Owing to the increase of labor caused by his appointment to represent the College in Oratory, at their Collegiate contest in January, Mr. C. L. Williams has resigned his position as Managing Editor of The Princetonian. As the time required to do his work on the paper was greater than one man could well spare, the Board has deemed it advisable to appoint two men to take his place, till after the Contest. The members chosen were, Messrs. Dickens, '78, and Wilson, '79.

We would inform contributors that, by a recent action of the Board, it will, hereafter, be necessary for them to hand in their articles by Friday noon following the issue of each Princetonian. This will give the Manager of this department but little more than a day to arrange the matter and supply any deficiency. Please be prompt.

We have reason to fear that something that appeared in the "Here and There" of our last issue, gave offence to several of our subscribers. We are extremely sorry that anything appeared in our columns which was calculated to give offence to any, and as the affront was entirely unintentional on our part, we are free to apologize. It is always our endeavor to avoid saying anything that can wound the feelings of any person or persons, and we will always consider it a real kindness, if any one whose feelings are wounded by us, will give us an opportunity to apologize.

An editorial in our last issue, directed a charge of plagiarism at one of the writers in the last number of the Nassau Lit. The member of this board who made the charge, did so with extreme reluctance, but with perfect assurance that he was doing right. Since then, the writer whom he criticised so severely, has declared to this board, that he never read "Getting on in the World" till after he had written his speech, and he further declares, that after reading this book, and finding that in some instances he had used the same ideas as those of the author, he put his speech through a careful process of "pruning." No one in College, who is acquainted with this gentleman's high moral character, can entertain a doubt as to the truthfulness of his statements. The charge was therefore unjust, and he who made it is hugely sorry that he did so.

The Library Journal for October, may be found on the Librarian's desk. This number is devoted, almost exclusively, to College Libraries. The first article is by Mr. Vinton, and presents in a very complete manner, whatever is of interest in our own Library. From it, we have learned several things, which we confess more than three years' observation has failed to teach us. Some matters, which heretofore were not just clear, are explained. The article will be, not only of interest to the public, but of value, as well, to Princeton students. The other two articles, on the Rochester University Library, and Learning to Read in College, treat ably of College Libraries. Each of the three writers has very exalted ideas of the Librarian's office, and of his power to benefit the frequenters of his Library. We recommend the Journal to the consideration of students. Copies may be secured for forty cents.
To severe and faithful training alone, was due the hard-won victory achieved by our team on the 3d inst. Under the old Association rules, Princeton held the championship for many years, and now she has proved herself equal to the first of her competitors, in a game played under what are, to her, comparatively new rules. In view of the fact that we adopted the Rugby rules but lately, we were, we confess, almost as much surprised as gratified, at our recent victory. And yet our surprise was, perhaps, a little unreasonable. We have a large number of men who combine with a degree of strength and an amount of agility by no means contemptible, a willingness to undergo any amount of severe training. Then, too, we are fortunate enough to have, this year, a Captain who is eminently conscientious in the performance of his duties, and energetic in superintending the training and disciplining of his men, and who, withal, is himself, an unusually fine player. We believe that the present marked proficiency of the team is, in great measure, due to Captain Dodge. For the last year or two we have had Captains who, though excellent players themselves, seemed unwilling or unable to properly control their men, or use them to the best advantage. Without material, no Captain could accomplish anything, but we have never lacked material. Now we have both material and an intelligent use of it. To Captain Dodge, and to all the team, are due the thanks of the College. Without the excellent players who now compose our team, and a Captain to train them into unity of exertion, we could never have beaten our gallant Harvard adversaries. Those who especially distinguished themselves on the 3d, are too well known and appreciated to need mention here. Of Harvard and her team, we need only say that it has always been and always will be our pleasure to strive in generous rivalry with men from whom we have always received the most gentlemanly treatment, and for whom we entertain the highest respect.

We regret that Yale has again been constrained to make herself obnoxious. At a meeting of the Captains of the various College Teams, at Springfield, last spring, it was decided to play with fifteen men instead of eleven, as is customary in England. Yale's representative agreed, on condition that the measure should, upon his return, be approved by the College. Well, she did not approve. On the contrary, she withdrew from the Foot-Ball Association. The fact that the three Colleges, Harvard, Columbia and Princeton, desired fifteen to be the number of men, had no weight with her. True to her past record, she again determined to "rule or ruin." Not to say, however, that either her presence or absence is of the slightest importance to the Association. This fall she insists that all games played with her, shall be with eleven men. We understand that Harvard does not intend to depart from the plan adopted last spring. We hope Columbia will not, and are sure that, unless these Colleges do, Princeton will not. In the matter of this eternal "bull-dozing," it would seem that the time had come when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue." One of the main features of these Inter-Collegiate games, is the generous, gentlemanly spirit with which the members of one College treat those of another. Indeed, we see no reason why the requirements in this matter, should not be as strict as in the treatment of one gentleman by another.

We see no reason why discourtesy and selfishness should be tolerated more in a College than in an individual. We apprehend that few private Associations would bear the strain, were they characterized by conduct such as most who have dealt with Yale have observed in her.

