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Trinity College

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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE

# TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. IV.

HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 26, 1871.

No. VI.

## PLATONIC.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a  
maid;

For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony  
paid.

Besides we had our higher loves; fair Science ruled  
my heart,

And she said her young affections were all bound up  
in Art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friend-  
ship cannot live

'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something  
more to give.

We would be friends, and friends as true as ere were  
man and man;

I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears  
and sighs.

High friendship such as ours might well such childish  
arts despise.

We liked each other; that was all, quite all there  
was to say;

So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of  
way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped  
and feared;

With common purpose sought the goal that young  
Ambition reared.

We dreamed together of the days, the dream bright  
days to come;

We were strictly confidential, and called each other  
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,  
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined  
mills,

And rustic bridges and the like, that picture makers  
prize

To run in with their waterfalls, and groves and sum-  
mer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,  
We floated down the river or loafed beneath the  
trees;

And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the  
weather,

While the western skies and my cigar died slowly out  
together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale  
glance or sigh,

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sym-  
pathy.

We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebulæ,  
And thought no more of being one than we did of  
being three.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, good bye, chum!" I took her hand, for the  
time had come to go.

My going meant our parting, when to meet we did  
not know.

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very  
heavy heart;

For although we were but friends, 'tis hard for honest  
friends to part.

"Good bye, old fellow! Don't forget your friends  
beyond the sea;

And some day when you've lots of time, drop a line  
or two to me."

The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob just  
behind

Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid  
eyes of blue,

Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet-cups  
of dew.



One long, long glance, and then I did what I never did before;

Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the kiss meant more.

—*Williams Quarterly.*

#### COLLEGE POLITENESS.

There is frequently a want of politeness manifested in colleges, which would be unpardonable in general society. But as this impoliteness originates in thoughtlessness, we are confident that it is only necessary to call the attention of offenders to the fact, to have a decided change in the future.

They are little things, to be sure, of which we are about to speak, but if you remember, my reader, that most of the difficulties which arise among men, can be traced back, by no circuitous course, to *very* little things, you will agree with us that they are worth, at least, some consideration. We trust then that you will consider the facts mentioned in this article, and apply them, not to others, as you are wont to apply sermons, but to yourself. Let us mention first, as referring especially to this college, the reading room. Several years previous to its establishment, the scheme was regarded as a most desirable one, and every student who thought at all of the interests of Trinity, was willing to do all in his power to further its advancement. But like most things in the world, the fascination ceased with the realization, and though now it would not require one half of the zeal at first manifested, to make the reading room what we hoped it would be, yet even that *half* cannot be found.

But we would willingly pass over the want of zeal, if that were all, for we believe that, as in the physical world, if a body be put in motion it will continue its course eternally, unless it meets with an opposing element; so any desirable scheme, when once started, will find enough supporters, unless it also meets an opposing element, sufficient to impede its progress. And as in the case of the body its obstructions may only lie passively in the way, so with the

scheme, its obstructions also may have not an active, but a passive force.

Now this passive force is precisely that which has made the reading room the uninviting rendezvous it now is,—no body intending any injury to the furniture, or any impoliteness to his more literary fellow-student.

There is no intention to be impolite, for instance, when leaning back in our chairs, and cocking our feet upon the tables, we place them almost in the faces of our companions on the opposite side. There is no intention to injure the furniture when in play we knock a friend against a desk, breaking the paper holders, and scattering a half dozen periodicals on the floor. Nor do we intend to act a double part, when, after signing a petition not to remove the papers, we carry away number after number, and give no clue as to their whereabouts. Lastly, who imagines that he is disturbing the conscientious reader of the *Churchman*, when in a boisterous voice he discusses the merits and demerits of Lydia Thompson, or Maggie Mitchell, and remarks upon the beauty of Pauline Markham. There is no intentional impoliteness in all this, but does it not amount to the same practically?

There is another matter we would like to notice here, we refer to the custom of waiting in front of the chapel door on Sunday afternoons, to watch the invited and *voluntary* portion of our congregation, as if 'twere a prodigy to see a voluntary chapel-goer. There are many little impolitenesses of a like nature, which had better be considered and corrected; for nothing would speak so well for the tone of a college, as that its students are polite, and gentlemanly. The training we receive in college, is intended to prepare us for the world, morally as well as mentally, but neither the moral, nor mental training, will enable us to wield any influence, unless we act towards others as we would have them act toward us. Politeness, therefore, which is only another way of expressing the same idea, is requisite for any real success in life.



