All were startled and saddened by the sudden death of Mr. Terriberry. He belonged to that class of modest, quiet men who make no enemies but are universally esteemed, who aim at no single, brilliant achievements, but do good work habitually. In him his class mourns a strong friend, his hall an able speaker, and the College a fellow who was a man to the very core. We tender to his bereaved family the heartfelt sympathy of all his College mates.

Third Term.—The term of hard athletic work, of short but exceedingly concentrated mental effort, of Jersey mosquitoes, of deep groanings in hot recitation rooms when the blithely singing birds, the waving trees and balmy air invite most persuasively—too persuasively—from the knotty problems of Math., Philosophy, Latin, and Greek to soft repose on grassy banks; the term of singing and talking and loafing on the campus, the cream and quintessence of College life, has fairly opened, not as we expected, with sunshine and warm spring weather—Vennor is too malicious for that—but with rain and cold; “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” with warm weather will come examinations. We can only wish to the poller and grade-man satisfaction, to the athletic man success, to the loafer good luck, for verily the end of this man is worse than the first, and to every one resistive and persistent energy enough to accomplish his purposes.

Much annoyance was experienced by some of last year’s Commencement speakers whose places are soon to be re-occupied, from the long delay of the Faculty in announcing the orations. Of course under the present system of awarding speeches, as so much depends on the final grades, we cannot expect a decision immediately on the beginning of the Senior vacation, but every day after that adds to the aggravation of a dozen men or more who are “on the fence.” The speeches are written in advance, to be sure. But there are so many changes and improvements to be made in the abortive products of the evening preceding the final in English before the fastidious orators will be content to present them to the public as an exponent of the literary capacity of their authors, that it is cruel so to embitter by suspense and nervous work the blissful rest of Senior vacation. Pray give these doubtful men one last fair chance to distinguish themselves.

The University crew returned last Thursday from their week’s faithful work on the Schuykill looking strong and well, delighted with their surroundings and the opportunities enjoyed for preparing themselves for the struggle next June. We do not think any wiser course could have been taken than that of employing the week as they did. It relieved the monotony of canal work and accustomed the crew in some degree to the water, and what is especially desirable, gave Mr. Baker a chance to familiarize himself with the course. The necessary absence of Mr. Brotherlin for a few days has rendered it impossible for them to appear on the canal since their return, so we cannot say from observation what improve-
ment has been made, but Capt. McLaren expresses himself as well satisfied with their progress. They took four-mile rows once and sometimes twice daily, Mr. Kennedy coaching them during the whole week. He will be here for short periods as frequently as possible, between this time and Commencement, and in all probability will remain with them the week before the race.

The recent hazing episode at West Point has called forth the suggestion in the United States Senate that the Military Academy be ground to powder. This course of root-and-branch extermination was doubtless suggested only for rhetorical effect. The U. S. M. A. does not seem to be quite so far gone with hazing as to require such heroic treatment; and, at all events, this course would be needlessly expensive and wasteful. We offer a more expedient and more statesmanlike line of action. Move the institution across the Hudson and amalgamate it with Vassar College. Here, with a modified curriculum and with new surroundings and associations, the cadets would gradually recover from the roughness which a continuous study of the science of war seems to have engendered in some of their number; and, the graces and amenities of civilized life having time to exert their influence, the danger of a relapse would be permanently removed. This appropriate and effective treatment, impracticable in most Colleges, would be more than enough to overcome the exceptional difficulty of eradicating hazing from a Military Academy. The custom would die from neglect and lack of sufficient nourishment, but it would be just as dead as though it had been choked, as in our case. The course we propose strikes us as better suited than the discontinuance of West Point as a separate military department and its restoration to the Department of the East, to bring about the desired reforms.

The unfortunate illness of a few of our number, ending so sadly in one case, has excited not a little anxiety as to its cause and fear of its further prevalence. In answer to all inquiries prompted by such anxiety, we have received the following communication from the authorities of the College:

"The half a dozen cases of sickness in the College originated from using the water of a single well, heretofore reputed to be of uncommon purity. As soon as this impurity, which is of recent origin, was discovered, the use of this well was discontinued and the house supplied with the pure water of the College spring. The water of the wells of other houses at which students board was immediately analyzed by the authorities of the College, and found to be free from unhealthful impurities. The result of the examination of a large number of the wells of the town proves the general character of the water to be healthful. Some of the cases of sickness above mentioned have assumed a typhoidal form, but there is no typhoid fever or other serious disease prevalent in or about Princeton."

We may add that the water of this particular well became impure through the nearness of an old cesspool, into which water had been allowed to run. From this it becomes plain that the cause of the illness was purely accidental, and not at all a necessary and essential contingent belonging to Princeton or its surroundings; in truth, a personal experience of four years and the gathered experience of others, extending over a much longer period, declares Princeton to be remarkably healthful at all times. We understand that hereafter to prevent any recurrence of the present distressing circumstances, examinations of the water used by students will be instituted at regular intervals.

