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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET,

Volume 1. }
Number 4. }

Αἰθοὶ τε καὶ πλινθοὶ καὶ ξύλα ἀτάκτως ἐρῶμιμένα.

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HARTFORD, CONN., - - - OCTOBER 15, 1868.

HARFANG ON BIRDS.

The following extract, from an old number of the Knickerbocker, was written by a member of '48, who is now upon the editorial staff of a leading New York daily; it will recall to the minds of our older Alumni, pleasant associations connected with their residence at Trinity:

"A great deal has from time to time been said, sung and written about birds, and any quantity of quills, plucked from the wings of—Heaven knows how many geese, have been worn out in this prolific theme. In spite of that, however, we shall attempt another flight.

Another flight most naturally brings us to another story, and, for getting up stares, commend us to the OWL. The owl! most sedate of birds, emblem of wisdom, solemn Solomon! In all other languages than ours, his name is most respectable, and in some, even beautiful. Nothing could be more charming, for instance, than his classic cognomen, *ulula*. But owl! what kind of a term is that with which to designate a dignified and respectable bird? Even that name was intended probably for "howl," but the indignant Cockney who first 'erd 'im 'oot, left off the H, although himself somewhat ex-asperated. No bird is so belied as is the owl. Most people consider his wisdom an assumption, and his solemnity a sham, and some even look upon him as an out-and-out fool. Poets have painted him a moping misanthrope, sitting up in some old tower, towering up in some old city, or else, hermit-like, hiding himself away far from the busy haunts of men, in some wild wood. Let us say, rather, he is a retiring individual, who has an eye for the picturesque, and is a lover of the rural. He is both noble and devotional—a night bird and a bird of prey. His food, like poor Tom's, is "rats and mice, and such small deer," varying his regular habits with an occasional "bat." You may catch him napping in the day-time, when he is simple, sleepy, and almost stupid; but when declining day gives place to dusk, then he has his eyes about him, and is wide awake. Then it is that he flies forth to forage for his food, or to make astronomical and other observations, such as "too-whit, too-who," and, rejoicing in the clearness of his vision,

—"With obscure wing,

Scouts far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise."

In this it is, his power of perfect vision in the densest darkness, that he is emblem of that wisdom and that watchfulness which never sleep, and moreover has a pair of eyes that can throw light on the darkest subjects, were they those of Faustin I. himself.

At all events, our own tame owl, Doctor Samuel Johnson—sitting at this moment on his perch—so serious, and yet so sensible, not exactly in a brown study, but in our study, seems a very wise bird. He never disturbs our meditations with his "too-whit, too-who," or what. To speak often seems derogatory to his dignity, and yet sometimes he will unbend, become almost facetious, and seem to open his mouth only to give utterance to wit. Sometimes, for hours he watches us with his great staring eyes, as we sit smoking in our solitary sanctum, wrapped in reverie and clouds of smoke, and thronged with thoughts of other days, or dreaming of the days to come. But the Doctor knows that even at such times, when we are under the soul-seducing and sense-stealing influence of our meerschaum, we are sensible enough to keep within the bounds of reason. Ours are not ecstatic, castle-building dreams, that only form fictitious futures: our reveries are retrospections of realities.

Our first acquaintance with the Doctor—bird of wisdom—was on this wise: the interview was somewhat striking, for we knocked the Doctor over with a club. Not long ago, there stood, in the out-skirts of the village, an old brown house, venerable with years. It was a poor affair, yet rich in associations; for it was whilom the domicile where dwelt old Josey. Ah! there have been some great times in that mansion; for there, in days gone by, once a week, at least, used to meet that crowd of wits who composed the Corax Club. They used to gather, in the long winter evenings, and sit around the old-fashioned fire-place, smoking pipes, imbibing ale, and cracking jokes, till the old chimney even roared in unison. Merry is the memory of those meetings; pleasant the recollection of those hours. Antique females, residing in the neighborhood, used to discourse of the "dreadful goings on" in that old house; but we can testify that the club was as gentlemanly as it was genial, and the record of those days tells of conviviality without debauchery, wit without obscenity,

and of mirth mingled with manliness. But it is long ago since the old domicile has been cheerful at night with light and life. For many months it was untenanted, save by a colony of chimney-swallows and a few bats. Josey—may his soul rest in peace!—was dead. The old house stood a monument of departed glory, yet desolate in decay. The owner thereof talked occasionally of pulling it down, or of moving it away; for, in his eyes, the old brown house, like the barren fig-tree, cumbered the ground, and the old garden cumbered it. To us, sacred as was the domicile by a thousand dear associations, its destruction would have been a desecration, and to have taken it away from that sweet spot, beneath those trees, would have been a moving sight. Fate gave to it at least a grander destiny in destruction; for one night, not long ago, it was burned to the ground. As with Josey, so with his sometime domicile: peace to its ashes!

