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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL, 1873.

No. IV

The 'Trinity Tablet.

This paper, published monthly, is designed to be an exponent of the views of the

STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

and to furnish subscribers with all the

NEWS OF THE COLLEGE WORLD

in general. Its editors will endeavor to make it attractive in form and matter, and will spare no pains to render it worthy of the favor with which it has hitherto been received.

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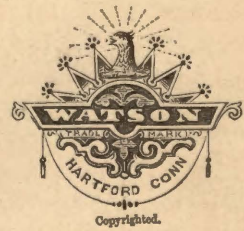
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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL, 1873.

No. IV.

TRUTH.

As the stars shone down this night
Upon this world and me,
Beaming forth their holy light
Over earth and sea,

Soft and calm, they seemed to say
"We are always true,
Rolling onward day by day
Keeping time for you.

"Often o'er your faults we weep,
Twinkling in the sky;
Always true, we never sleep
In our mansion high.

"In your pleasures we delight,
Darting clearer rays,
When your hearts and hopes are light,
Through the passing days."

Truth, let truth then be your theme,
From life's rising sun,
Through the burning noon-day gleam,
Till your course is run.

Feb. 22d, 1873.

A VISIT TO THE NEW SITE.

"Jake, let's go to the stone-pits." Such were the words that greeted my ears one Saturday afternoon. I am "Jake." The words came from my chum. I considered: it was pleasant overhead, muddy underfoot, weather warm, and I idle. I determined to go. Besides, I am a Trinity student; I wanted to see for myself the new site. Perhaps I may not live there myself, by my children may, if I have any, unless they are girls; perhaps even then, Trinity, like the University of

Michigan, may open her arms to the fair sex. But I am digressing. My chum and I started. We floundered along Washington street, execrating the moist condition of the side-walks and thinking of the misery in store for the poor unfortunates who should chance to be students of the Trinity of Rocky Hill. We passed the Retreat for the Insane, where my chum innocently remarked "I should like to go through that asylum." I answered that I thought he needed it, and if he wanted a recommendation as a first class idiot I would be happy to give him one. My poor Freshmaniac—no, Freshmanic chum! He was overcome by my generosity. Varying the monotony by a few such remarks, we plunged on through small streams and lakes, past little taverns and ante-deluvian houses, hoping in time to see Rocky Hill. We came at last to the "New Britain Hotel," kept by "J. Wilkes." My chum stood petrified. "By Jove, Jake, I thought we had been walking a deuce of a ways, here we are at New Britain!" I could almost believe it. Hailing an old dilapidated specimen of humanity coming from the tavern, I asked: "Where in blazes (blazes is not the word I used, but it is suggestive of it)—where in blazes is the college site?" "Yes'r, that's where it is." "Point it out," quoth I. "You see that hill there, don't you?" said the specimen. "Yes, of course," said I, "I've got eyes." "Well, that isn't it, it is the other one." My chum was inwardly laughing. I was enraged. "Are you aware, sir, that I am a Sophomore?" said I, pompously expecting to see him quail. "O, are you? Well, if you ever want any first-class ale, you will find it at John Wilkes' here, the man Booth was

named after, you know." At that insinuation on my class, my anger reached a climax, and I guess that old gent can testify to my being a straight shot with snow balls. So wandering on we climbed up the "other hill," and at last we stood on the new college site. The site is a good one, perhaps, *after you get there*. Below us lies Hartford, and there stretches the valley of the Connecticut, rich and beautiful; there too are the vales of West Hartford, Newington, and Bloomfield, and the view in all directions is bounded by hills and mountains which to the north and south appear almost interminable. As I was drinking in the beauty of the scene, my chum yelled, "I say, Jake, see that grave yard there, and I'll be hanged if there isn't another yonder! Wont the 'Po Pai Paig' have a gay place to initiate?" There went all my poetic reflections. Yes, there were the grave-yards looking with grim and ghastly eye at the college site. Another idea struck my freshman. "I believe those Retreat trustees advocated this site, for those grave-yards are enough to send plenty of students crazy." I, with one more look at them, admitted it. Truly, it was a delightful prospect: insane asylum, grave-yards, stone-pits, taverns, tumble-down houses, and so on *ad infinitum*. "Jake, this is an awful ways from the city; I believe that far-sighted committee thought that by the time the college buildings were built, balloons would be in vogue as a means of locomotion." "No, Charley, I think that John Wilkes was instrumental in moving us out here; his trade was getting low. There, you have found the 'magnificent spring' which is to supply the new college with water!" said I, as he slipped into a small frog pond. "Yes," quoth he, "and I am the first one to taste it, but I can't recommend it very highly." Here I interrupted him, "Come, chum, stop mooning, and let's return. I've seen all I want of this sight. So with a longing, lingering look, we departed. We again passed the New Britain Hotel.