We would like to call the attention of '78 to the matter of Class Day elections. We notice that these elections have been held at most of the other prominent Colleges of the country, and we think that our Seniors would do well to elect their Class Day officers and committees during the first, rather than during the second term. They would do so, we think, with advantage to all concerned, and would be glad to see these elections held here before the close of the term. Every class has certainly had experience enough of its members by the first term of Senior year, to be able to intelligently select the men best fitted for the several duties of Class Day. There is every reason to suppose that the orators and committees, if elected early in the year, would be better able to do honor to their class, by making the class exercises at Commencement in every way a success. First term is a season of comparative leisure, while second term is, for Seniors especially, a time for unusually searching examinations and proportionately severe work. The men who are chosen by
each class to represent their class-mates in public on Class Day are generally men of good standing in their class, and Senior vacation is, therefore, too short for the satisfactory accomplishment of any other work than that which devolves upon them in the regular course of College duties—preparation of graduating orations, studying for prizes or fellowships, &c. Everything seems to be, without reason, crowded into the closing months of Senior year, while much necessary work could be executed with ease and advantage during the first and long term. As there are thus seen to be many reasons for and none against early Class Day elections, we would urge upon '78, the propriety of an early consideration of the matter.

Query. What is the essential difference between the opposition to Mr. Devlin last May, and the recent feeling that has showed itself in this place against Henry Ward Beecher? The two were from totally different sources. The one from the Catholic element, bound to oppose everything attacking their doctrines and practices, and not aiming to aid or promulgate freedom of speech and action; the other from Presbyterian divines, who claim to hold liberal culture in high esteem, and to be eager in the search for truth. The one manifested itself in open hostility by directly opposing Mr. Devlin in his endeavor to speak, and by using all the power of the society to make his visit to Princeton of no hurt to themselves and of no benefit to him; the other did not attack the disturbing cause directly, but, by censuring those of the students over whom they have control who had been instrumental in inviting Mr. Beecher to lecture here, and by warning those who should attend the lecture of the displeasure which they should thereby incur, they showed feeling so bitter, as to be fully equal to the spirit of opposition last spring.

The difference seems to be this. The Roman Catholic opposition acted in full accordance with its doctrines and belief. The Presbyterian opposition, while working more underhandedly, but with full as much spite, fail to abide by what are believed by them to be necessary guides for action, namely, personal freedom and a diligent search after truth. If they would control the actions and thoughts of their students, where is personal freedom, and if their implied wish that Beecher should not lecture had been gratified, where would have been the opportunity for hearing both sides of the question so as to reach the truth?

Candidates for the nine are now hard at work in the Gymnasium. Some deem this kind of exercise unnecessary. They think mere practice in throwing and pitching quite sufficient. They believe that the ball-player, like the poet, is born, not made. This last we agree to. The very best players are men who take to the sport as naturally as ducks to water. But a man born to a part must undergo some training in order to display his talents to the best advantage, and hard work and constant practice are rightly demanded of all who desire positions on the University nine. That this work is needful is proved by the examples of individual men in College who, once very unsatisfactory players, have by assiduous practice of this kind added to outdoor work, rendered themselves the “reliable” in every game. To those who have watched the course of things in base-ball circles for the last three years, it must be pretty evident that what our nines have lacked is not fine individual playing, but steadiness and nerve. It is not the brilliant catch or splendid throw that wins a game. The quiet and cool cooperation of all engaged is the thing that tells. We want every man to be able to endure through the whole nine innings, men who instead of weakening toward the last, show at that time increased vim and determination.

The way to obtain such is just that which has been adopted, and which we hope will be rigidly adhered to. First lay the foundation for good work by making powerful, steady men.

Mr. Furman, we doubt not, will prove himself an efficient captain, as besides being a fine player, he has a full share of that energy and determination so necessary to inspire his men with confidence.

If they continue their present method of practice, the work cannot, we are certain, be without good results. “It is the old fisherman that catches the large fish,” say some who last summer returned dejected to their respective homes, without even a miserable flounder to grace their hooks. And it is the nine which has worked hardest that secures the palm of victory.
Whether the enjoyment of a wholesale fire is a primitive element of our nature or acquired under the refining influence of civilization, it is hard to say. The love of the undergraduate for a fire is immense, and increases directly as the square of the object burned. When the fire-bell tolls, and the Princeton brigade rushes forth to battle with the fiend, the undergraduate is invariably found ahead. He has probably already quenched the flames, and stands ready to torment his tardy friends. And at the dark hours of midnight, when in defiant tones the drowsy fowls respond, and Princeton hounds are still, the undergraduate, full of incendiary thoughts, and in dire despair of seeing a fire in any other way, has been known to ignite fence rails, boxes, barrels and other articles, and then to arouse his sleeping fellows, who show no less joy in witnessing the result.

But suppose it to be a good large fire, unquenchable save by increasing use of pump and hose. Then the undergraduate seems to lose his head. All thoughts of property destroyed, money lost, homeless children and parents, vanish, and he even takes delight in the hissing of flame and falling of timber. This inherent desire was not long since almost gratified.

It seems that in erecting one of the edifices that grace our campus, the builders through pure good nature, ran rafters right against the chimneys or fire-backs, and made other skillful arrangements of timbers and flues, so that at no distant date all who desired it might enjoy a perfect conflagration, a real Roman incendium.

The fire was not long in coming, but before it had burned for more than two or three days, indeed before it could get headway, some one had the impudence to discover smoke, and not only that, but was brazen-faced enough to give the alarm. The result was, that the crowd that had stood with outstretched necks gazing at a faint curl of smoke from one of the chimneys on the opposite side of Witherspoon, (which smoke, by the way, had no connection whatever with the fire we speak of), departed with dejected mien and saddened faces. In the first outbursts of their disappointed feelings some even dared to hint that “Witherspoon, the finest dormitory in the country,” was also poorly built. Of course they didn’t mean it.

