminately conferred. To those who love its labors and are devoted to its service, no profession can offer more intellectual compensation. Those who follow in the footsteps of the great lawyers, the sages and scholars of the law, will find their pathways lighted by the genius of the profession, and their careers crowned with the benediction that conscience bestows upon meritorious duties well performed.

JOHN W. CORCORAN.



AN UNTOLD INCIDENT OF THE  
LATE WAR.

BY EDWARD H. SHEEHAN, '89.

[Mr. Sheehan was war correspondent for the *New York Herald* with Sampson's fleet. We wrote urgently for some incident or experience, however brief, and in a very short time came the following.—Eds.]

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,  
NEW YORK, May 30, 1899.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Pardon me, please, for neglecting so long to answer your kind letter, and to respond to your call for a contribution to THE PURPLE. I am proud to be placed in such distinguished company, but prouder still will I be, if the little true and hitherto unnarrated story can find a place in the splendid monthly of my Alma Mater. I have sent a picture. I would have responded before but for the fact that I have been away.

I expect to be at the old college on Commencement Day. I certainly shall try my best to arrange matters so that I can get there.

Many thanks for your kind reflection of opinion as to the merit some friend must believe I possess. I'm afraid he and you are flatterers.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD H. SHEEHAN, '89.

P. S.—Please give my very best wishes to



dear old Father Lehy, whose hopeless student in calculus I once had the honor to be.

E. H. S.

It was in the hospital of the navy at Key West that I found my hero of the war — a hero of whom the world has never known — and there, too, I lost him. A tall, thin, pale blue-eyed boy of the European northland he was, and he lay on a bed there unconscious, when I saw him, after one of the bravest battles of the war, a great mass of golden Norseman's hair spraying on a pillow, over which a nurse bent anxiously.

Ernest Sunzenich they told me his name was, and then I remembered — remembered that beautiful May day when the gallant Marblehead and the spit firegunboat Nashville went into the pretty harbor of Cienfuegos, with mocking flags and roaring guns, and when Yankee tars in frail cutters and launches, dashed in to the hostile coast, and while the ripping bullets from the Spanish Mausers fell like tropic showers among and around them, patiently and fearlessly hauled the cables from the ocean bed and cut them.

Brave men died there, and men as brave, did deeds that will live in the history of valor. My little tale is of Sunzenich. He was just a marine — just a man-of-war's policeman in time of peace,

There were mines in that harbor, and he knew it. There was a hut on the jungled shore, and in it was the mechanism that could



*AN UNTOLD INCIDENT.*

353

send four boat-loads of Yankee sailors from the world. Behind dense chapparal, and in the underbrush on a cliff the Spaniards lay concealed, pouring a terrible fire at the men in the boats, who were not a hundred yards away. Shells from the Marblehead and Nashville turned sections of earth into high-spouting fountains, but the fire of the Spaniards never slackened.

Suddenly, out from cover came a man. He dashed at frantic speed toward the hut that held the keys to the mines. Sunzenich saw him and knew his errand in a flash. Up to his shoulder went his rifle, with a fresh load. He knelt in the boat.

"Look at the Dago with the whiskers!" he shouted. "Watch me get him!"

He fired. The Spaniard fell. The next instant Sunzenich lay still in the bottom of the boat. A bullet from the cliff had entered his left thigh, and passed through that and his knee as he knelt.

When the cables had been cut they took him on the Windom, and then to the hospital at Key West. There they cut off the leg. He was just "coming to" when they took me to his bedside.

He opened those sturdy blue eyes and smiled as he struggled to sit up and grasped my hand.

"I got him," he gasped. Then he fell back. My hero was dead.



FOR THE ORDINATION OF P. M. C., S. J.

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, GRAND SEMINARY,  
MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE PURPLE:

I enclose a few verses for the ordination of Mr. Collins, whose memory, after Fr. Shealy's and Fr. McLoughlin's, is dear to the class of '96, because that class, through him, tried to solve the thousand and one mysteries that the test-tube and crucible are heirs to; and more especially because of the strong hand he gave us in the immortal Greek play. '96 will not forget Mr. Collins on the day of his ordination.

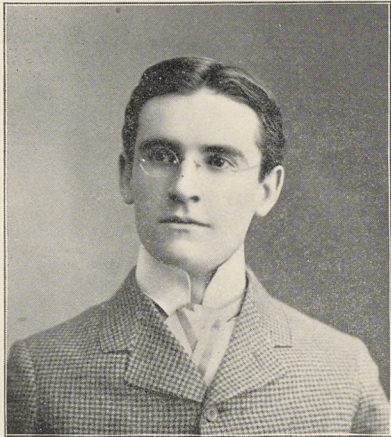
Behold the day! All hail, long-awaited East!  
All hail, glad breaking of this morning's light!  
Drift wide thy tides, O sun, and bright  
In summer glory, welcome make this priest.  
And ye, fair minstrels in the courts above,  
Whose lays home to our silent hearts oft roll,  
Fold in your fragrant song his trusting soul,  
That he may deeply feel our God's great love.  
Behold thy day! Sweet-freighted is thy breast  
With palmed content, rich now the backward years;  
Thine eyes, if aught of yore they spent in tears,  
Now glisten, claiming visions of the blest,  
High are the pulsing hopes now urging thee,  
Learning the word that enters to the height  
Whereon the mystic feast is held, whose right  
Is deathless for thy far eternity.  
And ours are hopes for thee akin to thine;  
For we have conned thy patience not in vain,  
And reaped, albeit fair our student gain,  
Yet from thy humble ways the fairest line.

MICHAEL EARLS, '96.





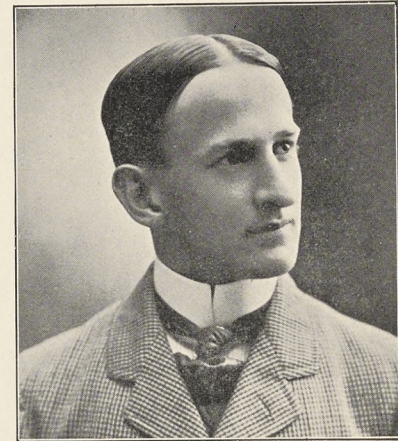




J. W. FITZ PATRICK, '00.  
Winner of the \$25.00 for the best story.



J. E. WICKHAM, '99.  
Winner of the \$25.00 for the best essay.  
THE PURPLE PRIZE WINNERS.



J. F. X MURPHY, '00.  
Winner of the \$20.00 for the best poem.



PURPLE PRIZES.

