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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE
TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. IV.

HARTFORD, CONN., OCTOBER 25, 1871.

No. X.

RETROSPECTION.

As I sit in my room alone to-night,
I can hear the loud surf roar
Far away, where listens the bright-eyed moon,
Like a Northern Queen to some wild strange rune
In the sagas held of yore.

'Tis a perfect night—for its beauty shines
With the charms of land and sea;
The breeze bloweth softly, the sky is bright,
The shore and the billow reflect its light,
But it all is lost on me.

For I think the while of another scene,
And another summer night;
Then the distant hills, and the mountain's brow,
Filled the gazing eye, as the sea does now,
And the moon gave gracious light.

Yet it shineth now, as brightly as then,
And Nature is not to blame:
I doubt not that scene was never more fair
Than I gaze at now, but what do I care,
Its charm cannot be the same.

You have not forgotten it yet, I trust,
How we all rode through the wood,
Where the giant branches on either side,
Looming dark and stern as our only guide,
In the deep, black shadows stood.

And then when we came to the open land,
Where the fields and woodland met,
Looking back we saw in the weird, strange light,
That beautiful Moon, as it crowned the height
Of majestic Lafayette.

It was not enchantment, but O it seemed
To be something fairer still:
The shadows which gleamed o'er the dark ravine,
And the line of mountains just tipped with sheen,
That towered above the hill.

Far away as the eye could reach, we looked,
O'er forest and stream and pond,
Until in the distance a silver haze
Came softly between, and hid from our gaze
The limitless space beyond.

And then through the radiant light which lapsed
O'er the plainland at our feet,
From the hill and valley upflung on high,
Rose the voice of song to the silent sky,
And rendered the charm complete.

Ah, rarely indeed in the life of each,
Come the few brief hours like these,
When the cup of Nature—that draft divine,
Is filled to o'erflowing with Beauty's wine,
And quaffed to the very lees.

I remember how, sad to leave those scenes,
Reluctant we loosed the rein,
Until when the valley and hill were passed,
And the sentinel mount loomed up at last,
We toiled up the steep again.

Lo! then on a sudden the clustering roofs
Of the village lay beneath,
And over the forest one wavy gleam
Of delicate mist from the hidden stream—
A sword in an ebon sheath.

There lingering speechless we stood, for Thou
Hadst thrown a spell o'er the place,
O summer evening, so wondrously fair,
With the moon and stars in thy shining hair,
And the glamour of thy face.

And from each, as silent at length we turned,
Came the half unconscious sigh,
That tribute the spirit must ever pay,
To beauty that ends with the dawning day,
And is only born to die.

Downward and downward—so on we passed,
While over us hung that spell,

Till the vale was gained, and we stood once more,
Alas for us all—by the porch and door,

That we used to know so well.

Perchance you've forgotten it all—but No,
Such moments can never fade,
For they help to raise to a higher sphere
All the thoughts and deeds that are nurtured here,
In the souls which God has made.

And it may be you'll think when the passing years,
Have flitted silently by,
"I have kept that night like a flow'ret pressed
In the golden treasury of my breast,
Never to wither or die."

A NEW ERA.

All newspapers throughout the country have teemed for the last year with copious extracts from, and encomiums on the "new American poet," as he is called, Mr. F. Bret Harte. One cannot take up a magazine or glance at a journal, without his eye catching something about "Truthful James," or "The Heathen Chinnee," or "Bill Nye," or some other Rocky mountain rough and hero, of bowie knife and revolver fame: and in the poetry column, that indispensable part of every American newspaper, in place of Longfellow's or Whittier's poems, we have "The Love of Slippery Bill," or "Jim Bludso," or "Little Breeches," and so on *ad infinitum*.

Now the question naturally arises in the mind of every one who reads these productions, whether the public taste is benefited by this sudden rise of a new literature, which from its very novelty and adaptation to please the common mind, has achieved a vast popularity in almost no time. A new God has arisen to claim the public homage, and we are all asked indiscriminately to bow down with adoration, or at least with great praise, and worship at its shrine, as at the altar of one who satisfies all our wants, and *this* most of us will not be inclined to do without some investigation first, as to the justness of the claims advanced by the new school, or more properly the new teacher.

In the beginning we will give Mr. Harte the first chance to exhibit the beauties of his style, and state what claims he has to be called a "poet." We think the striking peculiarity of his writings is, that they bring one down to the every day life of a class of men previously known little of in this part of the country. He shows us their humors, their eccentricity, the good traits below the rough exterior, and their ideas on all the subjects likely to attract the attention of a western miner. He writes so naturally and vividly, that one can almost *see* them fight, work, argue, get drunk, and finally die, generally in as eccentric a manner as they have lived. It is all so novel to us, and the path is so untrodden and fresh, that we are charmed to be led out of the old ways of novelists and scenic poetry, not knowing what is to meet us at the next turn, and uncertain whether the hero will insert a knife into his adversary, or knock down a dozen men in his defense. There is a continual change of narrative, written in what might be called a "powerfully quiet style," and interspersed with little touches of humor, and often with such seemingly unconscious pathos, that one sometimes feels inclined to laugh and cry at the same time. And in part of this last remark, lies, we think, the chief secret of Mr. Harte's success. He appears so innocent of any intention to amuse or affect you, he conceals his greatest art so skillfully under a seeming anxiety to tell a straight-forward tale, that one is charmed by his modesty, and feels a sort of self satisfied complaisance as he exclaims, "Well done Mr. Harte: you are a jewel in the rough, without knowing it."