It is a matter for great regret that the nine has not been able to play more games with good professional nines this season, and that the prospect of its obtaining the usual number of such games is no better than it is. But this state of affairs is not a matter for complaint. A short statement will suffice to prove this, and to clear up in some degree the ideas of those who hold the management of the nine accountable for the poor supply of professional antagonists on our diamond. The amount of letter writing that has been done to bring professional nines here would be enough to show that the managers have at least tried to do their duty. The explanation of the meagre results of their efforts is to be found mainly in the fact that the National Association, which furnished nearly all the nines for our professional games last year, has dwindled down to a membership of three. Several of the clubs which it comprised are defunct, and others have joined the League. League nines would give our nine ex-
cellent practice, but they would also be very likely to give its managers a good-sized deficit to be made up. They are expensive luxuries. They inform us that there is a League rule which will not allow them to play us for a smaller consideration than one hundred dollars—a sum rather in excess of the ordinary receipts of a professional game on our grounds. The tour arrangements of the National Association nines have interfered with their coming here. Two games, however, have been arranged with one of these nines for the present week.

It is a relief to see the Freshman nine at last commencing work. The record last fall was not startlingly brilliant though quite creditable, yet either it or unbounden confidence in powers in posse has led our young friends to grasp eagerly at every challenge thrown in their way—and therewith to rest content. They have been delaying even final organization and holding steadily back from practice with all the assurance of well-tried professionals, or the Princeton University nine of two years' since, and glorious memory. It saddens one to think on those old scores, while the bare chance of their recurrence is heartrending; but the most grievous of all is it to behold the same dangerous recklessness, the same careless habits reappearing in those who number among them some future "University" men. It may be that these words of criticism are out of time. So we hope. Now that the Freshmen have begun to practice, possibly their energy and thoroughness will make amends for all delay. So may it be. How good their playing is likely to prove we have as yet had no fair opportunity of judging, therefore we will neither praise nor censure. But the Freshman nine cannot be too often or too pointedly reminded of their responsibilities. Contrary to the sober judgment of a large portion of the College, they have determined to risk a game in which the chances seemed to be none too good at the start, and through delay are now still worse. The only issue which can warrant their action is victory or a creditable defeat. Nothing short of systematic and untiring practice will gain either, while the condemnation of the College cannot be too severe, if after deliberately placing at stake the good name of Princeton, they make no effort to escape disastrous defeat.

A SUBJECT upon which we have been silent, trusting to the good effects of admonitions, reproaches and petitions unceasingly sounded by past PRINCETONIAN boards, thrusts itself upon our notice, namely; the issue of examination schedules. The improvement in this respect has been great during the past year, but the danger of a return to the old way appears threatening at present. The time of examinations is fast approaching, and we have heard nothing of Senior schedules. Are they to be issued before the examinations begin, or not? And if not, why? These are pertinent and important questions. We have heard no objections urged against an early issue of these schedules, and if such objections exist, we are ignorant of them. There can be no doubt of the sentiments of the class, and the faculty, in times past, has kindly conceded such requests. This being the case, we see no reason why a rule or an invariable custom should not be established, according to which the schedules shall be issued a reasonable time before the examinations.

However much all may condemn anything like cramming, a thorough review of the subjects of study before an examination is of the greatest importance, and the possession of these schedules aids immensely in a systematic preparation of the various branches.

We will not enter into an argument on the subject. If there is any objection to the plan, we should be glad to hear it; and if there are no essential difficulties in the way of it, the present Senior class would be glad to receive the schedules of their final examinations as soon as possible. Do the authorities, in a simple matter of this kind, like spoiled children, require repeated coaxing and profuse thanks, magnifying the favor, to induce them to grant it?

The West Point outrage—if, indeed, it be an outrage—has occupied of late a large share of public attention. It has aroused that sleepless bias of caste which inheres in every free Caucasian, suppressed or not, as the case may be, by liberal opinions and philanthropic sympathies. It has stirred up, at the same time, that equally strong prejudice peculiar to Anglo-Saxon hearts, namely, the spirit of fair play. The whole country oscillates between these two extremes; and the whole matter, at its root, presents itself as a startling issue in co-education. We are brought face to
face with the question whether it is wise and judicious to force the members of unassimilating races into unnatural intercourse and communion with their social antagonists. The present instance, in its various developments, would seem to give answer in an emphatic "No." There are laws of social progress which cannot be disregarded by the mere whim of politicians; no fifteenth amendment can abrogate them; time alone can alter or abridge their force and power. Wrong is committed against all when, by an arbitrary exercise of legislation, these normal relations are set aside. In social particulars there can be, at present, no equality between the white man and the negro. The time may come, in the far distant future, when this attitude may be changed; but past history would seem to relegate a separate and distinct province to the black man for all time to come.

Yet, on the other hand, with the statute laws as they are, warranting full protection to all, regardless of station or previous disabilities, it surely is no very ennobling sight to see the authorities of a government institution have recourse in persecution to remedy and correct the mistakes, it may be granted, of demagogues and narrow-minded partisans. The sympathy of the whole nation goes out toward Whitaker, not because of any unhealthy sentimentalism, but for the reason that justice and fair play do not seem to have been accorded him. Put the hazing out of sight, and along with it the almost inevitable social ostracism, yet there remains more than a suspicion that equality and fair justice were seldom consulted in their treatment of the black cadet. If the negro must be educated—and no one denies the proposition that he must—then let him be trained among his fellows. The laws of sociology demand it; his own self-respect and happiness depend upon it; but if it be ruled otherwise, then let fairness and kind treatment be strangled to the uttermost in behalf of the race whose advancement in tropical splendor has been the tender fancy of vote-making politicians from time out of mind.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

WHERE SHALL WE ROW?

