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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. V.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY, 1872.

No. I.

REVERIES.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room,
 This long December night,
 Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom
 With many a picture bright.
 Ah! how the fire can paint!
 His magic skill how strange!
 How every spark,
 On the canvas dark,
 Draws figures and forms so quaint!
 And how the pictures change,
 One moment how they smile!
 And in less than a little while,
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 Like the gleam of summer sky,
 The beaming smiles all die.
 From gay to grave—from grave to gay,
 The faces change in the shadows gray,
 And just as I wonder who are they,
 Over them all,
 Like a funeral pall,
 The folds of the shadows drop and fall,
 And the charm is gone,
 And every one
 Of the pictures fade away.
 Ah! the fire within my grate,
 Hath more than Raphael's power,
 Is more than Raphael's peer—
 More than he in a year;
 And the pictures hanging round me here
 This *holy quiet eve*,
 No Artist's pencil could create,
 No Painter's art conceal.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room;
 But no! the fire is dying,
 And the weary-voiced winds in the outer gloom,
 Are sad, and I hear them sighing.
 The winds have a voice to pine—

Plaintive, and pensive, and low—
 Hath it a heart like mine or thine?
 Knoweth it weal or woe?
 How it wails in a ghostlike strain,
 Just against that narrow pane!
 As if it were tired of its long, cold flight,
 And wanted to rest with me to-night:
 Cease, night winds cease;
 Why should you be sad!
 This is a night of joy and peace,
 And my heart and soul are glad!
 But still the wind's voice grieves!
 Perchance o'er the fallen leaves,
 Which in their summer bloom,
 Danced to the music of bird and breeze,
 But torn from the arms of their parent trees,
 Lie now in their wintry tomb,
 Mute types of man's own doom.

And thus with the night winds only,
 And the fancies they unfold,
 Alone and yet not lonely,
 My first life's story's told.

AFTER ALL.

Well, Fred, as soon as the water
 Becomes sufficiently warm—
 By Jove! How it's snowing outside,
 We're having a regular storm—
 We'll add a drop of good whisky
 To make us a nice little brew,
 Enough for our social enjoyment
 And seeing the evening through.
 I'm sure you've something to tell me,
 Concerning the killing of time,
 That's happened this winter vacation,
 Reality, romance, or rhyme
 Some social society picture
 That hangs in your memory's hall,

That needs but the touch of suggestion,
Its pleasantest scenes to recall.

Whew! Will, you're getting poetic,
Leisure's had an effect upon you,
I know you are given to sentiment,
But this is a vein that is new.

Oh! No, I'm the same old sixpence,
With nothing of romance to tell,
Only music and books, and all that—
You know them now quite well.

Then take a cigar, old Stoic,
Now that our brew is done,
And I'll give you a recent adventure,
Concerning me—number one.
I perceive you see in a moment,
Of course, there's a girl in the case—
I'll trot out my odd bits of ribbon,
Of feathers and flowers and lace.

Yes, Fred. It's the same dear creature,
I met at the Class Day dance,
Who gave me the note last summer—
Then I felt like going to France?
She was visiting up in our city,
Some girl I happened to know,
Who gave her an elegant party,
And of course I went to the show.

We met, by no means as strangers,
She wasn't the least cold to me,
Her ways were truly enchanting,
I couldn't think why it should be.
At last we went out to supper,
I helped her to take off her glove,
And noticed that on her fore-finger,
Was wanting the symbol of love.

So after the feasting was over,
We strolled out into the hall,
And under the stairs on the sofa,
She quietly told me all;
How they met at the seaside one summer,
And he seemed the most constant of men,
How they talked of the past, and the future,
How he solemnly promised and then

How the fellow had married another,
The miserable, infamous scamp,—
Just then a couple up stairs
Turned down the unsocial hall lamp—

How of course the matter was ended,
The return of the letters and rings,
I knew by the way that she told me,
She'd suffered unutterable things.

Of course I sympathized with her,
Being quite a *particular* friend,
And told her for her sake indeed
I was sorry for such a sad end;
She said 'twas very provoking,
At first quite dreary and sad,
But now that the matter was over,
She was truly and heartily glad.

Well, Fred, there's a word of one syllable,
I think it begins with an L,
That just at this opportune moment,
Was uttered by one you know well;
And there came in responses a dear whisper,
In which there figured a Y—
After all I'm exceedingly happy,
Don't ask me the reason why.

ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH.

When Rome had reached the height of her ambition, and had begun to neglect the preservation of that discipline of military service which had so largely contributed to her power, she soon felt the weight of the bonds she so often had imposed. The first and most powerful of her assailants was Alaric the Visigoth, who sallied from the frozen fields of Scythia at the head of a subject host. Led by desire of plunder and the hope of an easy conquest, he first advanced against Rome's Grecian colonies. From Sunium to Megara he spread his devastations. Corinth and Argos yielded, without resistance, to his arms. Sparta, no longer mindful of her ancient valor, fell with the others. The feeble life of Greece, which had survived the hand of Decius and of Gallienus was now destroyed, and has never since revived.

Surrounded in Epirus by the Roman Army under Stilicho, with great boldness Alaric escaped from their grasp, and, having skillfully formed a treaty with the Eastern Empire, became "magister militum" in Illyricum, with all the power of an imperial prefect.

How he obtained that dignity, and how he lost it, are questions to which history furnishes no answer. But it was most probably while there, that he sought for new fields for conquest. The European provinces of the Eastern Empire were exhausted, the Asiatic were inaccessible, and the strength of Constantinople had resisted his attack.

The fame, the beauty, the wealth of Italy tempted Alaric, and he secretly aspired to plant his Gothic standards on the walls of Rome, and to enrich his army with the accumulated spoils of three hundred victories.

With bold and rapid marches he passed the Alps and the Po, and appeared in Northern Italy. Here his forces were repulsed, and his chiefs then began to recommend the more prudent measure of a seasonable retreat. In his reply to them Alaric first displayed the character of the conqueror of Rome, (an invincible temper of mind which rises superior to every misfortune, and derives new resources from adversity) and concluded a powerful and animated speech by the solemn and positive assurance that he was resolved to find in Italy either a kingdom or a grave.

He now led his largely increased forces against the Capitol. Stilicho was dead, and Rome had neither leader nor soldiers to oppose him. With the rapidity which always marked his movements he advanced along the Flaminian way. His genius and enthusiasm had removed from the minds of his soldiers the dread of the Roman name, and after passing through stately arches adorned with the spoils of barbarian victories, he pitched his camp under the very walls of Rome.

For more than six hundred years the Eternal City had been unviolated by the presence of a foreign foe. The unsuccessful expedition of Hannibal had served only to display the character of the senate and people. Hannibal was astonished at the seeming inactivity of the Senate who, without recalling their scattered forces, awaited his approach. He led his Africans to

the gates of Rome. Three armies were there to meet him, and his speedy retreat confessed the invincible courage of the Romans.

Then, every senator was a warrior, tried in the many contests of the western empire, and all the youth were soldiers, trained from boyhood in that art. And it is not strange that Hannibal was unsuccessful. But now Rome had degenerated, and her haughty nobles, whose first feeling was surprise that a vile barbarian should invest the capital of the world, awoke too late to their true position.

But though the ancient spirit of valor was dead in the Roman hearts, yet the love for their city led them to strive to ward off this northern king. Twice were treaties formed, and twice did Rome fail to fulfill her part. Then Alaric would listen to no fair promises; the conquering and sacking of Rome would alone satisfy his fierce barbarian army.

On the 24th of August, in the year of Our Lord 410, the Goths entered the city and with savage fierceness rushed through the streets, no longer filled with the busy populace, knowing no measure in their rapacity, wresting the treasures from the people, only sparing through some remnant of an half forgotten piety, the churches and the temples of the Gods.

For six days they filled that city, yet their destructive ravages cannot be compared with those of the army of Charles V. who more than 11 centuries later, plundered this same city. Not content with this mighty conquest, Alaric still marched on. Southern Italy yielded, and the rich towns and fertile fields of Sicily were all that remained for him to gain.

But death at length put an end to the ambitious projects of Rome's haughty conqueror, and this mighty warrior, after having overrun Southern Europe, and subdued mighty kings and kingdoms, now lies beneath the waters of the Busentius, in a sepulchre adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, gathered by her from every quarter of the globe to grace his funeral,

A PLEA.

Not long ago an article appeared in the TABLET, advocating a change in the Latin and Greek departments of the College. No specific plan was offered, but the simple desirability of a change, was discussed. Now we think a change of some sort not only desirable, but imperatively needed. Look, for instance, at the recitations in the Greek department for the Junior class. Only two recitations per week for the entire year! This arrangement may be very popular with those who do not like Greek, but to those who are fond of the language it seems a very small amount of time to be given to the most important study of the course.