[Following are the letters from the judges in THE PURPLE prize contest. The judge of the poems has found so much difficulty in arriving at a conclusion that his letter must be published in the July number. In our July number we will also publish the names of all those who competed creditably, though not successfully *this time*. —Eds.]

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Permit me to congratulate you on the progress made by the students of the College of the Holy Cross in the art of writing, and to thank you for the pleasure of reading the essays on "James Lane Allen," "Conversation," "Rudyard Kipling," "Tennyson's Love for the Sea," and "A Name in Arcady." They all show logical training, literary sympathy, and a careful regard for the English of usage. In ease, grace, and the power of employing our English idioms, I place "James Lane Allen" first. The author of this paper is the best stylist, in the modern sense, of all the competitors, and he treats his subjects after the manner of a man who has fixed canons, both ethical and æsthetic.

"Conversation" is interesting. No objection can be made to the views of the author. And his



keenness of observation and perception are evident; but his style is too Latinized. In an essay on "Conversation," one expects a writer to say old things in a new way,—with a touch of epigram perhaps. When this gentleman practices writing from a technical point of view he will obtain excellence.

"Tennyson's Love of the Sea" is full of glow and color; it lacks thoughtfulness and does not show that the author has studied the sea himself; it should be elaborated, retouched by the essayist some time when he happens to be near the sea.

The man who wrote "Rudyard Kipling" ought to have struck deeper, or confined himself to one book of Kipling's. His opinions are conventionally correct, and his style without special individuality. But when one remembers that anybody can write passable verse, while very few persons can write passable prose, one can not be very hard on a graduate,—with his work of cultivation all before him,—if his prose is not sufficiently personal.

"A Name in Arcady" is not a critical essay; it is an appreciation, and an appreciation done by a man who writes as if he had the critical faculty. The style is easy, but not up to the mark set by "James Lane Allen." It is a delightful speech, a bit out of a eulogy, not an exposition or analysis.

I am, yours sincerely,

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



## PURPLE PRIZES.

357

CINCINNATI, O., May 18, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PURPLE.

Dear Sir:

I thought I was taking upon myself a light and simple task when I undertook to decide upon the merits of your prize stories. I am a wiser man now, though not a sadder one, for the stories have given me no little pleasure. They are one and all creditable. After reading all six, one after the other, I found that three were in my judgment quite near each other in merit; — to wit, "One Man's Career," "Who Was Jim?" and "The Masterpiece." For brisk narration, "One Man's Career" seems to be the best; "Who Was Jim?" takes high rank for the promise that it closes; while for a high general average in the qualities that go to the making of a short story, (though the motive is somewhat conventional), "The Masterpiece" strikes me as the most satisfactory.

Hence, with some diffidence, and after consideration, I select "The Masterpiece" as being, *consideratis considerandis*, the best story.

Nor should I forget to give honorable mention to the other three tales. "In the Gloaming" has a distinct literary touch; "Nemesis" shows dramatic power, and "In Death Reunited" is distinguished for nobility of sentiment.

I have always held that it is next to impossible for a young man to write a great, or even a very good short story—the achievement of Mr. Kipling being the exception that proves the rule.



And yet, I am astonished that your competitors have done so well. Going back to the memories of my own college days, I feel bound to confess that, though fond of writing, I never wrote anything in the line of fiction which would compare with a single one of the stories submitted to my examination.

Permit me to congratulate all the young gentlemen who have so honorably sought after the "honors of *THE PURPLE*."

Sincerely,

F. J. FINN, S. J.



## The Purple.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 5.

### EDITORIAL.

There's a wistful sighing within the trees,  
And a whispering voice in the evening breeze,—  
Good-bye!

There's a softer pulse in the water's flow,  
And the stars gleam out with a tender glow,  
And the night-birds are murmuring sad and  
low,—  
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

The joys of the youthful yesterdays  
Like phantoms are passing beneath my gaze,—  
Good-bye!

And never to live those days again!  
Forever to strive in the strife of men!  
Ah, me! I was happy, so happy, then,—  
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

I fain would turn from Life and its care,  
But my morning is past — I must do and dare,—  
Good-bye!

The wide, wide world, with its ways unknown,  
Where little is reaped of the seeds that are  
sown,  
I must meet and traverse all alone,—  
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!













J. P. Moore, '01.  
J. F. X. Murphy, '00.  
J. J. Welch, '99.

D. L. Jordan, '01.  
J. H. Gainer, '99.  
J. J. McCarthy, '00.  
STAFF OF '99.

D. J. Kennedy, '00.  
M. E. Tolman, '01.  
C. A. Rolfe, '99.





F. Monahan, '00.

J. P. Coleman, '00.

J. E. McCarthy, '99.

H. J. McCormick, '00

J. T. Cassidy, '99.

J. W. Fitz Patrick, '00.

E. J. Hussey, '99.

J. E. Wickham, '99.

J. F. Donnelly, '99.

STAFF OF '99.







*EDITORIAL.*

361

the current issue, the present board of editors bids farewell to *THE PURPLE*.

While making our farewell bow, we wish to thank our friends of the past year who have shown such hearty appreciation of our feeble efforts. It was encouraging to receive such co-operation as was given *THE PURPLE* during the past year, both by our subscribers and our advertisers. We are keenly sensible of the favor, and would solicit a like support for the incoming board. We can give assurance of its ability. Mr. John E. McTigue, '99, who has been elected its Editor-in-Chief, is well known to all readers of our paper. His contributions have been able and frequent. That *THE PURPLE* under his supervision will enjoy its usual degree of prosperity it would be superfluous to add. Mr. Mullaly, the new Business Manager, has a wide acquaintance in Worcester's business circles. His work this year as assistant manager has been so eminently successful that we feel confident about *THE PURPLE*'s finances for the ensuing year. With two such efficient directors at the helm, we recommend *THE PURPLE* of '99-'00 to the support of our loyal friends, with every assurance that it will reach their most sanguine expectations.