"Jake, let's see what J. Wilkes has for sale; you've got some money, have n't you?" I put my hand in my pocket, and finding nothing, said very solemnly, "No, Charles, it's Lent." At this attempt at a pun, he subsided, and we walked silently back to College sadder but wiser. And hereafter, if I am asked how I like the new site, I shall say "*Walk* there and see for yourself; tastes differ on the beauties of the new site." N.

PROFESSOR JIM.

The biography of our venerable janitor, which a number of the senior class has been engaged in writing for some time past, has been completed, and is to be brought out in pamphlet form, and will be sold for fifty cents, for the benefit of our old professor. The accounts have been mainly taken from the lips of the old man himself, whose memory does not seem to be weakened by his years, and they show a romantic and exciting history.

This undertaking commends itself, or ought to, to all who have any affection for their "Alma mater," not only because it will be a kindness to old Jim, who is now fast beginning to feel the full weight of his years, but also because it will bring up before the minds of all who read it, visions of happy college days, of exploits, tricks, and scrapes, almost forgotten, and will make them seem young again.

Through a life, varied even beyond the ordinary lot of man, Professor Jim has passed. We have seen some of the advance sheets of this biography, and we print the following account of one of the most stirring scenes in his life.

After leaving the Hornet at New York, Jim, not yet wearied with sailor's life and hardships, went on board the first vessel which offered itself. This proved to be a pirate, although Jim asserts that he had no suspicions of its true character till they were fairly out at sea. She was called the "*True Blooded*

Yankee," and she sailed directly for St. Salvador, Brazil, and Buenos Ayres, when she began a series of robberies on any craft which chanced to fall in her way; but no murders were committed; the captain only professed to rob, not to murder.

Leaving South America, they went over to the coast of Spain, and plundered a number of vessels, and in a measure felt that the trip had been very successful, although at one time they narrowly escaped being run down by a Spanish seventy-four, which gave them chase for two days and two nights.

They returned to New York, and having rid themselves of their spoils, sailed again for the South American coast. When just outside Sandy Hook, a United States war vessel gave them chase, and pursued them some days but did not overtake them. The captain of the pirate knew the pursuing vessel as the *Wasp*, one of the fleet which was fitted out for the war at the time the *Hornet* was sent out to the southern coast.

As they neared the West Indies they boarded and plundered a ship outward bound from Havana, and the following day captured two more. They pursued a third when near St. Salvador, when a gun ship gave chase and drove them two days full sail out to sea again.

Instead of returning to their first destined port they sailed to Buenos Ayres, and had a narrow escape from a ship which they mistook in the fog and mist for a trader, but which they suddenly discovered to be a large man-of-war, and they had to "run for it," in sailor language.

Professor Jim was aboard this pirate ship for seven months, and at the end of that made his escape at St. Salvador, according to his own statement, somewhat in this manner.

Tired and sick of continual plunder, and wearied of the routine of privateer service, he made up his mind, by this time somewhat disciplined by experience, that he would escape at the first port when an opportunity

presented itself. It chanced to be at St. Salvador, Brazil.

He did not run away the first time he was sent on shore, nor the second; but when his movements were least likely to be suspected, he took to his heels, leaving his chest, clothes, money, and all that was due to him from his captain, on board the vessel. He found at last that he could make nobody understand a word he spoke, and he began to be frightened, lest he should find that he had chosen the wrong time for making his escape from the privateer. He walked along the street, gazing into store windows or booths, as he passed, looking for some face that would give an intelligent smile in return, and would have given up to despair and have considered his case as hopeless, had he not met a lady who could talk English, and to whom he imparted his distress. She took pity on him, and having provided for his comfort, gave him an old suit of clothes, put him on board a *poste diligence* bound along the coast with mail for Buenos Ayres.

If the reader will trace out the line on a map of Brazil, he will find as we did, that Jim's statements have some foundation, for he mentions as towns through which he passed on this long and tedious overland journey, *Rio Janeiro* and *Monte Video*. At the latter place he says "we had to take a boat and cross some sea or river, and then we were at Buenos Ayres. The "sea" or "river" was of course the Rio de la Plata, and the only mail line that we can suppose to exist between *St. Salvador* and *Buenos Ayres* must have passed through the large cities mentioned as lying on his route.

From Buenos Ayres he shipped in an American vessel, and returned again to New York.

JESTERS.