The question which will soon begin to harass the minds of ye class crews is where shall the brawny combat be? This is of interest not only to the crews themselves but to the whole College. No one is so indifferent as not to care whether he shall have to walk to the canal or take a ride to Burlington, or some other such place, in order to see the race. As yet no definite attempt has been made to settle the place for holding the races.

Some favor Burlington, the scene of conflict two years ago, while others advocate New Brunswick as the place, and others still the canal. Evidently they cannot be held on the canal, for none of the boating men are in favor of bumping races. But if we go to any distant place, considerable expense must be incurred; a point by no means to be overlooked, especially since many men in College feel that their duty is done towards boating when their subscription to the University fund is paid. The races ought, then, to be held as near the College as possible. Now Thomson's Lake undoubtedly 'offers the best course near us. The suggestion of such a place may cause some to laugh, but be it known to such that a good mile course can be obtained there and that by making a turn the race can be lengthened to two miles instead of one and a half. This lake is only four miles from College, about one mile from the Junction; consequently within easy reach of everyone. The expenses of holding the races on its waters would be comparatively nothing, and the racing would be as satisfactory in every way as if held on the Delaware or Raritan. Another thing to be said in favor of this lake is that if the day set for the races should be stormy they can be readily postponed and no one be disappointed. Taking all things into consideration, the inconvenience of going to a distant place and the present state of our exchequer, which will sadly need replenishing before next June, we cast our vote in favor of Thomson's Lake "by a large majority."

G.

HEAUTON TULOUMEMOS.

Probably you don't know him. Well, if you are under nineteen years of age, and an under-classman; if your parents are good, honest people and you are a favorite son, the chances are that you are the man.

If your father is a minister of the Gospel, or an honorable and prosperous lawyer, noted for
his uprightness and benevolence, ten to one you are the man. But if your father is a D. D., or an LL. D., or a Judge, or a non-professional man who belongs to that goodly fellowship called "Friends of the College," one hundred to one thou art the man.

Let me be your Father Confessor for a few moments and I warrant it shall be good for your soul.

When you came here you were fresh. Hard but inevitable. The slights and snubs of first term didn't remove the taint. Not at all unusual. Next term you found the cure. Ah, the Ass puts on the Lion's skin. You began to swear just a little, that is, you used words beginning with D. Poor Ass, you smoked hard, especially on the way to recitation. You let up on polling, flunked when there was no need of it, cut recitations, played cards, and talked Trenton. Did you see that right ear flop up?

You thought of leaving hall, swore stronger oaths, flattered the fellows by telling them they were hard, learned the push-step in coming out of chapel, tried Carl's. There's the left ear up now.

At the end of the term had a spree. About ten of you. Smoked cigarettes till you couldn't see for smoke. Drank several glasses of beer. A very Ass. And a little whiskey too, but that made you all sick. Heavens! what a looking room. You didn't like the whiskey, did you? But you couldn't have a spree without whiskey, and you couldn't be HARD without a spree. But you do hope they'll come easier in the future, for its "so hard to get you drunk on whiskey."

Yes, and you aren't fresh now, are you? And all the College is agog about your spree and how hard you're getting, and the Philadelphians are interested in you. It's a lie. You were never fresher than when you deliberately took to being hard to cover up your freshness. No one thinks you a man, but a poor silly boy, who can only abuse your liberty. You work hard to create your temptations. You accommodatingly oil the razor to cut your own throats. You stand about the campus or hold orgies in your room that you may be seen of men to be hard, while every one in his heart calls you a hypocritical fool.

Dear Princetonian, forgive this, but what less can we do when the heart sickens and the stomach turns with disgust at these poor pretensions to a despicable notoriety? Neither born hard nor waiting till hardness be thrust upon them, they must needs achieve hardness for themselves. Have we not amongst us now moral wrecks enough? Are we not almost every term brought to shame by the very men whose unsavory reputation is coveted by these half-fledged bantlings who would have us—

Be to their virtues very blind,
But to their faults be very kind.

The real monster vice, is too terrible to be made ridiculous. But viewed in the light of common sense what can be more so than this pseudo-viciousness on the part of Heauton Tuloumenos and his friends.

A "DELIICHTFUL TIME."

They were coming, and coming to-day. "They," means my three cousins; and "to-day," a Saturday in the middle of January, 1880. I had frequently invited them to visit Princeton. I had spoken eloquently of her "grand old halls;" her more modern but handsomer buildings; her beautiful campus, "a suitable setting for her stately edifices;" of her "graceful elms, which reared their lofty branches over throngs of murmuring students, as they sauntered about the shady walks, or hurried with breathless eagerness to—chapel."

I had boasted of her museums, her professors, her negro population, of picturesque McCosh lake, and of her students. I had exhausted every invention of my brain in urging them to come; and they were coming to-day!

As I wended my way to the depot, I remembered that I had boasted that Princeton was cosmopolitan, and to-day it was certainly true. Here was a London fog, with all the pervading chilliness of Boston air, and the streets were a cross between those of Venice and New York. But the whistle of the approaching train warned me that my time was at hand, and before long we were "sauntering" through the deep slush to the hotel. After adiring the broad street, which glided by with a tranquil and peaceful flow, rippled here and there by the track of a passing vehicle, we ordered dinner and started "to do" Princeton. One of the young ladies was expecting a telegram, so I hailed a carriage which floated us across the street and landed us safely on the other side. Assuming at this point the duties of a guide, I showed them how well suited the post office was for rows, rushes, etc.,
not forgetting to point out the necessary tree for our proctor to lean against, which has done such good service. After inquiring for the telegram, we hurried past the exhibition of male negroes, poised in attitudes of slothful ease, along the pavemen
t, and at last forded the street and were upon the campus. Old North, the museums and library were all visited and admired in turn. One of the cousins had the ill (?) taste to mistake Murray Hall for a carriage-house, and her sister, the good taste to admire it as a "very pretty one," but she thought its site would be more suitably occupied by a lodge. "Prospect" was "quite too perfectly lovely," etc., etc.