J. H. GAINER, '99.

Before severing our connection with a work that has become dear to us, we would indeed be ungrateful were we not to mention our advertisers. During the time we have been looking after the business interests of *THE PURPLE*, the



response of the business men of Worcester and elsewhere, to our frequent requests, has been prompt and generous. To them we owe much of the prosperity which we have enjoyed during the past year. Their generous aid enabled us to make many improvements in our college magazine. For this substantial manifestation of the high esteem in which they hold our publication, we extend to them our most sincere thanks; and we urge our friends, and especially our alumni, not to forget them, when they are in need of anything advertised in our columns.

J. T. CASSIDY, 99', *Bus. Mgr.*

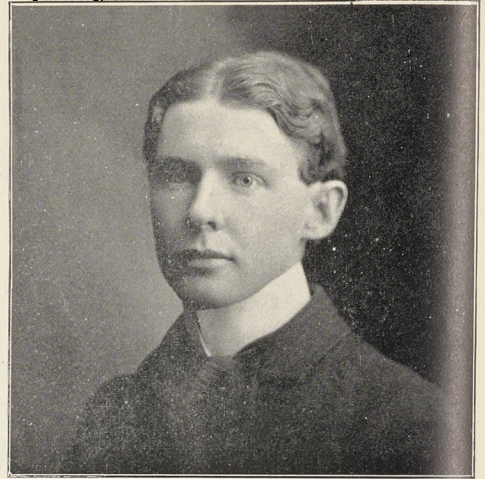








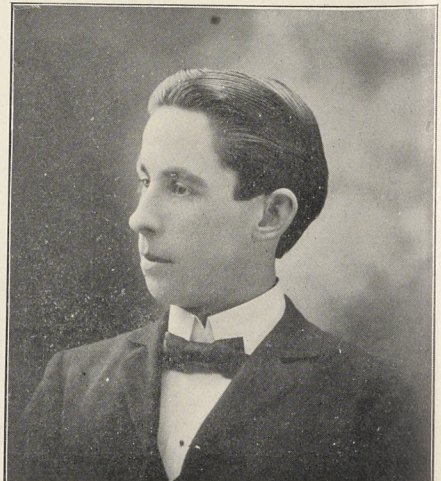
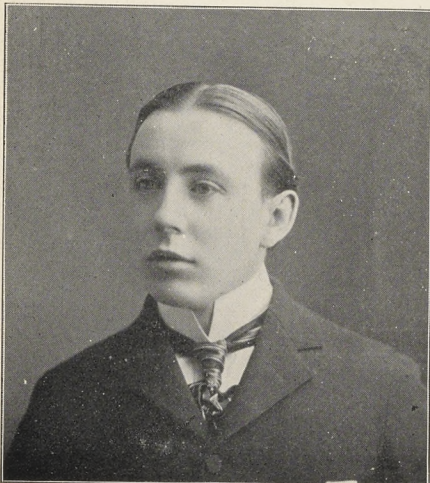
M. M. MCSHEEHY, '99.



T. H. HOULIHAN, '99. Second place.



W. A. KEEFE, '99, Chairman.





## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

**The Public Debates.** The debates of the B. J. F. and the Philomathic have for many years past been the interesting scholastic events of the spring term. This year, interest and expectation were very high, especially in regard to the outcome of the B. J. F. debate. All the speakers were veterans in public speaking, and it was thought that all had equal chances to win. Every thing furthered the success of the debate, fine weather, a large and appreciative audience, and high expectation. Mr. McSheehy, '99, the first speaker, deserves great credit for having accepted a place on the debate somewhat late, after Mr. Welch had been forced through ill health to retire. Mr. McSheehy's argument for the permanent retention of the Philippines was very clear and orderly. Indeed, an abstract of his speech could easily have been taken down by a listener immediately after its delivery. Mr. T. Houlihan, '99, the first speaker for the negative, surprised every one by the power which he displayed. It was his first appearance in public debate at Holy Cross, and no one suspected that he was such a master of language and delivery. Colin Shea, '00, the second affirmative, is an old war-horse here in the debating societies; every one was persuaded that he would rise to the occasion, and he did not disappoint them. Mr. Mullaly, '00, the second negative, gave a



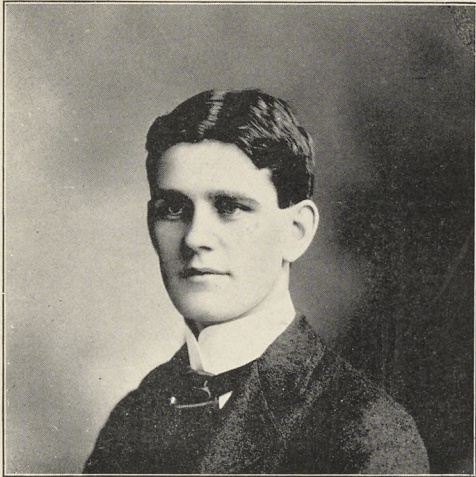
fine discourse in his calm, convincing manner; perhaps his manner was too calm. The awarding of the medal to Mr. Colin Shea, '00, of Lewiston, Maine, seemed to meet with the approval of the audience, though many, before the decision was given, thought that Mr. Houlihan had a good chance. The chairman of the judges, before announcing the name of the winner told the story of the cross-eyed man colliding with the small boy, to exemplify difference of opinion in matters of taste and art. The judges were Rev. T. C. MacGoldrick, '84, of Boston; Dr. J. T. Bottomley, '89, of Boston, and Mr. T. H. Sullivan, '91, of Worcester. The chairman of the debate was Wm. A. Keefe, '99. The committee of arrangements: J. E. McCarthy, '99, Andrew J. Brennan, '00, and Edward J. Corcoran, '00. The reception committee: J. H. Gainer, '99, J. J. Welch, '99, J. H. Flood, '99, C. A. Rolfe, '99, J. E. Wickham, '99, H. M. Batters, '00, and J. W. Fitzpatrick, '00.

The Philomathic debate, on the evening of May 30th, was much more successful than the threatening weather led us to expect. At the hour set for the opening of the debate, the old-time audience was missing, owing, no doubt, to the showers of the afternoon; but before the first speaker had fairly gotten into his speech the hall was crowded. The speakers were all new men. Mr. John Murphy, '01, the first affirmative for the gradual disarmament of nations, showed oratorical power and ability to put an argument in a telling form; but he seemed constrained and his voice was weak.

