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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. III.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEBRUARY 15, 1870.

No. II.

MARIAN.

Only the shimmer of golden hair
Falling, in torrents of loveliness,
Down from a forehead royally fair,
Touching her face with a light caress.

Only the glimmer of purple robes
Breathing a delicate, faint perfume,
Such as exhales from the lotos globes
Heavy with strange, bewildering bloom.

Only the glance of a violet eye ;
Only the clasp of a lithe, warm hand ;
That was all, but—can you tell why ?—
I wandered away into fairy-land.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANCE.

In reading our exchanges we are periodically startled by accounts of some celebrated man who was graduated from his *Alma Mater* at the tender age of fourteen or sixteen years, when the coveted sheep-skin itself was not fairer or smoother than his own soft cheek. Often have we imagined ourselves present at one of those early Commencement exercises when fair-haired striplings paced the stage, and piped in childish treble voices pretty little speeches about "Friendship" and the like. What a contrast between that day and the present, when graduates are "bearded like the pard" and discourse upon the most abstract questions of metaphysical mystification ! It was, no doubt, a grand thing to be able to get to one's life-work so early, and yet we, (the editorial we, be it understood) twenty-one years of age, sworn and accredited voters of this "great, free, and glo-

rious Republic," and the proprietors of as ferocious a pair of moustaches as can be found in New England, are heartily glad that we didn't go to college in those "good old days" when it was possible for a youth to get a bachelor's degree before he found it necessary to purchase his first razor.

For educational privileges and educational standards have advanced like everything else in the world. We are not stung in these days by that well known sarcasm, "Who reads an American book?" neither is that other assertion, "A graduate of Harvard or Yale is just about fitted to enter Oxford," any longer true. The years have brought with them riper and more liberal scholarship, and more mature and careful habits of study. The last decade has been especially instrumental in changing many of the old landmarks. Scarcely a college in the country holds the same position in regard to educational matters which she did in the year of grace 1860. Even conservative old Yale has yielded to the tide of improvement and raised her standard of admission ; Harvard has abandoned the compulsory and adopted the elective system of studies ; Columbia and various other colleges have abolished the marking system ; many have thrown open their doors to women ; and out of all this chaos has arisen that bewildering conglomeration of agriculture, mechanics, military science, and classical education, that audacious experiment, Cornell University.

It has been well remarked by one of our contemporaries that American education is at present in its transition period, that ours is a day of experiment. But the two centuries since

Harvard was founded and a system of education in the higher branches of human knowledge first set on foot in this country, have not been expended simply in preparing us to make experiments. Many great and lasting results have been achieved in that time, and to-day we have reached a point of excellence in scholarship which sets us far beyond the range of any such shafts of sarcasm as those quoted above. The culture which has produced a Whittier and a Lowell cannot be despised, and for this we give thanks, that it is our privilege to exist in a time like the present rather than at a period when American education was a fair target for the banter of wittlings.

Education in America has not, however, attained its perfect fruition. Everywhere about us there is a stir, a cry for something better and higher. This demand of the people is far from being disregarded, and perhaps the thing most clearly significant of the good time coming is the growing tendency to do away with small colleges and sectarian methods of instruction. Small colleges have done a noble work in advancing education among us, a work which could, perhaps, have been accomplished in no other way. The causes which led to their foundation were various, but one of the most probable is that, when the lines between the different religious denominations were much more closely drawn than they are at present, persons belonging to one sect would, so strong was party feeling, prefer to support an inferior institution under the dominion of that sect rather than a large college having no particular denominational bias. The small colleges have done much to diffuse education among the people, but their day is fast departing. Sectarian differences are fast growing weaker, and money, the want of which was another reason why no large universities were established, is more abundant.

The conflict of the sects has long been and will for some time continue to be a great obstacle in the way of educational advance, but

this obstacle will, we firmly believe, ultimately be surmounted. In the founding of large and influential universities resting upon no denominational bases, but supported by the State or Federal government, is to be found the true satisfaction of the country's needs. When this is fairly accomplished, and when the woman's rights fever has abated so that the clamor of these sensational reformers will permit us to hear ourselves talk, American education will have drawn very near its point of highest excellence. We have no space to enter into a discussion of the woman question; it is making noise enough without any assistance from us. Suffice it to say that we do not believe the herding together of young people of both sexes under one college roof is a very long step toward the attainment of a pure, healthy, and elevated moral culture.

ODE FROM ANACREON.

The following translation by a member of Sixty-Nine appeared in print sometime since. As an undergraduate effort it is superior.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀργεῖδας.