One half the interest in any pursuit arises from having it continually before the mind. It is hardly possible to keep up even a reasonable degree of interest in a study if we are compelled to take it up by piece-meal, at intervals of three or four days. We have a vivid recollection of taking up our *Prometheus Vincetus*, last term, and digging along in the most aimless way for ten or fifteen lines, until it slowly came back to us what it was all about. And no wonder! almost a week had elapsed since our last recitation, and we had been occupied with other matters in the mean time, and very naturally lost sight of the plot of the play. Of course it all occurred to us in a little while, but the same vexation, happening every time, wasn't the best way to keep up our interest in *Prometheus Vincetus*. There is the same inconvenience in the recitations of the Latin department. From now till commencement, the juniors recite only twice a week—in Juvenal and Plautus, too! This way of recitation may be very good, as has been hinted, for "mental Gymnastics," but real enjoyable study is almost out of the question. Now is there no remedy for this lack of interest in the Classics?

A remedy, which has been successfully tried in one of our colleges, immediately suggests itself. Let us have one term for Latin, and another for Greek. Let us have a Latin recita-

tion *every day* in its term, and a Greek recitation *every day* in *its* term. When the Latin for the year is finished up, let us have an examination on it, and then lay it aside, and devote our whole attention to Greek, till *that* is finished. This is precisely the plan now pursued in Amherst College. After Freshman year, no class has Latin and Greek together, but each, in turn, is studied on alternate terms.

Thus the mind is continually fixed on one study until it is finished; an uninterrupted interest is kept up; clear, sharp impressions of the subject are formed; and a lesson in Greek, instead of being an isolated unit, forms a part of a coherent whole. This seems to us to be the true way to study the classics. The Faculty of Trinity, doubtless, have many weighty reasons for retaining our present system of recitations, but the plan we have mentioned seems to have such a manifest superiority, that we are constantly wondering why it is not adopted here. We know that its adoption would please the majority of the students, and we are quite sure that it would give no less pleasure to one member, at least, of the Faculty.

THE PROPOSED STATE HOUSE.

When the citizens of Hartford determined to erect a new State House, every student of Trinity was delighted with the idea; for whatever tends to improve or beautify the place, of course adds so much to the wealth of the college. But now, when it is proposed to buy the college grounds, and to build on them this formidable edifice, do we not wish that New Haven had gained the victory, and that the legislature were to meet there each year? Some know so little about the matter as to consider \$200,000 or \$300,000 a sufficient sum to persuade us to move from these old halls, to give up our beautiful campus and grounds, and to seek some other locality where we may spend our years of college life. No University in the United States can boast of so fine a site as Trinity; it will soon be in the heart of the city; property is

everywhere increasing in value around it; and it is situated just high enough above the town to command a fine view. As one enters Hartford almost the first buildings that meet his gaze are our Halls. Supposing that we could get \$500,000 for our grounds, let us see how much better off we should be. The first thing would be to buy some new land, and where in this or any other flourishing city, could we purchase enough for less than \$150,000; new dormitories, such as are needed, could not now be built for less than \$100,000 apiece; there is \$350,000 gone already; and this estimate makes no allowance for a library or chapel; or for a building for recitation rooms? Is \$150,000 enough for all these? But what have we lost? A lovely situation, our old campus, the ivy-covered buildings, and the trees which added so much to our comfort in summer, and we have gained almost nothing.

We have heard it stated by one who has carefully examined this question that \$900,000 would *scarcely* pay us for this land, and whether we can afford to sell for that amount is a question. Some argue that we will never again have such an opportunity to get ready money, but are we to shift from one spot to another and seek thus to raise funds? Is Trinity a college, built where it now stands, for the purpose of educating young men, or is it a money making institution, ready to change from this place to that for the consideration of a little ready cash? If our land is worth so much to the city, it is worth more to us, as a college, and we should be very careful how we dispose of it.

Besides we have all the land that we need; an immense University could not well occupy more than thirteen acres, and our grounds could easily be enlarged by the addition of several acres on the south side of College street. We have yet to learn that Trinity was ever ambitious of transforming herself into a so-called University, and we are far from believing that numbers are a sure criterion of the excellence of a college. Those who say that we need

more land do not altogether understand our condition.