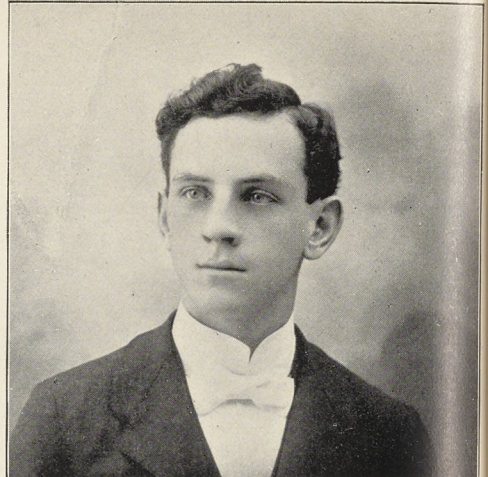








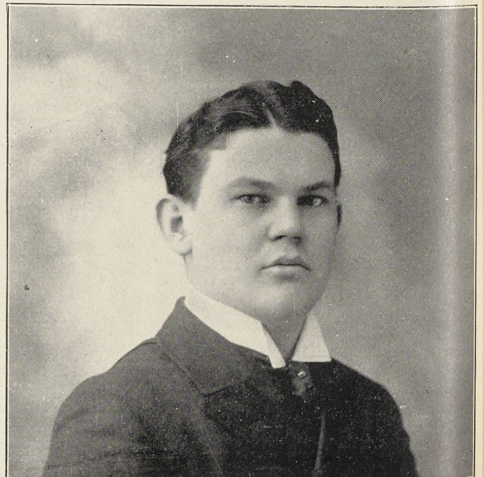
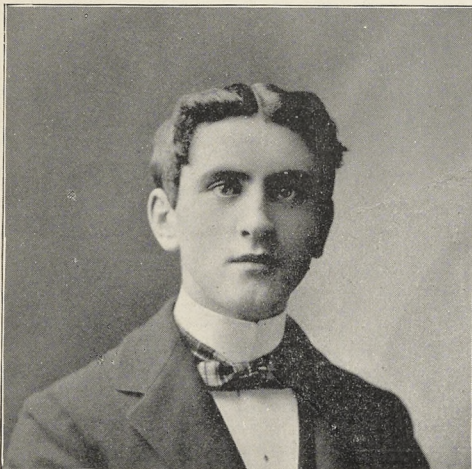
J. F. MURPHY, 'or. Second place.



J. A. NOONAN, 'or.



E. L. MAGUIRE, 'or, Chairman.





## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

365

Mr. Conniff, '02, won the sympathy of the audience by the finished style of his address, as well as by his animated manner. Mr. Noonan, '01, second affirmative, has a fine voice and a manly style; but neither his tones nor the matter of his speech were sufficiently varied. Mr. Hurley, the second negative, showed a great command of fine, epigrammatic sentences; his manner, though full of earnestness, was impulsive and abrupt. The decision of the judges in favor of Mr. Conniff met with general approval. As in the B. J. F. debate, the judges were all old Holy Cross men. Hon. J. J. Desmond, '79, the chairman, made a very happy address in announcing the name of the winner. He said that this was his first visit to the college since graduation, and that he was amazed at the progress made, materially and intellectually. The other judges were: Rev. P. E. Magee, '85, of the Cathedral, Providence, and Dr. P. O. Shea, '92, of South Framingham. All three remained at the college over night. The chairman of the debate was Eugene L. Maguire, '01. The committee of arrangements: T. J. Norton, '01, H. S. Austin, '01, M. J. Ryan, '01, T. L. McAuley, '02, and W. P. Lawler, '02. The reception committee: P. E. Hand, '01, J. E. Dignan, '01, J. P. Shanahan, '01, J. I. Kearney, '02, J. P. Hussey, '02, L. A. Derry, '02, A. E. Brosmith, '02, and E. T. Sullivan, '02.

**May Devotions.****Religious Exercises.**

The May devotions this year were marked by great



attention and earnestness on the part of the students. The statue of Our Lady above St. Aloysius' altar had additional ornaments of flowers and lights. The instructions during the month were given by Frs. Smith, Condon, McDonough and O'Hara.

The six Sundays are being observed by a very large number of students. On the first Friday of the month it is said that the number of communions broke the record.

---

**Sodality Reception.** On Sunday evening, May 27th, in the College Chapel, the annual reception of postulants into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin took place before the assembled students and faculty. The sodality has been very successful this year, both in numbers and attendance. At the reception Fr. O'Hara preached, and the Rev. Rector, assisted by Fr. Condon, received the postulants.

---

**Prize Elocution.** On Wednesday evening, May 31, the public contest in elocution was held in Fenwick Hall, before a large and cultured audience. At the preliminary contest, held last month, out of a very large number of contestants, twelve of the best speakers were selected to compete for the prizes donated by the Bishop of Providence, Right Rev. Matthew Harkins. That the judgment of the judges in the trial contest in selecting the most capable declaimers was above criticism was attested by the able manner in which each man delivered his selection at the public contest. Generally, it is rather



tedious to listen for two hours to declaimers following one another in almost continuous succession, but the youthful orators so completely held the rapt attention of the audience that if the contest had been prolonged everyone would have been delighted.

The speakers were : Joseph F. X. Murphy, '00, "Spartacus to the Gladiators"; John J. Welsh, '99, "Spartacus to the Roman Envoys"; Edward J. Corcoran, '00, "Toussaint L'Ouverture"; Americus C. Stabile, '99, "Reply to Hayne"; James W. Fitz Patrick, '00, "Marino Faliero's Last Speech"; Thomas A. McCole, '99, "Vindication from Treason"; Colin F. Shea, '00, "Extract from Robert Emmet's Last Speech"; William H. Leahy, '99, "Victor Hugo's Plea for His Son"; John E. Wickham, '99, "Self Justification"; Joseph A. Mulhern, '00, "Spartacus to the Roman Envoys"; William A. Keefe, '99, "Star Spangled Banner"; Michael J. Greaney, '00, "American Patriotism."

The names of the fortunate winners of first and second prizes will be announced Commencement Day.