But Mr. Harte is no unconscious jewel, he knows his own value and genius, and he asserts through the newspapers and some reviews, a right to be counted a "great American poet." To this title we think he has no claim. We cannot for an instant allow that a writer who fills, overflows, deluges his writings with slang, and low expressions, can be called a *poet*. Throughout everything he has written, there is

hardly what may be properly called a lofty or a delicate thought. Humor there is, and also tenderness and pathos; but it rarely rises to the eloquence of true poetry. His path is properly among the rough stones and thorny ways of every day life, but he never ascends to the sublimity of a mountain, or delicately picks his way among the choice flowers of a garden. Tennyson, Byron and Harte, can never be classed as three *poets*: if the last is one, we must find some other name for the two former. "The Heathen Chinese," and "The Bugle Song," from "The Princess," can not be classed as two poems, any more than a white lily and a purple thistle can be termed two flowers, and we firmly believe that while Bret Harte is unrivalled in his own peculiar sphere, and as much superior to his countless imitators as he is inferior to Tennyson or Longfellow, he has done nothing yet to merit the title of "a true poet." He is a clever rhymster, and a keen observer of human nature, with a human heart—nothing more.

What effect his productions are to have on the intellect and refinement of the land, is hard to say. If it does not result in lowering the taste of the public, and by satisfying them with their own life, and what it produces, create no wish to soar higher, or refine themselves by intercourse with cultivated minds, there will be reason for surprise, but unfortunately this is the tendency of the day, and we are sorry that the new school chimes in with it, and helps in no small degree to lead us on to we know not what.

A NEGLECTED STUDY.

Suppose that a company of brothers were traveling home to their father on a road beset with dangers, and that, as they passed along, beautiful, but deceitful visions appeared at the wayside, and with many enticing words drew some of them off into the forest and marshes from which there was no hope of a return. If the more steadfast of the company looked

calmly on; if they did not try to show their wavering brothers *why* these beautiful visions were so deceitful, but only cried out "Do not listen to such nonsense!" and then went on and left them to ruin; what should we think of the conduct of such men? Should we not say that they were the most unnatural brothers we had ever seen?

Yet this is what is daily going on around us. We are brothers traveling together on a road beset with dangers. Error is rampant everywhere around us, and takes many forms to draw the weaker brethren from the one way of truth. Now of all the forms which it has assumed, none is more attractive at the present day than that of a *false natural science*. Yet this is the very kind of error that we oftenest neglect to study. This should not be so. We ought to be able to unmask the demon, and show it in its proper shape. We cannot afford to waste our time in useless lamentations over "the fearful skepticism of these evil days," but we ought to examine the weapons which skepticism uses, and try to turn the devil's own inventions against himself. We need not be afraid of the search for truth, if it is conducted in a proper spirit.

It is evident that there are two ways of learning truth. One is by direct revelation, the other is by our own reason. As revelation and reason both teach truth, they cannot disagree where both can be applied to any one study. Natural Science is such a study, and therefore they cannot disagree on questions of Natural Science. Yet we constantly see men opposing them in the consideration of this very subject. The cause is simply this, that they do not look carefully at the real teachings of revelation or of reason, but suffer their prejudices to raise a mist before the eyes. Take those who believe in the Bible only. Such men form their own theory of the meaning of that Holy Book. All scientific facts that interfere with this theory are branded as untrue. So persons once were found to say that the Bible taught

the world was flat, and that therefore it could not be a sphere. So men now are found scouting at "development," when if they consider, they will see that there is a doctrine of development which, whether true or false, does not contradict the Holy Scriptures. But on the other hand there are men who say "We place reason first." These are very likely to confuse their own theories with facts that have been proved, and when their theories contradict the Holy Bible, they cry out, "The Bible is wrong! The Church is a false teacher! We believe in progress and the nineteenth century!"

It is then necessary to separate theories from facts. Theories may conflict with facts or with other theories, but facts cannot conflict with facts. Now every one is not able thus to analyze the confused elements of modern thought, and to detect for himself the true, amidst the uncertain and the false. Weak men look to those of a stronger intellect than themselves. And on one side of the question they hear at least an attempt at reasoning, while on the other they hear, too often, only cries of "Infidelity!" and "Nonsense!" but no proof of either. It is no wonder that unstable souls are led away.