The age of court-jesters has passed away; no one keeps, now-a-days, a so-called human being who spends his life in making puns,

jokes, and strange contortions of the face in order to excite laughter. Wamber, the son of Witless, has perished, and with him that hybrid race, half man half monkey, which kept "Merrie England" of the olden days in a broad grin. The spirit of the age (sometimes called the spirit of improvement, though why it should be it is impossible to say) has abolished the servitude of man to man, but it has nevertheless increased the servitude of a man to his passions. Thus, while we see in the olden time one who is obliged by a master to make an ape of himself, we now meet countless multitudes daily, who force themselves to advocate the Darwinian theory. The Jester of modern times is indeed a study: how carefully worked up is each pun he makes, how far-fetched each joke! You meet him on the street; he does not employ the ordinary mode of address, but immediately launches out in some outlandish expression. A pun follows, good enough, though perhaps threadbare; then a joke: if it has a point, you laugh; he is encouraged and gives you another; if it is poor and you can only "damn it with faint praise," he goes on the principle of "better luck next time," and remembers one which will surely produce a burst of laughter nearly approaching to hysterics. So he goes on, totally without mercy, until you leave him, and he retires fully satisfied with himself, for the jester is easily paid; even a fleeting smile on your face will compensate him for many witticisms. A wise man will cultivate the acquaintance of such people; in so doing he saves much money; for what is the use of going to the circus to hear the stale jokes of a painted clown or to a comic play, when you have much better actors and clowns all around you. Besides, the Jesters are never attended by small boys who go around crying "lozengers" or poking comic song books in your face. They are essentially respectable; though they sometimes bore you a little, you can usually get rid of them with a simple "good-bye."

Reader, are you given to making many puns? If you are, stop it; like all bad practices, it leads to worse. If you ever become a jester you are sure to be tolerated by all but respected by none.

NOVEL READING.

In no country, perhaps, can one find so many novels as in America; the house of every civilized person is filled with them. The mistress, up stairs, is deep in the mysteries of Charles Reade's last work; the cook, below stairs, enjoys a Beadle Dime Novel. Their tastes are similar, the only difference is in the amount of cultivation. Any one who undergoes twelve hours of severe mental labor is, no doubt, benefited by reading a work of fiction; but to the majority of human beings novel reading can only prove injurious. In most romances rascals are placed in so favorable a light that a mind, either young or uncultivated, may very readily be led to believe that under certain circumstances rascality is not only pardonable, but even laudable. No one has succeeded so well in making "a silk purse of a sow's ear" as Bret Harte; he takes as his hero some convicted criminal against whom the blackest crimes are charged and endows him with the valor and integrity of a demi-god; his heroines, the vilest of women, prove themselves martyrs. Now, what must be the effect produced by such books, in the minds of the young and inexperienced? Only a century ago works of fiction were so few in number that they produced no visible change of the mind; but now, who has not become more Quixotic, more would-be romantic from this cause? The moral perception of man must be blunted by miscellaneous novel-reading.

[P. S.—We intended to make this article much longer, to force all novel readers to blush for themselves and throw away the vile trash, but so engrossed are we in the mysteries of the "Woman in White," that we are obliged to stop.]

PERSONALS.

WAIT, '36. Hon. J. T. Wait has been re-elected to the state legislature from Norwich.

PHELPS, '42. C. E. Phelps is living at New Brunswick, N. J.

GARDNER, '43. Rev. H. N. Gardner has charge of a parish at Guilford, Chenango Co., N. Y.

BOOTH, '49. Walter S. Booth is an editor in Rochester, Maine.

WHEATON, '49. Charles Wheaton's address is not Warren, R. I., as stated in a former issue of the Tablet. Aurora, Ill., is correct.

SHRIVER, '50. Howard Shriver is at present residing in Wifeville, Va.

SMYTH, '52. J. Ward Smyth's address is Providence, R. I.

HALL, '54. Rev. Samuel Hall, formerly rector of St. John's church, Woodside, N. J., has accepted a call to the rectorship of the Church of the Redeemer, Morristown, N. J.

CHAPIN, '56. Rev. D. D. Chapin has resigned the editorship of the *Pacific Churchman* on account of ill health.

VAN ZANDT, '57. C. C. Van Zandt, of Newport, R. I., received a plurality of votes for lieutenant-governor of his state.

KENNEDY, '68. Frank Kennedy is engaged in the lumber business in Ganett, Penn.

COOKE, '70. G. L. Cooke, Jr., is practising law at Providence. His address, however, is Warren, R. I.

BUXTON, '72. Jarvis B. Buxton is practising law at Ashville, N. C.

