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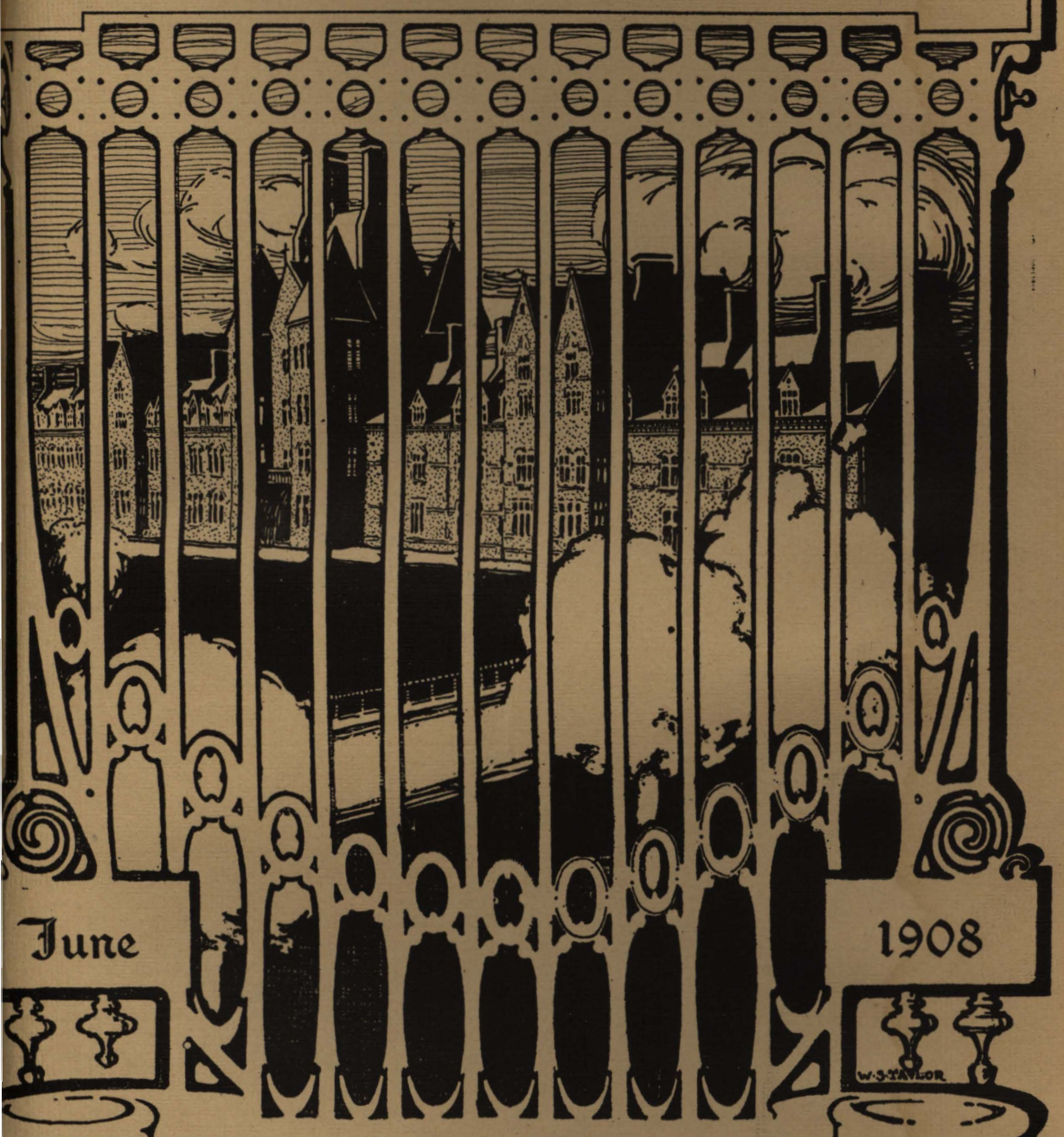
Trinity Tablet, June 1908

Trinity College, Hartford Connecticut

The TRINITY TABLET



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·HARTFORD CONNECTICUT·

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TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD, CONN.

TRINITY COLLEGE, under the name of Washington College, received its Charter in 1823. The present name was adopted in 1845. Its chief founder was the Right Rev. Thomas Church Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut. Established by Episcopalians as a contribution to higher education, it is not a Church institution in the sense of being directed by the Church. Its advantages are placed at the service of those of every creed.

Formerly on site of present State Capitol, it was transferred in 1878 to the southwestern part of the city. The principal building, in the English Secular Gothic style, 653 feet long, including Jarvis and Seabury Halls and Northam Towers, is one of the most imposing and admirably fitted educational edifices in the United States. It was intended to form the west side of a great quadrangle. Outside of the lines of this quadrangle at the south are the Observatory, the Boardman Hall of Natural History, and the Jarvis Laboratories for Chemistry and for Physics. To the north of it are the Gymnasium, houses of the President and Professors, and Chapter Houses of the Fraternities. Below the College Campus to the east and within three minutes' walk is the spacious Athletic field. In beauty of situation, healthful conditions of life, and equipment for its special work, the College is not surpassed.

The College has distinct courses of four years in Arts and in Science.

The Faculty includes seventeen professors, four instructors, three lecturers, librarian, and medical director.

Among the Elective studies within the respective courses there is no important subject for which adequate provision is not made.

Properly qualified candidates not desiring to pursue all of the studies of any course are allowed as Special Students to pursue certain subjects, receiving certificates for work satisfactorily accomplished.

The Library contains 52,000 volumes. Generous contributions of the Alumni are making possible a rapid addition to its resources. A reference Reading Room is open every day and five evenings of the week.

The Jarvis Chemical and Physical Laboratories have an excellent equipment for Elementary and Advanced work.

The Hall of Natural History contains the Museum and Biological Laboratories provided with the most modern appliances.

In the year 1903-1904 a full technical course in Civil Engineering was for the first time made available for all qualified applicants.

There are numerous scholarships providing pecuniary assistance for deserving students. The three Holland Scholarships, yielding each $600 per annum, are awarded to the three best students in the three lower classes respectively. The Russell Graduate Fellowship of $500 is awarded biennially in the interest of higher graduate study. The Mary A. Terry Graduate Fellowship, of $550, is awarded annually. Prizes to the amount of $500 are also awarded to undergraduates for success in the work of the various departments.

Two examinations for admission are held at the college each year, the first on the three days following the Annual Commencement, and the second in September, immediately before the beginning of the Christmas term.

For Catalogues, Examination papers, or information, apply to the President or Secretary of of the Faculty.

THE TRINITY TABLET.

Volume XLI. JUNE, 1908. Number 4

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

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THE TRINITY TABLET.

Vol. XLI. *June, 1908.* *No. 4.*

THE COLLEGE AT THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY SAMUEL HART, '66.