Some bold champions for the truth have arisen, but we need them everywhere. We need that every priest in the Church should study this question as carefully as he can. It is not the most important study which he can pursue, but it is a very momentous one. It will require a longer preparation, and much time and learning may seem wasted on stubborn opponents of the truth. But by our time and learning we may save a wavering brother from ruin, and what is a little fraction of our life, or a little more labor, compared with the sufferings of a never dying body and soul?

We cannot neglect these studies, for while we cry "Nonsense!" this nonsense is dragging souls to infidelity, and so to everlasting death. We ought to look at these things as if we were brave men, not cowardly children. We must

not shrink from any enemies who meet us on the battle field of error and truth.

SOPHOMORE DISCOMFITURE.

"The Gentlemen who called at 36 Brownell Hall, about 4 o'clock this morning, and who, probably in the confusion of their leave-taking, carried off various articles answering to the names of poker, a pair of skates, a door key, &c., &c., will please return aforementioned property to its owners."

A notice to this effect posted upon the College Bulletin, on the morning of Wednesday the 4th instant, created quite an excitement among the students. Seniors, forgetful of their dignity, pressed eagerly towards the bulletin, Juniors aroused for the time, from appreciation of self, endeavored to push themselves to the front, and Freshmen, their curiosity outweighing their timidity, elbowed their way through the dense throng regardless of the ribs of upper-classmen. But where were the Sophomores. Rumor says, that about 4 A. M. on that same morning a herd of them, possessed of evil spirits supposed to have been exorcised from the occupants of room No. 36, were seen "to run violently down a steep place into the" halls beneath, and scatter throughout the sections. For the truth of this we cannot vouch, still it is recorded upon the testimony of credible eye-witnesses. Another report affirmed, that the *scathing sarcasm* and *bitter irony* displayed by the owners of the stolen property, in the above notice, which they wrote fired by a righteous indignation at their wrongs, deterred them from making their appearance, and that in their efficient hands, the pen had proved as mighty as the sword, i. e. bedpost, of the night before. Again it was said, that the Sophomores avoided the Bulletin, because they were desirous of retaining the trophies of their courage and prowess, and consequently wished to remain in ignorance of any request made for them. Be the cause what it may, however, they were not visible, until the final toll of the

bell demanded their immediate presence in the chapel.

And now for the benefit of our readers, we will do as we should have done before, viz., give an explanation of the above notice, and endeavor to make our introduction intelligible.

CHAPTER I.

THE BARBERS.

It was at that still hour of the early morning chosen by desperate men for desperate deeds. Clouds of inky blackness swept through the sky, obscuring the rays emanating from the eyes of night, and impenetrably veiling its pensive Queen. Darkness brooded o'er the face of the earth. In a silence unbroken except by the sighing of the wind through the tree tops, or the occasional croaking of the frogs in the neighboring lake, a number of muffled figures stole into a spacious building, rejoicing in the name of Brownell Hall, evidently bent upon some dark deed. A ray of light escaping from their dark lantern for a moment's space illuminated the party, and gleamed with deadly intensity upon the fearful weapons which they bore. What could have been their errand? Why had they entered a peaceful dwelling, in this stealthy manner, at this untimely hour, clad in the garb of war?

CHAPTER II.

THE VICTIMS.

In a luxurious bed, wrapt in the embrace of Morpheus, and locked in each others arms lay two Freshmen asleep. The *down* upon their faces betokened the near approach to manhood, and the brawny arms extended from beneath the outside covering, proclaimed that Nature had been lavish in her bestowal of strength upon these representatives of Hercules. But suddenly as if disturbed in slumber, one of them shuddered convulsively, and gave vent to a scream so piercing, that his brother started up in alarm. "Why did you scream? What is the matter?" asked he. "I have had a nightmare. I dreamt, that we were Samsons, and that Delilah came in our sleep and shaved our

beards, and that in the morning we arose shorn of our strength." "Let us see," said the other, scratching a match against the wall. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; no, they're all there, and you were lying on the other side you know." This ended the conversation, and they again sank into a deep slumber. Time passed on. Quiet reigned supreme, disturbed only by the regular breathing of the sleepers. But hark, at the door a noise of another kind. A heavy body is projected against the door. The oaken fibres yield somewhat to the strain, but toughened by time, still give a firm resistance. Again, and again do the strong timbers bend under the strain, and again and again do they repel the oft repeated attacks. Surely there is some dark plot here. Oh! ye gods, why do the unconscious sleepers not awaken? Why do they still remain bound in slumber's chains?

CHAPTER III.

THE ATTACK.