—Bric-a-Brac can be had at Thompson’s.

The editors of the Bric-a-Brac failed to send us advance sheets in time for notice in our last issue, but they have since kindly placed a copy at our disposal.

Never have we met with a College publication, that has afforded so few opportunities for adverse criticism. The editor may justly feel proud, and the class satisfied with their labors. There is not a page that does not exhibit careful, laborious, painstaking effort and research.

It contains nearly everything that any of its predecessors possessed, and much of real value and merit, which former editors, through lack of enterprise, have failed to chronicle.

The editors appear to have been grievously afflicted by a mania for vagrant and miscellaneous facts, dates and histories of things. These they have sandwiched in, in a manner truly delightful and charming to see. This craving is apparent throughout the whole work. It renders the first part more valuable than the College catalogue. We have the dates of the accessions of Professors, the erection of buildings, and no end of valuable, indispensable information, sliced in here and there. Withal, quite a clerical air is given to the whole, by a judicious and discriminating use of the Latin tongue.

The “Antiquarian” is a novelty, and presents facts that we, to our shame, have been ignorant of. We feel warranted in saying that no son of Old Nassau ever saw so much historical information concerning his Alma Mater—information of which he is disgracefully unconscious—boiled down into three pages, scant. This petite history of the College is stated in an unassuming and terse manner, with none of that dryness and mustiness usually cobwebbed about archaic facts. One does not experience that feeling of nausea and ennui, usually consequent upon an inflection of an historical address. So throughout we see these little things, which everybody should know, but don’t, brought in in a simple, unpretending, matter-of-fact-way, which is inimitable.

By this time we were acquainted with the editors’ propensity, and it was with some feelings of hesitation and anxiety that we turned over to “II.—Sports.” We feared that their archeological proclivities would have their halters taken off and turned loose here. We almost expected to see the antecedents, pedigrees, and genealogical records of our gynasts, “light weights,” and B. B. nines.
We really felt disappointed at not seeing even their fighting weights, crinatory prospects, longitudinal and latitudinal areas, &c., all neatly and tastefully arranged in logarithmic tables. Upon the whole, we are inclined to believe this a radical defect.

We don't pretend to be art critics, and hope we are not presuming in making a suggestion concerning the Grecian individual, who adorns this primer at about this place. Maybe it is owing to our gross ignorance, but we fail to see why the party who heaved the discus in last year's and year before's Bric-a-Bric, should be superseded by this bellicose Greek.

More overcoat and less cestus would have harmonized better with the inclemency of the weather, if not with the eternal fitness of things. We do not, for a moment, doubt but that there is a good reason for the change—a moral one, we think we can detect.

The base ball record is also too accurate, the evidence of things would that we had not seen. We turn over the paper as though we were passing thro' a graveyard. Of the insertion of the "Rugby Rules" we most heartily approve, a practical knowledge and application of which was shown at Hoboken, lately.

We are surprised, and disagreeably so, at the small number of "Miscellaneous Organizations." Since '76's Bric-a-Bric, there has been a steady decrease from seven to five, and now to three pages. This, and the fact that the respective class historians have had no opportunity afforded here to give us what is technically termed "taffy," accounts for the fifteen pages less in quantity than usual.

The typography and general. "get up" is clear and neat. We think that a more rigorous consistency in the matter of initials would have given a fuller appearance to some pages, that look as if strenuous effort had been made to make a few names cover considerable ground. But this is the most serious defect as far as we can see. We congratulate the College on possessing a pamphlet which is not valuable to some only, but indispensable to all.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Shadows deepening on the plain,
Slowly climb the mountain-side,
As if proudly they disdain
In the valley to abide.

All the while October's moon
Brightens with the fading day,
Night is coming all too soon,
Twilight fades too fast away.

While I gaze upon the fields,
Burdened with their shocks of corn,
Silently my spirit yields
To a vision, fancy-born.

Lo, the dusky heaps are changed,
Wigwams spring up in their stead,
Round dim council fires are ranged
Spectral warriors, long since dead.

Warriors of that noble race
Passing toward the setting sun,
Leaving here and there a trace
Of the course they've almost run.

One among the ghostly band
With a chieftain's stately ways,
Beckons me to where they stand,
There to hear the words he says.

"Once old Ogontz, great magician,
Told the Indian tribes a legend,
How that, when the mighty pale-face
Swept, like waves, from out the ocean,
Driving them from happy forests,
They must live on great, broad prairies,
Reaching toward high, snow-capped mountains.
But that, when through many sorrows
They had reached the happy camp grounds
Of the braves long since departed,
Once, the mighty Spirit granted,
In the circle of the seasons,
They should be allowed to visit
Homes that they had loved and cherished.
So it happens in the autumn,
When the days are slowly shortening,
Indian spirits haunt the meadows,
Wander over hill and valley,
Float above the murmuring river,
And the leaves that fill the forest,
Feel the wounds of countless arrows
From the unseen spirit's bow-strings,
Then they crimson with their life-blood,
Crimson, droop and fall and perish.
Heat and smoke from unseen camp-fires
Burden all the crystal ether,
Make it hazy, warm and soothing,
Indian maidens' ghostly laughter
Sounds like sighing in the tree-tops,
While they bend beneath the foot-steps
Of the merry, dancing spirits.