My memory as a college man does not run back to the breaking out of the war; what I know of those stirring times as affecting the history of Alma Mater came then from the newspapers and later from the lips of eye witnesses, some of whom can still tell of what they saw and did in the old buildings and on the old campus. When I entered the college in 1862, there were the names of fifty-two students on roll; and of the twenty-five Juniors and Sophomores, eight were "absent on leave in the national service." At that time the number of living alumni was not quite four hundred and fifty; and of these fifty were in the federal army. Twenty-two others of the classes of '62 to '65 make seventy-two names on the roll of honor; and against thirteen of those names is this legend, *Obiit pro patria.*

Dr. Samuel Eliot, true gentleman and true scholar, resigned the presidency of the college in 1864; and to him succeeded the Rev. Dr. Kerfoot, whose academic home at the College of St. James in Maryland had been broken up by the misfortunes of war, and who himself had been held as a hostage by the Confederates. The opening of the college year was delayed until he was set free; and probably some of us who were undergraduates knew all that he had suffered and the strain from which he could not soon recover. With him came about ten young men, among them some of the best whom I knew in those days or later; and his wide learning and his skill in teaching, always with earnestness and sometimes with eloquence, exerted an influence on us which is not yet forgotten. That influence was shown in a wider sphere a year

later and had much to do with the wise and noble action of the General Convention of 1865, affecting the history of the Church in this land for all time; but the story cannot be told here.

We students watched, of course, the progress of events in success and defeat, in progress and set-back, as the war went on; yet it seems to me now, that we did not know much about it in detail. The rejoicing and thanksgiving at one time, the depression and humiliation at another, cannot, of course, be forgotten; but we had not, I should say, very definite ideas of what was reasonably to be expected or feared. Still, at the beginning of April, 1865—it is three and forty years ago now—there was a feeling that the country, and we, must be ready for tidings of great events. On the evening of Palm Sunday, April 9th, I was sitting with a Senior in his room on the upper floor of Brownell Hall, when we heard a church bell at some distance begin to ring, and as the sound continued it drew us to the open window. A policeman passing by on the college walk saw us, and shouted to us: "Make all the noise you can, boys; Lee has surrendered." The news spread throughout the college; more bells down town began to ring, and all sorts of things that could make a noise were brought out into the streets and made to do their best. Some one—I think in a legitimate way—got at the rope of the college bell in the place where "Professor Jim" was wont to ring it for several five minute periods and some lesser peals each day, and it rang, as did the others which we could hear, loud and persistently rang, as did the others which we could hear, loud and persistently. President Kerfoot soon appeared, and took a hand at ringing the bell; and so did others who wanted a part in the jubilation. Presently there was word of a procession about the streets; and almost everybody, making sure that each had something that was more or less noisy, if only a dinner bell or a tin salver with a stick of wood to pound it, joined in the march about town. I say advisedly almost everybody; for some of the students slept through it all, and one (I may as well own that it was myself) stayed at the bell and rang it unaided for an hour and a half, until others came back and gave him a rest. And that bell kept on after everything else had

become thoroughly tired out and all but the ringers at it had gone to bed; but finally, about five o'clock, even for that bell,

> "Silence, like a poultice, came
> To heal the blows of sound."

The next morning it was raining hard; but as we went past the bulletin-board, we found a proclamation from the President announcing in the language of the day that he had assumed war powers and proclaimed a holiday.

The week passed on; and on Good Friday—for the recess did not begin then until the day before Easter—all regular work was omitted and we went to Church and Chapel. In the afternoon, not long before the hour for prayers, fire was discovered on the roof of Seabury Hall, the building which had in front the chapel, the library, and the cabinet in its three stories, and in the rear the laboratories and lecture rooms. Someone had been on the bell tower that afternoon with visitors to show them the view (and a fine view it was!), and fire had fallen from his cigar to the shingle roof below. There was excitement enough for a time; water was passed from hand to hand up all the stairs, and the fire was put out without the need of help from the engine which came from the town. But, *ex abundante cantela*, a row of buckets filled with water adorned the ledge at the base of the belfry that night.

When morning came, we had the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. "And the victory" of less than a week before "was turned into mourning unto all the people." Dr. Kerfoot at prayers in the chapel read the Sixth Commandment with terrible emphasis; and we separated for our homes under the sense of a great calamity, to keep Easter with mingled feelings such as we had not known before. The chapel was put into mourning for the second time that year, for Bishop Brownell, founder and first President and Chancellor, had died in the preceding January; and on the following Wednesday, April 19th, the day of President Lincoln's funeral, my brother and I, in the belfry of the church at our home, tolled the bell for a full hour, with the solemity of half-minute strokes.

A JEWISH WEDDING.

BY G. A. FEINGOLD, '11.

Inasmuch as religion deals primarily with the loftier thoughts and emotions of men, it is but natural that most religious ceremonies should be solemn and inspiring in their aspects. Particularly is this true of Judaism. For every Jew is his own advocate before the throne of God; he does not call upon his saints to plead for him in Heaven; neither does anyone pray in his behalf on earth; he is his own minister from his thirteenth year to the end of his life. This situation is not at all an easy one. There are three prayers to be offered every day: One in the morning which lasts about three quarters of an hour, one before sunset which lasts fifteen minutes and another after sunset requiring the same length of time. To this must be added the washing of hands, and the invocation of God's blessing before meals, and the offering of a five-minutes' prayer of thanks after meals. He, therefore, who performs all these duties, and performs them faithfully, must be sincere at heart—must be the ideal Jew; and it is of his wedding that I here intend to write.

Strange as it may seem to the American reader, the Jewish young man does not do his own courting, for that would be considered immodest. Most marriages are contracted by the parents through the medium of a "shadchan," a match-maker, and it sometimes happens that the young couple do not know each other 'till a week or two before the betrothal. Nevertheless, they manage to obtain such an accurate conception of each other's character, tastes, and mental aptitudes in this short time, that it happens but very seldom that their married life is unpleasant.

Besides, great care is taken by the parents that the marriage should be a successful one. For no father will marry his daughter to anyone but a learned man, that is, one learned in the Torah. This, indeed, is the first question asked by the young lady's parents: "Is the suitor learned in the Talmud?" His occupation and material possessions are secondary questions. For it is assumed, and the assumption is generally borne out by facts, that he who knows the Talmud possesses

refinement, intelligence, lofty ideals, and the rest of those qualities which make a good man. For it must be remembered that the Talmud discusses the most varied branches of human knowledge, such as astronomy, medicine, mathematics, law, anatomy and botany.

The match having been effected, the day of marriage is fixed, and preparations for the wedding are begun on a most elaborate scale. Every member of each household is provided with new clothing. There is the buying of stuffs, the sewing of dresses, the trying on of new patterns—all of which well-nigh transports one into a new world.

A week before the fête, the baking and cooking is commenced, for no wedding is complete without a feast. Such a thing as getting married in a court, or before a justice of the peace, and in the presence of one or two witnesses only, is entirely unknown among the Jews. By Mosaic law the marriage ceremony must be performed in the presence of at least ten male persons. The reason is obvious. The Jew's life is entirely regulated by moral law. Few state laws, especially in Russia, have been made for his benefit or even with his consideration. His only standard is the code of Moses. To depart from that is to subject himself to worse punishments than were ever meted out by courts of State. As a certain writer said, "Woe to that member of a religious community who departs from the faith of his fathers; the hatred and scorn of former friends await him on every side; he is deprived of most of his former associations, sometimes of the means of livelihood itself." This idea, then, of getting married in the presence of a large number of friends has the effect of informing the community that the bride and bridegroom intend to live up to its laws.

At last the grand day arrives, and the scattered folk of Judea begin to gather from every direction. First come the aunts and uncles, the brothers and sisters, then the cousins, the friends and neighbors, and finally the poor of the town—such of them as choose to come. For the feast would be gluttonous if it could not also fill the hungry man.