WEBB, '75. E. C. Webb is studying medicine with Dr. Wainwright.

Graduates will greatly aid us in making our personal column by sending us their changes in business and addresses. Such communications thankfully received.

PARTICLES.

Prof.—"Mr. —, you had better not carve the bench, you may scratch it." Highly probable.—*Fruit-seller*—"Von't you hab sometink dis morning?" *Freshman*.—"Can't eat fruit, I'm training." *F.-S.*—(sympathetically)—"Ach! sorry; hope you soon pe peter."—By the omission of a "c" the *Hartford Courant* states the startling fact that "Massachusetts has *hanged* its population greatly in the last few years."—The latest style of an epitaph:

Our little Sallie did to heaven go,
Baby life so fleet is;
She was afflicted with the cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

'Tis hard to lose our little Sallie so,
But the reflection sweet is
That she has gone where there's no cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

"Paley's Commentary on Hermann and Dorothea" is much used by the Juniors. Queer name for a pony, isn't it?—*Young Lady to Particle*—"Prof. Jim had a very eventful life, did he not?" *Particle*—"Quite so." *Y. L.*—"Let me see! He was first a sailor, and then he saw a duel between Alexander Hamilton and *Benedict Arnold* and"—*Particle* here smiled a little and advised a course of "Child's History of the United States."—The ivy has been stripped from Brownell Hall, but let its occupants remember that there are laurels still to be gained.—Our chapel bell, like all other "belles," is getting very fashionable; it makes morning calls.—*Particle* intended to attend early service on Easter. At four o'clock A. M. he discovered it was a North Easter and changed his mind.—The leading musicians in town now purchase their music of Rose & Mitchell. They have moved their place of business to 113 Asylum street.

The Trinity Tablet.

Published monthly throughout the collegiate year by
the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN W. GRAY, '72.

EDITORS, CLASS OF '74.

J. E. BRANDEGEE, R. G. ERWIN,
G. J. COE, J. D. HURD.

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COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

"Saepe stylum veritas, iterum quae digna legi sint
Scripturus, neque, te ut miretur turba, labores."

The above lines, dear reader, express our
sentiments so perfectly that we cannot help
placing them at the head of this April editorial.
We are utterly at a loss for a suitable theme
upon which to dilate. Just seat yourself in
our chair for a few moments while we convince

you that under the heading "College and
Campus," there is very little to say, and that
little, we are sorry to confess, is at present a
trial and vexation to the editor's soul. Im-
agine yourself a miserable junior, worn down
by interminable lessons in German, exhausted
by the monotonous criticisms of Mr. Craik,
sick even unto death from extended intercourse
with the departed Paley; imagine yourself
such a one as this, and you can begin to form
an idea of our unhappy state. And, more-
over, consider that it is a beautiful, bright,
warm spring day, that your friends are all
enjoying a comfortable "loaf" in the cheerful
sunlight, that all creation is happy and gay,
whilst you are confined to your room to grind
out a column or two for the hands of the in-
satiated printer; that, in short, you are com-
pelled to write, doomed for a certain time to
scribble and to scrawl upon an article which
you know you will be ashamed of, which you
will vainly endeavor to father upon a brother
editor. Consider all this, and you can, in
some manner, sympathize with us; you will
perhaps be inclined to pardon the feebleness
and sterility of our production.

But this is not all. Even if we were in the
most favorable mood for writing, if no disturb-
ing influences were brought to bear upon us,
there still remains the ever-present question,
"what shall my subject be?" The old stand-
bys are worn too threadbare for us to attempt
them. The progress of the State House is
too slow to afford us even a single paragraph.

The need of more college music is a sub-
ject which, like the rowing weights in the gym-
nasium, has broken down from constant usage.
Neither can we indulge in a wail of lamenta-
tion over the degeneracy of the present age,
and, looking back to the time when we were
fresh, long for a return to the good old days.
Happy days they were, to be sure, but the de-
sire to live them over again is checked by a
dread spectre which rises before our mind's
eye, the remembrance of our sophomore an-

nual. And so we settle down again into a sort of dull despair, disgusted with the present, wearied by our work, unable to conjure up any subject for our task, and so end up at last with having written no editorial at all.

REPORTING.

Ever since the chapel service on Saturday afternoon was made voluntary it has been the custom to report to the secretary of the Faculty during the evening of that day. It is not necessary to describe the *modus operandi* of this arrangement, for it is well enough understood by all of those to whom we wish particularly to speak.

And it is proposed in this article briefly to consider this matter, and to draw from the facts thus evolved some conclusions which we are sure will be in accordance with the views of the great majority of our students. Having, therefore, stated the fact that this system, rule, or whatever it is, exists, let us consider how it is regarded by the students.