The brothers still slept on. No watchful guardian hovered about, to warn them of their impending fate. The faithful door alone prevented the commission of the foul deed, by effectually barring the ingress of the ruffians. Still its constant groaning betokened that its resistance could not be of long duration, sooner or later it must yield, and then—O ye Heavens, why did ye not pour down your wrathful indignation upon the heads of these marauders of a peaceful home? Why—but list, a crash louder than any before resounds throughout the hall, and is borne to the deadened brain of the slumberers. The door gives way, ah, no! the lock still resists. Arise, ye Hercules, and show your might. The sleepers aroused by the uproar glanced at each other in consternation, "and each *particular hair* did stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." In the brief space of a moment they realize their position, and collect their benumbed faculties, determined to do, or die. Their family honor must remain untarnished. Their escutcheon

must be handed down to posterity with undimmed lustre, and to this end must be defended with the life-blood. Endued with this stern purpose, the brothers arose, and hastily seizing weapons stationed themselves before the shaking door. The band outside gathered themselves together for the final rush. With all their strength they threw their combined weight against the door, it gave way, and they were precipitated into the apartment. Bravely were they met. Our heroes, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand resisted the shock, and laid about them so effectually with their weapons, that the intruders unable to maintain their own, retreated in disorder before the fierce attack of their adversaries. They fired at the retiring party offensive weapons, which were carried off by them as symbols of the midnight undertaking, which resulted in the addition of so much honor to the class of '74. The brothers "stood still till the last echo died." Then gazing at each other's countenance, and speechless from thankfulness at their escape, they rushed into each others arms, and "clasped to the heart in a loving embrace," burst forth in the simultaneous cry "Saved, saved," and the echo reverberating from a neighboring room is heard "What the devil are you raising such a row for? Get to bed can't you."

WHAT IS HOME-SICKNESS?

No one has ever succeeded in the attempt to give a correct definition of "home-sickness". That there is such a thing can be established by abundant proof, and, perhaps, the writer would not have very far to go, to find an almost perfect illustration of this fact. In order to understand the metaphysical part of our subject, let us ask, and answer, two questions.

Perhaps like consciousness this peculiar, but universal, disease, cannot be defined; it is of itself simple, and indivisible; not composed of parts, either similar or dissimilar; and it must therefore be viewed as comprehensive of all the phenomena of sickness.

To be more explicit, I would add, that it does not correspond to the Greek *ὄστια*—equivalent to *substantia* in the meaning *ens per se subsistens* but to *ὑποκείμενον*, equivalent to *id quod substat accidentibus*.

From what has been said, the meaning of the term is evident. The next question which naturally arises in the mind is,—How does it originate? Philosophers from the time of Aristotle, down to the present day, have differed materially on this point.

The Aristotelians maintaining that, it originates from a desire to *return* home; while on the other hand the Platonists affirm that it originates from a sadness at *leaving* home, but also that it is an intuitive disease, of which, however, the *ego* is not conscious, until the effects are observed by the different phenomena of the mind. Darwin by proving that animals have been known to be home-sick, evidently refutes the idea that, the disease has any connection with the conscious subject.

On the whole, we would take neither the view of the Aristotelians, nor of the Platonists. Aristotle has overlooked the important fact—and in this respect we are inclined to think the word home-sickness faulty also—that this disease is not infrequently experienced by many who have not been to their homes, but to grounds either resembling their homes, or embodying an ideal home.

Plato, in affirming that the disease is intuitive, and at the same time that the *ego* is not conscious of it, uses contradictory terms.

It is impossible then, to find a correct definition for the word home-sickness, but that every human mind is conscious of the existence of such a disease, is an undeniable fact.

MINOR MATTERS.

On Monday, the 23d instant, the Grand Tribunal held their annual meeting for the initiation of the Junior class. The assembly was conducted with the *good order* and *dignity* generally manifested upon these occasions, and the

usual posters were gotten out, though not in as extensive a style as we have seen in the past. We are sorry to note the opposition of the Faculty to this organization, which has existed for so long a time, and on whose records the autographs, not only of four of the members of the Faculty as now existing, are visible, but also the autographs of quite a number of those who have been connected with this body in the past. Moreover, by opposition, we think they defeat their own ends. For certainly, as long as the Grand Tribunal remains in a quiet state, the Faculty can have no more reason to oppose its existence, than the existence of other college associations. To bring about this desired quiescence then, it seems to us, should be the end sought for, and not the extermination of this ancient organization; for from past experiments, one would judge the latter to be a thing well-nigh impossible. By their opposition, those students are deterred from joining, whose restraining influence over the counsels of the association would conduce greatly to the attainment and permanency of this desirable quiescent state, and in time the organization would have almost a traditionary existence, and live simply because of its antiquity. At it is, however, the wild spirits, and the disorder-loving members of the college—in every college there will be some of these—band together, and acting upon the impulse of perhaps the wildest one among them, there being for the moment no restraining influence, they break loose into all manner of deviltry, and generally have time given them in which to repent of their action, which, if not entirely prevented, would, no doubt, have been greatly modified, by the immediate proximity of a restraining element.

