Monday. This evening is the anniversary for the football fight between the new Freshmen & the other undergraduates; but it has been growing so savage of late years that the Faculty July 29 passed a vote prohibiting the encounter to-night. Accordingly, just before night one of the Express wagons was seen carrying a drum, which was left at the upper end of the town common. After tea the Delta & its vicinity was not thronged as usual on the first Monday evening, with students in their most ragged attire & with spectators. But ere long the sound of a drum was heard & soon a procession appeared. At the head of the procession was a drum major or grand marshal with a huge bearskin cap and baton, assistants with craped staves & torches, followed by two bass drummers, (students beating muffled drums) then the elegist or chaplain, (Post,) with his Oxford cap & black gown and brow & cheeks crocked as to appear as wearing huge goggles, followed by after him four spade bearers, then six pall bearers with a six foot coffin on their shoulders, & then the Sophomore class in full ranks. They looked poverty-stricken. Their hats, with the rims torn off or turned in, bore the figures ‘63 in front, that being the year of the class, & their apparel such as is suited to the tearing football fight, & their left legs with crape on them. The procession moved on in perfectly good order to the Delta & halted under the shade of the trees towards the upper end, where a circle was formed & the coffin passed round for the friends to take a last look at the contents, which were a football with painted frill fastened into the head of the coffin; while the spadebearers plied their spades industriously in digging the grave. The elegist then in the most excessively mock-sanctimonious manner, with sighs & sobs & tears & choking emotion, read the following address & poem by torch-light, during which the sighs & groans & lamentations of the class might have been heard for a mile:--
"Dearly Beloved:--We have met together upon this mournful occasion to perform the sad offices over one whose long and honored life was put an end to in a sudden and violent manner. Last year at this very time, in this very place, our poor friend's round, jovial appearance, (slightly swollen perhaps) and the elasticity of his movements, gave promise of many years more to be added to a long life which even then eclipsed the "oldest graduates." When he rose exultingly in the air, propelled by the toe of the valiant Ropes, looking like the war-angel sounding the onset and hovering o'er the mingling fray, we little thought then that to-day he would lie so low, surrounded by weeping "Sophs." Exult, ye Freshmen, and clap your hands! The wise men who make the big laws around a little table, have stretched out their arms to encircle you, and for this once at least, your eyes & "noses" are protected, you are shielded behind the aegis of Minerva. But for us there is nought but sorrow, the sweet associations and tender memories of eyes "bunged up," of noses wonderfully distended, of battered shins, the many chance blows anteriorly and posteriorly received and delivered, the rush, the struggle, the Victory! They call forth our deep regret and unaffected tears. The enthusiastic cheers, the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," each student grasping a brother's hand, all, all, have passed away and will soon be buried with the football beneath the sod, to live hereafter only as a dream in our memories and in the college annals. Brothers, pardon my emotion, and if I have kept you too long, pardon me this also. On such an occasion as this, but few words can be spoken for they are the grieved spirits and sad hearts. What remains for me to say is short & in the words of a well known poem--

"But one drum we had with its funeral note,  
As the coffin we hitherward hurried,  
And in crape we are decked, for proudly we dote  
On the foot-ball that's soon to be buried.  
"We'll bury him sadly, at dim twilight,  
As day into night is just turning,  
With a solemn dirge, by the dismal light  
Of the torches dimly burning,  
"With pall and bier that's born by the crew,  
And a headstone carried behind them,  
His corpse shall ride with becoming pride,
With martial music before him.
"Against the Faculty, let not a word be said,
Though we cannot but speak our sorrow,
With steadfastly gaze on the face of the dead,
And bitterly think on the morrow.
"We think, as we hollow the narrow bed,
And fasten the humble foot board,
But to-morrow at chapel we’ll see no black eyes,
Or noses that show they’ve been hit hard.
"The Faculty talk of the spirit that’s gone,
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him
But little well care, if they’ll let him sleep on
In the grave where Sophomore laid him.
"'Tis time that our heavy task were done
And I would advise our retiring,
Or we’ll hear the voice of some savage one
For the ring leader gruffly inquiring."

The coffin was then lowered into the grave, the sextons filled it, & at the head was placed the following epitaph in white letters on a black wood gravestone:

"Hic Jacet
Football Fightum
Obit, July 2, 1860
Aet LX Yrs
Resurgat"

The footstone contained
"In Memoriam" (over a winged skull).

While they were filling the grave the class sang, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," the following Dirge.
"Ah! Woe betide the luckless time
When manly sports decay,
And football stigmatized as crime,
Must sadly pass away.

Chorus. Shall sixty three submit to see
Such cruel murder done,
And not proclaim the deed of shame,
No! Let’s unite as one!

"Oh! Hapless ball! you little knew
When last upon the air--
You lightly o’er the Delta flew,
Your grave was measured there.

Chorus But sixty-three will never see
Your noble spirit fly,
And not unite in funeral rite,
And swell your dirge’s cry.

"Beneath this sod we lay you down,
This scene of glorious fight,
With dismal groans and yells we’ll drown
Your mournful burial rite.

Chorus- For 'sixty three will never see
Such cruel murder done,
And not proclaim the deed of shame,
No! let’s unite as one.

Cheers for the various classes, and groans for the Faculty
were then given, and the students dispersed after going through all
the ceremonies with a laughable mock-gravity, good humors, & good
order.