Fortunately the weather could have no depressing effect upon the dinner, and our spirits rose in consequence. But my trials were not over. After wading to the station through a mixture of rain, wind and slush, we at last were speeding to the Junction. While waiting for the train there, I was driven almost to madness by the aggravating fact that it was "clearing off." The fleeing clouds, pursued by wind and sunshine, were fast leaving the scene of action; and the sun shone in mockery upon four dripping figures who were waiting languidly for the New York train.

Of course the girls had a "delightful time," "just quite too charming a visit," "Princeton was even nicer than we expected," etc., etc., etc.

If Princeton morals are to be improved, I would recommend the Weather to the "Law and Order Association," as a subject which requires prompt and energetic action.

"Z."

EDITORS OF THE PRINCETONIAN:—I'm mad; yes dangerously mad, fast becoming madder. Is my condition inexplicable? I am a Reunion man.

Now I am not going to burden you with complaints about my being frozen out last winter, nor do I intend telling you how many times I have broken my neck in going up and down stairs in the dark. I will say nothing about that, for it is an old story. But there is one matter which I must speak of, not only because attention ought to be called to it, but principally because I wish to show its effects on myself, and that my melancholy fate may serve as a warning to the officers of the College of the disastrous consequences of bad management.

Before I went home last vacation I had my room cleaned, and when I departed left every-

thing in good order. At the end of vacation I returned to Princeton and to my room. What a sight met my eyes! What a contrast that room presented to the room I left but a week before! Then not a speck of dust was to be seen; now coal-dust covered every article of furniture, and so completely filled my carpets that I fear they are ruined. The very air was black, and I had not been in the room five minutes before my mouth and nostrils were lined with a coating of carbon thick enough to stifle me. The grating together of my teeth caused me and the building to shiver for five minutes. Thus far I bore up nobly, but when on the following morning I found I had been sleeping between sheets as black as soot, when I beheld the condition I was in, it was too much. I could stand it no longer. The training of a Christian mother failed me when I most needed its help, and giving way to my wrath, for the first time in my life, I swore. Yes, I swore till the air seemed blue, and so hot that I saw, as it were, little flames dancing all around me, and beheld wicked looking little chaps leering at me, and felt them pricking me with their miniature pitchforks. I soon sank down exhausted, and felt from that moment that my moral character was hopelessly wrecked. This is not all. I have since been going about in such an ill-humored and sullen mood that I am fast losing all my friends, and am at length thinking seriously of putting an end to my miserable existence.

Now, I ask you, am I to blame for this? Nay, verily. On whom the blame rests I cannot say; but whoever it is I take this opportunity of begging them, in the name of all sufferers like myself, that hereafter the coal may not be put into the cellars of Reunion till such a time as there is no one in the building to annoy thereby. I RATUS.

HOW WE CLIMBED BEN NEVIS.

It was late one afternoon in August when we dropped our knapsacks on the stone porch of the inn at Bauaire. Before us rose the massive shoulders of Ben Nevis; but his stately head we could not see, for it was closely shrouded in the rolling mist. The view was a grand one, but we did not stand long to look at it; for, while we thoroughly appreciated its beauties, we were still more attracted by the clatter of many knives and forks, which greeted our ears from the dining-room. Several hours later, just as the head waiter had
sunk fainting into the arms of one of his assistants, we emerged, smiling and satisfied, to find the summit of the mountain free from cloud, and standing out clear and distinct in the soft air of the long Scotch twilight. As we saw it now, the highest peak in Great Britain looked like a huge heap of cobble-stones, such as you see by the roadsides, which some Titan hands had thrown together in the old ages of legend. Like all Scotch mountains, it was entirely bare of trees, and even the heather which usually softens the rugged outlines of the Highland hills, only extended a short distance up its base. It looked harmless enough, and we could see no reason why the landlord should insist so strongly that we must take a guide for the ascent. The story of the young Englishman who, attempting to reach the summit alone, had been caught by the cold and cruel mist, and left to wander in darkness along the rocks and precipices, until he was found at last stiff and dead from the chill and exposure, at last convinced us that guidance was necessary. But still we were uncomfortable. What! Should we who had made our way through the pathless wilds of the Adirondack wilderness, be baffled by yonder insignificant pile of stones, and trudge meekly along at the heels of a guide? It was a vile plot to extract extra shillings from the unsuspecting traveler, we assured one another, and, by a close calculation, we had just enough of those useful articles to pay our bill and a second-class steamer passage to the nearest base of supplies. Therefore we were unhappy. Judge, then, of our joy when we found an Englishman of much experience in Highland weather, who told us that if the morning were clear the mist never came down before twelve o'clock, and that, if we could be sure of getting down from the rocky sides of old Ben to his heather-clad base before that hour, we were safe in making the trip to the top without the encumbrance of a guide. So we went to bed in peace, giving strict orders to the “Boots” of the establishment that we were to be called at daybreak. It seemed about ten minutes after I closed my eyes when I awakened from a wild dream of falling over a precipice in the mist, while a first-class thunder-storm was raging promiscuously around, to find some one pounding upon the door with more energy than musical skill. A sleepy “Hello!” brought back the answer, “Time to get up, sir!” I knew that hesitation would be fatal, and, hastily firing a pillow at my slumbering companion, I rushed for my clothes, and making the hasty and primitive toilet of a trampler, was soon ready for the day’s excursion. The morning air was fresh and chilly, and we swung off at a lively pace over the two miles of level road which lay between us and the base of the mountain. We crossed the old stone bridge over the river whose rapids we were to whip for salmon on the morrow, and after lingering for a moment to gaze at several likely pools, continued on toward the blacksmith shop which had been pointed out as the point where we were to leave the road. The old Scotchman who wielded the hammer with sturdy arms gave us directions in unintelligible, broad Scotch, and, much puzzled and a little enlightened, we started on the path which was to lead us to the summit.