Laying aside every such consideration we should in the case supposed lose all the old associations connected with the college, and when we are in our magnificent buildings, (which they assure us we can build, if we will only sell our land), we shall often sigh for those old Halls in which we spent so many happy hours. If any of the Alumni are desirous of changing our situation, let them look back on their college days, and think how fortunate they were in having such a spot where they might receive an education; let them consider how unnatural it would seem to behold an imposing State House, on the very ground which they when students, used to call their own, and let them think too of the feelings of the present undergraduates, and not be willing to throw away so much for the sake of money. It is true we need money, in fact very much of it, but we have never yet despite our poverty, been bankrupt, and there is no reason for thinking that the future looks dangerous. We own a great deal of real estate, and as has been said, it is increasing instead of depreciating in value; within the last three years our income has steadily accumulated, and prospects are brighter than ever. We believe that all the Faculty, and we know that by far the greater number of the undergraduates, are opposed to selling, and they are entitled to consideration in this matter. It is true that the Hartford papers are full of splendid arguments to show how much better off we should be, if we would follow their advice; we do not profess to be skillful lawyers and consequently refrain from arguing with these journals; but we do ask the trustees to consider how much our college will lose if they change her location, and to have no fear that she must "sell or die," but to lend their aid to make her even more prosperous than she now is, and to respond promptly to the calls she may make on their liberality, assured that their money will be devoted to a most praise-worthy object. R.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

SCHEME—TRINITY TERM, 1872.

SENIORS.		
THEMES.	ORATIONS.	DISCUSSIONS.
Feb. 7.	Mar. 20.	Jan. 31.
Mar. 6.	June 5.	Apr. 17.
Apr. 3.		
May 8.		
May 29.		

JUNIORS.		
THEMES.	ORATIONS.	DISCUSSIONS.
Feb. 15.	Mar. 7.	Feb. 1.
Mar. 21.	May 7.	Apr. 4.
Apr. 16.		June 6.
May 23.		
June 18.		

SOPHOMORES.	
THEMES.	TRANSLATIONS.
Feb. 15.	Jan. 30.
Mar. 21	Mar. 5.
Apr. 16.	Apr. 6.
May 23.	May 7.
June 18.	June 14.

FRESHMEN.	
TRANSLATIONS.	
Feb. 7.	May 1.
Feb. 21.	May 15.
Mar. 6.	May 29.
Mar. 20.	June 12.
Apr. 3.	June 26.

SUBJECTS OF THEMES.

SENIORS.

1. Sentimental Reforms.
2. "A little learning is a dangerous thing."
How far is this true?
3. Critiques; Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy," or "Americanisms."
4. Poem. The Visit of the Duke Alexis, or the Battle between King Arthur and Accolon.
5. Graduating Oration.

JUNIORS.

1. The influence of Chivalry on English Literature.

2. Theories Regarding the Origin of Language.
3. The effect of Geographical Positions on National Character.
4. Dante historically compared with Chaucer.
5. The Law of Moral Manifestation.

SOPHOMORES.

1. Westminster Abbey.
2. Alfred the Great.
3. Savonarola as a Reformer.
4. Russia Since the Siege of Sebastopol.
5. The Mission of the Beautiful in Nature and in Art.

N. B. The Seniors and Juniors have Themes, and Orations or Discussions alternately every two weeks.

The Sophomores have Themes and Translations alternately every two weeks.

The Freshmen have Translations every two weeks.

Rev. E. E. JOHNSON,
Prof. in English Department.

THE ORIGIN OF AN OLD PROVERB.

About the year 1,000 B. C., there lived in the country of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, a peasant by the name of Gordius, who, while plowing in his field one day, noticed an eagle alight upon a yoke of oxen, where it remained all the day. Gordius became very much alarmed at this, others believed it to be a prodigy, and prevailed upon Gordius to consult the soothsayers of Telmessus, a city in Lydia, which country in those days was famous for the science of augury. As he came into the city he was met by a very beautiful young woman. He related to her the cause of his coming to Lydia, upon which she assured him that the prodigy indicated his elevation to a throne. As an evidence of her faith in her interpretation of this extraordinary omen she offered to become his wife. Although Gordius had doubts as to the verification of the prediction he very willingly embraced this opportunity, and they became man and wife.