A certain student has been lately ventilating the expectations in regard to college buildings and college life, which were formed in his innocent bosom before he left his mother's knee for these rude scenes of barbarism. It appears

that this sanguine youth looked forward to what novels call "a scene of oriental luxury," not usually associated in the mind of the Trinity alumnus with his recollections of college. Such trifles as frescoed halls, carpeted, to use the advertising phrases, with "the gorgeous products of Parisian looms"; elegant apartments lavishly furnished with "the latest triumphs of upholstering skill"; splendid parlors, in which that Sybarite, the Trinity student, might receive, while pillowed on downy velvet couches, the admiring friends who poured in endless numbers to his *recherche* levees, together with all the accompaniments necessary to complete the picture of this second Eden, destitute of any Eve, save the transient "wash-woman," or the casual soap-seller, floated through the heated imagination of this enthusiastic Freshman, and the sad reality, need we say? "seared his eyeballs," and differed slightly from the Elysian dream. But though the college buildings present, especially in the interior, no unusual scenes of either magnificence or squalor, and he must be a simpleton who expects to find here all the comforts of a home, yet in default of frescoed halls, and gorgeous apartments from number one to fifty, we think some slight improvements might easily be made, which would increase the present beauties, without exercising too enervating an influence on the student. A coating of some material on the walls, which at the slightest touch would not leave a permanent white streak on one's best coat; a few gas jets to alleviate that "plague of great darkness," to which we are no more partial than the ancient Egyptians were; a glass door or so, to keep out winter winds, without excluding sunlight—these with a few other conveniences, such as other tight doors to our rooms, destitute of cracks so wide as almost to obviate the necessity of going in or out by way of the threshold, would materially improve our condition during the coming winter, and to them we consequently invite the kindly attention of the authorities.

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COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

It isn't just the thing to write a theme or to offer a condensed oration under the heading above, but it does seem nevertheless, that we are now surrounded by a mass of inconsistencies. Puzzled to know whether it is right or not to have a fire in one's stove, we conclude to toast our editor's feet, by the cosy hearthside, where every caller appreciates the hot atmosphere of

our room. If tempted by the sunshine and balmy air, we throw open a window to enjoy the Indian Summer, our neighbor opposite shakes, and rattles his stove about, chatters his teeth, and wonders we are not frozen. The mosquitoes sing more merrily than they ever did in August, and we put our head under the blankets, to keep it from the clutches of the venomous insects; the fading leaves carpet our campus in every direction, while the watering cart settles the dust of the street alongside, as if it were midsummer; the wind howls about the corners and we in our sanctum lazily roll up a copy of the last TABLET, and try to fan breath and ideas into ourselves. In our listless way, we glance over the doings of the past month, and heave a sigh, that news is arid of interest.

Eagerly we watch the forth-coming house for athletes, and wonder if the *gymnasiarchus* is engaged for the coming season. Improvements in the way of bulletins posted in the sections, numbered, and with spaces for cards to direct strangers or others to students rooms, attract our attention.

Routine is established, and "all goes merry" for the time being: not even the worthy namesake of our common progenitor, Adams, finds time to let his mythical "Indian blood" course with other than its wonted rapidity through his veins, and no longer does his war-whoop resound throughout the college halls. Even here as elsewhere, inconsistency has sway, and what else can we do, but yield gracefully.

COLLEGE MEETING.

At a college meeting, held on Saturday morning the 14th of Oct. at 9½ o'clock, the following Resolutions were proposed:

I. *Resolved*: that hereafter the Oratorical Prize Contest shall take place in the first week in December. The committee of arrangements shall consist of Representatives from the four secret societies of the college, and from the Δ. Y. Fraternity. They shall appoint the day of contest, the committee of award, the presiding officer, and make all other arrangements.

II. *Resolved*: that there shall be two competitors from each of the three upper classes appointed by the Professor of English on the basis of his marks for the orations delivered during the term in which the contest shall take place. The Professor of English may appoint a special competition for appointments if in any class it should be necessary. These appointments shall be subject to the approval of the general committee.

III. *Resolved*: that no person shall be allowed to compete more than once.

After some discussion the resolutions were adopted with two amendments. First, that in place of the words, "more than once," should be inserted, "*more than twice.*" Secondly that, to the above, there should be added, a fourth Resolution, which would read as follows:

Resolved: that if the Neutrals of Trinity college send in to the President of the senior class a written communication, signed by a majority of their number, appointing some one to represent them on the committee of arrangements, the person appointed shall be added to the Committee.

The meeting was rather an exciting one, and doubtless among the speakers every class would have been represented, if it had been stated more explicitly that such representation was desired. A willingness was shown on the part of many of the students to prolong the debate, which makes us hopeful that the library society about to be formed will be a success.

We are sorry, however, that the senior class alone took part in the discussions which arose, as the object of having a college meeting is, to give every man a hearing.