## STRICTLY PRIVATE.

The following effusion, from an enthusiastic sophomore to his parent, is supposed to have miscarried, as it was picked up on the campus in a very soft and pulpy state—symbolic of the writer's brain, we should think from the contents.

Dear Papa :

I feel so joyful that I can hardly help a hop, skip, and a jump, even while I write, and I want to tell you and mamma all about it so that you can rejoice with me. I don't think I have felt so good since you gave me that big top last summer.

You may remember that I told you the class of '57 established the custom of handing down an "Orange Squasher" through the *odd* classes, and it has gone right down through them ever since, so that lately '69 gave it to '71, who have had it two years. But this year a rumor spread through college that '72 were to have it instead of us, though by law and tradition only those classes which are talented and high spirited enough to have their class numbers end in one, three, five, seven, or nine, are eligible. But, as I said, it was rumored that this year the Juniors would take it, because they had been more adventurous than we, and done more to enliven college life and carry out the old customs. Oh, my, it made me so angry that I *almost* said, "Confound it," but I knew that would be wrong, and stopped when I got to "Con." Why, ever since we entered college, you can't imagine how rude the present Junior class have been to us. At first, when we hadn't been here but a week or so, they took us out one night and rushed us right down a steep bank into the river, through the mud, and tore our clothes, calling us "Freshy," and doing all sorts of impolite things. Then they caught one of our men when he was going up stairs under the care of a professor, and cut off one whisker. This did not hurt us so much, for he was the only one to whom this could possibly happen, but it scared us so that we slept under

our beds for some nights. But that wasn't the worst, for when we buried the football in our freshman year (a custom which has since died out, for I am sorry to say we made a complete failure in it) the juniors made fun of us through the whole performance, and finally took almost all our ale and crackers away, so that we had to go dry while they drank it up. So you see, Papa, I should have been very, very sorry if after doing all this, and locking us in so often, they had stolen from us the "Orange Squasher," for which we had flattered and teased so long. But we had no no reason to fear. The seniors were as much shocked at their conduct as we, and were horrified at them for painting their number on the college front, and, *so they say*, sterling the chapel bell tongue, together with many other things, which they themselves had never been able to do, and were of course, piously indignant at any one else for accomplishing. So they gave us the "Squasher" on two grounds: First, our class number ended in *three*, and second, we were quieter, and had done less than any other set ever at Trinity. For indeed you can't think, dear Papa, how nicely we behave; we haven't done a single thing since we entered college that could deprive us of our proudest title, "Sweet Children."

I wish I had time to give you an account of our frolic when we received the "Squasher." We had Soda water with four syrups, two kinds of nutmeg water, and plenty of new milk (in bottles.) The latter was delicious. One of the juniors dared to pass under the window while we were drinking it, and so about twenty of us ran up to college for our canes to chastise him, but as our rooms were about half a mile off, he had escaped when we returned. We were afraid (for their sakes) lest we should be attacked coming home, so we got several policeman (this is literally true) to walk in front as a forlorn hope, and we walked in the rear as a forlorn tail. By a preconcerted plan some talked loud, others whistled, and a few cried



"Darn it," which was excusable under the circumstances. Through these means, doubtless, we arrived safely at home, and at our accustomed bed time, half past eight, were sound asleep.

On Class Day we are to be presented with the Precious Relic in public, and the Whole World will know that *three* is our class number, and that *two* will not go *into* it, though it may go *through* it. I will write again then. Give love to Mamma, and take great care of my favorite kitty.

Your Affec. Son,

BUBBY.

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#### EXTEMPORARY SPEAKING.