Not long after this occurrence a sedition broke

out among the countrymen, who were at the time without a ruler. They finally appealed to the oracles for means to stop this anarchy. The oracles advised them to choose a king. They were to note the first man who passed the temple of Jupiter driving an ox cart. This person, the oracles assured them, was destined to become their ruler. Accordingly all rushed to the temple. Gordius shortly passed driving his ox cart. The assemblage hailed him as their sovereign, and he thus became king of Phrygia.

Absurd as this may appear at a glance it has many parallels in history. The popular caprice has frequently conferred honor and power upon persons of obscure birth, from a motive no more rational than the one indicated above. During a sedition in Florence, in the middle ages, a wool comber was made chief magistrate of the republic, simply because he picked up a national flag and waved it over the heads of the multitude. To commemorate this remarkable elevation to a throne, Gordius dedicated his ox cart in the temple of Jupiter to regal majesty. He fastened a knot to the beam of the cart, so dexterously involved and perplexed, that the oracles promised the dominion of the world to the man who could untie it. The untying of it probably was impossible, as both ends were woven together. Great numbers tried to untie it and failed. At length Alexander the Great came, and after repeated and fruitless efforts, he drew his sword and cut it. Thus resulted the saying, "cutting the Gordian knot."

MINOR MATTERS.

The following advertisements most certainly show a progressive age. They met our eye while glancing over an English contemporary.

"NOSE MACHINES. This is a contrivance by which the soft cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price, 10 s. 6 d., sent free for stamps. Alex. Ross, 248 High Holborne Street, London."

From the same journal we clip also a recipe

for the ingenious, "for chapped hands.—Try glycerine and rose-water. Rub well in and go to sleep in a pair of kid gloves."

A copy of the new *Juvenalis Satirae*, procured from Europe for the Junior class by Prof. Hart, was shown us a day or two since, and it certainly is entitled to our admiration, for its clear text, scholarly notes, and particularly, its admirable binding. It is a pleasure to read from text books that haven't the appearance of Patent Office Reports as to their covers, and a blurred type on every page. This new work is one of the series *Catena Classicorum* edited by the Rev. Arthur Holmes, M. A., Fellow in Cambridge University. Published by Rivingtons, Oxford.

The Scrap-book mania seems to have taken possession of Trinity students generally. It is all very well perhaps to have a collection of programmes, notices, et cetera, but it is hardly just or fair that to obtain those notices the bulletin board should be robbed, or that a special police system be organized to see that notices remain in their proper places long enough for at least four or five students to get a glimpse of them. Can't those insane individuals who so indiscriminately make off with the bulletin notices see that they injure themselves, by establishing precedents for others?

There is more than one metaphorical way of biting one's nose off, though we must confess that in this case the injury is not confined to an individual. If you must have an autograph of a Professor, go politely to his room and ask for it; we'll warrant that you'll not be refused, and perhaps now, he would dash off half a dozen copies of any bulletin notice for you and your friends, providing of course that there be an end to the nuisance we complain of. An appeal to one's sense of dignity ought to be sufficient; if that doesn't suffice, a line from the catechism might keep men's hands from "picking and stealing."

THE TRINITY TABLET,

*Published monthly throughout the collegiate year
by the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

EDITORS, CLASS OF '73.

T. P. CHESHIRE,
C. H. PROCTOR,

G. B. UNDERHILL,
C. E. WOODMAN.

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NOTICE.

As this particular corner seems to have been set apart for reminding delinquent subscribers that their bills are due, the PRESENT MANAGEMENT puts a very large and emphatic foot into the prints already made and asks firmly but mildly how long they (i. e. subscribers) will abuse its patience? Alas, "its one of those things a 'feller' never can find out."

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

With the present number begins a new year in the eventful history of the TABLET as well as in that of the world at large. And although the thoughts and moral reflections which are wont to arise from such an important change are very unequal in the two, yet we do not think we are too presumptuous in saying that proportionally to the respective numbers of those interested in them, the birth of the new year in the life of the TABLET is looked upon with as much interest and concern as is that in the life of the moral and physical world. For, in the case of the former, a double change is produced. It takes one more step in the course of time, and also makes an entire change in its "administration," so to speak. Those who have so perseveringly and nobly waged the editorial warfare during the past year have now laid aside their arms, and, like worthy veterans, have settled gracefully in the "otium cum dig," and raw recruits have seized upon their weapons, and, in this issue, make their first charge; whether successfully or not, it is with you, readers, to decide. But be not rash in your decision: for you well know that experience only makes perfect; and without some experience we cannot reasonably be expected to battle like old and well tried warriors. Your indulgence, therefore, we ask at the outset. Overlook those errors which may naturally occur before we are well settled in the harness, and exercise your patience until we are so settled.