(To be continued.)

AN OPEN LETTER.

Messrs — and — et alii, Professors in College of New Jersey:

Dear Sirs: 'Tis true every dog should have his day. 'Tis equally true that every man should have his say, but I believe that this practice certain of you have of calling up each man from a to z in alphabetical order is hurtful to the student. Now, I am one of those lazy fellows who very often take advantage of not being called on for a certain recitation, and loaf, and I am well aware that I may be signing as it were my own death warrant in writing this article; but I have turned over a new leaf to-day, got up at eight o’clock this morning, have commenced going to the “James” and to keep a diary, and intend to poll hard for the rest—of the week; indeed, I write this now while under a powerful conviction of the sin of idleness and procrastination, for fear that on second thought I may not do it.

Now, I know the fellows of my own class well enough to say that without exception men do not study well, if at all, for those recitations in which they know they will not be called on. You see, dear Profs., being unknown, I can give the whole class away without fear, malice, or favor, and I do know from personal experience that the best men in the class are guilty of the charge I bring. I fancy I hear you chanting “dies irae, dies illa,” and you say perhaps that such gentlemen will
suffer in examination for their procrastination. I know it, I know it from sad experience; but ‘lead us not into temptation.’ We are mortal, our spirits are willing, but our flesh is weak, and when a Professor is never known to go back on his record and get a man up out of his turn, need it be wondered that many will not study except as occasion demands?

If you don’t believe me, just light unexpectedly on some of the men who stand high, and if four out of every five of them don’t answer ‘unprepared’ with a mantling blush, it will be because this article has frightened them, and they have taken a ‘brace.’ If, gentlemen, you are known quite often to get a man up for two successive recitations, if in other words you are slippery and we can’t count on you, I know we should study more faithfully. Here is a dialogue I might have heard between a new member of the class and an old stager:

_ Stiles_ (new student)—‘What is the lesson in this afternoon?’

_ Smith_ (old hand)—‘Dunno. Anyhow you won’t be up; he’s in the A’s.’

_ Stiles_—‘Doesn’t he sometimes depart from his usual order?’

_ Smith_—‘Why bless your buttons, man! During his whole career as a teacher he has never been guilty of such high-handed outrage. No, sir, is solid; you can bet your bottom dollar on who’ll be up, and never fail to draw a prize.’

_ Stiles_—‘Suppose he should lose his roll?’

_ Smith_ (who had never thought of such a thing)—‘Horrors! It makes the cold shivers run through me to think of it. Let’s go poll?’

Very respectfully,

4 P. M.

_SKIP AND REFORM._

Later, 5 P. M.—_Dear Editor:_—I wish I hadn’t written that letter. It’s too late, I suppose, to recall it. Hang it! I’ll have to poll for every recitation now, for fear of being ‘lit on.’ Besides my crowd would mob me if they once suspected I wrote this, and ‘for my sake’ don’t give me away.

S. A. R(ry.)

Died at the residence of his father, Junction, Hunterdon county, N. J., April 15th, Alfred M. Terriberry, of the Class of ’82, and of the Class of ’85. Alfred M. Terriberry, of the Class of ’82; and Whereas, We feel that we have lost a dear brother, a manly, kind-hearted friend, an earnest co-worker, and one whose literary talents promised him success in life as eminent as that which he earned among us; therefore,

Resolved. That we extend our deepest sympathy to his sorrowing family and friends in this our common bereavement; and

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his family and be published in The Princetonian and the Nassau Literary Magazine.

In behalf of the Society,

C. A. Lindsley,
E. B. Critchlow,
E. S. Simons,
Committee.

PRINCETON, April 22d, 1880.

WHEREAS, Our Almighty Father in His mysterious Providence, has been pleased to call away from us into His own blessed presence, our beloved friend and classmate, Alfred M. Terriberry; therefore

Resolved, That we, the Class of ’82, express to his parents and family our high estimation of his character, and our keen appreciation of our own loss and sympathy with them in theirs; and

Resolved, That in token of our grief we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and also be published in the Clinton Democrat, Glen Gardner Philocat, the Nassau Literary Magazine and The Princetonian.

For the Class,

HENRY CREW,
Geo. P. Pierson,
Geo. Y. Taylor,
Committee.

REPORTER.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT AT BALTIMORE, APRIL 15TH.