To say anything original in reference to the advantages of an extemporary discussion would be almost impossible, and as it would be a waste of time, to reiterate what has been said a hundred times before, we will only mention one of the many objections against such a discussion, and one which is continually being laid before us, by men who evidently regard only one side of the question. It has been maintained by some that, extemporary speaking begets a loose expression of thought, and therefore should be avoided. If we go on the old puritanical principle that whatever is abused by some, must be avoided by all, then the objection is a valid one, and cannot be disregarded. But if we contend that, to carry out such a principle we must sacrifice many of the Creator's most precious gifts, thus proving that in the principle is hidden a fallacy, then the objection is invalid and disappears altogether. It is where the advantages of extemporary speaking are abused, that the "loose expression" naturally follows. But if the question could be thoroughly studied previous to its discussion, and the speaker could fully realize what he desired to say, doubtless the discussion would assist in giving, not a "loose," but, a clear and forcible expression of thought.

The question now naturally arises, as to the best mode of conducting an extemporary dis-

cussion. We know that order is the first requisite, therefore there must be some organization, whether that organization be confined to a class, or open to the college. But as much of the interest of a discussion depends upon the size of the audience, we are inclined to think that the latter would be preferable. As matters now stand in Trinity—(to speak particularly of our own college)—few opportunities are afforded to those students who desire to improve themselves in extemporary speaking. The Senior and Junior classes meet separately about three times a term, for choosing and debating a question, but practically it allows each student to speak only twice during that term. And the reason of this is evident. The classes meet in a regular recitation hour, the appointees rise in turn, say what they can on the question, and then some uninterested party moves an adjournment. Now though the motion may not be carried, yet the next speaker feels that one half of the class are counting his words, and would prefer his "breaking down," than that he should keep them there a minute longer. But in an organization—such as we would like to establish—free to all, and compulsory to none, the speaker feels that he is not intruding, and though he may not be very interesting, nor his ideas very original, yet the house is willing to bear with him, and allow him a fair trial. Another objection to a class debate is, the student speaks under the eye of a professor. Now this is in some respects an advantage, but in others a great disadvantage. There will be naturally a restraint which will prevent familiar and slang phrases, to be sure, but at the same time, will prevent also a want of naturalness and boldness, which are requisites for a fine speaker.

When the Parthenon and Athæneum were given up, it was not with the intention of giving up the debates altogether, but the original plan was to unite the two, so as to insure a larger attendance, and a more active membership.

Shall we not take some steps in this matter,



and be ready with the Christmas term to form a Literary Society, which will go far toward perfecting, the now acknowledged superior, English course of Trinity College?

### THE HYPOCRISY OF GENIUS.

Now when you read "Hypocrisy of Genius," don't suppose I'm going to say hypocrisy is a necessary connection of genius, nor suppose I am going to emulate Atlas by taking the world of genius on my shoulders. No, not at all. The picture of genius to be drawn here is only from sittings within college walls, and the hypocrisy will be only that which hangs over brilliant literary abilities, like a fog over a beautiful river; not a part of it, though risen from it; not an ornament but an obstruction to its beauty.

Their flimsy pretences of accomplishing marvellous tasks within magically few hours are no *necessary* fruit of great abilities. But there is always more of a temptation to indulge in such professions, when there is a groundwork of more than ordinary talent.

Are you, reader, unfamiliar with college? then listen. Are you a student of former days? Then look back upon some of your quondam associates. Are you a student? Look around you.

There is Jones—stands high in his class—generally considered smart. Now Jones is a very good fellow, and his reputation would be excellent if he would only let it alone. But he won't. He is bound to impress you with the fact that he is one of those bright literary stars who seldom shine on this foot-stool.

How often have you had such a scene as this acted in your room. About five minutes before the bell rings, enter Jones. "Brooks where's this lesson in Brown's Roman Literature?" "O sit down and study and let the rest of us study." "O come, fellows, no fooling; now where's the lesson? I haven't looked at it yet." Then to obtain the quiet your own work demands, you tell him, and at once he appears profoundly studious. The

ringing of the bell solicits from him the modest statement that he has "just skimmed over the ten pages, but really don't know anything about it," and he goes in to make a—perfect recitation. Perhaps he didn't lie to you.

Then there is your quiet, take-you-all-of-a-sudden genius. He don't come in and ask you anxiously where the lesson is; not he. His stoical indifference about studying would be shocked at any undue agitation over the prospect of a flunk. You meet him over at the reading room about ten o'clock. You converse with him quietly for a few minutes, and are as unconscious of the dread annihilation that awaits you as the lamb that "crops the flowery food." But it comes. He moves toward the door. Still he talks quietly. He is about to depart, when lo, like a Parthian arrow, comes your swift destructive in the words, "Oh, well, I must go over and study a little while on those four reviews in Schwegler or else I shan't have time to write those two themes which Prof.—insists shall be handed in to-morrow. I haven't read up a word on them either."