We fully appreciate the important work entrusted to us and the responsibilities resulting therefrom; and we pledge ourselves, as far as lies in our power, that neither the work shall be neglected nor the responsibilities shirked; and nothing beyond can be required of us. It is our purpose to strengthen if possible, by no means to break, those "bonds of peace" which have so happily marked the course of the TABLET during the past year, in its transactions and discussions with the papers of our sister colleges; believing it to be a feature of bad taste as well

as poor policy to give any unnecessary cause of offence to others, or to be too hasty in taking to ourselves and construing in a bad sense anything that may be said by others, perhaps without the least intention of giving offence, merely for the sake of exciting a quarrel. Yet we do not, by any means, wish it understood that we intend to shut our eyes to everything that may be said or written of us, and pass it over in silence. The honor of our college at all times, and under all circumstances must be looked to with a jealous eye; and to this sacred duty devolving upon us as editors of the *TABLET*, we pledge our most careful attention. Yet we do not anticipate the least trouble on this head, having by far too great a respect for our cotemporaries to imagine them capable of giving occasion for it. We tender thanks to our predecessors of '72 for giving us a hint on this point, though, by noticing the fruits of their "peaceful reign," we think it most likely that we should have been restrained by force of example from taking any such rash step.

There is one point to which we especially desire the attention of our fellow-students to be called, and that is the necessity, or at least the practicability, of their co-operating with us in our editorial labors. We do not make this request merely because it will be a convenience or assistance to us, but rather because we feel fully persuaded that in this way the end for which the paper was established will be more completely accomplished. It is well known that the *TABLET* is designed to be the exponent of the views and talent of the college at large. Hence it is very evident that this object will be only partially effected, if the duty of expressing those views be left wholly to the editors. They should rather be considered as a committee appointed to regulate the affairs of the *TABLET* and to be responsible for its appearance, but not by any means the sole workers. The members of each and every class are, therefore, cordially invited to hand in contributions; to all of which we promise our careful attention. We

should be especially pleased if any of the editors, wishing to have a "sweet reminder" of the pleasures (?) of the "sanctum," would favor us. For such we should be particularly grateful.

And now, fresh and inexperienced, we candidly confess, though for the same reason more fitted to endure labor and hardship, having wielded our quill for the first time in the cause of the *TABLET*, we make our bow, and take our seat in the "editorial chair."

THE ORATORICAL PRIZE CONTEST.

A very good audience was gathered together in the Cabinet on the evening of the 25th, to hear the speaking for what is emphatically the students' prize—the "Athenæum and Parthenon" Medals. Mr. Barnwell of '72, introduced the speakers.

Mr. Hurd, '74, was the first on the list. Announcing "Masaniello" as his subject, he drew a picture of the beauty of Naples, enlarged on its location, scenery, and climate, and contrasted the loveliness of the city with the ignorance of its inhabitants. He sketched the origin, character, and turbulent reign of the "Fisherman King," described his enthronement in the market place of Naples, and ended with a description of his death and place of burial.

Mr. Cotton, '74, followed with a description of the "Coliseum," and its audience. He commented on the bloodthirsty nature of the Romans, which found keen pleasure in the carnage of the Amphitheatre, and pictured the death of a young Gaul by the hands of Gladiators, and the sublimer scene of a Christian martyr's triumph in death. After showing the superiority of the Christian religion to the worship of Jove, the speaker closed with a scene of the martyr's burial-place—the gloomy vaults of the Catacombs.

The next speaker, Mr. Richardson, '73, took for his subject, "Athens." He outlined her constitution, bringing out in bold relief its len-

ity by comparing it with that of Sparta. He contended that the luxury of Athens was not in all respects an evil, but in some, quite the contrary. The poor found employment at the hands of the rich, magnificent buildings were erected, and the pursuit of the arts and poetry was encouraged. The heroism of the Athenians at the battle of Marathon was eulogized, and, in conclusion, the speaker paid a high tribute to the Athenian literature.