The judges were Rev. Daniel F. McGillicuddy, '81, Hon. John R. Thayer, Yale '69, and Clarence F. Carroll, Esq., Yale '81.

The reception committee was as follows: Leo T. Butler, '99, James H. Flood, '99, Joseph E. McCarthy, '99, Arthur D. Hassett, '00, Edward J. Murphy, '00, James A. Sullivan, '00, Peter E. Hand, '01, John F. Reardon, '02, George J. Hurley, '01, and William F. Smith, '02.



**The Play.** We take the following fine account of the annual play, June 6th, from the Worcester Spy.

With the presentation of "Major John Andre," at the Worcester Theatre, last night, the triumphs of the Holy Cross Dramatic Society reached half a score.

The club's successes have chiefly been made on the line of classic drama, such as Shakespeare and Moliere, or on the Irving type, like "The Bells," and the production of a historical play by an obscure author was rather in the nature of an experiment, which, judging from the marks of approval in the audience, was heartily endorsed by them,

The period of the American Revolution has so far receded into the past that we can estimate its history and heroes impartially. We are ready to regard the British Andre and the American Hale alike as martyrs, and to commiserate the fate of both equally. There is a strong parallel between the two, though the ugly shadow of Arnold hovers about Andre's skirts; and there are great dramatic possibilities in the career of either. Father Jones had a much harder task than Clyde Fitch, the dramatic biographer of Hale, for he was obliged to eschew all feminine characters and win what sympathy he could for his hero by means of filial affection instead of romantic love. The part of Andre's father and the affecting scenes of the last three acts of the play are entirely Fr. Jones' own creation, and had a powerful effect on the sensibilities of the spectators.



The first scene of the drama shows the British headquarters. Sir Henry Clinton and his officers are chafing at the successful resistance of Washington and the Americans, when a letter arrives from Arnold, offering to betray the stronghold of West Point. The generals are enthusiastic, but, on being asked to hazard an interview with the traitor, all shrink from the danger. Andre is sent for and volunteers at once.

The three scenes of Act 2 bring the meeting of Arnold and Andre and the latter's capture by the patriots, Paulding, Williams and Van Wert. These three parts, drawn on comedy lines for dramatic purposes, were capitally played by Daniel J. Kennedy, Joseph F. Murphy and John P. Hussey, the last two in Irish and German dialect respectively. Edward J. Murphy, as Benedict Arnold, had a strong declamatory soliloquy, expressive of the traitor's horror of his own treason, which he delivered with fine effect.

It was in this act that Gen. Washington, impersonated by James W. Fitzpatrick, made his first appearance. Though a facial resemblance was not attempted, Mr. Fitzpatrick represented the noble figure and calm dignity of the great commander wonderfully well, and the costume was an exact fac-simile of Stuart's famous painting.

Act 3 introduced the court-martial and conviction of the prisoner, together with a pathetic appeal in his behalf from the aged father, played by Michael J. Greaney, whose assumption of the broken tones of senile and grief-



stricken old age was a difficult and faithfully-conceived piece of acting. The different American generals, with their varying temperaments of caution or impetuosity, were well drawn by J. E. MacCarthy, J. J. Welsh, G. F. McCauley, W. A. Keefe, H. S. Austin, Joseph Ryan, W. P. Kennedy, J. W. McCarthy, E. L. McGuire, A. P. Conniff and T. F. McNulty.

The fourth act is full of life and action, although of less importance historically, and the play ends with the last sad interview between father and son, and the coming of the doomed hero to execution.

Edward J. Hussey, who last year had the leading comedy part, showed his versatility by playing Andre, with a quiet dignity, an air of refinement and a lack of staginess that would do credit to many a professional. William H. Leahy displayed considerable talent for character work in his portraiture of the cringing, miserly Smith. Joseph H. Gainer made a stately Sir Henry Clinton, and John O'Reilly, P. J. McHugh, C. A. Rolfe and M. J. McDonough appeared to advantage as other British officers.

The costuming was an admirable study of historical accuracy, and cost Rev. Fr. Jones much research in reference books and overhauling of costumers' establishments. To him as always, in the multiple roles of adapter, instructor, manager and director, belongs the highest praise and the heartiest congratulations.

The officers of the society who managed last



# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

371

night's affair are: John J. Welsh, '99, president; Thomas Shaughnessy, '99, vice-president; John J. MacCabe, '00, secretary; John H. Clune, '01, treasurer; Joseph F. Murphy, '00, stage manager; Henry S. Austin, '01, assistant stage manager; John F. Reardon, '02, master of properties; Thomas J. McAuley, '02, assistant master of properties.

**Visitors.** Hon. John R. Thayer; Mr. Clarence E. Carroll, Superintendent of Schools; Judge Joseph D. Fallon, '58, of Boston; William B. Whall, Esq., '74, of Boston; Rev. J. W. Cunningham, '82; Hon. J. J. Desmond, '78; Rev. D. F. McGillicudy, '81; Frs. Hollohan and Spillane, of Boston College; Rev. P. E. Magee, '85, of Providence; Dr. P. O. Shea, '92, of South Framingham; Rev. F. Casey, S. J., of Boston; Rev. P. H. Brennan, S. J., of Boston; Rev. John T. Madden, '72, of Webster; Rev. John J. Harkins, '87, of Boston; and a countless host of other alumni, who were too quick in their movements for us to catch.

**Base Ball Events.** The good people of Worcester seem to have grown violently enthusiastic about base-ball this year. There were 10,000 men, women and children at the Brown game, Memorial Day. THE PURPLE could get no camera in the city to take in the whole field, a thing to be regretted, since, according to the prophets, there never has been and never will be such a crowd assembled in Worcester to witness a game of ball. The happy multitude was certainly glorious to see, when the music of the



City Band "rose with its voluptuous swell." Thirty electric cars awaited patiently the ending of the game. If we never see the great crowd again, at an rate, here's *to* them. The number of Alumni and old students who came from all quarters was beyond counting.

Read this petition, signed by the Mayor and prominent citizens of the fair town of Waterbury.

REV. DEAR SIR:

We, the undersigned citizens of Waterbury, friends and admirers of Holy Cross, most earnestly solicit your permission for a game of baseball to be played in Waterbury, between the Holy Cross team and the Waterbury club, on Friday, May 12th, or the day following the Fordham game.

