

The article deals briefly with the life history of this personage—to whose statue in Rome, history tells us, an American college president once took off his hat. But aside from all that the article in the *Touchstone* describes interestingly the checkered career of the great Italian patriot.

“The name Garibaldi at once suggests the most popular heroism. He is the popular hero of Italian freedom, a George Washington, so to speak. Not only did the hero of the red shirt cherish the liberty of his own country, but wherever his strong arm could wield the sword against oppression his services were given. . . . Vast armies were not at his disposal. His force consisted of a few men, who, like himself, were patriots struggling against tyranny. His daring, his power of inspiring, and his spirit of enthusiasm were the real elements of that struggle which was to drive forever from Italy the plundering enemy.

“Garibaldi was the incarnation of the character which produces history at great times. He possessed those elements which constitute greatness, and his country may well feel proud of him, as is expressed by the reverence in which his memory is held.”

Judging from the current *Punch Bowl* the mid-year exam, “Reign of Terror,” must be raging at Pennsylvania. The following, after the manner of Him of Naishápûr, will serve to show the general despondent mood of the January *Punch Bowl*, it is a rather ingenious perversion of Old Omar:

#### EXCERPTS FROM KHAYYAM.

The little Crib I wrote the Answers on  
T'win'd ashes—when it Pass'd me; and anon  
Like hair upon the young Professor's face,  
I made him think me wise; and then was gone.

Think, sluggard, in this University  
If Re-exams like typhoid germs were free,  
How flunker after flunker with his nerve  
Would make another Stab for his Degree!

Myself when Fresh did eagerly frequent  
Booz-Clerk and Pool Shark; and full oft I blent  
Tobaccos for a Day's luxurious dream:  
And now I have to cram—without a cent.

With fools the seeds of Wisdom did I throw,  
Into the blessed gardens where doth grow  
The fragrant Weed; this harvest now I reap—  
A box of Raïneses. I'm happy, tho'.