From personal observation we can safely say that the hour for reporting has rarely come round when we have not heard more or less complaint and grumbling about this matter from many of our fellow students. And in conversation upon the subject we have invariably found a deep settled and firm rooted opposition to the arrangement. We have never heard of a student who is in favor of it, though we have canvassed and investigated the subject very thoroughly. Such, then, is the way in which the students view this matter. And they have just cause both for dislike and for remonstrance on the ground of the inconvenience which this arrangement entails, even if there were no other objection to it.

The whole thing is a nuisance both to the professor who has to receive the reports and to the students who have to make them. Surely to sit every week for a long, mortal

half hour and note the names of from eighty to a hundred men, to bear the inevitable noise and tumult which are made by the aforesaid individuals during this time, to have his door continually opened on a cold winter night, and to keep a correct and accurate list of his callers, cannot be a pleasant duty.

It must, "from the very nature of the case," occasion infinite trouble and discomfort. But the inconveniences are not all on the side of the professor. Students do not object to the rule on his account—such a thing is not in their nature. Their complaint rests upon the fact that this practice is a tremendous bore to themselves.

Those who board at a distance from college and who wish to spend their evenings in town are compelled to walk all the way to and from college merely to shout their names at a professor. A considerable space of time, more or less valuable according to the nature of their business, is thus lost, to say nothing of the physical weariness which is caused by such a pilgrimage.

And on the other hand the man who spends his evenings in college, reading or studying, finds it very disagreeable to leave his comfortable room and interesting book to plough through the deep drifts of a January storm, or to be soaked by the pelting rain of a summer shower, only to inform the representative of the Faculty of his being within the town limits.

And so from all sides, from the studious and the lazy, from busy and idle, from Professor and student, comes a unanimous voice which declares the whole thing a nuisance and a bore. The fact that some may say that they are willing to report does not alter the case. The obligation to report constitutes a duty which they are willing to perform so long as it is a duty, but like many other necessities they would gladly dispense with it.

Now, under such circumstances it seems as if there were sufficient ground for abolishing

this custom simply because it is a nuisance and is productive of so many inconveniences.

But before we condemn the thing let us see what argument there is in its favor, upon what idea the practice was originally established. As we understand it, the system was inaugurated in order to give fellows the benefit of a full Saturday afternoon holiday, and at the same time to interpose some check which should keep them in town during the interval between Saturday and Monday mornings. This is, at first sight, therefore, a very useful thing. It might seem as if it were an indispensable necessity. On examination, however, it becomes evident that this rule falls far short of meeting the end for which it was inaugurated. For, from the very fact that the college is situated in a large city, there is nothing to call students away from town. Whether they want amusements, society, or "bumming," Hartford is amply able to supply all their needs, and there is no earthly reason why they should wish to go elsewhere. This fact, of course, applies most forcibly to those who live at a distance from Hartford. But those who live within fifty or seventy-five miles of here it may be said, would take advantage of the abolition of this rule, and make weekly visits home.

But the fact is that to students so situated, the Faculty, under the existing rule, allow this and permit these persons to spend their Sundays at home. So that, in either case, whether students live near Hartford or not, the practice of reporting is a mere form, and is of no practical use whatever.

But let us suppose that there may be times when, without this rule, fellows would slip off and take a short vacation without the knowledge and consent of the powers that be. Suppose that at certain times, and on certain occasions, there are circumstances which would draw men away from town, it may be, as far as New York. Even then we contend that the rule is of no effect, that it

fails entirely to accomplish its purpose. And we base this opinion upon the theory which the Faculty adopts in the matter of attendance upon Sunday services. As is well known, they trust to a man's honor to discover whether or not he has obeyed the rule in reference to such attendance. And hence, any one who is deficient in moral honesty is perfectly free to absent himself habitually from church services. In the same way it is possible to avoid the necessity of reporting. What hinders any man of obtuse conscience from "playing sick" on Saturday and then leaving town with as much ease as if there were no reporting system at all? Certainly, if the Faculty are willing to trust to such a one's honor in the matter of church attendance, it cannot refuse to believe him when he represents himself as sick and therefore unable to report.

If they take a man's word in the one instance, as they do, they must also take it in the other. And hence again the system fails to attain its proposed end.

Now let us conclude by summing up what we have only had time briefly to touch upon.

We claim that the present system of reporting should be abolished, in the first place, because of the manifold inconveniences and annoyances to which it subjects both professor and student; and secondly, because it is a useless practice, utterly inefficient for good, and failing entirely to satisfy the need which it was established to prevent. We see no reason why the Faculty, if so petitioned, should refuse to do away with this thing, and we hope soon to see active measures taken in reference to the matter.