I fain would tune the chord
To praise Mycenæ's lord,
And how his mighty sword
Laid heaps of Phrygian slain
Upon the Trojan plain:
I strive to raise the strain
To tell the Tyrian chief's renown
Who built the mighty Theban town
By Dirce's sacred grove;
But evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire
Re-echoes songs of love.

Resolved to change the lay,
I threw, the other day,
My plectrum far away,
And altered every string:
Full loudly would I sing
Of many an ancient King,
And how Alcides, strong and bold,

Was raised from earth in days of old,
 To dwell with gods above ;
 But evermore my lyre,
 With trembling, sweet desire,
 Upon its throbbing wire
 Re-echoed songs of love.

Of haughty lord and dame,
 Of bloody fields of fame,
 Of those, who, for a name,
 Their peace and honor sell,
 I can no longer tell ;
 Ye heroes, all, farewell !
 The clash of armor I'll forget,
 And with each moment's fancy let

My listless fingers rove ;
 And evermore my lyre
 With trembling, sweet desire,
 Upon its throbbing wire
 Shall echo songs of love !

Lippincott's Magazine.

CALITHUMPIANISM.

Man is pre-eminently a musical animal. Music is one of the chief ends of his existence. It attends him from the cradle to the grave. The babe that coos in its mother's lap, and the graybeard who hums in trembling tones the songs of youth, alike manifest its influence. We behold its power in the numberless social organizations of mankind. Saengerbunds, Harmonies, Orchestras, Vocal Clubs, Singing Societies, and the like, are visible proofs of its humane affinity. The Vocal and the Instrumental exercise undisputed sway over the rational world.

Music, however, is a very convenient term, a word of extensive latitude. To define music is an utter impossibility. Ask a musician by profession or an ardent lover of the science the significance of the term, and each will give a glowing and enthusiastic description of all that pertains to the higher orders therein. Ask a Malay, or a Chinaman, or a Hottentot: the one will respond by beating a tom-tom, the other by pounding a gong, and the third by hammering some other equally outlandish instrument.

As in other matters, so in music—every one to his taste. What is din to one is music to another; what is harmony to you is empty sound to your neighbor. Hence, strange as it may at first seem, the most seraphic strains and the noisiest clang are to be classed in the same category. They differ in degree but not in kind, and hold an equal relationship to music.

These facts will throw considerable light upon the present condition of music at Trinity. There are three distinct musical bodies amongst the students, of which but two deserve the title of organizations. The third is a sort of sporadic growth, manifesting its existence at intervals, and then only spasmodically. It professes no regularity and acts simply as the occasion demands. To this body may be assigned the name "Tin Horn Association" or "Cape Cod Band." That it possesses a real being no one will deny. Ears have too often been afflicted with its harmonies to believe it a creation of the brain.

One of the two "organizations" is the Euterpean club, but as the TABLET has already spoken of this society, nothing will be said further thereon. The organization which we would specially notice is the Calithumpian Band, otherwise known as the Calithumps. The association is not peculiar to this college nor to colleges in general; it may be found in all localities. Wherever men, and particularly young men, are destitute of those finer musical traits which result in Euterpean Societies, and the like, they still experience the need of something in the line of music. Most persons feel an irresistible desire to exercise their voices in singing or to perform upon some instrument; but all are not able to use their voices satisfactorily, nor have they the amount of talent required for the more difficult instruments. The natural consequence is that they turn to somewhat noisy performances, in order to satisfy this inward craving. For instance, a Patti delights in magnificent powers of song, and a Rossini in extraordinary genius for musical com-

position, while a poor Giovanni, not so kindly gifted, devotes his time to grinding the hand-organ. Lack of musical abilities, then, and an internal desire for something musical are the prime causes of Calithumpianism. And as the gifted ones are comparatively few, we understand why such organizations abound so generally.

The Calithumps of our institution have had a prosperous existence of half a year. They comprise a goodly number of zealous members, all of whom on exhibition occasions present a prompt appearance. The instruments are somewhat varied in character, no restrictions having been placed upon anything instrumental save tin horns, which are considered beneath Calithumpian dignity.