It was on one of those soft and sweet, yet sad days of the last autumn, that Felix and I, after sitting all day sedate and studious as usual, late in the afternoon started out on a sauntering stroll. We walked straight through the village, ambo arm in arm, and turned neither to the right hand nor the left. As we passed by, the females rushed to the windows, (to shut the blinds,) and one or two grave citizens looked out from their shop-doors, shook their heads solemnly, and wondered "What now?" Near the old church we stopped awhile to rest, to watch the crowd of swallows sailing in and out, circling through the air, and to listen to their incessant twitterings from the tower, not inaptly termed by Felix, since, on one occasion, as "*peeps* from a belfry." And then on to the woods. Go into the forest in an afternoon of the autumn-time, when the last long rays of sunlight are glinting through the many-colored leaves, and the vast wood becomes a grand cathedral, rich in illuminated windows, glorious in stained glass, and gorgeous in frescoed walls. We lingered long, and conversed the while, saying many pretty, and, as we conceived, poetical things. Our summer friends, the birds, were very scarce indeed. Now and then a bright-winged oriole, with beauteous blending plumes, would flit across a bar of sunshine streaming through the trees, and disappear in the deep shade be-

yond. It was late in the season, and almost all the birds had winged their way already to the South. Only a few remained, and they were busy packing up, preparatory to packing off. The woods are always still in autumn, and through the peculiarly clear atmosphere, a single note, the cat-bird's or the crow's, (that Thane of Cawdor), can be heard almost a mile away. Silent are the woods, and silent are the birds when leaving us; for they are too sad to sing.

Wending our way homeward in a meditative mood, we stopped to see the solitude, and mourn over the decadence of the ancient domicile of Josey. The old deserted house, once so radiant with joy and life, was now desolate in decay. How many tender thoughts and fragrant memories clung, like the moss and ivy, about those time-tinged walls, while all that they rested on was mouldering away! Where were Poins, and Hal, and all those jovial and warm-hearted friends who used to make the old house shake with their uproarious mirth? Gone! all gone! and with them gone for ever all those bright and blissful hours of youth that were so full of life and health, so rich in hope! We are sure that, as we sat on the fence by Josey's, we said many touching things to Felix. Certain are we also, that we made a great impression on him; for in the midst of our pathetic peroration, the rail whereon we sat, broke down, and there was something of a descent about that time.—When we recovered our equilibrium, we concluded to explore the mansion, and so climbed through a window. We went into the club-room; it was sadly silent: sombre with solemn shadows, and we thought we smelt a rat. All of a sudden, we were startled at the sight of two great, golden, fiery, staring eyes, peering at us through the dusk, over the top of a half-open door, as if a demon stood behind. Quick as thought we threw our stick, and the head disappeared. Then we heard a scratching and tremendous fluttering on the floor, and rushing to the spot, found that our demon's head was only an owl, with one wing badly broken. We took him home with us, his wing was set, we tamed and christened him, and from that time forward he has been our companion and our friend. And he is happy—far happier and better off than in the dull old domicile of Josey, where, had he remained, he might have been with it but ashes now. If he were not so sensible as he is, no doubt he would pine for freedom—the freedom of pine-woods; but he knows the pleasures of civilization and a Christian education, and in the sanctum feels as free as does the eagle in his mountain eyrie. Is not that so?

DOCTOR (*log.*)—Too-whit!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of *The Tablet*.

WORTHING, ENGLAND, Sept. 18th.

You did me the honor of asking me to act as your European correspondent. In the two months that have elapsed since I left America I have seen the cities of London, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, Coblenz, Strasbourg, Heidelberg, Basle, Zurich, Geneva, Berne, Dyon, and the country between. You can see from the list that I have not been stationary, but have been "on the go" almost all the time. My voyage across the Atlantic had the usual joys and usual sorrows of an ocean trip, although Father Neptune was kind to us and did not shake us up very much. England, contrary to my expectation, I found very hot; but still, not as hot as America, nor indeed as the Continent.

After about a week's sojourn in England, during which time I visited London and saw the principal lions, I bade farewell to the chalky cliffs and started for the Continent. The terrors of the Channel are, I think, rather imaginary, as both times that I crossed, the water was as smooth as a pond; nevertheless, there was the usual amount of unhappiness among the ladies, and it certainly is rather an unpleasant sight when, as Thackeray, I believe, says,

"The steward hastens
For the necessary basins."