Then there is your genius who don't stand high. He is your man who comes out brilliantly on themes and orations where talent has a chance against drudgery. He is a man of parts; brilliant and perfectly capable of leading his class if he would study. But he won't study and means to have you know he don't. Never goes down town in the afternoon without stopping in at your room on his return; nominally, to inquire if the lesson is hard; really, to have you understand that the recitation he makes has been prepared in twenty minutes. You suggest going out some evening and he informs you that he "can't possibly go;" has "to deliver an oration in the morning and hasn't finished it yet."

O this flimsy, hollow, pretence of a marvellous ability! My dear fellow, you know just as well as I do, that you have thought that oration all up and written it off; and that if it isn't fin-



ished the only reason is because you left out a semi-colon so as to have something to add. If you have talents for Heaven's sake show them. But don't continually din it into my ears that you are going to do this or that hard task in less than no time.

I grant you are smart; I'd willingly pluck laurels to make a crown for you. But I can't endure this hypocrisy to increase my ideas of your abilities.

#### PRIZES.

The object in offering a prize should be two-fold, first to reward, and second to stimulate, study. There are some men in each class who will study hard at any rate, from a sense of duty and because they find a pleasure in learning. These should be rewarded. Prizes and commencement honors are the testimonials of their instructors' approbation, and the trophies of scholarship. But the valedictory is beyond the reach of many a faithful student, whose inferior abilities prevent him from competing with his more favored classmates. To him most of the prizes offered are equally unattainable and therefore they have no influence over him. There are many such students in every college, they form the body of every class. They are neither fools nor dunces, but it would not be unfair to say that nine-tenths of them are doing far less than they could and ought, simply because they feel that there is no motive for special exertion. How to induce these men to study, is a problem worthy of careful attention. It is the middle and lower parts of a class which need to be stimulated, not the smart, ambitious men at the head. An appeal to the conscience might influence some, but all would be interested by rewards so offered as to be fairly within their reach. Trinity already has several *praemia* of this nature. Only a few ever study for the valedictory, but nearly all feel that they have some chance of winning a Phi Beta Kappa election. The English branches receive more attention from the fact

that the appointments to the prize version declamations depend solely upon the standing in that department. Both these honors have the great merit of being attainable by *more than one* man in each class. For this and for other reasons they do more to promote scholarships here among the majority of the students than all the other prizes put together. Not that the latter are useless or unnecessary, far from it, they could not be spared without injury. But we need besides, other and different prizes. If positive as well as relative merit could be rewarded, so that the success of one need not be the defeat of many, if prizes could be offered for individual improvement in standing, besides those bestowed upon mere superiority, a decided impulse to study might fairly be expected.

Let us imitate the English universities by founding competitive fellowships. Every year some man is graduated whose talents only need more extended cultivation to make him a great scholar. Our college course is but the introduction to learning, yet few have the time or the means to pursue their studies beyond its narrow limits. We need a goodly number of fellowships, yielding at least five hundred dollars each per annum, and requiring residence for three or five years. Students are generally men "whose profession is to have no wealth," and such fellowships as these would certainly be appreciated and eagerly sought for. They would not always be gained by valedictorians, for these would not always desire them, and so their stimulating influence would be exerted all down each class. One should be a mathematical fellowship, another classical, a third scientific, and others might be offered for the benefit of students in law, medicine, or theology. Princeton already has such fellowships, some of them even providing for a year or two of study in Europe. When the liberal men of America realize the great importance of encouraging mature scholarship by such endowments, our western continent will rival the old world in depth and breadth of learning.



## MINOR MATTERS.

On Thursday morning June the first, we were addressed by Dr. McCosh. He gave us very interesting information in regard to the manner in which European and specially English Universities were carried on, and in the lively sketch which he drew of them considerably elevated our opinion of American Colleges. He said that in most respects the colleges of our country were superior to the Universities of England in that they gave the students an education which was not only more liberal, but also more adapted to the various pursuits of life. After having spoken of the mode of education in the old world, he made a few pointed remarks in regard to the employment of time. The necessity as well as duty of performing the work of the hour was strongly urged by him, and we have no doubt that his suggestions were taken to heart by every student. It is needless to say that the address was very much appreciated; and we hope that we shall again have the pleasure of hearing him.