"White man," said the ancient warrior,
As the vision slowly faded,
"We're the blessings of that season
Which is known as Indian Summer."

S. Y.
CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE DEVIL.

It is recorded that a certain Scotch minister in preaching from the text, "The devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour," divided his sermon into four parts, and using his own peculiar grammar, gave them out thus: First, who the devil he is; second, what the devil he is doing; third, who the devil he is after, and fourth, what the devil he is going to do with them.

Leaving out the last three, let us ask ourselves who and what is the devil? Of the existence of the devil as the spirit of evil, the majority of mankind feel perfectly confident. To the many who believe the words of Holy Writ, the temptation of Christ proves certainly the existence of Satan. To those who wish to prove his existence from their own observation, the universal feeling that sin is diametrically opposed to our nobler instincts, would indicate the presence of some power whereby we are induced to violate those instincts.

But granting that there is a devil, the question is still before us, who and what is the devil? In pursuing the subject, we find that at the present day there are quite different views regarding his attributes, and that there have been many definitions of Satan, which have now become obsolete. Milton thus pictures him:

"Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care,
And princely counsel on his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin."

His mental state is this:

"Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him."

This is indeed the fallen archangel, mighty in intellectual power, but terrible in wickedness.

Dante put Satan in the lowest depths of hell, and says he had "three faces on his head, while under each there issued forth two mighty wings; with six eyes he wept; and down three chins gushed tears and bloody foam." A nice picture truly, with which to frighten children and the ignorant.

But it is little worse than the view of the uneducated modern. Ask the loquacious Hibernian about the devil, and you get an immediate answer from his ever-ready tongue. Did ye want to know who the devil is, sure? It's just meself that can tell ye; wasn't it only two nights since that I saw the fellow himself in a dream. Sure, and he was an uncouth lad, with his big wings, and his long tail, and his fiery eyes, and his arms that could reach from here to the old country, to get hold of some poor fellow for himself. But he is cute. Didn't two priests come down there to get him to let off two old rogues that they had been saying the mass for, but he would not let them go one step. Sure I thought he looked as if he wanted to shut the doors with the priests on the inside. Sure I know the devil well, and am going to make him a long visit one of these days.

Our modern philosopher thinks differently, and after labored musings propounds as follows:

Satan is a spirit, and therefore invisible and impalpable. He may indeed possess the power, under divine permission, of putting on material shapes; yet I apprehend that it is not for mental eyes to look on pure immaterial spirit face to face. Satan is entirely wicked, and as such is incapable of any good action. Hence he is generally conceived of as being black and surrounded by gloomy and impenetrable darkness. His sole happiness is the fiendish enjoyment of seeing suffering, sorrow, distress and sin.

Who and what is the devil? Milton shows him in one light, Dante in another, our uneducated modern in a third, and the philosopher in a fourth. We can still write with the Scotch minister in asking who the devil he is.

GOWNS ON CHAPEL STAGE.

When the Senior delivers his production in public, by some it is considered necessary that he surround his body by voluminous folds of black silk, and by others, it is thought that this is all nonsense. The latter ask what use there is in wearing gowns? What beauty or dignity is conferred by the flowing robes? How will the wearing of these gowns aid any one in speaking? These are difficult questions to answer, and it may be that the majority of the opponents of gown wearing, will not be satisfied by the answers which the gown men give.

There are some reasons why the practice of wearing gowns on Chapel stage should cease. We would not now speak of the other public orations,
J. O., Lynde Debate and Graduation day. The custom came, probably, from the other side of the Atlantic, imported, like many other of our College habits, by those who have been called here to be Professors in our Colleges. There may have been good reason in England and Scotland for the custom, because many of the clergy of the land are accustomed to wear gowns during Sabbath services. But in this country, where the only Protestant denomination that makes a custom of wearing gowns is the Episcopalian, and where the ministers of the other churches are free to use them or not, and where no one else in active life, ever thinks of making use of an academic gown, the custom of wearing them on Chapel stage seems to be useless, as far as getting accustomed to them for the future is concerned.

Some say that the gowns give a grace and attractiveness to the speaker's gestures, that cannot be had without them. We do not believe that this is true; for if a speaker has good gestures they will be admired as much, if not more, when they are unfettered by the gown; and if another speaker has an awkward and uncouth manner on the rostrum, the folds of the silk cannot hide from the audience his true condition. But, granting that the speaker can be more graceful with the gowns than without them, what will be the result of their use? It is but preparing him for awkwardness on the platform, or for the use of the pulpit, where all that is seen is the animated bust. Take a speaker who has been accustomed to the screen of a pulpit or a gown and place him on an open platform and he will feel all feet and legs, and will almost forget what he is going to say in trying to hide them from the public eye, or endeavoring to put them in a more presentable position.

Another question presents itself, about where the gowns are coming from. It has been the custom for the Halls to furnish gowns to their own members. Is it right that they should do so when the Chapel stage exercise has nothing to do with Hall work, but, on the other hand, is solely a College exercise? We do not see how it is the business of the Halls to furnish gowns, nor does it appear plain that the speakers themselves should provide gowns unless they particularly desire to wear them. If the faculty wish the speakers to wear gowns, it appears to be the duty of the faculty to provide for the compliance with this, their de-

are, and not turn the matter over to the Halls or to the speakers. Sen.

THAT ROOM RENT.