We do not know what arrangements will be made for the benefit of the Junior Class in reference to appointments. The members of the class not supposing that appointments depended upon their last orations to Prof. Johnson did not, from all we can learn, distinguish themselves. The subject matter of many of the orations was excellent, but being the first attempt, the members of the classes did not realize how difficult it was, to "speak the speech" successfully, unless thoroughly com-

mitted. We presume that the clause in the second resolution relative to "a special competition" will obviate any difficulty which may arise in the Junior and Sophomore appointments.

MUSIC.

—"separate from the several small glee clubs, whose members exercise their voices around college, to the discomfort of their neighbors." We quote these lines from the last number of the TABLET.

Before commencing this article, the writer admits that he is rather touchy on the subject above mentioned, but he will endeavor throughout to be fair. If there is anything which enlivens this, *sometimes*, dull world of ours, it is an inspiring song. We go to a "bum." The room is soon crowded. The punch bowl with its sparkling wine (?) stands upon the table, inviting the newly fledged Sophs., and staid Seniors, to partake of its sweetness. The cake, crackers, and sardines, ready for gaping mouths, stare at us in bewilderment.

Glasses are filled. Crackers are passed around, then sardines. The guests move silently about. Some one begins a story. All gather around him. The story lacks humor. Nobody laughs, because nobody can see the point. A few smart speeches are attempted. But no—there's something wanting. A toast is proposed. No response. The host feels awkwardly, and the host can't conceal it. The punch is all gone. (The bowl is filled again.) "Fill up fellows, let's drink to '7-." They drink. A few laugh, some snicker. Groups are formed. A Soph. lies down on the sofa, dozes. "Fellows I don't know what is the matter to-day, but this is *mighty* formal." "I wonder why it is?" "I am sure I don't know." "But really this is the dryest bum I've seen since '7-." "I say let's go!" They start. But hark! what's that! "By Jove a song!" In the next room:

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea."

"Pass that glass this way, hurry up!"
 "Here fellows, fill up." "Look here—take
 this," "Umph! do you expect a man to drink a
thousand glasses?" Full chorus:

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 To-morrow we'll be *sober*.

"Ah, this *is splendid!*" "I'll tell you, you
 can say what you please, but this is the best
 bum bum since '6—." Now what has caused
 the change—music! music! music!

If there's a merry vein in a man's heart, music
 will find it. If there's a gloom over a man's
 soul, music will dispel it. Let the glee clubs
 sing then! They may not do *well*, but can
 you do *better*?

SHIRT BUTTONS A CAUSE OF DEMOR- ALIZATION.

What unhappy individual, whom custom has
 compelled to wear a sh—, can doubt it? The
 above question has been forced from me by the
 intensity of my feelings. Speaking upon the
 spur of the moment, I judged other people by
 myself. There are some, whom happy in the
 possession of careful housewives, can take com-
 fort in the above mentioned garment, can twist
 and turn as they please, knowing full well, that
 the buttons have been arranged in reference to
 a permanent, not a temporary stay; or if per-
 chance, a button and a shirt should dissolve
 partnership, there is somebody else to blame for
 it besides themselves, and in that case, the
 shirt-button becomes a cause of demoralization,
 not to the sometime-inhabitant of the article
 of apparel, but to a non-inhabitant, though
 perhaps no stranger. Fortunate the man, who
 is not his own seamstress. As you will be led to
 imagine from the above—I am. I have used
 successively my fingers and thumbs as thimbles.
 Can you wonder, that I speak *feelingly*? Ah!
 none but myself can realize the *depth of my feeling*.
 Of all sewing, the sewing on of buttons is the
 most detestable, and from the sewing on of
 shirt-buttons———I should like to quote

from the Litany, but I won't. I do quite of-
 ten, however, while engaged in the last men-
 tioned occupation. Why was I not born a
 Sandwich Islander, or an Ethiopian? Buttons
 never come off their shirts. I do not wish to
 appear to grumble at my lot, but the *sore expe-*
rience of the last three or four days, (ever since
 I used my fingers for thimbles) would sour any
 man's temper. I am no Job, but after a thor-
 ough examination I do not see it stated any-
 where, that his patience was tried with the sew-
 ing on of shirt buttons. To be sure, he had
 boils, but if he had been set at the above-
 mentioned occupation, his bile would have
 stirred up an insurrection against its master, and
 "the laboring thought" would have broken
 "forth in words." You might as well have
 attempted to dam up the waters of the Nile
 with bulrushes, as to have dammed up the
 torrents of invectives, and Litany quotations
 which would have proceeded forth from his
 cavity. Oh! no! If it is ever made the ob-
 ject of antiquarian research, it will be found
 that his wife fulfilled her part of the marriage
 contract in that particular. But, let me reflect,
 I do not remember having seen it stated that
 Job possessed a shirt. No, sir. That's how
 he kept his patience. But to proceed to a histo-
 ry of my own wrongs. "I had a brother once, a
 gracious boy, full of all gentleness, of calmest
 hope, of sweet and quiet joy. He left my side—a
 summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile parting
 his innocent lips. In one short hour the pret-
 ty harmless boy was" dead. Yes, shirt buttons
 did it. For a long time I was ignorant of the
 cause of his suicide, but examining his ward-
 robe one day, I found *twenty-four* buttons off
 six shirts. "Murder will out," and the myste-
 ry was revealed. Reader, if you are of the
 masculine gender and are your own seamstress,
 if ever you find six shirts with twenty-four but-
 tons off staring you in the face, "Go thou and
 do likewise." I think by this time the demor-
 alizing influence of shirt buttons upon the au-
 thor of this production will be clearly apparent.