Mr. Snyder, '72, was next introduced, and spoke with much earnestness in favor of "Gothic Architecture." He traced its rise from its birth place in France, and its diffusion over all the Christian world; compared it with the architecture of the more enlightened heathen nations; showed that religion had always controlled art; and that it had been reserved for the Christian religion to bring forth this fitting symbol of its own moral and spiritual strength. He drew an analogy between the operations of the intellect and the creations of art, and appealed for the wider extension of this architecture, rendered sacred by the parentage of the church.

The last speaker, Mr. Parker, '73, gave a "Plea for the Woods." Opening with a sketch of an eccentric character, known, on account of the number of apple trees which he planted, as "Johnny Apple-Seed," he alluded to the wanton waste of forest trees everywhere going on, and urged the necessity of legal intervention to prevent the wholesale destruction. In the course of his argument, he introduced a very remarkable dream to illustrate the necessity of beauty for human enjoyment, and concluded with a warning drawn from the condition of Spain and Persia.

The decision of the judges—Hon. Henry C. Deming, Rev. Mr. Meach, and Rev. Mr. Nelson—awarding the first prize to Mr. Cotton, and the second to Mr. Hurd, was received with tumultuous applause; and after the presentation of the medals by Mr. Barnwell, the audience dispersed.

On the whole the contest was a success. The pieces were well committed, and the speaking was first rate. May Trinity be as well represented in coming contests as she has been in this!

PERSONALS.

WEST, '72. G. W. West has accepted a situation in St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

READ, '72. J. W. Read is in East Hartford "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

BARBOUR, '70. H. M. Barbour was ordained Deacon last month by the Bishop of New York. He is at present in Madalina, N. Y.

STANLEY, '68. Rev. G. M. Stanley has been transferred to the Diocese of Central New York, and is now officiating at Penn Yan.

STOCKING, '60. The Rev. C. H. W. Stocking has removed to Chicago. His present address is 50 S. Sheldon street.

DYER, '70. Arthur Dyer has removed from Chicago to New York, and will soon occupy a post upon the new New York paper, *The Financier*.

DOUGLASS, '46. Rev. Malcolm Douglass, D. D., of Windsor, Vt., has been elected President of Norwich University, and will enter upon his duties this month.

CAMMANN, '74. D. M. Cammann has left college. He intends to remain in New York till next April, when he will sail for England, and matriculate at the University of Oxford. We wish him all success.

GRISWOLD, '66. On Thursday, Dec. 21st, 1871, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. C. R. Hains, B. Howell Griswold, and Carrie G., daughter of the late T. G. Robertson, Esq., all of Hagerstown, Md.

BROCKLESBY, '65. John Henry Brocklesby, of this city has given up his law practice, and now occupies a position on the editorial staff of the *Boston Post*. He has for some time acted as a correspondent for that paper, and for the *New York World*, and has also contributed many interesting articles to the *College Review*.

PARTICLES.

"With despair in his heart," Particle commences his pleasant task and begs indulgence from his many critical friends. At any rate he wishes himself at home and hopes that subscribers will do the square thing and attend to TABLET bills with lightning haste.—We notice that our friends over yonder in chapel are becoming humane. They probably believe the saying of the darkey preacher who observed that "Tis prayer what gives the debil de lock-jaw."—Adams has made arrangements to call his tenth boy after the Grand Duke. Does any one object?—"Father dear Father" has ceased to be heard in Brownell Hall. "Happy are we &c., &c." If Elijah had only put his hat on, the boys would not have joked him by crying bald head. Claw-hammer is the now expressive term for the dress-coat. How classical the fashionable world has become.—The Gymnasium as we understand it is not a public institution.—The noisest affair by far in our neighbors room is the cup that *cheers*.—Any one of a sympathetic nature will be pleased to hear that we have a tenor in our seat. A stopper will be thankfully received.—In what a state of mind must that man have been the other day, who for fifteen minutes tried to get a letter into a fire alarm box!—For sale at Liberty street ferry, N. Y., Telegram, all the daily 2 cent news.—Columbia Soph. to Freshman, "Our class is the crack class of the College!" Fresh, "Humph! cracked did you say?"—In a Broadway store, "Fine cut glass perfumery."

THAT STRANGE DEVICE.

Of all the knotty questions,
That College wisdom vex
The toughest is, What meaneth
S—T—1860—X.