If any one has occasion to run up to some of the rooms on the fifth floor of East or West, he is aware of some of the evils of the height. Yet this is but one of the things we find fault with. The rooms are by no means the most pleasant in College. The outside walls slant, and the windows are of such an awkward shape that it is with difficulty one can hang curtains. Add to this the extreme difficulty of keeping rooms warm in cold weather, and their disadvantage is apparent. In many respects the rooms are hardly equal to those on the lower floors. Why, then, is it that we are charged $84 per year rent, when the rooms below can be had for $64? I would like to know for what I pay $20 more than one who is so fortunate as to occupy a room below. Is it because the rooms are newer? This is certainly not it; for the rooms below have undergone a thorough renovation during the summer. Then why is it?

H.

"THAT COAL BILL."

The article entitled "That Coal Bill," which appeared in your last issue, having attracted considerable attention, and having caused many comments, I took the trouble to "interview" the Treasurer of the College on the subject, and obtained from him the following facts.

1. Coal was not retailed at $5 per ton last year, as "A." affirms. When the main supply of coal for the students was laid in, the wholesale price was $5.80 per ton, and later purchases were made as low as $4.86, making an average of $5.25 per ton. But this was for coal delivered at the cellar windows, and it had to be shoveled in, and afterwards leveled at considerable expense.

2. It is necessary to employ coal carriers to carry the coal and deposit it at each student's door. Kindling wood is purchased and furnished at cost to the students for making fires. Coal and ash boxes are also furnished, and must be kept in repair.

Now some may ask why it is that we are compelled to pay these carriers, buy wood, and also pay for repairing coal boxes? For the simple
reason that all these expenses are necessarily attendant upon the proper heating of the building, and must be paid for accordingly.

Instead therefore of the coal costing only what it would if purchased at wholesale and dumped on the ground, the cost of handling must be added, which actually brings it up to $8, as the following statement from last year’s account will show:

411 tons, average cost of $5.25 per ton, $2,159.39
Wages of coal carriers, 1,018.00
Kindling wood, 81.75
Repairs of boxes, 52.75

$3,311.89

411 tons charged at $8, 3,288.00

Loss to College, 23.89

In the above statement the whole wages of the carriers is not charged, but only a due proportion.

Now these figures ought, I think, to show how unjust are the remarks of many grumblers in College. One would think from their conversations on the Campus, that we had a regular Tammany Ring to manage our financial affairs. These grumblers, or whatever you may choose to call them, go so far as to accuse the College authorities of dishonesty—rather a broad statement when they do not even know anything about the matter. Let any man take the trouble to inform himself on the subject, and he will see that the authorities in the College are not trying to make money unlawfully out of the students.

For the benefit of all injured and oppressed beings, I would say that this year coal costs only $4.30 per ton, and they will only be charged from $6 to $6.50 per ton.

In conclusion, I would challenge “A,” or any other person, to show statistics from any other College, of equal rank with Princeton, which will not prove that this is one of the cheapest Colleges (for its advantages), in this country.

K.

The second number of The Country, a paper lately started in New York, contains, under the caption “College Athletics,” an article entitled “A Word to Princeton.” The writer, probably through ignorance of facts, makes two statements as to Princeton’s past career in contests of strength and skill, which, though true in letter, are false in spirit. He states that “in the ball field, Princeton has never won a championship series.” Nevertheless, we did win the College championship in 1873, beating Harvard and Yale, one game each. Further, “in foot-ball they have done fairly well, once winning the championship.” It is true we did hold it once, but that once was a period of five unbroken years. From 1870 we never lost a game, until the “Rugby” was introduced.

The statements as to Princeton’s boating record have in them a great deal of truth, but leaving outside all discussion of our past defeats, let us consider the stirring words of advice to be found in the latter part of the article. The writer says, “Let Princeton get together a good crew, composed of men who know how to row. Let that crew challenge Columbia to a four-mile straight-away race, with coxswains. The challenge, we may be sure, would be accepted, and we might see a race which, in its interest, would not fall far short of the annual races between Yale and Harvard. Princeton has more men to choose from than Columbia, and has, to our certain knowledge, men who would be an acquisition to any crew. Let her make a fresh start, then, and enter the New York and Philadelphia regattas, and she will soon turn out boating material fine enough for an eight able to hold its own with any College eight in the country.”

We know the difficulties attendant on boating in Princeton, the dead water, the condition of the treasury, etc., etc., but we think we need not despair, with such men in College as Clarke, Stevenson, Hess, Karge, Stewart, Larkin, Wyllie, McLauren, Ballard and Roberts. We would earnestly recommend the proper authorities to consider the matter.

Epsilon.

REPORTER.

FOOT-BALL—THE HARVARD-PRINCETON MATCH.

On Saturday, November 3d, the St. George’s Cricket Grounds, Hoboken, N. J., presented a lively appearance, thronged, as they were, with College men, and many carriages containing ladies, principally friends of the players. The sky was cloudless, and the wind which prevailed in the early part of the game, by the close had almost died out. The ground, however, was damp and soggy from the recent storm.

The “crimson” and the “orange and black,” displayed on the dresses of the ladies and in the buttonholes of the students, served to make the scene one of unusual animation.