After considerable disputation as to the appointments the Sophomores have decided to celebrate the time-honored custom of the burning of Analytics. We are glad that they intend to carry it through; for there is need of some jolly amusement to fill up the gap which intervenes between the end of the loathsome Annual, and the much-longed-for Commencement Day. The old plans of burning Analytics are, to use a slang expression, "played out," yet we think that something original and pleasing might be gotten up in the form of a drama. Into a tragedy could be worked fresh puns and pointed remarks about the old demoness who has been a cause of grief to many a dig as well as skinner. We are fully aware of the staleness which usually characterizes the jokes on Anna. In truth it appears that the same puns and jests, with of course a slight alteration and twisting, are resurrected each year; and it is only the liveliness, which pervades the scene

of mock solemnity, that gives us pleasure. We ought however to mention the "spread" subsequent to the Burning. This is by all means the most desirable part. The masqued procession, the speeches, and the final Burning, all compose but a prelude to the grand banquet which always follows. It is then that Sophomores, as masters of the feast, regale their eager friends with the sparkling "Falernian" (?) and the other sweets which accompany such a fine beverage.

To furnish so many square inches of wit each month for a periodical is a task which we may almost call Herculean. The renowned author of "the Memoranda" will bear me up in this statement, for he says there are certain times when a person is in such a condition that it is next to an impossibility for him to "get off" a joke, or compose an humorous article. Our Particle is very often in this condition. Every month he must supply his usual amount of wit notwithstanding all the obstacles which may oppose him. The warm, lazy days of Summer,—when there is nothing "going on," and nothing for the "Phunny Fellow" to see,—have a powerful tendency to dry up his fountain of wit. While Particle is sitting in his easy (?) chair a pun or spicy tale occasionally looms up before his mind's eye. It is needless to tell you that he "goes for" his quill with delight; and after having scratched a few jests down on his note-book he falls back on his chair and awaits another vision of "good things." Particle, like every other human creature, has his ups and downs. At times he is sad, and wears a gloomy countenance. This is probably due to his intermitting spring of wit; for Particle is only jolly when this spring is full and overflowing. If then Particle fails, on some months, to produce the necessary amount of laughter his failure should be looked upon in a favorable light, and not be taken as a material for censure, and an incontrovertible proof that he is not *un bel esprit*.



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**NOTICES!**

We are requested to announce that the Phi Beta Kappa Prize for the best oration at Commencement will be offered again this year. The matter, style and delivery of the oration will be allowed equal weight in the determination of the award.

To those subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the present number the TABLET will be forwarded until otherwise ordered. The EDITORS again request those who have neglected to pay their bills for the current year to settle them without further delay.

**CLASS DAY.**

THE FRESHMEN—THE SPREADS—THE AFTERNOON—THE EXERCISES—THE FAREWELL DANCE.

Class Day is the dearest holiday of the year. It is a day, however, of mingled sorrow and joy to those who have finished their college curriculum; of sorrow because it is the last time that the graduating class will meet as a class to pay a parting farewell to their *Alma Mater*; of joy because they are through with all the arduous work which attends a student. When their final examination has been passed and the burden of a four years course thrown off their shoulders; and when, on Class Day, they sit around the venerable punch-bowl smoking their "last pipe" then it is that the seniors really and truly feel that they are about to step forth into the scenes of life and fight the battles of the world.

Preparations for the celebration of Class Day were begun at an early date, and the

**INVITATIONS**

were ordered from Albany, N. Y. The elegant design, the exquisitely beautiful monogram, and the neat printing all bear witness to the superior skill and taste of Messrs. Gavit & Co.