Early in the morning the bridegroom sends his presents to the bride. Chief among these is a beautiful prayer-book

which bears the Hebrew inscription: "Love, fraternity, peace, and good-fellowship." In return she sends him some presents the main one of which is a tallith—a silken prayer shawl.

The evening arrives. The procession to the synagogue is started. First come the musicians, then the bride surrounded by all her girl friends, then the groom surrounded by his male friends. Everyone carries a torch or a taper.

In the synagogue the bride is seated on one side of the altar, the groom, on the other. The great chandeliers, suspended from the lofty dome, fill the edifice with a dazzling glow of light. In the center stands the kupa, a canopy under which all marriage ceremonies are performed. The little children play hide-and-go-seek in the pews; the youths and maidens are busy providing themselves with fruits and candies with which to shower the couple when they approach the kupa; the elderly women stand in little groups surveying the bride and praising her beauty, while the men compare their opinions of the groom.

Suddenly the noise is hushed. All the women draw near the bride, she grows pale and trembles for she finds herself confronted by the "besetzer." His duty is to recall the young couple to a sense of responsibility. He begins by reciting the various hardships her mother endured in bringing her up to the present state, adding that now she enters on a new stage of life; that she will no longer be able to rely upon her kind mother and gentle sisters; that henceforth her only reliance will be God and her husband; that she should be faithful, obedient, patient, gentle, and loving. As he goes on, his voice rising and falling in throbbing modulations, he draws tears from everyone, and the bride is sometimes so overcome by emotion that she swoons.

Then the " besetzer " approaches the groom and all the men gather around him. He then begins by reminding the young man that on this day all his former follies and sins are forgiven him; that Israel takes him into its fold without any prejudice; that hitherto he had no opportunity for showing his qualities as a man, but now people will be able to determine his worth by his treatment of his wife and the manner in which he rears

his children; that he should bear in mind that a gentle and innocent girl is being entrusted into his hands; that hitherto she had the love of her mother, the protection of her father, the companionship of her friends, but now she is suddenly deprived of all these, and becomes his slave, entire and absolute; that he should be kind, gentle, and loving to her, for the vengeance of God is strong against those who are cruel. Here, too, the "besetzer" does not fail to draw tears.

There is a pause for a few moments, then all rush toward the kupa. The bride is led forth from one direction, the groom from another. As they approach they are greeted with showers of fruits, candies, and flowers. They endure this gentle storm symbolizing everything that produces happiness, as they circle around the canopy seven times. Then they are led under it and presented to the rabbi or the chosan, as the case may be, who performs the final rite. This part of the ceremony closely corresponds to that which prevails among Christians. The only difference is that the rabbi says a prayer over a cup of wine, and gives it to the groom; he takes a sip and presents it to his bride, who tastes it and returns it to the rabbi. The groom then slips the ring on the bride's little finger, the wine-cup is broken, the women break a number of plates, and all clap hands and shout, "Mazeltov, mazzeltov."

The homeward procession is started, and usually goes to the bride's house. There the feast awaits the diners. Its grandeur, of course, depends on the wealth of the parents. But no father is too poor to provide a supper for those who honor with their presence his daughter's marriage. I have seen a wedding-feast composed only of herring and corned-beef, but the people were not the less happy on that account. It is rarely that one comes to a wedding thinking of food and wine before anything else and this is proven by the fact that even at those feasts where the tables creak beneath their loads of roasted fowl and sparkling ales there is never excessive indulgence—never a case of inebriety.

Dancing, singing, and recitation of poems follow. These continue until early morning when the guests begin to disperse though not without taking leave of the bridegroom and bride wishing them peace, love, happiness, and prosperity.

VESPERS AT BURGOS.

BY JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD, '94.

The bells of Burgos fill the air with prayer,
And "Pray" they say, to-day; and "Pray alway;"
With chorused tongues of bronze that crash and sway
And fray and fret and fret the evening air.

Until they sound a symphony profound.
Till the tall towers whose tongues of metal tell
The evening watchword from God's citadel,
Together with the sound in night are drowned.

But still the spirit sees them standing there,
And so the master builder first, alone
Beheld their strength, e're stone was set to stone,
Or echoes rang their corridors of prayer.

He saw the moonlit silver spire and nave
Til lace-like pinnacles appeared as frost
That frets a pane. His vision was not lost?,
Heaven's window closed. His grace its Maker gave.

One shadow of that light His servant saw;
Then taught the stubborn stone to flow and flame;
To magnify below Jehovah's name:
Until his risen soul stood up in awe.

And so his prayer in stone at Burgos stands,
Who wrought on common souls as fire on clay,
As steel on stone; who brought these bells to play
Like music round the throne when God commands.

THE STORY OF AN EMIGRANT.

BY CLINTON J. BACKUS, JR., '09.

Olaf Erickson had since early childhood wrestled with the unyielding Norwegian soil, but when he had been married a short time, he decided to seek a new country where he could obtain a better return for his labor. He therefore sold his farm for a price large enough to take him to the land of plenty that was so glowingly advertised in Norwegian papers by the transportation companies. He could not, however, secure a sufficient amount to take his wife and child and he therefore

arranged to leave them with a cousin until he should be able to send for them.

On the crowded wharf at Christiaina he bade his wife and child good-bye, and as the steamer swung away from the pier, and stood out into the bay, Olaf fixed his eyes on the white, drawn face of his wife. Her heavy yellow hair, ruffled by the breeze, enhanced her beauty and intensified the whiteness of her tear-stained face. Little Sievert lay in her arms and waved a chubby fist at his father. Their faces gradually faded away in the distance and a terrible feeling of loneliness crept over him. The tears came, and ran unheeded down his cheeks. At last his straining eyes could distinguish them no longer, the land sank from sight and the night came on.

At the end of two weeks, land was sighted and the Statue of Liberty came into view. Olaf saw the approaching shore with mingled feelings, his brain was filled with thoughts of the time when he should have a home and enough money to send for Olga and little Sievert, and then his eyes grew moist as he thought of them so far away.

The hurry and hustle of Ellis Island confused and distracted him. Soon, however, it was all over and he was on a train westward bound. He knew but one English word "Alkali Cut," the name of a town in North Dakota where one of his friends had settled.

The train ran across the fertile prairies of central Minnesota, and then entered the pine belt region where the sweet aroma of the trees brought vividly to his mind the forests and mountains of his own land. Night came and he slept the fitful, unrestful sleep that one secures on the seats of a day coach. The morning dawned grey and cheerless. The landscape had undergone a marked change. The pine-clad hills of Minnesota had given way to the rolling brown plains of North Dakota, monotonous, eye-tiring reaches which stretched away and away until at length the level brown of the prairie seemed to leap up to meet the grey sky. Miserable little towns with frail weather-beaten buildings appeared from time to time. Now and then the train would stop to allow some loose-built man with a brown and weather-scarred face to board it.