The scenery in France is rather uninteresting, the country being perfectly level, the only things that rise against the horizon being poplar trees and windmills. Belgium is much the same until Liege is reached, when it resembles the scenery on the banks of the Juniata in central Pennsylvania. Brussels is a modern looking city—a sort of miniature Paris. Here I met an old Trinity man, in the person of our Minister to the Belgium Court, Mr. Sanford, who was, I believe, a member of the class of '42. There is a very fine cathedral and town hall here, but the rest of the town is entirely uninteresting. The next day we saw Antwerp, which is a fine old place—very little changed, I imagine, since the 17th century. Its cathedral is one of the finest in Europe. Aix la Chapelle was the next place of interest. There we saw the curious old cathedral, built 800, A. D., and also the bones of Charlemagne, to say nothing of a host of other relics, very interesting, doubtless, to true believers, but which were rather too much for my faith. Such were the tooth of St. Stephen, the finger-nail of St. John the Baptist, the girdle of the Virgin, etc. Charlemagne was known to have been buried in this church, and when they opened the tomb he

(or rather his skeleton) was found sitting upright on a marble throne with his royal robes about him and a golden crown upon the naked skull. They did not let him stay so, but buried most of him again, but still keep his skull and armbone in the sacristy of the Church, to show to visitors. Here, also, I saw the Hall in which all the Emperors of Germany were crowned, and a fine old room it was. From thence I came to Cologne, the city where they *export* all their sweet smells. Here they have a most magnificent cathedral, the largest in Europe (except, I believe, that in Milan), and which is the very perfection of Gothic Architecture. Here, also, there was a fine collection of relics, including the skulls of the Magi. At the Church of St. Ursula they have her bones and those of her eleven thousand companions, all virgins and martyrs. These good ladies, so the story goes, were driven by a storm up the Rhine, and there were attacked by the Huns, who at first were desirous of marrying them. The young ladies were not willing, and so they were martyred. The skulls are all displayed in order in glass cases, each with a silk cap on, and the bones are arranged around, or rather on the walls of the sacristy. There are also caskets full of teeth, &c., &c. Here, also, we had the felicity of seeing one of the veritable jars used at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, and many other equally precious relics, including any quantity of the "true cross."

From Cologne I ascended the Rhine, by boat. The first place of interest passed was Bonn, where is the University which produced a late Professor of Trinity. Next came "the castled crag of Drachenfels," which your correspondent, as in duty bound, ascended, and was well repaid by the views of the sunny vineyards, &c. The Rhine scenery is beautiful, but rather tame. If it were not for the ruined castles and the romance always attached to them, it would not be thought much of. The next night was spent at Coblenz, opposite the magnificent fortress of Ebern-breitstein, considered, I believe, inferior only to Gibraltar in strength. The next day was passed on the Rhine—on the most beautiful part—as far as Bingen. The "vine-clad hills" are, in the mind of your correspondent, a humbug. They do very well to talk about, and it sounds very nicely in poetry, but as for beauty, a good potato patch is far their superior. Bingen is a stupid looking place, just opposite the large Rudesheim vineyards, where the well-known wine of that name is manufactured. (I did not see the Deidesheimer vineyards, though I looked for them.) From Bingen the railroad brought us to Heidelberg, that good old town so celebrat-

ed for the beauty of its scenery, the wisdom of its University, and the wildness of its students.

The town is situated in a beautiful valley on the Neckar, and possesses one of the finest ruins in Germany. It is an old Electoral Palace, which was evidently of great beauty, picturesquely situated on a hill to the right of the town, commanding a lovely view. It was built to receive the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., of England, and evidently in the best style of the period. The view is, as I have said—lovely. You see the curious old town below you, with the Neckar winding through it, around you are the hills and mountains, covered with forest, and in front is the plain of the Rhine valley, where you see the towers of Worms, Manheim, Darmstadt, and others not so well known to fame, but no less beautifully situated. The students use the castle as a meeting place, both for duels and for feasts. As it was vacation, I saw only one or two students. They have corps, which seem to take the place of societies, and regular duelling days, and I was told that there were, on an average, about twenty fights a week. It is certainly a very harmless arrangement. I would advise any one intending to make this tour, or any tour this way, to cultivate the "Deutsch," for I found that "*In dem Garten*," which was such an invaluable sentence at College, was of little or no use at all here. Thinking that I have tired your patience enough, I will close, promising in a future letter to give my Swiss experiences, should they be desired. H. F. '68.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

RACINE.—It is reported that the use of *tabacco* is not by law forbidden as it was some time since. Billiard tables now find a place within the College walls. How about "select novels?"