The following are the pieces: a drum, a flageolet, two cornets, two flutes, a dinner bell, a whistle of great power, a watchman's rattle, a triangle, two pairs of tin cymbals, a holtz-instrument, and a horse-fiddle. The last two are verily "institutions" and merit a further description. The holtz-instrument owes its name to the imagination of the owner, who fondly cherishes the idea that it resembles a like named instrument used sometimes in orchestral concerts. It consists of a wide board bearing the mystic words "Hot Peanuts," painted on white upon a blue field, upon which are arranged in order of size a tin pan, a tin dish, a tin can, a tin kettle, and a tin pot. When smitten with a stick each emits a dead sound, and as they differ in tone a sort of irregular musical scale is produced. Upon this the owner has performed with great *eclat* the well known tune "*Voici le Sabre*," or rather what by a considerable stretch of the fancy might be taken for it. But that which attracts most attention is the horse-fiddle. This of itself demands notice; its strains can seldom fail to turn upon it the minds of all its hearers. The construction is simple. Take a long wooden box with the top removed, and fasten a narrow board lengthways across it. You have

then the fiddle and strings. For the bow use a long strip of board. Rosin the bow and strings thoroughly, and proceed as usual in such instruments. It may be considered as rather powerful, but if you possess any musical inclinations it will perfectly satisfy them. When, however, the holtz-instrument and horse-fiddle execute a duett together, this approaches about as near the sublime as can be reached.

The Calithumps have appeared in public but twice. Once they gave an open air concert in the evening; but this so excited the jealousy of the "Cape Cod Band" that they marshaled themselves likewise on that evening and participated in the proceedings. The regular organization felt indignant at this and determined not to allow hereafter any but real Calithumps to perform. When the Freshmen buried their football the Calithumps headed the procession and acquitted themselves well. With these exceptions they have been strictly private; but a rumor is abroad that they intend giving an indoor entertainment at some future day. The instruments of course will not be employed on the occasion, as they are for external use. The performances will probably partake of a musical or histrionic nature. Who knows what talent still lies hidden? Success attend them!

"BUT."

In reading and thinking one is often struck by the wonderful force which single words possess. When we hear them they seem to tell us more than many a long sentence would:—and to tell it better too. Around them lingers the same sort of charm which belongs to music, and they arouse in us something of the feeling which is experienced when we hear the warbling note of some hidden bird, or the sighing of the wind as it moves through the rustling leaves—something of that undefined longing which we feel when we gaze far up into the deep blue of the summer sky, or out upon the ever-restless sea.

Such a word is that which forms our title. It is a small word; and yet it has a world of meaning. Of how many fruitless struggles after happiness, of what anxious searching after truth, does it tell! It is the scholar's comment upon what he has just been reading; and the sluggard's excuse for not completing his appointed task. It is the embodiment of the Wise Man's experience of life, and is forever running through the skeptic's brain, and tempting him to go further and further in his wretched blasphemies.

"But" is the faithful, warning friend of a few; but the tyrannous hell-alluring master of most. It is alike the burden of the sated worldling's discontent, and of the bitter groanings of the heathen, groping for light in all his darkness and his misery.

And "But" expresses the thoughts of the student as he sits at night over his winter's fire, watching the fumes of his cigar curl slowly into nothingness, and thinks how much his day's work and his term's work have been like them.

And "But" stalks into the family, too. It stands between the wife and husband—between the mother and her son. Nor does it stop here. "But" comes to us in church, and dares to mingle its doubting tones with the solemn words of the creed, and the awful rapture of the Trisagion.

Yes, the whispers of Memory, as she gazes sadly over the ever darkening meadows of the past—the cry of the sufferer, as his wearied eyes watch the last faint rays of sunlight disappearing behind the empurpled hills—the joyous thought of the Christian as he nears the wished-for goal, are all summed up in this single word—"But."

Thus, as long as we live, that one little word must ever rap at the door of the human heart. It is true that its rapping may tell a different tale to different hearts. Yet rap it must, whether it tells of love or hate, of doubting or despair. Yet, though it must thus follow us all along our earthly course, it may be the voice of

warning to aid us, as well as the voice of doubt to lure us to our doom. It may help to remind us that all things here are unsatisfying, and as fleeting as the crimson clouds which adorn the evening sky. And it may point us to another world, where all these doubts will vanish—to the matchless glories of the everlasting hills, and the strong protection of the Almighty arm.

THE ANCIENT OAK.

A lordly oak!

A giant of the wood!

That hath for ages stood,

And dared the lightning's stroke.

As yet, its rugged bark

No axe hath scarred,—

God's perfect handiwork,

By man unmarred!

A leafy tree!

Broadly its branches wave,

Perchance o'er a chieftain's grave,

From pale faced foes now free.

For, in this little span

Of fleeting breath,

Man doth his brother man

Hunt to the death.

A lonely tree!

Seeming, in pride of heart,

To hold itself apart

From sylvan company;

Like some majestic mind

With wisdom fraught,

Dissevered from its kind

By breadth of thought.