While he was gazing at this dull scenery and wondering if

this could be the promised land of which he had been dreaming, the conductor came into the car and informed him by signs that his destination had indeed been reached. The train stopped at a desolate looking town of four or five dilapidated buildings. Olaf was hustled off, his meager baggage was tumbled onto the platform, and the train had pulled out before he realized what had happened. A sign nailed on the little dry goods box of a building that served as a station bore the words, "Alkali Cut." Beneath this Olaf read with wide astonishment these words chalked upon the building in his native language, "Thirty miles from water, a thousand miles from civilization and six inches from Hell!" Wonderingly Olaf looked about him, after reading this. The main street, of this inviting place, if it could be called a street, ran from the station in a winding curve and seemed to have no ending except where the horizon blotted it from view. About a hundred yards away on one side of this thoroughfare stood a long ramshackle building with a rusty corrugated iron roof. From within came sounds of merriment and hilarity. This building bore on its front a huge weather-beaten sign with the partially obliterated words "Pete Dailey's Place" upon it. In front of the hospitable doors of this edifice stood three wiry cowponies with drooping heads, their bridle reins dragging in the dust. These animals although they were not tied stood motionless, unmoved by the noise within the building or the shrieking whistle of the train now rapidly disappearing in the distance. As he stood gazing about wondering what he should do next he was accosted by the station agent who had just stepped out of the building.

"Well, Bor, what the devil are you standing there stretching your neck for, anyhow? Do you think this is a grub joint?" Olaf gazed in bewilderment at his questioner who, becoming impatient, said, "Well, come on, mooch along." And then added, "I'll be damned if it ain't another round head." Then turning he shouted to someone in the building, "Hey you!"

At his call a light-haired giant emerged from the station and came towards them. When Olaf saw the man's face he ran to him, seized his hand and shook it, meanwhile talking excitedly in Norwegian. When he finished, the big fellow turned to

the station agent and said rapidly in broken English, "Mester Yackson I tank dis ban one gude man. He ban my ole friend Erickson. I tank maybe you get him yob on section." "Well by — you are sure the limber devil with your tongue. I don't know that they need any more men, but how much is he good for, if he'll give me twenty-five, I'll get him a job," said the agent, with a crafty smile. Then turning to Erickson he snapped, "How about it, you round head? Oh! the devil, I forgot you can't understand our lingo. Well you tell him, you. You understand I get twenty-five dollars, he gets the job." After a considerable amount of talk it was arranged that Olaf should go to work for the regular pay, fourteen dollars a week, but that he must pay the section boss two dollars a week from it to hold the job, thus giving the boss his regular demanded graft.

The next day Olaf took up the duties of a section hand. For a whole year he worked early and late under a driving, cursing Irishman who was known as a slave driver and bully over the entire division. At last exasperated by a kick, which he received from this boss, Olaf fought, and severely whipped the brute, and was consequently discharged. He then secured a position on a ranch and after working there eight months he quit and took up a quarter section of land. He bought two horses, a plow, and some other necessary implements, put up a sod house and started to work with a will.

At the end of a scorching summer, which burned up his crop, he found himself heavily in debt and during the bitter winter, which followed, both his horses died. The spring found him sick and wretchedly discouraged. He managed, however, to earn a little money working in the nearest town and once more, urged on by the thought of Olga and his little boy, he put in a crop on his poor, stony land. This time he was more successful, and in the fall found himself in possession of two horses, a fair amount of supplies, and implements, and two hundred dollars in money. The long, cold winter was ahead but Olaf's heart was warmed by the thought that now he could bring Olga and little Sievert to America. He decided, however, to wait until the spring as he could have things in better shape for them then and also because it would save them from

facing the winter which promised to be a very severe one. Olaf did not mind the bitter winds which howled around his little sod house for his mind was too much occupied dreaming of the future. Olga's face was constantly before him during that awful winter which will be remembered as the worst ever experienced in the memory of the oldest settlers. He had heard from time to time of little Sievert, how he had grown until now he was a sturdy little fellow and Olaf's great heart hungered to see his little son again.

At last the long winter came to an end. Olaf had sent the money necessary for the passage of his wife, and child, and as he guided the plow and turned up the long even furrows, his mind was busy planning for the future. He expended the remainder of the two hundred dollars on improvements for the little house. The one chair and cheap table which had been the only articles of furniture were beautified by a coat of varnish and two chairs, a bed, and a little cot for Sievert were added to the furnishings. Olaf even bought some cheap muslin and, with clumsy but loving fingers, made some little curtains for the windows.

Each day brought Olga nearer to him. At last the day came when he knew her steamer would arrive in New York, then only three days remained before she would be with him and Olaf was in a state of feverish impatience.

As for Olga the four years since her husband's departure had been years of toil and weary waiting. Little Sievert had been her only joy and support, for when she felt down-hearted and discouraged, his big blue eyes brought peace to her heart and she would clasp the soft, little body to her in a passionate embrace. When Olaf's letter came with the money for the passage she wept for joy. Now she and little Sievert could join Olaf in the far distant land where, in their little home, they would be happy and free from care.

She boarded the great steamer at the same pier on which she had bid her husband good-bye, but with what different feelings! Then her heart had been filled with sorrow, now it was almost bursting with joy. The steerage was fearfully crowded, for although the steamer was licensed to carry but four hundred third class passengers, the company had booked

a thousand. The heat below was terrific and the fearful condition of the steerage can better be imagined than described.

After being out about a week, Sievert was taken ill. Olga was frantic. She appealed to the ship's doctor, but he, finding that she had no money to pay him for his services, gave the child a cursory examination and told Olga that it was nothing serious. Wide-eyed and tearless Olga watched the little fellow gradually fade away. On the thirteenth day out he expired in her arms.

For twenty-four hours Olga sat motionless holding the cold, little body, then the passengers, becoming alarmed, complained to the mate, who took the dead child from the mother. With a face white and drawn, from which the great dark eyes stared with a strange unearthly look, Olga watched the little canvas-wrapped body as it was cast into the sea.

During the remainder of the voyage she hardly moved or spoke, but as the anchor was cast off Ellis Island, two days later, she suddenly leaped to her feet, gazed into space for a moment and then with the cry, "There he is! I must go to him," she ran to the rail, leaped over and disappeared. For an instant all was silent, as the suddenness of the act had benumbed everyone, then a great outcry arose, boats were put out and a thorough search was made but it was of no avail.

Three days later, Olaf sat in front of his sod house watching the morning shadows with impatient eyes, for this was the day upon which he was to receive his reward for all his labor, for Olga was coming on the evening train. As he sat there thinking of the happy days to come, he caught the sound of a horse's hoofs, looking up he saw a dusty rider coming across the field. The horseman stopped at the door and handed Olaf a yellow envelope saying, "I have just been to town, and the station agent gave me this telegram. He said it had been there a couple of days and that he had tried to get it out to you before but there was no one coming this way," and adding with a smile, "I hope there is nothing wrong." He wheeled about, waved a farewell to Olaf and galloped away.

Wonderingly Erickson stood looking at the envelope long after the bearer had disappeared. After a time he tore it open and read the few words that had been sent him from the ship.

He then groped blindly into the house, staggered across the room, and sank into a chair. All day long he sat there passively, in the single room of the little house so lovingly prepared for the reception of his wife and child. Now and then a light breeze came in through the open windows, rustling the little muslin curtains, and lifting the light wavy hair on Olaf's bent head as he sat there, the yellow message clasped tightly in his clenched hand.