There is one thing which is especially desirable on Class Day, and that is fair weather. Seventy-One was blessed with it. Long before the ringing of the bell for morning chapel the

**FRESHMEN**

agreeably to a time-honored custom donned their beavers and with their long-expected, much-wished-for canes strutted forth, in an immensely pompous manner, towards Seabury Hall. We must say that the well-fitting (?) beavers made some, if not all of them, assume the most grotesque and ridiculous appearance. Indeed to see them walk around the college grounds strongly reminded one of a "fantastic" or perhaps something more ludicrous than that. But as the campus was not large enough for



them to exhibit all their remarkable insignia (?) they came to the conclusion that they would go down town and show themselves to the people at large; and as they, inflated with the pride of their beavers and armor (a cane), passed through the most crowded streets they produced what they had desired—a grand sensation. This custom of the Freshmen swinging out every Class Day in beavers and canes is most excellent and commendable. It not only gives the upperclassmen great pleasure to see them in their new costume, but also highly pleases the Freshie themselves, who then think that they have achieved their liberty.

On the morning of Class Day there was no time left for the seniors to enjoy their proverbial *otium*. Although the *dig.*, almost an *inseparable accident*, was pretty well maintained yet at times it was doffed especially when they had made ready the

## SPREADS

to which each and every one was invited. These spreads are usually considered one of the best features of Class Day. They tend to produce a general harmony of feelings, and, of course, the well-known "flow of soul." Seventy-One's spreads were fully equal, if not superior, to those of former classes. Arranged at different hours of the morning every person found time pay a visit to all the rooms where the viands were served. The singing on this occasion was not of that kind which regales the ear with sweet notes; for every one seemed to have a particular song of his own which he would sing despite all the attempts to "drown him out." Methinks that every college song, which the memory could conjure up, was rendered. Amid such jolly times as these the morning passed away, until the music of Colt's Armory Band gave full warning that the

## AFTERNOON

had arrived. It was all that could have been desired. A refreshing breeze was blowing and light clouds kept passing over the sky as if they kindly wished to defend the audience from

the burning rays of the sun. While the invited guests were gathering, the band stationed under the trees in front of Jarvis Hall, discoursed choice and beautiful music. Promptly at three o'clock the band struck up a lively march, and Seventy-One made their appearance on the campus. They made quite an impressive appearance as they, attired in gowns and Oxford caps, and headed by the Class President and "Prof. Jim," marched in procession toward their seats in the center of the open space which fronts the college chapel and around which the seats for the audience were ranged in a semicircular form. In accordance with an old custom the class seats were placed around a table on which sat a huge punch-bowl and a plentiful supply of tobacco and pipes. After appropriate music by the band the

## EXERCISES

were opened. Mr. J. Stoddard, of New London, Class President, introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. H. S. Wood, of Huntington, Long Island. The subject of the oration was "The Universities of America." The speaker showed in a very clear and forcible manner how necessary it is that the State should be responsible for the education of her sons. He strongly urged his belief that it would be highly conducive to the educational welfare of the people if there was in each State but one collegiate institution supported at the public expense. The oration was characterized by a finished, felicitous, and thoughtful style. One remarkable peculiarity of the production was the condensation of expression. Every sentence was, as it were, crammed with thought. The delivery was on the whole very good, although, at times, it lapsed into the monotonous.

A brilliant piece of music was next performed; after which the Poet, Mr. G. W. Douglas, of New York, was introduced. After describing in glowing colors how he, wrapt in poetic vision, saw a noble band of Northmen leave the beloved shore of their



fatherland and sail beyond the surrounding sea to seek a new home, he gracefully turned the tale and compared the stalwart crew to his class-mates who must soon set out in the voyage of life. For gorgeous imagery, for glowing conceptions, for lovely sentiments and beautiful thoughts the poem was certainly most excellent. The poet delivered the fine product of his imagination in a very dignified and stately manner. His voice, especially when he uttered onomatopoeic words, added very much to heighten the effect.

After a musical interlude Mr. T. H. Gordon, of Hartford, came forward and read the "Chronicles." The account of the most mischievous adventures of the class were, in accordance with an order of the Faculty, not read. As therefore not the slightest description of the various ways in which the class had played tricks and broken customs was permitted there was very little material left for the Chronicler. He, however, in an easy, humorous and pleasant style narrated many of the ludicrous incidents which Seventy-One had witnessed during the past four years. His tales of the manner in which false examinations had been conducted were received with hearty applause. He concluded his "Chronicles" by relating the statistics of the class. The most comic allusions were made to the weight, height, whiskers, unmarried and engaged members of Seventy-One.