A stubborn tree!

Slow bending toward the plain,

As if it did disdain

The storm-king's mastery.

By cumbering snows oppressed,

By whirlwinds riven,

It lifts a haughty crest,

Confronting Heaven.

A steadfast tree!

That mocketh at the scath

Of Time! The dead Past hath

Foreshown its destiny.

Sometime shall feeble grass
 O'ertop its girth,
 Its beauty, strength, must pass
 From off the earth.

Primeval oak !
 Beside whose term of years
 A human life appears
 Transient as wreaths of smoke.
 Long may it yield relief
 From scorching rays :
 The while each fluttering leaf
 Murmurs God's praise.

DIARIES.

Do not forget to keep a diary ! If you have entered college and enrolled your name upon its honored scroll, let it not escape you that among the duties of the state upon which you have entered, is one of keeping a diary. Do not be extravagant at the outset and purchase a blank book which would contain the notes of a course of chemical lectures. Content yourself with a simple, unpretending, black-covered diary, wherein you may inscribe those tid-bits of importance and wisdom which to you appear of inestimable value. Be sure and jot down your precious notes in *ink*, otherwise it might prove an exceedingly difficult matter at a future time to decipher the hieroglyphics. Write plainly and condense your thoughts, bearing in mind that little saying in regard to brevity ; not that by this means you may become witty, do not attempt this, at least in a diary.

It would be highly interesting to put down the "ten strikes" and "rushes" you have made during the day ; and do not leave a blank in the place of the name of that young lady whom you met after chapel and whom you accompanied up street. Accompanied ! A nice smooth word, rolls off well from the tongue. Upon some dark night you were engaged in the innocent amusement of requesting an unfortunate Soph to do sundry little pleasantries, you were out at the late hour of midnight. Put it all down with a

few stars, when you come to tell precisely *what* you did, not that they may have any reference to the fact of your seeing them, but simply to skip over the dark deeds of a Zion's Hill trial or a dip in the Hog. Then of course there are some invaluable experiences to immortalize, when you made calls on college belles or appeared at Allyn Hall or Robert's Opera House with a "duck" or a "quail," as hard-hearted and vulgar fellows style your young lady acquaintances. Thus noting the thousand and one occurrences which in your humble opinion were of the utmost importance you will soon possess a volume of records which you would not lose for the world, and you confidently make arrangements with your chum to destroy the precious tome if you should suddenly—well—die and be removed to the land where all things mundane are forgotten, and where diaries are no more.

We ourselves, with pen, ink, and, *horresco referens* ! a very small amount of that valuable change, common sense, once kept a diary. Since then we have seen the folly of our course, and accordingly stowed away on a very high shelf our once precious volumes. When one goes abroad, he can have a *raison d'être*, a very good excuse for keeping a diary or journal, but with the exception of a very limited number of other instances we think the keeping of diaries is simply absurd. Who wants to know five years hence whether he attended an opera with the heroine of jetty locks, and sparkling eyes, or with her sister ? What effect will the correct recollections of the cost of your first peanut party have upon your future success in the world ? Occasionally one meets with portions of a diary in actual print, but half the time they are dull, and exceedingly devoid of interest. Had Carlyle, when he met with the severe loss of valuable manuscripts on the eve of their going to press, shut himself up in his room and read through a diary, it is our belief that he could have produced the same effect upon his mind—an utter vacuity of thought—as he did when he made the

entire works of Captain Marryatt the subject of his reading.

Diaries are things of our childhood and as such are sources of no little pleasure. But when that time arrives when we are called upon to put away childish things, then let us pack up our diaries. Take out those pressed mementoes. The faded rosebud may remind you of another "rosebud" whose cheeks wore as delicate a tinge as the faded relic of by-gone days which was laid so carefully between your diary leaves. Both rosebuds are now gone, the one forever, the other fading slowly or blossoming forth into full-rose beauty. Pack up your diaries then when the childhood's days are over and with them useless mementoes: as relics of past simplicity remember them, the present calls for other things.

To every rule exceptions can be found. We doubt it not. In the keeping of diaries the maxim may be verified but as a general thing our voice is still for war. Diaries weaken the memory, consume one's time, necessitate ink-wasting, become a care, in the majority of instances engender sentimentality and in the end are not productive of any very good results.

MINOR MATTERS.