Late in the afternoon he got up, went out, saddled his pony, and started for the town. At six thirty he stopped his panting, foam-flecked pony in front of "Pete Dailey's Place." He dismounted stiffly and dropped the reins over the pony's head. He then walked to the station and slowly down the road bed towards the cut, where he had done his first work as a section hand. As he reached it he heard the long whistle of the oncoming train and then it appeared, rushing around the bend. When it was within a hundred feet of him he stepped calmly out upon the track. The terrific shriek of the whistle mingled with the grinding of the wheels on the sanded track, and the shrill whistling exhaust of the air brakes. In a few moments the passengers and crew had gathered around something which lay by the side of the track.

"Hey Jim," said the conductor, taking one of the brakemen aside. "You will have to stay here and fix things up with the coroner. We can't spend any more time, as we are late already. I guess you will be able to satisfy him easily enough. It's only another one of those damned Swedes. They are always loosing their nerve over here and doing some crazy damn fool stunt like this."

TRINITY REMINISCENCES—II.

THE OLD BUILDINGS.

BY THE FIRST EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

The illustration in this issue of THE TABLET will serve to recall the location and general arrangement of the buildings which composed Trinity College previous to her removal to the new and present site in 1878, the view given herewith being reproduced from a photograph taken about 1870 showing the buildings from a northeast point of sight. To the graduates of earlier periods the picture will not appear wholly natural as Bushnell Park seen in the foreground and to the right was not in existence. Jarvis Hall to the left, designed by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, and Seabury Hall (the Chapel) were begun June, 1824, and completed in the autumn of 1825. Samuel Williard, well-known by his Bunker Hill monument, was the architect of Seabury Hall. In the year 1844 by an Act of the Legislature the name of the College was changed from Washington to Trinity, and in the year following Brownell Hall was built, the only structure marked by a cornerstone. Jarvis Hall and Brownell Hall were similar both in exterior design and interior arrangement, the former, however, having three main entrances on the front and one on the south, while the latter was planned with a center main entrance and an entrance at either end. These buildings faced east toward present Trinity Street and were characterized by a central feature forty-five feet or more wide with flanking wings on the north and south, the central projection being slightly advanced from the wing lines and relieved on its face by pilasters of stone extending through three upper stories, the bases of molded stone supported by a projecting ledge above the first or lower story. The pilasters were finished with carved caps of wood beneath the wooden cornice of the prominent pediment.

The characteristic feature of the Seabury Hall design was its portico embracing the entire front of the building, its height extending from the paved floor eight inches above the ground to the cornice over the third story. The portico was of generous width and the lofty columns of carefully studied proportions

were constructed of stone surfaced with plaster, the molded bases of stone showing good detail, the lowest square member being a single stone. The carved caps of wood were of the Ionic order and effectively executed. The floor of the portico was paved with stone and finished on front and sides with a stone coping. The façade was pierced at the main floor level in the center by a wide doorway giving access directly to the Chapel and the swinging back of the heavily panelled pair of doors which opened outward and when hooked in place formed the preliminary announcement by "Prof. Jim" that he was about to ring the bell for service. Flanking the doorway and at seven feet from the paved floor were two niches recessed into the wall and arched over in semi-circular form giving a height in the clear from the sill of eight feet, possibly contemplated in the original design as a fitting location for statues of men interested in the founding of the College, but in the interim daily appropriated by undergraduates for temporary storage of textbooks as they went to Chapel on their way from the recitation rooms. Seabury Hall was located so that its length which was in excess of its frontage ran east and west and consequently it extended beyond the western line of the other buildings. On the south side with its sun-exposure and shelter were planted the first of the class ivies with the year of the class cut in the stone water-table above. At the western end or rear, the roof of Seabury Hall was marked by a large square cupola ornamented at its lower stage by four wooden urns of good design, the second stage formed the belfry with louvers on each side. Above the belfry was the tin covered deck reached by a scuttle and protected by balustrade carried well up from the deck and having seats built against it. The four corners of the cupola were finished with turned urns which stood out prominently and formed the crowning feature. A fine view was afforded from the cupola in all directions that to the west being most in contrast to the present day outlook, as it commanded a picture of green fields, a tree-lined river and woods stretching away in the distance. That the view had been seen by many persons was attested by the hundreds of initials and names rudely cut upon the seats and adjoining wood work.

The material used in the wall construction of the three buildings was Portland stone, but the facing of the walls, although good for the times, was in strong contrast to the irregular rock face ashlar of the same stone in the present buildings which show an unusually fine example of the mason's handicraft. The "trim" or finish of the old walls was Portland stone dressed, either tooled work or rubbed face for belts, sills and window caps.

The central entrance of Jarvis Hall opened almost at ground level into a hall approximately eight or nine feet wide containing on oak staircase of most primitive construction which could scarcely lay claim to design, extending to the fourth story, each floor having four doors communicating with the rooms, two on the front and two in the rear, each room having a single large window at one end and a chimney breast at the other but devoid of a fire-place. The rooms were some ten feet or more in height, except on the fourth floor, where the ceiling was lower, and at the side opposite the entrance and occupying most of its length was an alcove (with no outside light) for two beds and washstand. A coal closet at the foot of the alcove filled out the remaining length of the room. The doors were of oak stoutly put together and trimmed with hardware which included the curved handle and latch. The buildings had few partitions of studs with lath and plaster, the cross walls were of brick, those on either side of the staircase hall (or "section" as it was termed in those days) extending from the lower to the uppermost story and showing a whitewashed surface. The walls and ceilings of the rooms were plastered. There were no cellars under any of the buildings, strange to say, but a shallow space beneath the ground or first floor afforded possible circulation of air when the narrow windows in the walls were opened, which was seldom, if ever.

The rooms on first floor, owing to this construction, were not generally used by students, being variously assigned to storage and other purposes, one being the janitor's room and containing a mysterious and motley collection of property owned or guarded by "Prof. Jim."

Brownell Hall, owing to the grade of the ground, was better off than the other buildings for cellar space and one or two

attempts at occupying rooms on the first floor were made before 1870 and what was probably the first college commons spread its groaning board in one of the rear rooms in this building.

THE TABLET had the honor of establishing the first college reading room. It was opened in the southeast room of Brownell Hall on the ground floor, the various exchanges together with the daily papers of Hartford contributed by interested parties, forming a nucleus of this important undertaking.

At Washington College and later at Trinity, student life, like that of similar institutions throughout the country, was conducted on simple lines with no suggestion of the comparative luxury of present day equipment. Early "grads" will recall the old pumps which stood in the rear of the buildings and furnished water which was carried up in pails by "Prof. Jim" and his successors in the janitor and servitor line (when not forgotten) from which pitchers were filled. Running water in Jarvis or Brownell Halls was a thing unknown until September 25, 1856, when service from the city system was introduced while up to that time toilet conveniences or inconveniences were of the most primitive type.

The buildings were innocent of a heating system, the students each maintaining a separate plant in the shape of a stove in which wood crackled, or a coal fire was kept with varying success, the fuel supplied from the coal closet in the dark recesses of which were to be discovered the indispensable can, furnishing midnight oil, for gas was an unknown quantity until the late sixties. Candles were used in the earlier days, nights and even mornings when the College was young in years and early candle light was an actual thing as it illumined or attempted to light recitation rooms when six o'clock sessions were held, preceded by early Chapel where also candles were in evidence not upon the altar, but in sconces attached to the walls, to the columns and even to the organ front.