After the band had played another piece of music Mr. L. Waterman of Providence, Rhode Island, read the "Prophecies." The latter form one of the best parts of the exercises of Class Day. The prophet began his predictions by saying that although he was not endowed with power to reveal the *manifest destiny* of each member of the class yet he would try to disclose to them their *probable future*. The weakest points of every one of his class-mates were touched upon in an exceedingly burlesque manner. While some of them were destined to repair to the most outlandish regions of the earth and there "to waste their sweetness in the

desert air"; others were to remain in their native country and strive to acquire fame either as lawyers, doctors or divines, or perhaps by the music of the harp of poetry. The happy hits, which were incessantly made by the prophet, gained for him frequent and well-merited applause. All through his auguries there ran a stream of intermingled wit, satire and humor. The contents of the pages of futurity were delivered in a very agreeable tone of voice.

Music next followed; after which the class of Seventy-Three were presented with the Lemon Squeezer by Mr. W. Drayton of Philadelphia. The presentation speech, elegant in composition, was full of wit, puns and jokes. Praises were showered on Seventy-Three for their merit (?) in having obtained such a thing as an *odd-looking* lemon squeezer. The delivery was forcible and clear. Mr. Fred. O. Grannis of Seventy-Three received the squeezer in behalf of his class. He made a very pretty little speech in which he thanked Seventy-One for the honor which they had conferred upon his class by making them the happy recipients of the Lemon Squeezer.

After another piece of music the presentation of a sum of money to "Prof. Jim" was next on the programme. The speaker, Mr. A. T. Parsons of Connecticut, addressed the aged janitor in a very pleasant and easy style. He made quite a number of allusions to the ways in which the class had frequently bothered the old "Prof." The speech was characterized by a feeling of tenderness. It was well-written and delivered. The reply of the "Professor" was not quite equal to that which he made last year. The life of good old "Prof. Jim" is fast ebbing away and this is no doubt the cause of his failure in making such funny speeches as he was wont to make in days of yore. The "Professor" began with one of his well-known exordiums. He said that he was glad that "he was permitted to stand before them and gaze on them." "Venerable Jim" always thinks that it is his duty to give a word



of wholesome advice to the graduating class. Having assumed a very solemn countenance he told Seventy-One that their education was not by any means completed and that they must put the finishing touch to it by studying (here is the advice) the book of human nature. After the "Professor" had cordially thanked the class for the kindness which they had always shown to him, and especially for the purse, he made his peroration by invoking blessings down upon Seventy-One.

While the band discoursed sweet strains of music the senior class marched in procession to plant the ivy at the north end of Brownell Hall; after which they passed through Brownell Hall around the western end of Seabury Hall, and through Jarvis Hall to their proper seats on the campus. Mr. C. C. Williams of New Orleans then delivered the "Ivy Oration." The composition of this oration was a perfect model of beauty and perfection. Every sentence gleamed with splendid eloquence. A farewell song written by Alexander M. Smith of '72, was then sung to the class by a select corps of underclassmen. Seventy-One next carried out the old custom of shaking hands with each other, and saying good-bye; after which the President of the class requested the invited portion of the audience to remain and participate in Seventy One's

FAREWELL DANCE

in Cabinet Hall. Thither eager to "trip the light fantastic" pressed the dancers who were soon to be lost in the giddy whirl. Soon after the arrival of the guests at the hall the dancing commenced; and, except when the fair ones with their escorts repaired to the room, where the refreshments were served up, continued until the bell had tolled the solemn hour of midnight. In conclusion we must express the thanks which the college owes to the Committee of Arrangements, Messrs. Lippincott, Hubbard, Everest and Beaven, for the manner in which everything was carried out.

COMMENCEMENT DAY, JULY 13, 1871.

MARSHAL'S NOTICE.