MINOR MATTERS.

We understand that the legacy bequeathed to the college by the late Hon. Chester Adams has recently been paid over by his executors to the college authorities. The amount of the legacy was fully \$60,000, which is a very

handsome sum. We have heard it suggested that one-thirtieth of this be appropriated to help pay the expenses of the crew at the regatta. It certainly seems as if the college could afford to spend so small a sum as this in a cause which is of so great importance to it.

A CARD.

If any of the alumni recall anecdotes or interesting memorabilia of any kind connected with the life of Prof. Jim during their acquaintance with him, they will confer a great favor by communicating the same immediately to the undersigned.

Address

C. H. PROCTOR,
Box 776, Hartford, Conn.

BOATING.

Interest in boating is still very generally sustained, and we look for good results from the hearty spirit which pervades the college in this respect. The Freshman crew has decided not to enter the races, in order, we understand, that we may not injure our prospects by having too many irons in the fire, but may concentrate all our power and funds upon the university crew. The river is now free from ice, and, in a few weeks, the crew will be out in their boat.

BASE-BALL.

The other athletic sport in which college boys do most delight seems to be rather thrown into the background this year. We have as yet heard nothing of base-ball, and, as far as we can see, there will be little activity in this line at Trinity this year. The truth is that we are so far from any good ground that it is almost impossible to manage things so as to excite any general interest in the matter.

FOOT-BALL.

Following the example set them by '74 the Sophomores are to have a ball at the close of

the year, instead of the old burning of analytics. They intend to make a good thing of it and have set to work already with considerable energy. Several committees have been appointed. The chairmen of the principal ones are as follows: A. F. Clark, committee of arrangements; Grenville Kane, floor committee; C. C. Bulkley, invitation committee. How these appointments leaked out is a mystery and all we have to say on the subject is that '75 has been wise in the choice of her representatives.

LATE HON. JAMES DIXON.

We regret to announce the death of the Hon. James Dixon, formerly United States senator and a prominent citizen of Hartford. Although not a graduate of Trinity he received the degree of LL.D. from here in 1862. His funeral was held from Trinity Church on March 31st, Bishop Williams and Rev. Professor Johnson officiating.

PROF. JIM.

We are requested to state that the history of Prof. Jim, shortly to be published, will be issued in three forms, to suit the tastes of subscribers. Copies in pamphlet form will be sold for 50 cents; bound in cloth, 75 cents; and in half morocco for \$1.00.

This book, which we notice at length in another column, is very interesting, both as a matter of national history, and as an authentic account of the strangely checkered life of our venerable janitor. All orders should be addressed to P. O. Box 776, Hartford, Conn.

In this connection we may add that the compiler would like to receive any interesting information concerning the remarkable janitors, servitors, etc., of other colleges, and any communications sent to the above address will be thankfully received. We would call the especial attention of the editors of our exchanges to this fact, for if a sufficient response is made to this appeal, it is proposed to add a

short sketch of the distinguished or eccentric servants of our sister colleges as an appendix to the book.

OUR TRUE INTERESTS.

It is said that land speculators in the southwestern part of the city are urgent in their declarations that the TABLET ought to be suppressed. They talk about its being "detrimental to the true interests of the college." The TABLET replies that if speculation in that part of the city had only been suppressed several months ago, the "true interests of the college" would have been more clearly seen and very much better attended to. The true state of the case is that the TABLET has at heart the true interest of the college, while speculation is more solicitous about the true interest of individual pockets.

G. T. 1840 x.

That ancient, honorable and august body which is known as the Grand Tribunal is reported to be in a state of fear and trembling. Its adherents are observed to wear disturbed and anxious countenances. Many of them are investing largely in revolvers, sword canes, bludgeons, and other defensive weapons. They never trust themselves in the street at night without being strongly armed. In fact, so terrified and apprehensive a crowd was never before seen.

The cause of this great terror and these extensive preparations is attributed to a flying rumor which spread through college the other day to the effect that an anti-G. T. society has been formed with the sworn purpose of exterminating that venerable institution.