Both teams were promptly on the field, the Har-
was made by McNair. Harrington, catching the ball, made a magnificent run, but was finally stopped by our half-backs, who were in turn seized by the Cambridge men, and for several minutes the ball was lost amid a struggling mass in the centre of the field. Suddenly Ballard was seen dashing across the grounds with the “leather” under his arm, over-turning some, now dodging other crimson men, till finally, after a most superb dash, he touched the ball down almost behind Harvard’s goal. Now the intensest excitement prevailed. The hopes of the Princeton men were raised to the highest pitch, as victory seemed almost within their grasp. But, when Dodge was placing the ball for Cutts to try at goal—

Then for a little moment all people held their breath, And ’mid the anxious multitude was a stillness as of death;

And in another moment, broke forth from one and all, The well-known rocket cheer from the men of Nassau Hall.—

For, by a well-directed kick, the ball was sent squarely over the cross-bar. Without delay the game proceeded, the Harvard men fighting with desperation, since but a short time remained for them to turn defeat into triumph. The Princeton men, too, flushed with success, contested every inch of ground. All thoughts of personal safety were thrown aside, and each man fought with a fierceness and energy never before seen in a friendly contest. After many rough tumbles, and fine runs, the ball was, at last, forced near Princeton’s goal, where Cushing, M. S., seized it, but was tackled by Ballard, who, thinking that “down” had been called, released his hold. Cushing immediately secured a touch-down. The Referee and Umpires being at the other end of the field, did not contest the point. Captain Cushing’s attempt to punt the ball to one of his men was unsuccessful, and once more the contest gradually worked itself “Southward,” where Captain Dodge, of Princeton, punted the ball over the enemy’s goal, calling forth another cheer from the wearers of the orange and black, who, in the excitement of the moment, thought it was a goal. And now but a few minutes were left—minutes that seemed like seconds to the Harvard men, hours to the Princeton men. Those who had the glory of “Fair Harvard” at stake, worked harder than ever, making most of the time that was left them, but to no avail; for before either side could gain another point, time was called, and the game ended, with a score of two touch-downs for Harvard, to one goal and one touch-down for Princeton. We can safely assert that this was one of the finest contests between Colleges ever seen in America. From beginning to end, the most friendly spirit prevailed. Whilst this has always been the case in our matches with Harvard, it was particularly noticeable in this

FIRST PART.

Blanchard, of Harvard, led off with a long kick toward Princeton’s goal. The ball was caught by Dodge, who passed it to McNair, and then the work began in earnest. At first the ball was kept in dangerous proximity to the Princeton goal, but by the brilliant runs of McNair, Wyllly and Enos, together with the long punts of the half-backs, it was carried slowly to the other end of the field. The Harvard touched down for safety behind their own goal, and then, by a high kick, assisted by the runs of Littaner, Harrington and Wetherbee, the ball was once more brought to the centre of the field. Here the excitement was intense, both sides struggling desperately without any apparent advantage for either, during which time the ball was kicked repeatedly out of bounds. Suddenly the “leather” was sent spinning over the forwards by a Harvard half-back, seized by Cushing, who was immediately tackled by a Princeton back, not in time, however, to prevent his passing it to Holmes, who, after a brilliant dash, secured a touch-down, almost directly behind the Princeton goal.

While the ball was being placed, preparatory for a kick, by Captain Cushing, the anxious throng awaited, with breathless interest, the result. The Princeton men were in front of the ball, all eagerness to jump the moment it touched the ground. At last the kick was made, a shout went up from Harvard’s sympathizers, but their joy was of short duration only; for the try at goal was unsuccessful—the ball, not rising high enough to clear the bar, was seized by Clarke, and thereupon recommenced the struggle, which resulted in carrying the ball to the centre of the field once more.

While Harvard fought desperately to recover what she had lost, Princeton strove equally hard to do something before time was called, and, by high punts of the half-backs, and the runs of Bradford and Dodge, the ball had almost reached their opponent’s goal when the Referee called time, and thus closed the first half, with a score of one touch-down for Harvard to nothing for Princeton.

SECOND PART.

After a rest of fifteen minutes, play was resumed, with the goals changed. The kick-off for Princeton

was wearing their customary crimson and white uniforms; Princeton, their suit of orange and black, with the addition of the canvas shirt, peculiar to themselves. The game was divided into two parts, each three-quarters of an hour in length. Play was called at 2:30 p. m., with Mr. Seamans, of Harvard, as Referee, and Messrs. Barlow and Roesels, Judges for Harvard and Princeton, respectively. Princeton, having won the toss, placed their backs to the wind, and the word being given, the game began.

THE PRINCETONIAN.
game, which was so evenly contested throughout. Many were the brilliant plays on both sides, so many, in fact, that it is impossible to mention them all. So well did all play, that to name those who distinguished themselves would be giving a list of the players on both teams. We cannot close, however, without awarding the praise that is due to Captain Dodge for the faithful and conscientious manner in which he has trained his men, and brought Princeton College in a fair way to achieve the same reputation in the Rugby game, that she had in the old. Below are the names of the members of the two teams:

**Harvard**—Forwards: Cushing, '79; Captain; Thayer, '78; Littaner, '78; Perry, '79; Holmes, '79; Swift, '79; Cushing, M. S. Half-Backs: Austin, '79; Blanchard, M. S.; Harrington, M. S.; Houston, '79; Holden, '80. Backs: Lombard, '78; Bacon, '80; Wetherbee, '78. Substitutes: Conant, '79; Sheldon, '79.