New York and Cincinnati are talking up the subject of universities. In the former city the movement is of Episcopalian origin, and a proposition is entertained of bringing under one collegiate government Trinity School, the General Theological Seminary, and Columbia College. The plan is to purchase a tract of land in Westchester County, and with the three above mentioned institutions to commence the university enterprise. In Cincinnati the nucleus of the university is to be made up of the Astronomical Observatory, Cincinnati College, Mechanics Institute, and other educational establishments. We are glad to chronicle these facts and trust that they will be productive of good results. The West has already too many

high-school colleges and universities, and if it is able to obtain the capital and requisite literary ability to adequately endow a university worthy of the name, it will be a benefit not only to itself but to the cause of education in general.

The co-education question is gaining ground. Oxford has followed Cambridge in the matter of female instruction, and allows women to enter themselves as candidates at its examinations. Meanwhile, how goes the system this side the water with our western literary exponent—Michigan? From this institution we hear grumblings of discontent, not so much from the fact that women have been admitted to university privileges, but from the reason that the Regents in their haste to push forward the project have forgotten to take steps to provide the means by which the plan could be properly carried out. Surely this is an error and we trust that the authorities of Michigan who supervise its financial affairs will quickly take measures to remedy the difficulty that we may the sooner see the results of the scheme.

We notice that one or two of our exchanges have been devoting their columns to what may not be inappropriately styled literary thieving. Our idea concerning this subject is that all articles or parts of articles extracted bodily from a paper or magazine should be properly credited to the publication from which the matter is taken, but that mere items of news such as "The Sophomores and Freshmen at——college had a rush last week. The latter were victorious," or "The Faculty of ——lately expelled three students for setting fire to the college wood-sheds," are the literary property of the press in general, and need not be credited to the journal from which they may be scissored. In this rule all of our contemporaries may not agree with us, but we are convinced that in its working it is perfectly legitimate and proper.

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by the Students of
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COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Mirabile dictu! It has snowed. After much patient longing for it, it has come. The campus, which from its appearance has led us for many weeks to expect the grass to turn green and the trees to leaf, has at length assumed the garb of Winter, and now lies before us as it were in a winding sheet (somewhat soiled). That "congealed watery vapor that falls from

the bosom of the atmosphere" has not descended in sufficient quantities, however, to produce good sleighing, and consequently we have been deprived of the pleasure of promenading on Washington Street, and tilting our "plug" to the fair sex. But cold weather has afforded a substitute for the above mentioned felicity, and we wend our numerous ways to the skating rink, where the "beauty and chivalry" of the city are daily assembled.

With the exceptions of the appearance of Parepa-Rosa in the Opera of Maritana, and of Miss Hersee, a new favorite, in Faust, there has been but little in the way of public amusement this term. These two, however, were delightful. Many of the students who witnessed them were highly *elated*. Notice of the Euterpean concert which is to take place this month will be found in another column.

Quite a change has been produced in the appearance of the campus by the removal of the hedge along its borders. Whether it is an improvement or not can be better determined after the grading is completed. Speaking of grading reminds us of something which, if memory serves aright, has not been mentioned in the TABLET. While the workmen were removing earth last December, from the front of Brownell Hall to the base of the statue, a stone implement of Indian manufacture evidently, was dug up. It resembles a tomahawk, but might have been used for skinning deer, or bruising maize. How this relic came there we are not prepared to explain. It was several feet below the surface, and as the embankment is natural, and has not been disturbed for many years, if ever, the hatchet or whatever it is, must have lain where it was found for centuries. It has been, or is to be, placed in the Cabinet among the other Indian relics.

A new arrangement of the Literary societies has been suggested. As we understand it, it is this, that the Athenaeum and Parthenon consolidate, forming one society, using the Cabinet as their place of meeting, and that the Athen-

aeum Hall be converted into a Reference Library, open daily, and the Parthenon Hall be fitted up as a Gymnasium. The plan appears to be a good one at first sight, but we have not given it sufficient thought to venture a decided opinion.

LIBRARY REFORM.

When we published the article in our last number entitled "Twin Topics," we anticipated an objection which has since been urged. It has been said that our assertions were too general and not sufficiently supported by facts; in short, that we had made statements which we could not prove to be true. We were not at that time in possession of the information which we now take pleasure in laying before our readers. A very slight examination will suffice to show how Trinity compares, in the management of her library, with the other leading colleges of the country.

Brown: Library open to all matriculated students four hours daily. Students enter the alcoves and examine the books at pleasure.

Amherst: Library open to all students four days per week, one hour at a time; any student wishing to examine a volume calls upon the librarian who reaches it from its shelf. Three books can be drawn at once, kept three weeks, and then be renewed for the same length of time. Any student remaining in town during a vacation is allowed to draw three books to be kept until the opening of the next term.