Great and mysterious perturbations have recently been observed in the lower classes, and particularly among the Freshmen. From their faces there have at times gleamed forth dark, direful looks and glances towards the seats in the upper end of the chapel. It is feared that this reform, or rather, this revolu-

lutionary organization, is rapidly enlarging. The initiation ceremonies are said to be very severe and of such a character as to compel perpetual silence and secrecy on the part of the novitiate. A few days ago one of the most formidable of the Freshmen appeared in chapel with unmistakable evidences of having undergone this dreadful ordeal. His hands had lost their natural transparent whiteness, his locks were dishevelled, his eyes wild and glaring. When questioned he persistently refused to explain this wonderful transformation from his usual serene manner and elegant *tout ensemble*, and resolutely affirmed that he was ignorant as to the manner in which this remarkable change had been effected. This incident has served to increase the already active consternation in the minds of the G. T., and the consequence is a fearful though fixed determination of resisting to the death all the encroachments of this new body and to conquer or to perish in the attempt. But we hope that wise counsels will prevail, and that the affair may be settled amicably and satisfactorily to both parties. Take our advice, you who are eager for the fray; do not precipitate a fight. For, inevitably, bloodshed must ensue, and who can foretell the consequences of such a crisis?

THE PARTHENON.

What has become of the Parthenon? No longer do we see the weekly notices of this venerable society on the bulletin. No longer do we hear the siren voices of the heralds sent forth to summon the favored ones to the sacred tryst. No longer are we regaled with accounts and reports of the wit and eloquence which were wont to abound at that feast of reason.

All these things are numbered with the past. And we cannot think of them without a feeling of sorrow for their loss.

The old society was famous in its day, and its usefulness equaled its fame. Many a man

has been much benefited by its exercise, and many an alumnus looks back upon the time spent in its halls as among the pleasantest and the most profitable of the hours of his college life.

We hope either that the Parthenon will be revived, or that some new organization may arise and fill its place.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

ALBION.

The *Annalist* thinks us very inconsistent when we say on one page that the moral tone of Trinity is very high, and on another tell of extensive preparations for a dance, and adds that "with all due respect to the feelings of others they must denounce dancing in *mixed* companies," etc. The *Yale Courant* very appropriately remarks "That's it. Give us one of those good old stag dances for propriety. It's such fun dancing only with men."

CENTRAL.

We have just received for the first time a new college paper edited at *Central College* entitled "*The Central Collegian*." It presents a very good appearance, and is readable and entertaining throughout; but we prefer to reserve our criticism until we have seen more of it. If it continues as well as it has begun, it certainly ought to have no fears about being "self-supporting."

AMHERST.

The *Student* has an excellent editorial protesting against the practice of "Pool selling at the College Races." It is certainly a disgraceful thing, and ought not to be tolerated. It also has a very sensible article on "Compulsory Worship," with all the sentiments of which we perfectly agree.

"What a royal sunset!" exclaimed a romantic Junior, as he emerged from his den after a night resolutely devoted to the noble game of whist, while before his bewildered and unastronomical vision, the morning sun was shedding over the heights of Pelham his brightest effulgence.—*Student*.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The *Collegian* no doubt thinks that it got off an exceedingly sharp joke in its last number on our Exchange-Ed. of February. They ought to congratulate themselves that he did not go further and

call it a female college instead of merely "mixed," for the *Collegian* certainly displayed a sufficient amount of feminine weakness to justify such an error.

HARVARD.

The boat club has voted to place the boat house in the hands of the college, so as to avoid the payment of taxes on it. The following colleges will send Freshman crews to the inter-collegiate regatta: Brown, Amherst, Yale, Yale Scientific.

A Senior, when asked the meaning of the word "union" in the line from Hamlet,—

"And in the cup a union shall be thrown,"

replied that it referred to *mixed drinks*.

A philological sophomore is convinced that the Samaritans spoke German, because the woman of Samaria said to her friends, *come and see* (kommen sie).—*Advocate*.

The *Magenta* is very enthusiastic at the prospect of a convention of college editors. It says, "What can be more pleasant than to shake hands with the *Williams Vidette* and *Amherst Student*, to make the acquaintance of the fair editresses from *Vassar* and all the mixed colleges, to see the *Hobart Sentinel* and *Cornell Era* hobnobbing together, or the *Miami Student* and *Southern Collegian* burying the hatchet and swearing eternal peace! or, what must certainly happen, to see the funny "*Spectrum Lines*" and jocosely "*Particles*" each roaring and splitting his sides with laughter at the witticisms of the other! To think of the friendships with our brothers and the correspondences with our sisters of the quill, which can there be formed, quite turns our head, and we *must go*." It objects to St. Louis as not being central, and proposes "Calcutta, or, if the weather is too warm, St. Petersburg," and adds "we only await our editorial free pass to go there next summer."

UNION UNIVERSITY.