This secret wouldst unravel,
Then to a Freshie take
Thyself, and be the wiser
For curiosity's sake.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

AMHERST.

The Williams *Review* appears to be in bad humor of late, especially in reference to Amherst College. It says that the plan lately adopted there, whereby graduating students leave materials for future obituaries with class secretaries, is entered upon, because Amherst men are never heard of after graduation. The Amherst *Student* is also spoken of as "that sign-board of a sheet." We can but hope our friends will keep cool and assist in maintaining the general era of peace which exists between college journalists.—*Courant*.

AMHERST AGRICULTURAL.

The following paragraph has been generally circulated in the college papers:—

"At a lecture before the Agricultural College students at Amherst, on grape culture, the lecturer presented a quart bottle of wine made from his own grapes, and requested the class to sip it to test its quality. The bottle lasted only to the third man.

Whereupon the *Lawrence Collegian* mildly asks, "What became of the wine?"

BROWN.

Brown has six secret societies, and a chapter of the Delta Upsilon.

It is now definitely ascertained that the time for prayers is not half-past eight, but at any time previous to that, at which the ringer chooses to assemble the students.

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY.

We have the excellent authority of the *College Journal* for saying that in this institution, all chapel exercises are voluntary. They will be making all recitations voluntary, next.

CAMBRIDGE.

The English declamation and composition prizes at Trinity College, University of Cambridge, have been awarded to an American—George Lockhart Rives, of Virginia.

DALHOUSIE.

Dalhousie has 99 students. The other colleges in the Dominion report as follows:—Mt. Allison, 28; Acadia, 36; Kings, 10 or 11. St. Francis Xavier and St. Mary publish no catalogues.

The laws of Dalhousie compel the wearing of caps and gowns. But the *Gazette* says:—

"Caps and Gowns are ignored by the Seniors out-

side the class room. Most of the Juniors follow their example, while the Sophs. and Freshmen, with a few exceptions, own no caps. Where are the decrees of the Senate?"

EDINBURGH.

There are 1533 students in this University.

At the Easter competitive examination of Edinburgh University a young woman won the scholarship, but the faculty refused to grant it on the ground that, although women are entitled to tuition, the University prizes belong to men exclusively. The result was that the professor of Chemistry became disgusted, and a general disturbance ensued. When the women were on the point of calling out victory, Dr. Christison, physician to the queen, informed the professors that "the highest lady in the realm" had instructed him to represent to them that she greatly disapproved of women studying medicine. This turned the scale, and the motion to "put young women on the same footing as young men" was voted down by a majority of one.—*Chronicle*.

HARVARD.

Soph.—Professor, why are there so many genders to German words? *Professor.*—Why, in order to propagate the language, of course.—*Advocate*.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

There seems to be an unusual tendency this year, especially in the senior class, to take extra work in addition to the studies prescribed in the regular course.—*Chronicle*.

Calling it "unusual" isn't saying very much for it. The *Chronicle* calls this funny:—

"A physico-metaphysical problem:—Find the top-side of a concept and the north-west corner of an i.'ea."

MONMOUTH.

A few days since some experiments in Oxygen were given before the Senior class. Immediately upon the darkening of the room, a peculiar sound was heard which *might have been* made by the union of two pair of lips. Reflections have been cast upon the gentleman who was seated at a convenient distance from the ladies.

NEBRASKA STATE UNIVERSITY.

Nebraska has just opened a State university, located at Lincoln. It now has a college paper and two literary societies, both organized a few weeks after the opening of the University.

RIPON.

At Ripon, the Freshmen take notes on the Juniors' orations. What for?

College Days gives the following as a specimen examination paper. *Query.* From Ripon?

"Test questions for examination in Cicero: Draw a diagram of the Senate House and locate the Forum. How long was Pompey's toga? Did he have more than one? If so when did he change? Most of the boys thought so too, and 'passed.'"

WESLEYAN.

A couple of the college officers were seen sometime since at no great distance from the building to be occupied by the "Commons," next term, cutting up a dead horse. To say the least, this looks suspicious. This may explain how the managers of the "Commons" will be able to furnish board for two dollars and seventy-five cents a week.—*Argus*.

Two dollars and seventy-five cents a week!!!!

One of the Professors is reported to have said, that he thought that it was useless to have recitations on Friday, as no one ever had their lessons on the day after Thanksgiving.—*Argus*. Correct.

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