**Princeton**—Forwards: Bradford, '81; Ballard, '80; Stevenson, '78; Clarke, '78; Loney, '81; DeVereux, '80; Lee, '80; Enos, '78; Wylly, '79. Half-Backs: Irving, '78; Dodge, '79; Captain; McNair, '79. Backs: Van Dyke, '78; Cutts, '80; Minor, '79.

The “P. L. S.” vs. ’81.—The above teams played a match on the University grounds, Saturday, November 10th. The weather was excessively disagreeable, and, as a consequence, very few persons witnessed the game. The Freshmen proved “too much” for their adversaries, as they gained four touch-downs and two goals, to nothing for their opponents. All of the Freshmen played well, but Messrs. Loney, Bradford, Bradish, McDermont and McAlpine, deserve especial notice—the first alone getting three touch-downs. The following are the names of the players:


Mr. Minor, ’79, acted as Referee, and Messrs. Wiley and McNair, as Judges for the P. L. S. and ’81, respectively.

**Chapel Stage.**—The first division of Senior Chapel Stage Orators spoke in the College Chapel, Saturday, November 10th.

**Programme.**

Music—Galop—“Die Wilder”—Faust.
Frank S. Haines, New Jersey—“The Downfall of Thor.”

W. Y. Davis, Jr., Kentucky—“Books our Best Educators.”
Wilson S. Phraner, New York—“The Spirit of the Age.”
Frederic U. Bergner, Pennsylvania—“A Plea for the Sabbath.”

*Robert McCalmont, Penna.—“Anne Boleyn.”
*Charles D. Bennett, New Jersey—“The Indebtedness of America to her Scientific Men.”
George S. Munson, New York—“The Genius of Judaism.”

Music—“Lied an den Abenstern aus Taunhaser”
—Wagner.
*Alanson T. Enos, New York—“Science and America.”
P. A. V. Van Doren, New Jersey—“Expectation and Reality.”
*Elisha K. Kane, Pennsylvania—“The Coahuila Frontier.”
Charles S. Williams, New York—“Poverty and its Effects.”


*Excused.

The College Orchestra furnished the music, and played remarkably well, several of the pieces being performed with even more than usual skill.

A CONCERT.—The indebtedness of the University Boating Association is a fact so well known, that it is needless to rehearse it now. For over a year the officers of the association have striven in vain to pay off this debt; every possible means have been resorted to by which to secure the aid of the Alumni, but the attempt has proven fruitless. The honor of the College is now at stake. We have incurred these debts and we must pay them. To tax the students would be unjust; so the Glee Club and the College Orchestra have agreed to give a concert in the early part of December, for the benefit of the boating association. Tickets will be $1 each, with no additional charge for reserved seats. This price may at first seem exorbitant, but when the object for which the concert will be given, is remembered, none, we hope, will hesitate about purchasing a ticket.

HERE AND THERE.

—This is not sarcasm:

“Nassau, Nassau, Nassau Hall; Oh! She is bally at Foot-ball.”

—Down East, at Harvard, they call it “prophesy-ing;” and up to the 3rd inst. were recklessly addicted to it. But they don’t take it any more in theirs.
—If anything can upset the argument of design, the totally depraved and utterly abandoned assortment of weather we have been having, is capable of it.

—Warren, '79, has left College, and sailed for France last Saturday. Cause, ill-health. He carries with him the best wishes of his class.

—The 9 o'clock bell failed to ring the other night, and a '79 man was heard growling the next day; "Yes, plague it, it kept me up half an hour later than usual."

—The following officers have been elected by the Athletic Association:—


**SEMINARY ITEMS.**

—Beecher has come to Princeton and gone, and the Seminary still stands.

—Quite a number of old graduates were present at the inauguration of Dr. A. N. Hodge.

—The Directors of the Seminary held a meeting last Thursday, at which some important business was under consideration. It is proposed to make part of our course elective. We hope this may succeed, for there are some portions which are of little practical account. We are also, to have a permanent teacher of Elocution. Good! But what is the use of having such a teacher, unless time is given him and his pupils in which to work?

A Librarian has also been elected. It is Mr. Roberts, who graduated from the Seminary two years ago.

—The first sermon of the annual course before the students of the Seminary, will be preached Sabbath evening, Nov. 18th, in the First Church, by Rev. Dr. Vincent, of New York City.

—Foot-ball is now the favorite pastime. The old game, as it was formerly played in College, is the game played here now. The "boys" don’t think that the Rugby is much "foot" ball.

—S. J. McPherson, of the present Senior Class (College '74) is at present traveling in Europe and studying German. He expects to return next year.

—H. J. Van Dyke (Princeton '73) of the last class, with A. Marquand (Princeton '74) is pursuing studies at Heidelberg.

—Mr. A. Scotland, of the last class, has just been ordained and installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Williamstown, West Jersey.

**EDITORS' TABLE.**

—The Undergraduate's Journal comes again from over the water with its interesting and varied contents. Especially interesting are the reports of the various athletic contests. We sometimes wonder, though, what would be thought of any College paper, in this country, which should print weekly, reports of the sermons delivered in chapel. We do not mean any disparagement of the sermons in the Journal, however, for those which we have read were undoubtedly worthy of places in any paper.

—At last! the little Dartmouth, like a diminutive bantam rooster, has ruffled its feathers, flapped its wings and crowed its little crow—at us, and we feel—well, about the same as usual. We are happy to acquit the Dartmouth of one of the charges we made against it—namely, its faculty for "cribbing." It seems that the foul deed referred to was perpetrated by a former set of editors. We are glad that the present board had nothing to do with it. We scarcely see, though, how we can be accused of having no brains, merely because we do not choose to remember every time a new board takes hold of the Dartmouth.