In keeping with the times was the furnishing of students' rooms. There were no Morris chairs in those days or davenports or deep window seats gaily cushioned to suggest ease and comfort, and the strong constructive lines of mission furniture had not been cast in pleasant places, but the tables and chairs were plain in form, yet they served their purpose,

and many a stiff backed lounge happy if sound as to feet, gave variety to the setting, while a coarse carpet over a rough floor added its mite of comfort, the really thrilling note of the interior being sounded in rare cases by the glowing curtains of Turkey red which were hung at the alcove of the room or draped from a wonderful cornice of stamped metal above the wide window.

A peculiarity of both Jarvis Hall and Brownell Hall was the setting off at the south end of the former and at the north end of the latter of a portion of the building (amounting to one "section") including the four stories, for a Professor's residence, giving him on the ground or first floor a dining room, entrance hall, kitchen, etc., the drawing room and living room occupying the second floor with chambers on the floors above. To the west (rear) of the house in Jarvis Hall was built a wing one story high, affording laundry, storage and fuel rooms. At the southwest corner of this wing with walls of stone rising above adjoining roof line, was constructed an astronomical observatory, with central stone pier for the transit and the roof was furnished with a trap, or slit, to be opened when required for observation purposes. The residences above mentioned were occupied until the buildings were sold to the City of Hartford and the actual demolition of Brownell Hall was begun in 1872.

In Jarvis Hall the construction of the central portion of the building was such as to provide in the attic above the fourth story a generous space lighted by a large window in the west pediment. This was fitted up with a stage and otherwise equipped for occupancy by The Parthenon, a literary and debating society concerning which more may be written in a future paper.

As previously mentioned Brownell Hall had but one entrance on the front, this was at the center and opened into a hall which ran through the building to the west, where there was an exit. Midway in this Hall and at right angles to it was the staircase leading to the fourth story. All the floors in this portion of the building were planned with six rooms, but there was no connection with the south "section" or wing which had four rooms (studies) on every floor, with connecting bedroom, and each room was provided with a window. Years after Brownell

Hall was built an argument was held with great frequency between the College authorities and the students as to the desirability of connecting the south section with the middle section on the several floors. The authorities maintaining that it was not necessary, promptly had the partitions between certain coal closets bricked up after they were battered down at night by students in the endeavor to illustrate the force of their side of the argument. Later a compromise was effected and a permanent opening was established on the ground or first floor only, and communications allowed between the south section and the middle section.

Seabury Hall contained beside the Chapel many important rooms, the mere mention of which will recall memories pleasant and otherwise, to graduates of Washington College, as well as to students of Trinity, to whom it was familiar until the sale of the property in 1872.

The Chapel ran north and south from side to side of the building and was thirty-five feet wide, the entrance doors from the portico opening onto a wide aisle crossing to the west where a door gave access to the staircase hall of the building, which was provided with a wide outside entrance doorway. A broad center aisle extended from the organ at the south end up to the chancel at the north, the seats facing the center aisle and arranged in tiers like those of the present Chapel. Flanking the chancel, which had a rail on each side as well as the front, were some very uncomfortable seats somewhat in the nature of stalls, and occupied by members of the faculty. Pews similarly arranged to those occupied by the four classes were planned on either side of the organ, shared at Sunday services, by the college choir and guests.

The Chapel was lighted by two windows in the south wall and three in the north, the central one filled with stained glass and located above the altar. The Chapel ceiling was some fourteen or fifteen feet high and beneath it were four large columns of wood with carved caps, flanking the center aisle. The ceiling was flat and like the walls was plastered and painted a plain buff color. The walls on the east and west contained a number of memorial tablets of marble erected by their classmates to the memory of students who had died in college.

The tablets were, upon the demolition of the Chapel, removed to the new college buildings.

In the early days, as before mentioned, candles were used to light the Chapel when services were held at six a. m., and also on dark winter afternoons and evenings, later, however, gas was introduced, the chandeliers being plain affairs with four arms carrying white shades. The altar was of black walnut, and after the chapel was removed, numerous foot stools were made from the wood and given to the Hartford hospital.

The pipe organ was not a bad instrument for the times and it certainly showed its power when presided over by ambitious student organists, some of blessed memory evidently playing, with the mistaken idea that noise and music were synonymous, and what they failed to extract from the notes and stops they produced from the foot pedals! The bellows' handle sprouted out a short distance from the organ on the right and well to the rear, and, shielded by a screen of wood it was operated at the hands of a janitor usually a colored man.

The chancel floor was covered with red carpet, the Chapel aisles having a coarse manilla matting. That this latter statement is historically correct could be attested by "Prof. Jim" were he alive, as he would doubtless recall the morning when he discovered, to his surprise, and later to his regret, the aisles filled to the top of the pews with hay! its removal and the complete obliteration of its traces calling for hard work on his part.

A huge coal stove furnished the only method of heating the Chapel and it was located in the center aisle between two of the wood columns which were at times well warmed if the students were not.

The clergyman who conducted the service entered the Chapel by the west door from the vestry, adjoining the hall, and located on the north side. Besides serving the purpose of a robing room this vestry was also the scene of "interviews" between the President or the Chaplain and students who seemingly stood in need of advice in the nature of warnings as to their conduct and another of "Prof. Jim's" numerous duties was to single out the victim and deliver the ominous message that he was "wanted in the vestry room."

One occasion is distinctly recalled when word was given, not to a single student, but to the entire senior class to assemble in the vestry room. The order was issued by a peculiarly exasperated and irate President, who, arriving at his recitation room, south section, second floor, Brownell Hall, found it already occupied—by a cow—carefully tethered to a standard black-board, who turned mute but appealing eyes to greet her astonished visitor. A demonstration akin to one of the twelve labors of Hercules followed this incident.

The entire south side of Seabury Hall on the first floor from the west end up to the Chapel, was devoted to the chemical laboratory, the lecture room having an entrance from the hall, at which were three or four steps, the seats being arranged with graduated heights. The preparation room was in front of the lecture room with a connecting door opening just behind the experiment tables, it had a hood in connection with flues, the chimney being built in the brick wall to the east. The room could also be entered from the main hallway by a door under the stairs. Both rooms were well lighted by windows on the south and the interior has, doubtless, been photographed on the minds of many an old "grad" who can recall his instruction in Chemistry imparted by a series of carefully prepared lectures (no text book being used) which he was obliged to write down from dictation *verbatim et literatim*, he will recall also the memorable assurance, given on off days, when the demonstrations at the tables were not wholly crowned with success that, "the principal remains the same although the experiment has failed."

Above the chemical laboratory on the second floor was the natural philosophy department.

The south windows were equipped with wooden shutters having slides brought into requisition during optical experiments and the west and north walls of the room were partially lined with glazed cases containing apparatus, of much value, among which were included an electrical machine bought in Vienna, the plate was 46 inches in diameter and the instrument in full action gave a spark from 25 to 30 inches in length, a telescope with four inch opening, an astronomical transit instrument and a theodolite, the three latter having been purchased by

Dr. Nathaniel Wheaton in England when he was a member of the Board of Trustees and presented to the College by friends of the Institution. This room was used as a recitation room and in the fall and winter terms was heated by a stove in which wood was burned and the benches occupied by the students were as hard as the hickory sticks which made a brave fight to temper the atmosphere.

On the opposite side of the hall and corresponding in location with the philosophical department were the quarters of the Atheneum Society, a debating and literary association having for its rival the Parthenon Society previously mentioned.