—Lehman’s Hall was filled to overflowing, as the elite of Baltimore gathered to hear the songs of “ye merry singers in ye spikelattes.” A fair sprinkling of Princeton alumni and under-graduates, attended by what we may be pardoned for calling a still fairer sprinkling of “Baltimore belles,” formed in the audience an element that was at once sympathetic and enthusiastic. The club confined themselves chiefly to College songs, and sang most of them with vigor and good finish. The “Warbler,” “Peanuts,” “Black Brigade,” and “Peter Gray,” were deservedly the most popular, and were rendered in inimitable style. The last two especially were intrepreted so accurately and correctly, as to merit special notice. There was a tendency in a few of the songs to shirk
duty, and to rely for applause more on the inherent mirth of the pieces, than in the correct rendering of them, but the majority were faithfully given. Of the more pretentious parts of the programme, Mr. Beasley's solo was perhaps the best; his pure, finely modulated tenor voice being just suited for such a selection as that of Walbridge's favorite. Wentworth's "Waltz" was well sung, in accurate time and with marked expression, but both "The Artillerist's Oath" and the closing glee, "Old Nassau," were sung too fast, particularly the last, in which the stately movement of the choral was entirely lost, and the whole hurried through with at a speed approximating that of "Peanuts." The concert as a whole was admirable, and a list of the encores, very nearly as long as the programme itself, bears ample testimony of its general worth.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT, WASHINGTON, APRIL 16TH.
— In view of the fact that Washington audiences are proverbially unsympathetic, a Princeton man, as he scanned the assemblage which gathered at Lincoln Hall, might well feel some misgivings for the success of the Glee Club.

Gray-haired statesmen and government officials with their charming feminine belongings, made up the finest audience, in point of appearance and culture, which has yet greeted our College vocalists.

But if there were any fears of lack of appreciation, they were effectually silenced by the cordial reception accorded the club, indicating beyond all question, that College mirth and jollity, as represented by its songs, command universal attention. The opening selection of the evening, "The Artillerist's Oath," bespoke the favorable attention of the audience.

It was followed by the distinctively College songs, "Bull Dog" and "School." The stanza of the former, which describes the sorrow plight of "Massachusetts' favorite son," was heartily relished by one and all. Indeed, all political allusions, and there were several in the course of the entertainment, were applauded.

Mr. Beasley's warble in "Where, oh Where," was a feature of the evening. "Where are you Going, my Pretty Maid," was sung poorly and with hesitation, having none of that genuine ring about it, which made most of the College songs so popular. A vocal waltz and "B-a, Ba," with prominent mention of Benjamin F. and Sammy J., concluded the first part of the programme. The latter half did but strengthen the favorable impression already made. The encores were numerous and, for Washington, enthusiastic. "Peanuts," "Peter Gray," with solo by Mr. Haynes, and "Jingle Bells," were received with particular favor. A decided hit was made by the "Policemen's Chorus" from the Pirates, given as an encore. Altogether the Capital City Concert was one deserving of special mention in the annals of the Glee Club.

The reception given to the club by Justice Strong the Saturday evening following, most happily terminated an experience, which, thanks to Princeton's many friends in Washington, was enjoyable throughout.

Base-Ball.—Athletics vs. University, April 7th—
A stiff breeze chilled the fielders and thinned the audience. Our nine batted well, but fielded loosely. Captain Horton was sick and did not play. Archer, as change-pitcher, played creditably, and allowed the visitors only four base-hits—all singles.

Appended is the full score:

**PRINCETON**

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| Totals | 37 | 10 | 27 | 15 | 11 |

Time of game—1 hour and 10 minutes.
Runs earned—Athletics, 0; Princeton, 2.
Umpire—Mr. Brown, '81.

**Athletic vs. University.**—The third game of the season was played on Saturday, April 9th. The opposing team was, with one or two exceptions, the same that had defeated us the Wednesday before. The exceptions being the substitution of a new pitcher and third-baseman. The University played with Archer in the pitcher's position, while Horton went to left-field. The feature of the game was the heavy batting—certainly a most encouraging outlook—while the error column was fairly low. Duffield at right played in fine style, making one of the most beautiful left-hand catches ever seen on the grounds; and McCune again distinguished himself by his fine throwing.

Schenck was at home in his position, and covered second base so effectively that but few dared his throwing powers. The nine showed very plainly, both at the bat and in the field, the effects of careful training.

Appended is the score:

**PRINCETON**

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| Totals | 45 | 11 | 14 | 27 | 20 |

First base on errors—Princeton, 3; Athletics, 6.
Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. Brown, '81.
Lafayette vs. Princeton, 16th—The efforts for a tour in Spring Vacation resulted in one game. An extended series was rendered impossible by the scarcity of neighboring nines, the dislike of U. of P. players to face cold winds, and previous arrangements made by the Nationals and Baltimores. Every association seemed to have completed schedules, Lafayette alone being able to give us a date. The trip to Easton, however, proved very pleasant, and on all sides was the best of feeling shown.

The game, which began about two o'clock, was long and uninteresting. The playing was ordinary, the batting weak, the fielding loose. Neither side played with that vim and earnestness which a doubtful contest gives, but both moved as though the fates alone could change the result. This careless spirit inevitably attends one-sided contests, and the directors of our nine should beware lest too many such are played. On the part of the Lafayette, the real work was done by Collins. He proved very effective, and bothered our batters not a little. Farquhar excelled at the bat. For Princeton, Hamill, Duffield, Warren and McCune batted most successfully, while Schenck caught with his usual grace and skill.