PERSONALS.

BACKUS, '70. B. E. Backus has been in town for a few days.

CAMERON, '29. Paul C. Cameron is now living in Hillsborough, N. C.

CAREW, '28. The address of Simon P. Carew is Stonington, Conn.

DASHIELL, '46. Rev. E. F. Dashiell, St. Michael's Md.

PARSONS, '71. A. T. Parsons has entered the Berkeley Divinity School.

SHAW, '71. J. P. C. Shaw is studying music in Boston.

SUMNER, '61. Dr. Sumner of Brooklyn was in town a few days ago.

DOUGLAS, '71. G. W. Douglas has entered the General Theological Seminary, New York.

HOLT, '75. C. H. Holt has entered the Alexandria Theological Seminary, Virginia.

HULL, '66. A. S. Hull has accepted a call to Trinity Church, Morrisiana, N. Y.

WHITLOCKE, '70. H. R. Whitlocke has taken in charge "The Old Bloomfield Parish."

BARNWELL, '71. S. E. Barnwell has entered the General Theological Seminary, New York.

DELANO, '65. F. R. Delano was married at Niagara Falls, on Thursday, Oct. 19, to Miss Elizabeth Grant.

MORGAN, '70. G. B. Morgan has entered the Divinity School, Nashotah, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

GILPIN, '31. Jno. B. Gilpin, M. D., Halifax, N. S. is Vice President of the society of Natural History of Nova Scotia.

QUICK, '58. J. H. S. Quick, and A. Dyer of '70, both of whom were mentioned in Sept. number of the TABLET, were burnt out in the late Chicago fire.

GOODRICH, '66. J. B. Goodrich was married on Oct. 18, to Miss I. Powell. His classmates, Professor Samuel Hart, and the Rev. C. H. B. Tremaine performed the ceremony.

PARTICLES.

Pres. Jackson has gone to the General Convention at Baltimore, as one of the Connecticut delegates; consequently the Seniors take up Butler's Analogy as an exciting work of fiction, rather than from studious motives.

A home-sick Freshman says he has got "the pains;" he has gone home to cure them.

Particle with the aid of Carpenter's Vegetable Physiology and a Dutch Grammar, has evolved the following: "What is the difference between a rose-bud and the Prussian Court? One is the *germination of the flower*, and the other the *Flower of the German Nation*."

A Senior on the cars a short time since, was startled by the cry, "Galaxy's Magazine for sale."

Judge Shipman is now lecturing to the Senior class upon the Constitution of the United States. We hope to notice this interesting course of lectures at greater length in some future number.

Almanac for October. The days grow shorter and shorter; the lessons grow longer and longer.

The Freshmen class seems to be an unusually verdant one. Their class motto is "*Semper vivides*," their color green, and one with whom we are acquainted, plaintively bewails the absence of his valet, and sustains his afflicted nerves by the constant use of his "*vinai-grette*."

"It never rains but it pours." Prof. Russell is instructing the students in Elocution. He thinks their appearance upon the stage a happy combination of Demosthenes and Apollo Belvidere (with his clothes on.)

We would remind the Freshmen that the 1st of November is at hand; also of the fact that each class is expected to "go ahead" of the preceding one in the variety and contents of the "Bill of Fare." In an entertainment of this kind no mistake is so vital as that of opening the oysters too early or the champagne too late.

BOOK NOTICES.

LANGUAGES AND POPULAR EDUCATION. Three addresses by Magnus Gross. New York, E. Steiger, 1871.

The three short lectures comprised in this work, may be described as urgent appeals for a thorough and complete course of German in our American schools. The author reviews the history of the English language very briefly, and showing its close connection with the German, more than 23,000 of our words being of Anglo-Saxon or early low Dutch derivation, argues earnestly that great attention should be paid to the speech of a nation so nearly allied to us by language, and so remarkable for its many illustrious men. One lecture is devoted chiefly to a plea for a higher standard of popular education, to a refutation of Herbert Spencer's theory of rights in National education, and an advocacy of Sir William Hamilton's idea, *less mathematics and more language* in our schools and colleges. Altogether the author exhibits a decided taste for Ethnology, and considerable knowledge and eloquence on the subject. The book is well worth reading, if only for its chart of the Aryan, or Indo-European Tribe of languages.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia College pays its President \$8,000, and its Professors \$6,000 per annum. Its property is more than \$3,000,000.—*Chronicle*.