The College library occupied the remaining space on the second floor of the building and was planned above the Chapel and lighted on the north and south ends, the entrance being from the center of the main hall a few feet from the head of the stairs. The library was arranged with deep alcoves, the shelving carried up seven or eight feet from the floor and in line with the four columns of the Chapel below, were four others on each side of the broad aisle which extended from north to south the length of the room. The library, at the time of its removal to the new buildings, contained eighteen thousand volumes, but in the old days it was not especially attractive to undergraduates and was only opened once a week for use, the occasion being one of solemnity, and suggestions made by THE TABLET for popularizing it were either frowned upon or utterly disregarded. A number of portraits were hung in the library and the historic mitre of Bishop Seabury, beneath a glass case, occupied a bracket attached to one of the large columns.

The third story contained two recitation rooms above the philosophical room, together with two others used for general purposes, over the Atheneum Hall, but the one best remembered was the cabinet so called identical in area with the library beneath. Here were arranged on the east and west wall lines of glazed cases for the mineralogical collections, the other objects which never failed to catch the eye were the stage with its desk at the north end, the four wood columns and *the stove!*

The cabinet was the scene of solemn as well as festive occa-

sions. In it were held examinations and prize speaking, and its walls echoed to the music of the dances which were a mild feature of the social life of the student, and the dancing of those days demanded no little skill to avoid at one time the Scylla of the inevitable columns and escape the Charybdis of the all-powerful stove.

It was not until 1872 that a gymnasium added a fourth building to the campus, although apparatus at a very much earlier date was erected in the open to the west of Brownell Hall, and the collection of pieces did credit to the times and offered the means of exercise to the student body, but not being protected by walls and roof, exposure to the elements prevailed, possibly assisted by a demand for fuel, and in time a ladder rung was missing, the braces of the parallel bars were weakened, the "horse" grew tired of standing and gradually the apparatus disappeared off the face of the earth.

The gymnasium, which was built by the College, stood parallel to Capitol Avenue, a hundred feet west of the wing on Jarvis Hall. It was an inexpensive structure of wood, one story in height, and beside fulfilling its purpose in the matter providing opportunity for physical exercise, it supplied a place for the dancing and receptions which had formerly graced the Cabinet. It was afterwards removed to the new campus and placed in position north of the present Jarvis Hall, where it was partitioned off into small rooms occupied by the waiters who served at College Commons until it was burned to the ground, May 13, 1896.

A sketch of the original buildings of Trinity would be incomplete without a few words descriptive of the President's house. Although it was not located on the campus it was erected by the College authorities and was built in 1825 directly south of the institution on the opposite side of what is now Capitol Avenue. It was placed in the midst of ample grounds which later were curtailed when the street grade was materially lowered and the beautiful elms on Washington Street were cut down. The house was moved further to the south at this time owing to the widening of the original Sharp's Lane, and the long rambling wing on the west was shorn of its picturesqueness. The house was a large wooden building approached from the

gateway on Washington Street by a flower-lined walk leading to the main entrance facing the south. The rooms were of very ample dimensions, the two connecting drawing rooms forming the chief feature of the plan and occupying the entire width of the house, the one on the south side having long windows extending to the floor level and overlooking beds of luxurious old-fashioned flowers. Each drawing room was furnished with an open fire-place and a mantel of graceful Colonial design. Opening from the west side of the entrance hall was the dining room planned on a scale with the other rooms and lighted both on the south and west sides.

The first occupant of the house was the first President of the College, Bishop Brownell, whose statue in bronze now adorns the Trinity Campus, and it continued to the be Presidential home until 1860, when the single brick house now standing on Trinity Street and owned by the College was chosen as a residence for the President. The original building was the scene of much agreeable social life and the annual President's "levee" as it was termed in those days given on the evening of Commencement was very largely attended and the reception was an important social event not only for the senior class but also for graduates and friends of the College, many of whom can doubtless recall pleasant hours spent beneath the hospitable roof of the President's house.

W. C. B.

A TOAST OF AN ALUMNUS.

BY CLARENCE E. SHERMAN, '11.

Let's gather 'round the festive bowl,
And drink a brimming stein
In memory of days of old,
When joy was yours and mine.
Now let's forget each sordid task,
One hour of youth is all we ask.

And as in revery we recall
Those days of long ago,
When bonds of love united all,
And life's young blood would flow!
Oh! College Mother, we'll renew
Each pledge of faith we've made to you.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE TRINITY TABLET is a Quarterly published four times during the college year. The annual subscription is ONE DOLLAR; single copies twenty-five cents. Address all correspondence to The Trinity Tablet, Hartford, Connecticut.

A REPORT.

It is wholly proper that, since this is the last issue of the Tablet, the editors should present to the Tablet Association a statement of the condition of the paper, and of the apparent attitude towards it. Last Fall, you will remember, the question arose whether or not a literary magazine should be continued in Trinity College. It had existed for forty years, but of late, little interest was shown in it, and therefore it was proposed by some to cease the publication. Others were more sanguine, and they pleaded for at least one more year. The alumni and undergraduates in that instance were much in the position of the doctors attending a seemingly hopeless case,—some would put the sufferer out of his misery, others cling to the last sign, and would take final and desperate means to continue life. It has been through the efforts of these few hopeful ones that the Tablet has existed this year. The question now is, shall we let this issue be the last, or shall we continue to have hopes, and make efforts to keep the paper alive until it gains strength enough to stand firm? Before we can answer that question, we must consider the exact condition of the Tablet at the date of this writing, and the nature of the reception it received in the past year.

(1) The Financial Status.—When the college body last November formed itself into the Tablet Association, it did so to preserve and support the magazine, and to that end, one hundred and two men pledged to pay one dollar subscription. It is not within our province to pass judgement on the ethics of a collegian, but we do know that, whatever the cause was, only fifty-five of those pledges have been redeemed. Some ninety subscriptions from the alumni made the entire list amount to about one hundred and forty-five. Add to this the sum of eighty dollars from advertisements, and you have the total assets of the Trinity Tablet Association. Over against this two hundred and twenty-five dollars place the total expenses of publishing the magazine, two hundred and sixty dollars, and you find that there is a deficit of thirty-five dollars. This is the report that your treasurer has to offer you. A comparison with the present financial conditions of undergraduate organizations shows that the Tablet is in a relatively prosperous state. Why should we, then, administer the dose of non-publition to a magazine which, in its four issues, has shown signs of life? Had the other forty-five subscriptions from the college been paid, we could have come out with balanced books, and proved to the alumni that Trinity College was capable of supporting a newspaper and a magazine at the same time.

(2) The Literary Status.—It is generally conceded that a magazine cannot exist without contributors, yet the undergraduate body of Trinity College has apparently been laboring under the false impression that it can. Would it be a surprising statement if your board reported that the total number of manuscripts received from the students, excluding those of the board, would not amount to twenty-five? This is a cold fact, out of the two hundred and eight

men at Trinity, less than twenty-five of them have made attempts at literary work for the Tablet! There may be little honor in having one's writings published, for it bears with it no plaudits, nor does the author have the echoes of a "Trin" in his ears, but are there no men in this institution who desire to try literary work? What would you say if no one appeared even to *try* for the baseball team! Would you think there was enough interest to guarantee you making a schedule? Just so with the Tablet, if the undergraduate body does not care to contribute to the magazine how can it exist as the Trinity College literary organ?