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Time of game—2 hours and 35 minutes.
Runs earned—Princeton, 2.
First base on errors—Princeton, 8; Lafayette, 5.
Umpire—Mr. Brown, of Princeton.

PERSONALS.

—'48, Rev. Dr. Cattell, of Lafayette College, present at the Commencement exercises of the Seminary.


—'72, Karl Kase, a young journalist of promise, died recently in Warren county, N. J.

—'79, Hay, Mayor of Coshocton, Ohio.

—'80, “Jim” Coyle, entered ’81.

—'80, Chapman, in business college, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—'80, Hardy, law student, Newark.

—The following Princeton men are members of the graduating class at the Seminary: '68, Brewster; '76, Beach, W. B. Greene, Schenck, Stevenson, Woolverton; '77, Barnes, Hume, Jenkins, D. Laughlin, J. H. Laughlin, Mateer, Pritchard, Rowland, Wishard.

HERE AND THERE.

—A sad, eventful holiday.

—Dartmouth game, May 31st, not June 1st.

—The Harvard Union counts now eighty-six members. Its success or failure should interest Hall men.

—About thirty Princeton men in Washington during vacation.

—It is reported that the Yale University Crew is having a boat built with a seat for the coxswain in the bow.—Advocate.

The idea is that sitting in the stern, the youngster gets excited and hurries the stroke.

—The Glee Club are indebted to Mr. Harrison, of Baltimore, for a very pleasant reception on the evening of their concert in that city.


—The University of Michigan now ranks at the head of American Colleges in respect to the number of students.

—A railway station in rural Pennsylvania displays this notice: “No loafing around here except on business.”

—H. has for sale a “number of numbers” of PRINCETONIANS that are very hard to get hold off. Hold on! then.

—In the practice games which College nines have played with professionals this spring, up to date, we stand second.

—Princeton is growing and cresspools are on the increase. The Law and Order Association, if opposed to beer, should go in for an inspector of wells or water works.

—Tutors Winans and Craven were not affected by bad water. What do they drink?

—The Courant says, “When the time comes, Yale will start an ‘eleven’ boom harder to tackle and get on to than the ‘boss fifteen.’” The only difficulty with that “eleven” boom will be that, like Dunravy’s bird, it will have to “fl-flock all alone by itself in a corner.”—Crimson.

“Boss fifteen,” guess that means us. Didn’t expect such candor from the Courant. Possibly the “eleven” boom may work this year if New Haven doesn’t make too much noise about it.

—Encouraging. “Gads, men! You’re doing well! Gads! Get out on the bank and see yourselves row.”
—A Scrub nine from the Senior class are playing against the candidates for ’83’s nine.
—Any who wish to replace their rusty guns or pistols with new ones will please apply to the Lit Treasurer-elect.
—A Reunion sky parlor is advertised under this striking antithesis: Location, high; Price, low.
—(For Juniors only) Prof.—“While this diagram is being prepared, are there any questions to be asked about the lesson?”
Mr. X, (after a pause)—“Professor, where is the lesson?”
Prof.—“I was not expecting that question.”
—Prof. Wheeler, of Yale, will be referee in the Harvard-Yale race, at New London.
—A much-needed improvement is being made in the arrangement of the School of Science. The part hitherto occupied by Prof. Young was entirely unfit for the purpose of a lecture-room, and the Professor is now to have the hall on the third floor which Prof. McMaster has hitherto used for his drawing classes. When finished it will be one of the finest lecture-rooms we have. Prof. Young’s old quarters have been turned into a museum for the use of the Engineers. By this change the whole of the second floor in that part of the building will be devoted to the use of this department.
—Sit not on the ground when it is tempting; for it typhoids like a sewer, and rheumatizes like an east wind.
—The bicycle that weeks ago
From Princeton’s streets was bounced,
When by our council, as you know,
That edict was pronounced,
New glides as free on Princeton’s streets
As though that bounce were o’er.

As in fact it is, called in by the new council, April 21st.

—Mr. Osborne says that the late cold weather has been even worse for the drawback than for the peach crop.
—The intellectual coterie known as the New York Coaching Club, will visit Princeton May 7th, on their way to the stock farm of Mr. P. Lorillard.
—Should the useful be sacrificed to the beautiful in a College dormitory? This is the case with Wither- spoon, whose little windows from without lend beauty but within spread gloom and sore eyes. The new dormitory, already a handsome building, has no such defect.
—“Summer draws on,” quoth, with feeling,
A youth before his sweetheart kneeling.
“Slander,” twanged she through her lean nose,
“I still have on my thick merinos.”