THOMAS D. BARLOW, Mayor.

JAMES F. PHELAN, Merchant.

MORTIMER DORAN, Selectman,  
and seventy-five others.



## ALUMNI.

'49. In the course of a lengthy and interesting article, a writer in the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Conn., gives the following facts regarding Rt. Rev. James Augustin Healy, D. D., '49, bishop of Portland, Me.

By birth the Portland prelate is a southerner. He made his entrance into this world in the Georgian city of Macon, on April 6, 1830. When he came of school age he was sent to the Quakers at Flushing, L. I., and afterwards to Burlington, N. J., and, like Archbishop Williams, he can claim that he never attended a public school. When he was in his fourteenth year he was sent, with three younger brothers, Hugh, Patrick and Sherwood, to Holy Cross College, where he remained five years, graduating in 1849, at the head of his class, with the degree of A. B. In those days Holy Cross had no authorization to confer academic degrees, but Georgetown gave her degrees to its graduates. For the first years of his theology the future bishop went to the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and afterwards, because of the exceptional abilities which he displayed there, he was sent for two years' additional studies to the Grand Seminary at Paris. He was ordained to the priesthood, June 10, 1854, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, by Archbishop Sibour.



When Archbishop Williams succeeded in 1866 to the Boston See, one of his earliest acts was to appoint Father Healy his successor in the pastorate of the old St. James' Church of Albany Street, then, as now, one of the most important of the Boston parishes. Here Father Healy's activity showed itself in various ways. There was hardly a single Catholic undertaking in the city or diocese in which he was not prominent. He founded the Catholic Union. He was interested in the Vincentian societies. He was a leading spirit in orphanages, hospitals and asylums; and upon him also devolved the work of erecting a new church for his parish, the Boston and Albany Railroad taking the site of the old St. James' for the purpose of extending its tracks in the city.

When Bishop Healy took charge of the Portland diocese it included New Hampshire as well as Maine. The Catholic directory of 1875 put the priests in the jurisdiction at 52, with 52 churches built, nine building; and the Catholic population was stated as being 80,000 souls. To-day, with New Hampshire detached, the Portland diocese reports 90 priests, 86 churches and a Catholic population of 96,400.

Two of the Portland prelate's brothers became priests, as well as himself. One was the lamented Father Sherwood Healy, who was connected in its earliest years with St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, and who afterwards succeeded Bishop Healy in the pastorate of St. James' Church, Boston. The other was the Jesuit father, Patrick F. Healy, who at one time was president of



Georgetown University, who filled many other responsible posts in his society, and who is now attached to St. Ignatius' Church, Park Avenue, New York city. Another brother of the bishop is Capt. Healy of the navy, who performed the mournful duty of bringing back, in a government vessel, from Alaska, the remains of the martyred Archbishop Seghers, of Vancouver's Island.

'67. The following account of the silver jubilee of an old Holy Cross boy, will be interesting to all the old fellows who still happily survive.

Rev. Dr. McMahon made his classical studies at Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he had as classmates Fathers Thomas Lynch, deceased, of the Hartford diocese, and Rev. P. H. Finnegan, of the same diocese, who is happily still living. Dr. McMahon was accounted one of the ablest students of his class. He divided the honors on graduation day with the lamented Rev. Peter A. McKenna, who died some years since as pastor of Marlboro, Mass. He graduated from Holy Cross in 1867, with the degree of A. B., and then Archbishop Williams sent him to the American College at Rome, for his theology. He came back from Rome in 1881 with the title of D. D., and was at once assigned to St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, with which he has been connected ever since. When the present vicar-general of Boston, Very Rev. William Byrne, being then the pastor of the Charlestown church, was asked to assume the



presidency of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., in the hope, that was realized happily, that he would put its financial circumstances in better condition, Dr. McMahon, who was then senior assistant, became acting-pastor, but when Father Byrne subsequently became the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in the west end of Boston, which place he still holds, Dr. McMahon was appointed the rector of St. Mary's. To him the congregation is indebted for the erection of the splendid church which is to be dedicated on Trinity Sunday, for this edifice, which is one of the finest places of Catholic worship in all New England, has been built during Dr. McMahon's pastorate. The present church is the third built by the parish. The first church was a wooden structure, and it served the needs of the congregation until well into the pastorage of Father Hamilton, whose administration ran through the third quarter of this century. Father Lyndon, however, who was the pastor before Father Hamilton, enlarged the first church somewhat. Father Hamilton built the second church, and about ten years ago Dr. McMahon replaced that with the present stately edifice.

'69. Right Rev. Monsignor Conaty, '69, rector of the Catholic University of America, received a telegram from Kansas City, May 12th, informing him that the Catholic Knights of America, at their convention, had unanimously voted to endow a chair at the Catholic University. This is likely to be the chair of English Literature.



*ALUMNI.*

377

This action of the Catholic Knights has been received with great satisfaction at the university, as it is the second chair endowment this year, the Knights of Columbus having previously agreed to endow the chair of American History. This makes in all seventeen chairs endowed since the establishment of the university.

Monsignor Conaty has been very busy during the past month delivering addresses on notable occasions. He delivered the anniversary sermon last week, at the centennial of the famous Visitation Academy, of Georgetown, D. C.

'70. Dr. John J. Healy, '70, one of Governor Stone's recent appointments as inspector of the Eastern Penitentiary, was born at Douglassville, Berks County, Pa., on November 2, 1849. In his youth he attended the public schools of the locality, and subsequently at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. He afterwards became a student at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., from which institution he graduated as bachelor of arts. In 1870 he took the prescribed course of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, receiving his degree as medical doctor in 1872. During the following year he was resident physician at St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia; he then visited Europe for the purpose of still further pursuing his studies, spending the years 1873 and 1874 in Vienna and Berlin. At present he is a member of the United States Board of Examining Surgeons at Philadelphia, having been a member of that board since 1893. Since his graduation from



the University of Pennsylvania in 1872, Dr. Healy has been in the active practice of his profession. He resides at No. 409 South Twenty-second Street, Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Standard and Times*.