Williams: Library open to all students three and one half hours daily for reference, and twice a week, one hour, for distribution. During library hours students have the same privilege of examining books as at Brown.

Dartmouth: Library open for the first six weeks of the present term three times per week, one hour at a time; for the rest of the year one hour daily. Students are not permitted to enter the library; catalogues are kept in an adjoining room and any volume desired is handed to

the person wishing for it by one of the librarians.

Harvard: Library open daily except holidays from nine A. M. until sunset; all students allowed access; undergraduates are permitted to examine only a small portion of the books; any volume desired is handed them by the librarian or his assistants.

Bowdoin: Library open to all students three hours daily; students are permitted to take down and examine books at their pleasure.

Princeton: Library open one hour every day (except Saturday.) Any student or resident of town is permitted to handle and examine the books, and to take out from one to four volumes which can be kept two weeks without renewal.

Cornell: Library open nine hours daily. All students are allowed access to the library, and are permitted to handle the books but not to take them from the shelves.

Union: All students are allowed access to the library, which is open two days per week, one hour at a time. Books are handed from the shelves by the librarian.

Hobart: Library open every Saturday to all students for one hour. "Students are permitted to handle and examine the books in the presence of the librarian."

Trinity: Library open to all students for one half hour per week. Students are allowed to handle and examine the books at pleasure.

In this instance, certainly, facts "speak louder than words." It should be remembered that in all cases where we have spoken of a library as open daily, Sundays are, of course, excepted. We are informed that the library of Trinity is to be opened twice a week, for how long at a time we have not yet learned. It is neither desirable nor expedient that the library here should be opened so frequently as most of those mentioned above; twice a week is often enough provided it is kept open for two or three hours at a time. This demand is no more than just and will, we trust, meet with

the approval of the library authorities. In closing we would say that we omit Michigan and Wesleyan Universities from our list because we did not receive letters from them until too late for insertion in the present number of the *TABLET*. The regulations of the Yale library were given in our last number.

THE EUTERPEANS.

The Euterpeans have at length burst the cocoon in which they have so long reposed in a chrysalis state, and have come forth arrayed in all the beauties of the butterfly. We are pleased to learn that our statement, made some time since that "the Euterpeans were defunct" was an erroneous one caused by their long silence. We are happy now to announce that the Euterpeans will give their "Third Grand Parlor Concert" on the 17th inst. at the German Philo-Dramatic Hall, where they will have all the advantages of an ample stage, and beautiful scenery. The first part of the entertainment will consist of glees, college songs, and comic sketches. The second part will be entirely devoted to an original Burlesque Operetta in two acts entitled "Sweets of Matrimony," and will be performed with the following cast of characters:

Don Pedro—the father, Signor Backusi.
Lady Isabella—the strong-minded mother,

Signora Morgandi.

Leonora—sentimental daughter,

Signorita Burgwinni.

Don Malvolio—matter of fact lover,

Signor Prentici.

Don Basilio—sentimental lover,

Signor Elwelli.

Inez—maid to Lady I. Signorita Granissi.
Gamblers, Gendarmes, Landlord, &c. &c.

We give the argument of the play in brief. Don Basilio and Don Malvolio are both in love with the daughter Leonora. Lady Isabella is in love with Don Basilio. In scene 1st Act I, Don B. who comes to serenade Leonora is

received by Lady I. in the dark and declares his love, supposing her to be Leonora. At this juncture they are discovered by Don Pedro. Don B. makes a hurried exit, and a quarrel ensues between the husband and wife in which Don P. avows his determination to seek consolation elsewhere. In scene 2d, Don P. makes his appearance in a company of gamblers and enjoys himself. In scene 3d, Don Malvolio "pops the question" to Leonora and is rejected with the touching words "not for Joe." He goes off singing "No one to love." Don B. then comes in, offers himself and is accepted. An elopement is planned for the next evening. In scene 1st Act II, Don Basilio serenades Leonora as the signal before agreed upon. Leonora is detained by Lady I. who disguises herself, and goes out to meet Don B. He embraces her, and they take their departure. In scene 2d Don P. and Leonora console one another for the losses which they have sustained. Don Malvolio again offers himself and this time is accepted. Don P. warns them of the evils which may ensue. In scene 3d two gendarmes who have vainly sought for the fugitives are introduced by Inez. They sing the "Gendarme Duett." One of them makes love to the maid. Suddenly Don B., who has discovered the imposition practised upon him, returns with Lady I. The course of true love doesn't run smooth, and he is collared by the other gendarme. Leonora faints in Don Malvolio's arms. After some recriminations and explanations Don P. relents and receives Lady I. again to his bosom. Inez keeps her company by falling into the arms of gendarme number one. The denouement closes with the grand chorus from Faust,

"Oh! no, we won't do so any more!"