CORNELL.

The Freshmen Class numbers 225 including all departments.

DARTMOUTH.

The incoming class consists of 95 members. Seventy-five of these take the Academic, the others the Scientific course.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY,

On Mondays, owing to the fact of its being washing days, the Professors cannot leave their tubs, (or their beds, which is it?) and consequently but few of them make their appearance in chapel.

LAFAYETTE.

At a meeting of the trustees of Lafayette College Penn., Sept. 27th, Mr. A. Pardee, of Hazleton, pledged the sum of \$200,000 for the erection of a new building for the scientific department, the trustees agreeing to raise an equal sum for general endowment.—*The College Courant*.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

There were seventy-seven applicants for admission to the Greek department this year, and seventy-three last year. The Freshmen class in Greek, numbers sixty-one this year, against fifty-one a year ago; while in the sophomore class there are forty-six taking this study this year, to thirty-nine last year.

Five hundred and forty-six students in law and medicine have reported at the steward's office, up to this date; of whom the law department has two hundred and sixty seven, with three ladies, and the medical department two hundred and seventy-nine, with twenty-nine ladies, more coming.

There were 210 applicants for admission to the University of Michigan, of whom eighteen were ladies. One hundred and ninety-five applied for the Freshman class, the remainder for upper classes. A much smaller number than usual applied for the optional course.—*Chronicle*.

Michigan University will erect a new college building during the coming year, 133 feet by 127 in size, with a dome 144 feet high. It has as yet, no gymnasium building, but there is a call for one on the part of the students. The University, up to the present time, has graduated, from all its departments 2,900 persons.—*Williams Vidette*.

OBERLIN.

Oberlin numbers 1,000 students, only 130 of whom take a full course.

PRINCETON.

The Sophomore class have been for some time in a state of rebellion, because eight of their number were expelled for hazing. The incoming class numbers 93.

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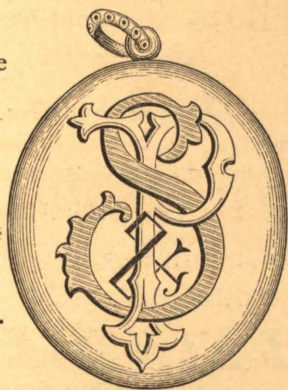
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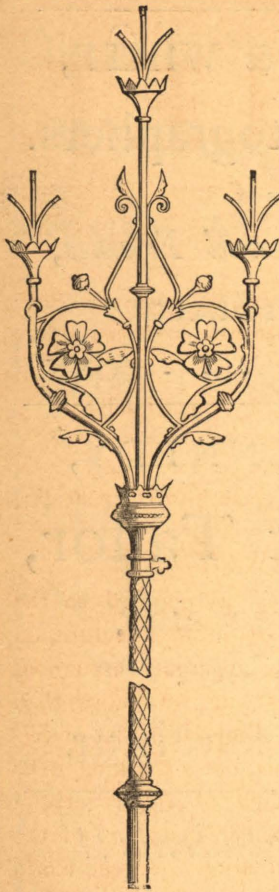
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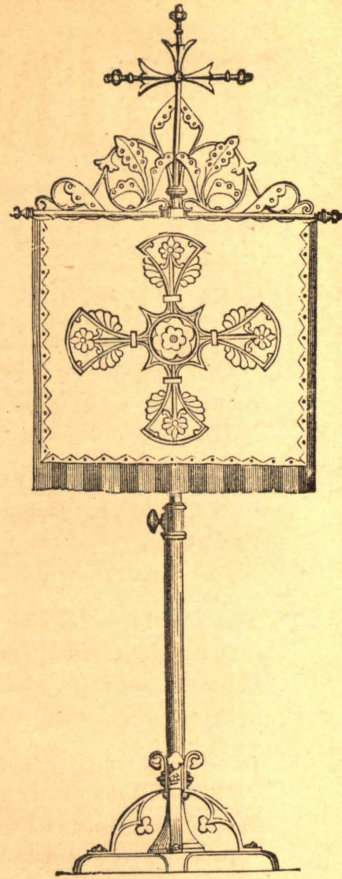
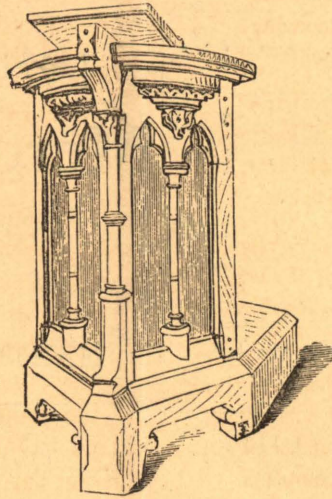
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