'72. The great popularity of Rev. John F. Cummins, '72, of Roslindale, as a lecturer, is attested by the fact that since the close of his regular lecture season, a few weeks ago, many requests have come to him from all over the state to repeat his thrilling lecture on "Camp Life at Montauk." Acceding to the general demand, Fr. Cummins will give a supplementary course before the extreme warm weather sets in. At the invitation of the Catholics of Lexington and Bedford, through their pastor, Rev. Patrick J. Kavanagh, he delivered this popular lecture in the Town Hall, Lexington, Sunday evening, May 21, for the benefit of St. Bridget's and St. Michael's Churches. Congressman John F. Fitzgerald of Boston, kindly consented to preside, and presented Father Cummins to the audience.

'76. Rev. J. J. McCoy, '76, is engaged at present in writing a history of the diocese of Springfield. The history will appear some time in July. Fr. McCoy's known ability is an assurance that the book will be very thorough and very entertaining.

'77. We have noticed in the daily papers flattering reports of lectures on Lourdes, delivered by Rev. T. F. McManus, '77, of Brookline.



Fr. McManus has lately returned from an extended trip in Europe.

We have just received an exquisitely printed pamphlet, describing the ceremonies attendant on the consecration of the new Catholic cemetery at Leicester. Fr. Redican, '77, the pastor, had made a beautiful Celtic cross, after the best models. This cross was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop during the ceremonies on the afternoon of June 13th. The sermon, a very remarkable one, was preached by Rev. J. J. Howard, '87, of St. Peter's Church, Worcester. The little book has a fine poem, written for the occasion by Francis P. McKeon, '79, a fellow-student of Fr. Redican at Holy Cross.

'78. Rev. Fr. Dower, '78, pastor of St. Anne's, Lenox, has been presented, for his church, with a magnificent "first copy" of Murillo's famous painting, "The Assumption," by a wealthy summer cottager of Lenox.

'79. Some time ago we read in the daily papers reports of a very unique meeting in Worcester. A number of educated laymen came together to give the grounds and reasons of their religious beliefs. Mr. Richard H. Mooney, '79, Principal of Quinsigamond School, gave a fine exposition of Catholic doctrine.

'89. The Holyoke papers are loud in praise of the admirable Memorial Day discourse delivered by Rev. O. M. Magee, '89, of St. Jerome's Church.



'91. THE PURPLE sends sincere congratulations to Rev. T. C. Lynch, '91, who was raised to the priesthood on June 2d at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

'93. We are in receipt of the set of theses publicly defended at the Catholic University of America by Rev. Stephen C. Hallissey, '93. This public examination was passed by Fr. Hallissey for the degree of S. T. L., which is assured. Congratulations!

'94. Rev. Alexander F. Mercer, '94, of Pittsfield, was ordained to the priesthood last Saturday at Rome, Italy, where he has been studying for the past four years. His father, Dr. Mercer of Pittsfield, and other relatives, went over to be present at the ceremony of ordination. Father Mercer will probably affiliate with the St. Louis diocese.

[We have a great many more interesting Alumni notes which stress of work at this busy time obliges us to hold over.—Eds.]



## ATHLETICS.

381

## ATHLETICS.

HOLY CROSS, 9. BATES, 4.

Holy Cross met and easily defeated Bates on May 3. The game was slow and devoid of interesting features. Clancy in the box for Holy Cross did very good work, striking out nine men. On the whole, the team showed improvement in steadiness and confidence.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	3	5	0	0	0	1	0	*—9
Bates.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1—4

HOLY CROSS, 10. COLUMBIA, 8.

Holy Cross batted out a victory against Columbia on May 5. McTigue's two home runs in the third and eighth innings gave the victory to Holy Cross. In the field Columbia was superior. Their fielding was sharp and snappy, while Holy Cross did not play their usual brilliant game.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	4	3	*—10
Columbia.....	0	5	0	0	0	0	1	2	0—8

HOLY CROSS, 4. AMHERST, 2.

At Amherst on May 6, Holy Cross defeated Amherst by the score of 4 to 2. The game was won by timely hitting. Brennan's three-base hit in the second inning gave Holy Cross the lead, which was not lost during the remainder of the game. A most unfortunate accident occurred in the seventh inning of this game. McTigue was hit in the eye by a thrown ball which had glanced off his glove. It was



thought at the time that the accident was much more serious than it proved to be. We are glad to say that "Mac" has fully recovered.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—4
Amherst.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

HOLY CROSS, 4. TUFTS, 2.

On May 10th Tufts played a very good game against Holy Cross, as the score, four to two, shows. Clancy pitched and allowed but five hits. The playing of Kenney, Gaffney and Dyer was sharp and brilliant. A double play by Kenney and Gaffney from centre field to first base was the feature of the game.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	*—4
Tufts.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—2

HOLY CROSS, 5. WATERBURY, 3.

Holy Cross played the Waterbury league team on May 12th, and defeated them by a score of five to three. Clancy pitched a wonderful game for Holy Cross until the ninth inning, giving only one hit. But in the ninth he weakened and was replaced by Griffin, who finished the game. Fox and Brennan, two Waterbury men, were presented with gold watches on coming to the bat, by their friends and admirers.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1—5
Waterbury.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—3

HOLY CROSS, 5. LEHIGH, 1.

Holy Cross defeated Lehigh in a brilliantly played game on May 13. The game developed into a pitcher's battle, in which Griffin easily won. Kelley of Lehigh was invincible until the eighth inning, when











## ATHLETICS.

383

Holy Cross fell on him and gained five runs. Griffin completely puzzled his opponents.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	*—5
Lehigh.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

HOLY CROSS, 5. WILLIAMS, 0.

Holy Cross gained the first shut-out of the season against Williams on May 17. The fielding of Williams was very loose, and they gave Bent, their pitcher, poor support. He was very effective until the eighth inning, when he split his hand, trying to field a hot grounder. He was replaced by Plunkett.

Holy Cross put up a sharp, steady game and gave Clancy the best support possible.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	1	0	0	2	1	0	1	0	*—5
Williams.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

HOLY CROSS, 2. BROWN, 3.