—The recruiting offices have been closed in St. Louis and Chicago.
—A Washington girl closes a note to The Princetonian as follows: “Wishing the paper a long and prosperous life, and with three cheers for Princeton College, very sincerely, E. G.”
—The idea that a certain Prof. never looks over papers, will be hereafter known as the “noxious fues fallacy.”
—Prof. Scott has returned from Florida, bringing some fine specimens with him. The number of birds taken during the trip amounts to about eight hundred. This is a valuable addition to our already fine museum. Mr. Devereux, of ’78, assisted Prof. Scott in collecting.
—The Herrshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, R. I., is building the steam launch for the University crew. Mr. Alexander Agassiz made the contract for it. The cost will be $3600. The craft will be so arranged that the machinery can be controlled from the standing room forward or aft, and the direction can be changed without swinging round, as she will be sharp at both ends. The company guarantee a light boat, that will run as fast as an eight can row, and that will not make a wake which will interfere with the shells.—Crimson.
—“The jumble plan” is what an intelligent Junior calls the attempt of certain Prof’s. to get away from their own previous and best arrangements, as copied in printed notes.
—The ‘Varsity four have worked faithfully since December 1st, and are now in fine condition for regular work on the river. The gymnasium exercise consisted in light general work, with a run of a mile or two three times a week, the object being to keep the men in good condition, without wearing work to reduce their flesh, which has resulted in building the men up considerably, and will probably make them much more formidable than they were last year. The four was on the river twice week before last, and did very satisfactory work, considering the men had not been out on the water together since November last. Each row consisted of a pull of four miles. The men returned in fine spirits, very much rejoiced at being on the river after their long winter’s work in the gymnasium, and are now ready and anxious to overcome the faults that every man must fall into during the long rest necessitated by our cold winters.—Acta Columbiana.

—Base-Ball Notes.—
Brown University.
March 29, National vs. Brown, at Washington...... 7 - 4
March 30, National vs. Brown, at Washington......18 - 4
March 31, Baltimore vs. Brown, at Baltimore......28 - 4
April 10, Worcester vs. Brown, at Worcester......13- 0
April 20, Providence vs. Brown, at Providence......13– 3  
April 21, Providence vs. Brown, at Providence......10– 0  
Totals .................................89–15

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.
April 12, Boston vs. Dartmouth, at Boston.........11– 3  
April 13, Worcester vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester...22– 2  
April 14, Boston vs. Dartmouth, at Boston.........16– 0  
Totals .................................52– 5

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
April 8, Worcester vs. Harvard, at Worcester..... 9– 5  
April 10, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston..........28–10  
April 21, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston..........14– 0  
Totals .................................51–15

PRINCETON COLLEGE.
April 3, Princeton vs. Southwark, at Princeton.... 6– 1  
April 7, Athletic vs. Princeton, at Princeton..... 4– 3  
April 10, Princeton vs. Athletic, at Princeton.....11– 4  
April 16, Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Easton......12– 2  
Totals .................................33–10

YALE COLLEGE.
April 7, Yale vs. Worcester, at New Haven.......11– 7  
April 14, Worcester vs. Yale, at New Haven.......7– 1  
April 21, Yale vs. Albany, at New Haven.........12– 6  
Totals .................................30–14

SPIRIT OF THE COLLEGE PRESS.

COMING INTO LINE.

From the Amherst Student.

Dartmouth retains the men who won her such renown last year, and encourages the wearers of the green by the same eager enthusiasm and hearty support which were the secret of their success in ’79.

The Browns have been crippled by the withdrawal of Richmond, whose place is supplied by Greene, but they are heavy batters and excellent fielders, and will doubtless prove formidable opponents.

Harvard remains to be heard from; but they have such a faculty at Cambridge of winning victories when one would least expect them, that to prophesy failure and defeat for the crimson becomes a very discouraging practice. The successors of Ernst and Tyng will probably sustain, in part, at least, the reputation which those redoubtable champions gained for their College.

Yale has the strongest team ever sent into the diamond by that famous institution; at least so their captain says. Now that Richmond has left the Browns and their own prospects of winning the championship are brighter, our New Haven friends would like to be re-admitted into the College Association. We hope, however, that they will be debarred from that privilege. After their extraordinary dis-play of silly boyishness and selfish Yale spirit, in withdrawing from the association because, forsooth, they could not have their own way in all things, we think the best policy for the remaining members to pursue is to let these malignants severely alone.

RIP VAN WINKLEISM.

From the Record.

According to the New York World the December number of the Nassau Lit. devoted two pages or more to the denunciation of Yale’s policy and practice in regard to football, and gave a “hearty endorsement to the suggestion of a Harvard paper that Yale be excluded from the association until she has learned to play decently.” Passing over the remarks of the Nassau Lit., we wish to call attention to the sentiment of the Harvard paper, as given in the above quotation about Yale’s “learning to play decently.” This evidently refers to what Harvard in so many words calls the “brutality” of the Yale game, and it comes with very bad grace from Harvard for several reasons, the most potent of which is that a College which allows an out-and-out pugilistic encounter in its athletic meetings cannot be very much shocked at a rough-and-tumble on a foot-ball field. Only a short time ago we read in a metropolitan paper an account of the Harvard winter athletic meeting, in which it was stated that two men who had entered the ring to box fought so desperately that one of them fainted and had to be carried out of the ring. And the very same men who object to Yale’s roughness on the foot-ball field can stand in the precincts of their own College and see two of their number pummel one another till one faints and is carried off! We have been looking for an endorsement of this proceeding from the Nassau Lit. and expect it soon.

FUNGI NOTCHIS.

From the Acta.

There are too many poor College papers being started. Hardly a mail arrives but we receive at least one new visitor, conspicuously marked “Please Exchange.” If they were of any rare merit, or even were destined to serve a useful purpose, it would not be so bad; but without any cause or reason they spring up, like mushrooms, in a single night. The great and boundless west is having its share; but there papers of any kind are apt to be an improvement on what we have at present.

The Twenty-third Street Free Quasi-College has started a paper on the ruins of one that did not thrive, not long ago. Why those savages want a paper printed in the English language, we do not know. A dead tongue would be much more appropriate.

The sanguine individuals who invest their money in such enterprises, must get badly bitten, and it serves them right.