WESLEYAN.—"Cultivation" is another term for "electioneering" at Wesleyan. The Memorial Chapel is fast approaching a state of completion. It is hoped that it will be ready for service before the year is over.

YALE.—A new Senior society was started last week, by some of the neutrals of '69. It is a mooted question whether the fraternity is "a posthumous offspring of the defunct Spade and Grave, or an entirely new organization." The Yale Lit. and Banner were published last week: the former boasts of a great age; the latter, with its usual society lists, etc., retails at fifteen cents a *wave*. The navy is out of pocket; going to Worcester don't agree with its purse.

HOBART.—On the 24th of last month, the inauguration of the Rev. James Kent Stone, D. D., took place in Trinity Church, Geneva. Bishop Coxe presided at the ceremony.

MIDDLEBURY.—Hostilities between the Freshman and Sophomore classes of the College, occasioned the suspension of every member of '71. The Sophomores sent a delegation to the University of Burlington to gain admission there, but were refused.

HAMILTON.—From the *Campus* we learn that the growth of *cabbages* in the vicinity of Clinton is excellent, one of Hamilton's Professors having recently taken a prize for a noble specimen of the *Cruciferæ*.

WILLIAM AND MARY.—The trustees of William and Mary College, Virginia, received from England, a few months since, a remittance of \$8,000, the accumulated proceeds of a legacy left for the College in 1742, by an English lady, whose name was Margaret Whaley.—*Qui Vive*.

UNION.—Henry Whitehorn, A. M., of Oxford, England, late principal of Schenectady Union School, has been appointed Nott Professor, No. 1, of the Greek language and literature. A new professorship in the department of Natural Sciences has been established.—*Courant*.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY opened last month under favorable auspices, the present class numbering nearly two hundred. The trustees have purchased for the institution, Prof. Silliman's mineralogical cabinet, of Yale College. A chime of bells was lately presented to the University by Miss Jennie McGraw, of Ithaca, N. Y.

HARVARD.—A new Sophomore Society has lately been formed. In speaking of the organization, the *Advocate* says: "The influence which the society will exert cannot be otherwise than salutary. * * In the class it will diffuse that wholesome sentiment which forbids the existence of a monopoly, and declares the will of the majority supreme law."

WILLIAMS.—All the instruction is imparted by Professors to the students; the presence of *tutors* is unknown. The College library, containing 13,000 volumes, is open *daily*, (Wednesday and Saturday excepted,) for consultation; while books can be drawn twice a week, namely, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The Senior class have made the following appointments for Class Day: *President*, H. C. Lowe, Dayton, Ohio; *Orator*, H. H. Leavitt, Lowell; *Poet*, R. L. Tabor, San Francisco, Cal.; *Ivy Orator*, W. P. Winslow, Pittsfield, Vt.; *address to the lower classes*, by James White, Huntington, C. E.; *Prophet*, C. D. Hawk, New Albany, Ind.

TRINITY.

Mr. Ferguson, of '68, is now traveling in Europe. We are indebted to him for a pleasant letter, published in the present number of the TABLET.

The Admittitur, a prize of sixty dollars, "given to that member of the Freshman class who shall have passed with the greatest credit the examination for admission to the College," has been awarded to John M. Bates, of Waterford, New York.

The College has recently purchased a cast in plaster of the volcanic regions in central France. The different Geological formations are distinguished by various colors, making it interesting and instructive. Its symmetry is perfect, and every part is arranged with the greatest accuracy and precision. For the present the cast has been placed in the College library, where it can be seen by applying to the assistant librarian.

The leaves of our ivies upon the college walls are fast changing to scarlet, and "faded remnants of autumnal glory" strew the campus far and wide.—Seniors have taken up Morell's History of Philosophy for *light reading*.—Hartford "peelers" have no ear for music.—The slate roof lately put upon the chapel, sprung a leak, and permitted numerous drops of H₂O to find their way into the College library.—Monthly reviews have been abolished by the Faculty.—Signor Borra desires to form in College a class for musical instruction. *Borrow* your stamps and go in.—Portions of Grand Tribunal posters are still visible in some parts of the city.—"Compensation Day" comes the first of next month. "Visit your friends," but don't partake of crackers and ale.—Kerosene has become a drug in the market, as the Parthenon now burn gas.—Ground has not yet been broken for the new chapel; it seems to be pretty firm.—The Euterpeans "do" the "instrumental" loudly, and the "vocal" as lustily as ever.—Hartford Park benches, whose aspirations were so lofty last term, have now settled down, and grace the walks of that "blooming garden."—The laboratory is as comfortable and cheerful as ever; "the scent of the roses hangs round it still."—Good bonds retail at ten cents a paper. Schott has them at 159 Main street.—Unapproachable specimens of typography, setting forth the "Rules of the Faculty," have been circulated about the College. Although not expressly stated, yet it is generally understood that Freshmen will commit them to memory as soon as possible.—The College Catalogue will soon be published.