In addition to these attractions the Euterpeans have succeeded in organizing a very good orchestra for the occasion from among the students. We understand that the operetta contains airs from twelve different operas. We have no doubt, from the musical talent enlisted, that the concert will prove a success.

PRIZE VERSION APPOINTMENTS.

The following gentlemen, ranking the highest in their respective classes on the English studies of the preceding year, have been appointed speakers in the Prize Version Declamations.

SENIORS.

GEO. MCC. FISKE.

ARTHUR DYER.

JUNIORS.

(G. W. DOUGLAS.)

H. S. WOOD.

C. C. WILLIAMS.

SOPHOMORES.

PAUL ZIEGLER.

G. H. SEYMS.

Mr. Douglas, the successful competitor last year, is, by the conditions of the prize, precluded from entering into this year's contest. The declamations take place on the 12th of May, and we hope that nothing will occur to prevent their coming off on the day appointed.

PERSONALS.

BREVOORT, '68. E. R. Brevoort was in town recently.

BUCKINGHAM, '69. W. B. Buckingham has been in Hartford on business for the last two weeks.

CARTER, '69. A rather amusing incident happened to H. S. Carter in New York a short time ago. He attended Dr. Cheever's Church with a friend, and although every seat was occupied and many were standing, they were instantly noticed by the usher and seated directly in front of the chancel upon a sofa produced for their use, with a great deal of bowing on the part of the ushers. As they were leaving the church after service the usher stepped up to Mr. Carter's friend and asked if his companion was not Prince Arthur! The negative answer must have proved somewhat disagreeable to his feelings.

PARTICLES.

Bishop Bissell, of Vermont preached in chapel on the 30th ult.—Phi Beta Kappa meeting somewhere last week. A peanut "bum" may be expected nightly.—Rumor says that the chapel organ is to be repaired; better be removed.—Highly indecorous, for a Senior to try to crawl through a (k)not (w)hole during recitation.—Charles II. of Spain made his *first appearance* at the Opera House on the 3d inst. We thought he died some time ago, but the *Gas Light* says not.—The latest New York kink is to attend Dr. Cheever's Church and be mistaken for Prince Arthur. It will secure you a seat on the sofa near the credence table.—Speaking of Prince Arthur reminds us that he was *not* in Hartford on Sunday the 6th inst, as he was expected to be.—Small boys have appropriated the slope in front of B. H. for coasting purposes. Dangerous:—If one of them should meet a team at the foot, he might be *sleighed*.—"Little brown Jug" has entirely superseded "Shoo Fly," with musical students—not the first thing that has been upset by a brown jug.—Washing is solicited by Adams' express company.—Seniors use Perry's Political Economy this term; why this change in Trinity politics?—We've been trying to *drum up* something about our musical neighbor, but, like the historical teamster, swearing wouldn't do justice to our feelings.—A new penny paper called the *Hartford Daily News* has recently appeared in public. It has adopted for its heading the same type as that used by the TABLET. Success to it.—Prof. Russell has offered to give a reading early next Spring for the benefit of the boat club.—The Calithumps will give a concert soon after the Euterpeans. Admission, five cents.—Hole-in-the-Wall Bitters, G. T. 1871, X.—We have received a communication from an alumnus upon the subject of a Soldiers' Monument. The article will appear in our March number.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

AMHERST.

Boating men won't train, and the gymnasium does not afford the necessary appliances for "winter-hardening" the muscles. Altogether the aquatic fever seems to have burned itself out.

The report of Dr. Allen on "Physical Culture in Amherst College," is largely quoted by Prof. M. C. Tyler in his report to the Michigan University Regents, on the subject of a gymnasium for that institution.

BROWN.

A new chair has been established in the Faculty, the Hazard Professorship of Physics. It is as yet vacant, but is well endowed.

A portrait of Ex-president Sears is soon to be added to the collection in Rhode Island Hall. It is a three-quarter length, painted by Mr. John W. Arnold, and represents the President as standing in his library.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

The Faculty have abolished the marking system.

COLUMBIA.

Mr. J. O. Morse, Jr., will receive the Goodwood Cup this year.

The Seniors are angry because, up to the 26th of last month, no professors had been appointed to instruct them in the Evidences of Religion or Political Economy.