The procession will form on the College Campus at 10 o'clock A. M., in the following order:

- Colt's Armory Band.
  - Undergraduates in inverse order of Classes.
  - Chancellor and Board of Trustees.
  - Board of Fellows.
  - Officers of the House of Convocation.
  - Officers of other Colleges.
  - Faculty of Trinity College.
  - Graduating Class.
  - Governor and State Officers.
  - Mayor and City Authorities.
  - City Clergy.
  - Alumni of other Colleges.
  - Alumni of Trinity College.
  - Officers of the American Asylum and of Retreat for the Insane.
  - Wardens and Vestries of City Parishes.
  - Officers and Teachers of the Public Schools.
- The procession will march down College st. to Main, and up Main to the Opera House.
- Orchestra seats will be reserved for invited guests. The doors of the Hall will be closed during the delivery of each oration. The Alumni Dinner will be served at the U. S. Hotel, at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
- JOHN WATKINSON GRAY,  
College Marshal.

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR.

- JUNE 29 and 30. Annual Examinations.
- JULY 1. Annual Examinations.
- " 2. Baccalaureate Sermon by President Jackson, College Chapel 7.30 o'clock, P. M.
- " 3. Annual Examinations.
- " 4. Independence Day, Holiday.
- " 5, 6. Annual Examinations.
- " 7 and 8. Examinations for Honors. Cabinet 9 o'clock, A. M.
- " 10. Burning of Analytics, College Campus 9 o'clock, P. M.
- " 11. Examination of Candidates for Admission. Cabinet, 9 o'clock A. M.



- JULY 11. Oration and Poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Christ Church, 8 o'clock P. M.  
Orator, The Rev. Prof. Porter, D. D., of Yale College. Poet, Mr. Arthur Dyer, B. A. of Newark.
- " 11. Grand Tribunal Initiations, P. M.
- " 12. Annual meeting of the Corporation, Library, 10 o'clock A. M.
- " 12. Annual meeting of the House of Convocation, Cabinet 10 o'clock, A. M.
- " 12. Annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Athenæum Hall, 12 o'clock M.
- " 12. Oration and Poem before the House of Convocation at Christ Church, 8 o'clock P. M.  
Orator, The Rev. Dr. Fairbairn of St. Stephen's College. Poet, The Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, M. A., of Rochester.
- Secret Society of Re-Unions, P. M.
- " 13. Commencement exercises, Robert's Opera House, 11 o'clock A. M.
- Commencement Dinner, United States Hotel, 2 1-2 o'clock P. M.
- Commencement Levee, President Jackson's, 109 Elm street, 8 o'clock P. M.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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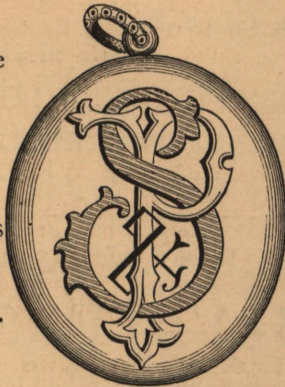
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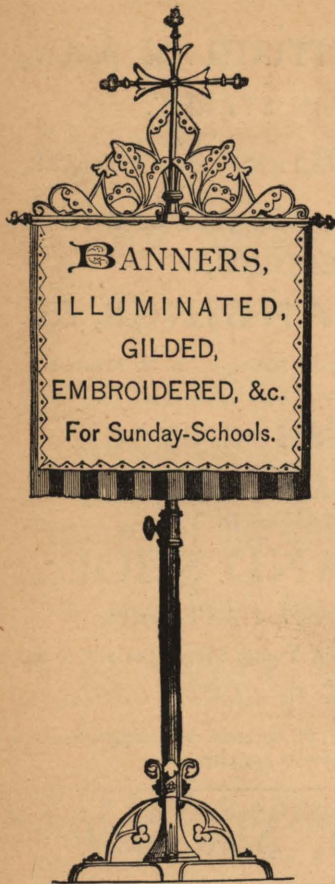
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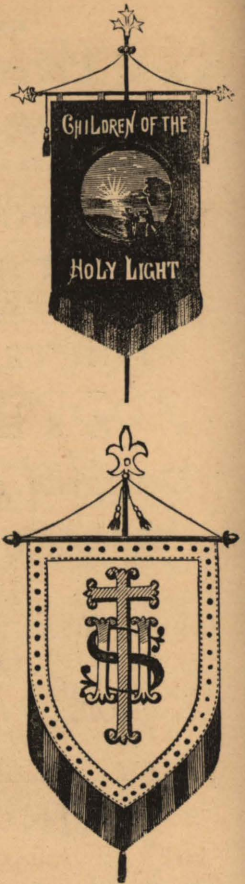
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