THE TRINITY TABLET

TRINITY COLLEGE, OCT. 15, 1868.

EDITORS,

W. C. BROCKLESBY. '69 J. B. CHESHIRE.
H. S. CARTER. C. A. J. TOTTEN.

THE TABLET is on sale at the College Bookstore, Brown & Gross, corner of Main and Asylum streets, and at the College, 32 J. H., and 11 B. H.

Before us are the manuscripts, the editorial ink-horn, and that which is "mightier than the sword"—the pen; without, are the genial atmosphere and the splendors of a bright October afternoon. October! the month when,

"In giddy whirls the yellow elm-leaves fall;
The rifled cherry-boughs grow sear and thinned:
Yet still the morning-glories on the wall
Fling out their purple trumpets to the wind."

Shall we occupy the editorial chair, or shall we wander far away from thoughts of "articles for the press?" For the latter, we may, perhaps, have a more convenient season; yet as we sit at our desk, do what we will, we cannot remain insensible to the fact that Nature has now ushered in the most beautiful month of the year, and, as we gaze from our window, we can catch a glimpse of the autumnal glories. We do not refer to the "morning-glories on the wall," but rather to the changing hues of the foliage.

The ivies tell us that October is here; their summer greens have given place to scarlet hues: the frost tinging some leaves, and dyeing others with the blood of autumn, shows many a trace of its destroying power.

In October days does our ivy, like a sheet of flame, wrap itself about the college walls—a great contrast to the bare and leafless stems clinging to the stones when the "melancholy days are come."

Autumn brings back to our minds pleasant recollections of by-gone times: then, as boys, we set "spring-poles" and "figure fours" in many a piece of woods far away from our rural home, to decoy, if possible, the shy game of which we were confident there was the greatest abundance. But now we have put away childish things. The traps have long ago been consigned to the care of spiders and mice, in some obscure corner of an equally obscure garret; and if our propensity for game-killing still clings to us, we shoulder a gun in the Adirondacks, during a portion of a long vacation, and in due time return from thence, at least with stories, if not with numerous antlers, to astonish our sedate chum, who hails from "down east."

With the return of autumn, come visions of cosy fires and jovial companies assembled

in college rooms—those bachelor-like sanctums of ease and comfort. 'Tis here that wit sparkles and the jest goes round; meerschaums and the less pretending briar-woods, loaded with what has been contemptuously styled "the weed," give forth fragrant odors, while pleasant experiences prolong the hours.

The charm and quiet of Indian Summer days may tempt us forth from College walls; we leave the unturned pages of troublesome text-books, and in the course of a goodly hour, find ourselves, upon some fair October afternoon, far beyond the city limits, viewing with artistic eye, the variegated foliage of the mountain and country slopes. There is that indescribable haze in the atmosphere, peculiar to these halcyon days, and a kind of dreaminess comes over us. Everything around is in unison with our feelings; we almost dream away the hours, until our reveries are seriously interrupted by the common-place remark of our companion, that "his chronometer informs him that it is late;" and then we leave the rural districts, and drive slowly toward the city, treading upon its skirts just as the old chapel bell is sending forth its summons for "voluntary service."

But we tarry too long at the window; we dip again in the ink-horn, and dismiss these little pictures of our truant imagination. The TABLET lies before us, and a vague sense of the responsibility of our position steals over us; that responsibility is now, however, to be shared by others, for the editorial corps has, since the last publication of the paper, been enlarged, and two additional pens from '69 have been enlisted in the good cause. We are sorry to observe that among students in general, there is an opinion prevalent that they have no interest in the TABLET, further than wishing it success, and glancing furtively at the announcement on the sixth page.

This opinion is entirely incorrect, and we wish to have it distinctly understood that the Board will be pleased to receive articles from any undergraduate, irrespective of class. The paper is designed to lean neither to the one side nor the other: its columns are open to all. We trust that this statement will dispel every doubt in regard to this point, and that in future the TABLET will be favored, now and then, with an article, if not from the lower, most certainly from the upper, class men.

'71 VERSUS '72.