—A letter from Vassar delights us. It commences somewhat thusly: "Diving down into the infinitesimal atoms of chemistry, soaring aloft amid the sublimated orbs of astronomy, looking back through the ages teeming with genesis, on to the ripening glories of the apocalypse, we wonder what guiding genius brought all things into their proper places."

We wonder.

—The Cornell Era is now a very good publication. The last number contained some editorials well written, some fair poetry, good contributions and quite able criticism. The Era’s general make-up, at present, is especially praiseworthy when we think what the paper was last year.

—Of the first piece in the Yale Lit. the most that we can say is that it is pleasant reading. The next piece, "A Canadian Jesuit," points out, through the means of a dialogue between an American and a Canadian, the designs of the brotherhood in the countries beyond the St. Lawrence. The article goes on to show that "it is a mere matter of time when England and Canada shall be absorbed into France Jesuit." "Stray Leaves from a Japanese Note-book" is descriptive, a trifle satirical, speculative, romantic and, withal, quite a good article. The "few words" on Kismet are well to the point. The analysis of the characters is complete and the criticisms just. Had the writer only possessed some of the sponginess of style which he so much commends, his article would have been much more enjoyable. But it is in "Charles Kingsley as a Novelist" that we find the master-piece of the present number; the style of the article is easy.
and well balanced and the matter itself full of feeling and power. The subject is one which is full of interest to all lovers of "Alton Locke," "Hipatia" and "Westward, Ho!" Kingsley is so earnest, so sympathetic, so gentle, his imagination so varied, his ideals so beautiful, that one must needs be made of stern stuff not to feel the greatness of his writings. The article well says:

"This is undoubtedly the reason why Kingsley's world is so attractive—the reflection of his own kindly nature lives in and sheds its benign influence over each of his creations. It is not always easy to measure these creations with the intellectual yard-stick of logical sequence, but we can never mistake the spirit of love and charity which shines through them all, the true spirit of chivalry, the spirit of the 'veray parfit gentil knyght.'"

—The *Virginia University Magazine* has for its first piece an able article on Edmund Burke. The writer of the article on Sydney Lanier Poems, in speaking of the Centennial Celebrations, has the following:

"Whittier's monotonous hymn died almost upon his own lips, and Bayard Taylor's column and a-half of irregular lines did not deserve to live so long."

It might be expected from this that the remainder of the article is not exceedingly valuable as a criticism. Our expectation is realized. It simply amounts to extravagant and unmerited praise. Here is a passage from the "Symphony," which the *Magazine* styles "gorgeous:"

Then stirring and demurring ceased, and lo!  
Every least ripple of the strings' song-flow  
Died to a level with each level bow  
And made a great chord tranquil-surfac'd so,  
As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go  
To linger in the sacred dark and green  
Where many bow'rs the still pool overleap  
And many leaves make shadow with their sheen.

This a fair sample of the whole. Is every word here "packed full of poetic meaning?" Stirring! Demurring! Level bow! Are these poetical? Is there "richness of imagery," "fire and force of imagination," "tenderness or depth of passion" bodied forth in these verses? Do we feel, while we read as though we were hurried along "through a garden of tropical luxuriance?" Truly, there is imagination. We can not imagine what a "great chord tranquil-surfac'd," or what a "song-flow" may be. We do not wish to disparage the merits of the author of the celebrated "Cantata" in any degree, but still we think the writer in the *University Magazine* has entirely overshot the mark in the opposite direction.

—The *Lafayette College Journal* has changed its outward appearance and, at the same time, its contents within. The *Journal* is now quite acceptable.

**COLLEGE WORLD.**

**COLUMBIA.**

—Foot-ball game with Harvard, on Monday the 5th. Score, five goals and nine touch-downs, to nothing in favor of Harvard. With Rutgers, Tuesday the 6th, two touch-downs, to nothing in favor of Columbia.

—A reform in dress is called for.

—The Glee Club is in a flourishing condition, and consists of twenty-seven members at present.

—The practice ground for foot-ball, at present, is at Mott-Haven.

**CORNELL.**

—The singing in Chapel is not what could be wished.

—An attempt is being made to organize a society for the sole purpose of debating.

—The Zoological Museum has been enriched by some fishes from Cuba.

**HARVARD.**

—A place in Memorial Hall has, at last, been provided for the flags and balls won by the crews and nines in the past years.

—"Class Day or not?" is the question now of great interest.

—The *Advocate* of November 2d, in speaking of the game to be played with Princeton, in New York, says:

In New York, our team will find a formidable opponent in Princeton, no doubt; but we have the confidence to say that Princeton will find a more formidable—this is anticipation, however: and not even the *Advocate* will set up to be a prophet on such a doubtful topic as the result of a game. Yet the temptation to prophesy—a respectable word for brag—is great, when we think of our team and our Captain.

Alas! for human prophecy.

**YALE.**

—The gymnasium has a full attendance every evening.

—Twelve pieces were handed in for the *Lit.* prize.

—There are said to be twenty insane persons in the Senior class.

—The Yale-Harvard race will probably be rowed at New London.

—A Freshman startled the Librarian the other day, by asking for "Bloody Mag, or the Water-Witch of Thunder Gorge."—*Record.*