Mr. O. N. Rood, the accomplished Professor of Physics in Columbia College, has recently published the results of some very interesting experiments of marvellous delicacy, on the duration of the electric spark—results which go far toward clearing up the discrepancies of former investigations. . . . Prof. Rood has proved that the duration of the "white band," the first and most brilliant part of the electric explosion, is probably less than the one-tenth-millionth part of a second.—*Appleton's Journal*.

DARTMOUTH.

The Freshmen this term number ninety-seven, more than any other class ever contained.

Professor Packard has accepted an appointment as Professor of Latin at Princeton. His place (the Greek chair) will probably be filled, says the *Dartmouth*, by John C. Proctor, A. M., the present tutor of Greek.

McFarland, the murderer of Albert D. Richardson, received the degree of A. M. from Dartmouth in 1856, but is not, as has been reported, a graduate of that college.

HARVARD.

Harvard, says the *College Review*, has only about \$400.00 *per annum* available for the purchase of books, though there is a fund of \$16,170.11 for preaching the gospel to the Indians.

RUTGERS.

The following are the highest general averages in each of the four classes, for the past term: Senior, 99.8; Junior, 98.6; Sophomore, 98; Freshman, 97.1.

At Rutgers they have a way of putting down in the catalogue the names of those students who have left during the year, and counting them in when the aggregate number is made up.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.

A correspondent of the *Living Church* writes as follows concerning this once loudly trumpeted institution:—

"The 'University' is now a boarding school, numbering about fifty boys, and the tuition fee of \$300 includes board and about everything else. Perhaps now it may have nearly a hundred boys. The grade of scholarship is far below that of one of your eastern academies. It is a feeble and silly imitation of Oxford and Cambridge; or rather an imitation of those institutions of the last century. The pupils, I hear, wear Oxford caps, and Confederate grey. It is both sectional and sectarian, and is founded in the vain attempt to reproduce in America the England which is so fast passing away. Its leaders inveigh against our common school system, and the whole affair is regarded with simple contempt by all our liberal, intelligent men, churchmen, as well as others."

We give the writer's own words, but do not hold ourselves responsible for either his grammar or his statements.

WESLEYAN.

The class of '70 have voted to adopt Perry's Political Economy as their text-book this term.

Dr. Joseph Barratt, of Middletown, has recently presented the University with some specimens of a rare variety of mica crystals.

The Professor of French and German devotes a

portion of his time to giving private conversational lessons in those languages to the students.

WILLIAMS.

A number of new books have lately been added to the college library. Among them we notice such valuable and recent publications as Renan's Life of St. Paul, Pumpelly's Across America and Asia, Gladstone's Juventus Mundi, Curtis's Life of Daniel Webster, and Dr. Thompson's Man in Genesis and Geology, and sigh for some corresponding movement at Trinity.

The *Vidette* calls for a reading room; here, at least, we have the advantage of our contemporary.

YALE.

The Sheffield Scientific School pays its professors only \$2000 *per annum*.

"The original manuscripts written and collected by A. J. Macdonald, and used by J. H. Noyes in the preparation of his 'History of American Socialisms,' have been deposited in the library of Yale College."

After much trial and tribulation the class of '71 have succeeded in electing their Spoon Committee and Board of *Lit.* Editors. The *Lit.* Editors are Messrs. W. R. Sperry, G. A. Strong, C. D. Hine, A. B. Mason, and E. F. Sweet.

Large and enthusiastic meetings of the Alumni have recently been held at New York and Philadelphia. At the meeting in the latter city a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Yale Navy.

EXCHANGES.

We return thanks to the Editors of the *Brunonian*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Vidette*, *Amherst Student*, *Dartmouth*, *Nassau Lit*, *Union College Magazine*, and *Cornell Era*, also to the librarians of Hobart and Bowdoin Colleges, for their kindness and promptness in replying to our letters of inquiry relative to the management of the libraries.

We never thought seriously of running an opposition to that excruciatingly funny paper, the *Yang Lang*; but we really are of the opinion that it wouldn't trouble us much to do so successfully if we once set about it.

The *Amherst Student* visited our table in a dress which almost prevented us from recognizing our old friend; we are heartily glad to find such decisive evidence of our neighbor's prosperity.

We implore the editors of the *Brunonian* not to ac-

cept any more stories from the author of "Fred Harmon's Rustication."

That excellent religious magazine, the *Griswold Collegian*, is out in a new pink cover. With the accession of new editors the character of the publication has been somewhat altered. It does not scruple to say "dern," and even hints that some young man at Griswold has been known to forget his tailor's bill.

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