We were deeply engaged in pouring over the pages of metaphysical learning, when our attention was suddenly arrested by human cries. Protruding our head from a Jarvis Hall window, we discovered that the cries came from excited members of '71 and '72,

and also from their numerous friends, who crowded upon the campus fully expecting to witness a "rush." Their expectations, however, were but partially realized; for the hat was donned, and the muscular trial begun, at a most unpropitious time—the hour for dinner.

After a wrestle of a few moments, it was decided to have a cessation of hostilities for the present, and resume the sport at a later hour; and accordingly, towards evening, the trial of strength was entered into with a will and determination worthy of any Sophs and Fresh in the country.

A hat was tossed up in front of B. H.; '72 "went for it;" '71 then "pitched in," and an indiscriminate tussle ensued, until a formidable pile of human bodies (*horresco referens*) was seen upon the ground. Shirt-bustons and other luxuries were torn off in the most reckless manner. It was Sophomore versus Freshman with a vengeance, and yet in sport. '72 now held the hat, and, urged on by the shouts of upper classmen—with an occasional "reminder"—struggled desperately, and would have held the trophy longer, but for the interference of the Faculty, whose presence somewhat awed the Freshmen, but produced a contrary effect upon the Sophomores.

The scene now changed, and the hat was borne off to Jarvis Hall, in the hands of a triumphant member of '71. This was a *thorn* in the side of '72, and served to rouse them to a sense of the necessity of immediate action.

A general "squeeze" now took place in the north section, and those who were afterwards enabled to gasp out '71 or '72! joined the crowd that poured toward Brownell Hall. Here the struggle was carried on with renewed vigor. The cries, "Go in, '71," "Now you have them, '72," were heard on all sides, and made sweet music in the ears of the contestants.

Though not properly styled a "Rush," we think that the strife for the hat may, in a measure, take the place of that trial of strength always expected on the first night of the term, but which, this year, was unavoidably prevented by the rainy weather.

The Freshmen were fully roused during the afternoon contest; we were glad to see that they displayed such animation and class-spirit. They thought not of seven-hour Synonyms; they thought not of "Greek Roots;" they thought not of "Subjunctives:" their class was put to the test; they strove like men. '71 worked well, and the superior skill which from experience is always attributed to Sophomores, was displayed to advantage on this occasion. They had been in the field before, and as recollections of the midnight rush

of last year came back to their minds, they may have stimulated them in this hour of trial.

Toward six o'clock, and by a seemingly mutual agreement, both classes being satisfied with the result, the "hat rush" ceased; but from the cheers afterward given, it would be difficult to determine which party was considered victorious.

AGITATED REFORM.

A petition to have the hours of recitation changed, so as to bring them all in the forenoon, has been handed to the Faculty, bearing the signatures of a large number of students. This petition, we learn, has been laid upon the table for more deliberate action, and after sufficient time has been given for a thorough consideration, it will probably be brought up again and decided upon, either for or against the petitioners.

The desire for this change has not sprung up suddenly; it has been before the minds of the Faculty and students for several years. The latter, as the petition witnesses, are generally in favor of the change; but of the former we cannot speak confidently. Probably some oppose and some favor it; but that remains to be seen. In fact, so far as we can remember, the idea started with the Faculty, though the students were not behind hand in taking it up.

The main objection urged against this reform—as we think it would be a reform—is that it would have a tendency to make students idle and careless in their studies. It is thought that they would be apt to loaf away the afternoon, and put off all studying till the evening, and then the entire work for the next day would have to be done in a hurried and superficial manner. But will this be the case? Why cannot as much studying be accomplished in a given number of hours, say six, when they come immediately together, as when they are scattered in intervals through the day?

At first, the fellows might be inclined to waste the afternoon, but this would not be the case with those who intended to study at all, and with those who do not, different hours for recitations could scarcely work any harm.

And what an economising of time it would be! How much is lost every day in little odds and ends of time that intervene after a recitation is prepared and before the bell rings! Such time is too short for beginning anything new, but, coming frequently during the day, the aggregate counts up to considerable.

By having the recitations "in a lump," the hours for study are thrown together, and every minute can be employed to the best advantage. If one study is prepared fifteen minutes soon-

er than usual, this extra time is not lost. The student can take up something else, without being interrupted, as he is now, by the ringing of the recitation bell.

This lack of time is most inconveniently felt when one wishes to read or study anything outside the regular course. Study as much as he will, the student cannot get more than two hours for this purpose during the day, and when we remember that the best library of reference to which the students have daily access, is closed during the evening, and is, moreover, quite a distance from the College, the inconvenience of our recitation hours, in this respect, is apparent.