Holy Cross received the second defeat of the season at Brown on May 20. The game was played almost entirely in the rain, yet, despite this fact, the fielding of both teams was sharp and clean. It was a wonderful game, the best seen in Providence for many years. For ten innings the brown and the purple struggled for supremacy. A wild throw in the eleventh gave Brown the run that was needed to win. Griffin and Sedgwick were in great form and pitched the eleven innings without visibly weakening. Until the ninth inning the score stood two to one in favor of Brown, and the outlook for Holy Cross was very dismal, but in the ninth another run was scored and things looked hopeful. The hope was futile, however, as the score shows.

The score:

Brown.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—3
Holy Cross.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—2



---

 HOLY CROSS, 6.      VERMONT, 1.
 

---

Six to one was the score against Vermont at Burlington on May 22. Clancy was very effective with men on bases. He received the very best support from the men in the field.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	3	0	1	0	0	1	1	0—6
Vermont.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

## HOLY CROSS, 9.      WILLIAMS, 6.

Holy Cross won the second game from Williams mainly through Plunkett's wildness. He gave ten bases on balls, while Griffin, on the other hand, was very effective. McTigue had recovered sufficiently from his accident to play five innings of this game. He showed up in his old form and played with his usual zest and dash. Many friends of Holy Cross were present at this game. Two tally-hos waved the purple.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	1	0	0	3	4	1	0	0—9
Williams.....	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—6

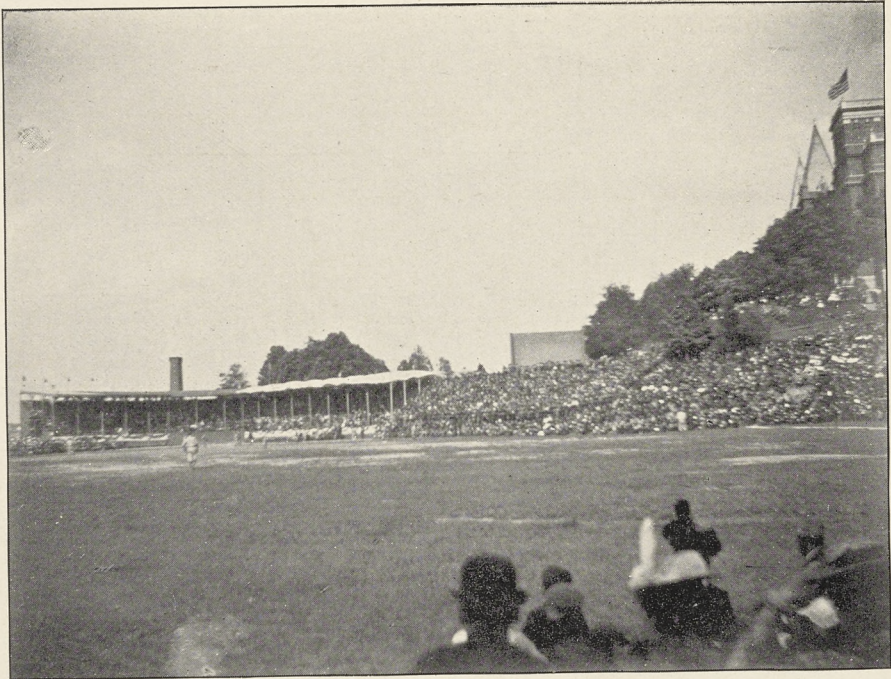
## HOLY CROSS, 11.      GEORGETOWN, 4.

Georgetown came to Worcester flushed with victory and full of confidence, but, alas, for human expectations! they departed defeated. The game had attracted a great deal of attention, and a large number of people were present to witness the contest. The game opened with a home run by Hafford off the first ball pitched. It was a most unexpected and unusual thing, and cast a gloom over those who expected Holy Cross to win the game. But in the second inning gloom was dispelled and all doubts as to the result of the game were set at rest. White, who was pitching for Georgetown, was batted out almost at pleasure, and it was not until seven runs









BROWN-H. C. C. GAME, MAY 30, 1899.



AFTER THE GAME.



# ATHLETICS.

385

had been scored that he was taken out of the box. Bach, who was substituted for White, did better.

Georgetown played an excellent game in the field, but they were unable to hit the ball when hits were needed. Griffin was a tower of strength in the box. Nor was he weaker at the bat than in the box, for his home run in the second inning, with three men on bases, gave Holy Cross the game.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	7	0	2	1	0	0	1	*-11
Georgetown.....	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0-4

HOLY CROSS, 5. BROWN, 2.

The third game of the series with Brown resulted in a victory for Holy Cross. It was played on May 30th, before the largest crowd ever seen at a ball game in Worcester. There were present, it is estimated, about 10,000 people.

The game was brilliantly played at every point. Dyer, at short, was the bright particular star of the game. He tried for everything, and accepted some chances that under other conditions would have been hits. Both pitchers did good work, but Griffin was superior to Sedgwick. He played the game with a steadiness that nothing seemed able to shake.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	*-5
Brown.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0-2

HOLY CROSS, 4. CORNELL, 7.

Cornell defeated Holy Cross on June 1st, by the score of 7 to 4. Young, who pitched for Cornell, was very effective and gave but very few hits. Clancy, on the contrary, was very wild, and his bases on balls were responsible for the loss of the game.

The score:

Cornell.....	0	2	1	3	1	0	0	0	0-7
Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0-4



3

386

*THE PURPLE.*

HOLY CROSS, 3.      WESLEYAN, 0.

In retaliation for the defeat early in the season, Holy Cross defeated Wesleyan on June 3d, by the score of 3 to 0. The game was closely contested and well played. Holy Cross won by timely hitting. Griffin pitched a very good game, especially when men were on bases.

The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1-3
Wesleyan.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

HOLY CROSS, 8.      HARVARD, 10.

Harvard won from Holy Cross in a ten-inning game on June 7th. The game was slow, and the play not particularly brilliant. Clancy started to pitch, but was taken out on account of wildness, and Griffin was substituted. Holy Cross started in well and at the beginning of the game it seemed as though she had everything her own way. But a change came, and Harvard, by scoring four runs in the fifth inning, gained the lead and the game.

The score:

Harvard .....	0	0	2	2	4	0	0	0	0	2-10
Holy Cross.....	2	1	0	3	0	0	1	1	0	0-8

[Many other Athletic notes we are obliged to leave over for July number.—Eds.]





















PLEASE RETURN TO  
ARCHIVES  
HOLY CROSS COLLEGE  
WORCESTER, MA. 01610