We hear a great deal about "college spirit," but who ever dreams of the fruits of that spirit! Here is a proposition before you, it is one that will not be decided by the volume of cheers, or the waving of banners,—you have seen that there was a spark of literary ambition in the college, a spark that was jealously guarded this year and can be blown into a steady flame next if you will help. Your support is what we need. Give us one hundred subscriptions from the college, and we can have a balance in the treasury next June; contribute to it, and the Tablet will soon resume the high place it held in years past. We said, in the beginning of the editorial, that, after a statement of the conditions of the Tablet, we either could advise, or disapprove an attempt to continue it next year. You have read the reports of the two departments, and the question must be answered by such of you of the undergraduates and alumni who have the welfare of the college at heart. We have gone thus far, shall we turn back?

R. L. W.

The Tablet Association takes pleasure in announcing the advancement of Mr. Richardson L. Wright to the position of Editor-in-Chief of the Tablet, the election of Mr. Clinton J. Backus, Jr., and Mr. Clarence E. Sherman as associate editors, of Mr. Leonard J. Dibble, business manager, and of Mr. Jerome P. Webster and Mr. Arthur C. Eaton as assistant and second assistant business managers respectively.

The retirement of Mr. Pond and Mr. Shearer is greatly regretted, and the Association takes this opportunity to express its sincere appreciation of their work on the board.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.

Those who saw the Ben Greet players in "Everyman," or those who have ever read the old morality play will recognize not only the significance of the title of this collection of books, but understand, to some extent, the peculiarly fitting quotation that the editor has chosen as his motive. Everyman has been told of his journey, and he has vainly sought a companion among his Fellows, Kindred, and Possessions, till his weakly Good Deeds direct him to her sister, Knowledge. It is at this point that Knowledge enters and addresses Everyman with the words chosen by the editor:

> Everyman, I will go with thee,
> and be thy guide,
> In thy most need to go by thy side.

And as his constant companion she remains with him until that moment when he slowly disappears in the grave.

There seem to be three ends which this series of books serve,

ends that are revealed to us if we ruminate on the words quoted above. The library is first of all for every man in the sense that any man can go to it, search out his peculiar topic, and find its best exponent. For those who love travel, what more interesting volumes are there than those of Captain Cook, Borrow's Wild Wales (dear to the heart of every Welshman), or that queer work by Hakluyt entitled "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English Nation, by Sea and Overland, to the Most Remote and Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any time within the Compass of 1,500 years?" He who would read fiction finds a host of his favorites, not English authors alone, but some French and German. The student will discover the essays of Coleridge, Lord Bacon, and the never tiring series that Addison and Dick Steele have left us. The sweet and simple Elia is there, so is Lady Montagu, our own Emerson, and Matthew Arnold with his long discussion on translating Homer. Some of the classics are included,—the dramatic trio, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; Marcus Aurelius, Virgil, and Plato. The reader of biography will find three of Lockart's lives, John Evelyn's diary, and John Wesley's Journal, to say nothing of Pepys and the Florentine egotist, Benvenuto Cellini. Religion is represented by such men as Latimer, Law, Browne, Hooker, Maurice, Robertson, and St. Augustine. (Those who are worried by dogmatic differences might find a companion in the saint of Hippo.) Thus the classification continues till poetry, art, science, history, mythology, and all the phases of literature are represented. The editors tell us that only three hundred and eighteen of the proposed one thousand are published, and we wonder what the entire library will look like when completed. But take the books already out, and in them what class of reading is absent? Each reader can find in it the best books of his own special line. It is, then, an any man's library as well as an every man's.

A second end which this set serves is that it is every educated man's library. Today may be the time of specialists, we may have biased education and one sidedly learned people, yet no man can rightfully claim a place among the educated who has not some idea of the several branches of common human interest. We may not all be able to name the characteristic movements of an amoeba, nor pass judgment on Greek aorists, but the lack of such specialized knowledge is not called supreme ignorance. But the man who has, say a college education, and yet has not some idea of the fundamental facts of history, art, science, and literature, that man is to be pitied. We feel absolutely safe in making the statement that the person who claims a "higher education," and will not have read either the works included in Everyman's Library, or their equivalent before he reaches middle age, has no right to his claim. To specify, the man who knows history and no more, or the man that merely knows about books, and yet does not know them, has but a partial education. But he who has a

definite knowledge, though it be small, of the great divisions of learning is really educated. In the sense then, that it gives us the classic general works in all great topics, the Everyman's Library serves a second purpose.

Let us return to the personnel of the books, if one may use the term. The Everyman's Library fills a third and probably more practical end because it furnishes in a uniform, convenient, cheap, and yet permanent shape some works that might be beyond the resources of the average man, to say nothing of every man. How the altruistic soul of Plato would rejoice to feel that anyone with three drachmae could purchase a copy of his "Republic!" And how much greater is the shame to a man today who is not willing to pay thirty-five cents for a book! The short lives of the literary productions of our time may be disparaging to ambitious novel writers, but how can it be otherwise when the best works in the world's literature are within reach of every one? Happily, there are still some people who would rather pay thirty-five cents for a standard work that has lived a century or more, than give a dollar and eight cents for a "just out" novel that will not be remembered this time next year. The greater part of the writings of today do not live for two reasons; first, they are intrinsically weak, and secondly, modern invention has so lowered the price of all books that the average man can choose his reading, and there are enough of these average men in the world who appreciate the true and beautiful in literature to overwhelm the mushroom publications even though they are "puffed" by paid book reviewers.

Finally, besides the text of the several volumes, and the arrangement in classes, the editors have added two most accommodating and attractive features, *i. e.*, the short biography in the front of each volume, and the varied colors of the bindings. There may be a far cry between the two, but their service is apparent. A reader does not always want to go into an elaborate study of an author's life before reading one of his volumes, what he does want is something concise, and that, the Everyman's Library provides. The second feature, the relief the different colors give to the eye, and the classification according to them, is apparent.

Whenever I see a set of the Everyman's Library, it appears to me like an English army on dress parade. There are the various colored coats, the helmets, the ranks, the statures, and the ages of the men. Some are in red, some in blue, the hussars wear busbies, the Scots their plaids and kilts, the Indians are turbaned. Some of the men are afoot, others are on horses; some are of the hospital corps, others the artillery. Some have been long in the service of His Majesty, they have withstood many an attack, while others are comparatively young, and are just starting out. Then too, some of those men are taller, more imposing, more powerful than others, yet none are weaklings. So is the Everyman's Library. Fiction is almost a hundred strong with its bright red jacket, Travel wears a dark green coat, Religion, a purple, and thus the ranks are arrayed and arranged.

Some of that army have been long in the service of mankind, have overcome many a competitor, and others are just commencing. Some are greater than others like the glory of the moon that differs from the glory of the stars, yet both of which give light to humanity. Moreover, just as it seems that armies will always be necessary, so will the learning and culture represented by the Everyman's Library be indispensable until the end of time. And as a good soldier will remain faithful to the last, just so will the quiet joy and refinement that a man gains from acquaintance with these great and good books remain with him to be his guide, in his most need to go by his side. R. L. W.

Terms of Subscription.

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All *business communications* should be sent to The Managing Editor.

Contributions.

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