We might pursue this subject to an almost indefinite length, but it is scarcely worth while. The Faculty will of course decide as they think most advantageous for the College, and we hope that their opinion in this matter may agree with the general desire of the students. By commencing recitations at 8 A. M., and allowing an hour for each, and half an hour for chapel service, we should get through by 11:30 A. M., thus leaving six hours before evening prayers, at 5:30 P. M., every minute of which could be made available, if the student chose; and if he does not choose to economize his time, will a difference in the hours change his disposition?

COMPENSATION DAY.

What College is not famous for its old customs? Where do we find an University boasting of any respectable age, that, at the same time, does not glory in time-honored institutions? We have only to hear the names of Rugby and Oxford, and we call to mind the boat races and cricket matches for which they are so justly renowned; and the mention of the name of Trinity, Dublin, reminds us of tricks and pranks at which we have laughed again and again. At Yale all look forward to Presentation Day, and at Columbia the Goodwood Cup celebration attracts universal attention. Each College has some particular custom, some institution peculiarly its own, in the celebration of which all are interested.

Classes come and go, and new faces crowd around the old familiar scenes and halls. Interest is felt by new comers, in the traditions and customs which have been handed down from year to year. We, too, returning again after a life of care and business, to our Alma Mater, are delighted to remember the days when we took part in the scenes enacted.—We love to talk of them with those who now occupy the places formerly held by us, and partake of all their sorrow at the abolishment of these sacred mementoes of former days. Frequently it happens that old customs are

done away with by the College authorities for very slight reasons. In some instances, however, the gentle *request* from the faculty, that we should discontinue some practice, has been followed by a compensation from them. We call to mind one such instance at Trinity, soon to be celebrated, and to which the appropriate name of Compensation Day has been given. It came about in this way: years ago, when the Rushes between the classes had been not only frequent but severe it was at length agreed to decide the trial of strength between the classes in a foot-ball match. Preparations were made for the great event, and as the day drew near, all were in expectation and excitement. At last the "fight was kicked, the victory won" by the Freshmen. They, the next year, as Sophomores, renewed the contest with the entering class. The custom thus established continued in force many years, gaining strength and a place for itself among other similar institutions. Few accidents occurred to mar the sport and enjoyment peculiar to such games. Year after year the lot at the corner of Baker and Washington avenues was the scene of this exciting pastime; and when at last the game had been called and decided, with what enjoyment would all crowd around the *beer barrel* and *crackers* furnished by the obliging Fresh, or else under the old elm, rest, surrounded by the delicious fragrance of one of Strohm's Partagas. In 1867 the last game was played; the classes of '69 and '70 taking part in the contest. It was brought to a sad termination by the fracture of the leg of a '69 man. The next year, when preparations were being made for another game, the Faculty interfered, and instituted in its place a Compensation Day to be given the first day of every succeeding November. Pained as we are to see custom after custom abolished at Trinity, we cannot but allow that foot-ball was getting to be rather rough play, and while our Compensation Day continues to be given to us, we can have no cause of complaint. We hope, however, that the "fellows" will start some new game or other to take the place of the one abolished, and make the coming holiday as pleasant to all as those that are still fresh in the memory of the upper classes.

The Senior class is having a series of critical readings of Shakspeare, with Prof. Johnson. Lear is the play on which they are at present engaged, and of course it affords new enjoyment to those who have probably never read it before with any due care and thought. We do not see why our English dramatists should not all be read with some degree of the study bestowed upon the Greek tragedies.

TRINITY PERSONAL.

[The Editors of the TABLET would be pleased to receive the assistance of the Alumni of the College, in collecting items for this column.]

HALLAM, '59. G. R. Hallam is teaching at Racine College, Wisconsin.

MILLER, '64. P. S. Miller's address is 56 West 20th street, New York City.

IVES, '56. Rev. A. M. Ives is settled at Tuckahoe, Westchester Co., New York.

WHITE, '54. J. Gardner White can be found at No. 19 Doane street, Boston, Mass.

POTTS, '68. F. H. Potts is located at Fairbault College, Minnesota, as Professor of the Languages and Music.

COGGESHALL, '65. Rev. G. A. Coggeshall is assistant rector of St. Stephen's Church, Providence, R. I.

MORSE, '62. Augustus Morse is editor of the Daily National, published at Grass Valley, Nevada Co., California.

FISHER, '42. Rev. C. R. Fisher was chosen one of the School Visitors of Hartford, at the town election last week.

BACON, '46. J. W. Bacon is residing in Danbury, Ct., and is Superintendent of the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad.

STORRS, '63. L. K. Storrs is a member of the Senior class of the General Theological Seminary in New York city.

MEARS, '58. J. Ewing Mears is Assistant Medical Director of the National Life Insurance Co., located at Washington, D. C.

THURMAN, '67. Allen W. Thurman, University Student, class '67, is to be married in Baltimore, on the fifteenth of this month.

GRISWOLD, '66. B. Howell Griswold is at his home in Hagerstown, Md. At present he is engaged in assisting to survey the line of a proposed railroad.

SYLE, '67. H. W. Syle, a deaf mute, for some time a member of '67, is now studying at Kings' College, Cambridge, England, and stands sixth in a class numbering one hundred and twenty.

BUTLER, '33. Rev. C. M. Butler, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church at West Philadelphia, has just published an Ecclesiastical History from the first to the thirteenth century.

PIERCE, '58. H. H. Pierce, formerly major of the First Conn. Artillery, and now in the regular army, has been promoted to be first Lieutenant in the First United States Infantry, and has also been made a captain by brevet, for meritorious services at Pittsburg. Captain Pierce is at present Superintendent of Education at New Orleans.

ATHENÆUM.

President, WM. SHORT, - - - - 11 B. H.
Vice President, C. H. GARDNER, - - - - 48 J. H.
Secretary, P. S. BRYANT, - - - - 28 B. H.

ATHENÆUM HALL, }
Oct. 8th, 1868.

At the usual time the meeting was called to order, the Vice President being in the chair.

The roll was called. The minutes of the last meeting read and accepted.

A motion was made that the initiation of Mr. Torbert, of '70, be postponed for one week; the motion was lost. Initiation then took place, with the usual impressive ceremonies.

The orator of the evening, Mr. Barbour, of '70, was then introduced, and delivered a fine oration on "Spain," which was greatly enjoyed, and loudly applauded.

A composition was read by Mr. F. Whitlock, of '70, entitled, "Edmund Burke as a Writer."

Debate followed on the question, Resolved, "That Morality advances with Civilization."

The question was disputed affirmatively by Messrs Bryant, of '70, and Stoddard, of '71; and negatively by Messrs. Fiske, of '70, and Gordon, of '71. The disputants for the affirmative being volunteers, and, consequently, having no special preparation, the debate was less interesting than usual. At the close of the discussion, the President decided, on the weight of the arguments, in favor of the negative; and the House, voting on the merits of the question, for the same side.

The report of the council was then read, and, after the declaration of literary duties for October 22d, the following question was chosen for that date: Resolved,

"That the platform adopted by the New York Convention better represents the interests of the country than the one adopted at Chicago."

As there was no further business, on motion the meeting then adjourned.

PERCY S. BRYANT,
Secretary

PARTHENON.

President, G. O. HOLBROOKE, - - - - 44 J. H.
Vice President, R. F. BIXBY, - - - - 32 J. H.
Secretary, C. C. WILLIAMS, - - - - 31 B. H.

Meeting opened in usual manner. Roll called. Minutes read, amended and accepted. Messrs. Warner, Perry, Stevens, R. Barnwell, Thompson, Hindley and Jasper elected to active membership, and duly initiated. Mr. S. E. Barnwell proposed and elected. Mr. Flower declaimed; Mr. Totten delivered an oration; Mr. Cooke read a composition, and Mr. Waterman an extract.

A debate followed on the question—Re-

solved, "That ambition has been productive of more good than evil." On the affirmative, Messrs. Wood and Gibson; negative, Messrs. Elwell and Barton. Volunteer speakers from the House were Messrs. Thompson, Hubbard, Steele, Barnwell, Williams, Waterman and W. Bates. A motion to dispense with the usual "summing up" of arguments by the Chair being lost, the President decided in favor of the affirmative; the House, by a majority of one, declared for the negative.

Literary duties being assigned, the Secretary reported a written acknowledgment from Mr. Samuel Hart, of his election to honorary membership in the PARTHENON.

Mr. Elwell moved that meetings be hereafter convened promptly at half-past seven, carried.

Mr. Gibson moved that the Janitor Aulæ be instructed to provide further accommodations for visitors, carried.

Mr. Waterman moved a return to elections: carried. Mr. Ziegler elected and initiated.

Mr. Barton moved a committee be appointed to procure a Parthenon bulletin-board and printed blanks for the announcement of literary duties, carried. Messrs. Bixby, Elwell and Bates appointed by the President.

Meeting adjourned.
C. C. WILLIAMS,
Secretary.
PARTHENON HALL, Oct. 8th, 1868.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following, since our last issue: "The Vidette," "The Advocate," "College Courant," "Hamilton Campus," "College Argus," "Amherst Student," "Yale Literary Magazine," and "University Chronicle."

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