Union College, Troy Business College, Albany Medical School, the Dudley Observatory, and the Albany Law School have been placed under the same management, and the whole is now called *Union University*. The course of study has been greatly added to and improved, and instruction can now be had in any branch of study. The *Union College Magazine* for March will be called the "University Number," and "will contain a full

account of the organization of Union University."
—*Spectator*.

WILLIAMS.

Williams students must be a very literary crowd. They edit two excellent papers, and are always on time. The *Review* is one of our best exchanges, and we always watch for it with great interest.

At Harvard and Yale, board, tuition and room cost about \$400; Dartmouth, \$350; Brown, \$300; Union, \$300; Chicago Union, \$300; Rochester Union, \$300; Williams has been said to demand but \$200; Madison, \$225.

A brassy Sophomore closed an essay, read before the class, with the following information: "Copies to be found in the general library."—*Vidette*.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

"UP THE NILE BY STEAM" is the title of a small book published by Cook & Son, and is intended as a guide book for tourists in Egypt and the East. It contains maps of Egypt and Palestine, tourists' programme for the East, and maps especially designed to illustrate the routes of travel pursued by the parties formed under the charge of Messrs. Cook & Son. Messrs. Cook & Son fit out travelling parties for any route of travel they may choose to take through Egypt and Syria. They are represented in this country by the firm of Cook, Son & Jenkins, 262 Broadway, New York, to whom all communications should be addressed.

We have also received *Cook's Excursionist*, a paper published by the same firm in the interests of Eastern travel. It contains all the information needed by those placing themselves under the charge and guidance of Cook & Son.

BARNUM'S Advance Courier! The great showman is coming with "the greatest show ever exhibited before the American public!" Sophomores will be delighted to have an opportunity of studying zoölogy practically, after having so faithfully plodded through the treatise of Mr. Carpenter, and the Freshman will of course run to see the monkeys and the lions.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC." The great experiment of publishing an illustrated daily is an undoubted success. The *Graphic* needs no words of praise from us to add to its already wide-spread popularity. We wish our active committee would have it regularly in the reading room.

LIST OF EXCHANGES.

The College Courant, New Haven, Ct.

- Albion Coll., Mich., *Annalist*.
Amherst Coll., Amherst, Mass., *Amherst Student*.
Antioch Coll., Yellow Springs, O., *Antiochian*.
Blackburn Univ., Carlinville, Ill., *Blackburn Gazette*.
Bowdoin Coll., Brunswick, Me., *Orient*.
Brown Univ., Providence, R. I., *Brunonian*.
Bates Coll., Lewiston, Maine, *Bates Student*.
Canadian Lit. Inst., Woodstock, Ont., *Tyro*.
Central Coll., Fayette, Mo., *Central Collegian*.
Chicago Univ., Chicago, Ill., *Volante*.
Columbia Coll., New York City, *Cap and Gown*.
Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N. Y., *Cornell Era*.
Dalhousie Coll., Halifax, N. S., *Dalhousie Gazette*.
Dartmouth Coll., Hanover, N. H., *Dartmouth*.
Denison Coll., Granville, Ohio, *Denison Collegian*.
Hamilton Coll., Clinton, N. Y., *Hamilton Lit. Mag.*
Harvard Coll., Cambridge, Mass., *Harvard Advocate*,
Magenta.
Hobart Coll., Geneva, N. Y., *Hobart Sentinel*.
Ill. Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., *Alumni Journal*.
Iowa State Univ., Iowa City, Iowa, *University Reporter*.
Lafayette Coll., Easton, Penn., *Lafayette Monthly*.
Lewisburg Univ., Lewisburg, Pa., *College Herald*.
Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y., *Madisonensis*.
Marietta Coll., Marietta, Ohio, *Marietta Ohio*.
Michigan Univ., Ann Arbor, Mich., *Chronicle*.
Madison, Wis., *University Press*.
Ohio Wesleyan Univ., Delaware, Ohio, *Western Collegian*.
Our Lady of Angels Sem., of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., *Index Niagarensis*.
Packer Univ., Brooklyn, N. Y., *Packer Quarterly*.
Princeton Coll., Princeton, N. J., *Nassau Lit. Mag.*
Racine Coll., Racine, Wis., *College Mercury*.
Ripon Coll., Ripon, Wis., *College Days*.
Rutgers Coll., New Brunswick, N. J., *Targum*.
Santa Clara Coll., Santa Clara, Cal., *Owl*.
Shurtleff Coll., Upper Alton, Ill., *Qui Vive*.
Syracuse Univ., Syracuse, N. Y., *University Herald*.
Union Coll., Schenectady, N. Y., *Union Coll. Mag.*,
Spectator.
Upper Canada Coll., Toronto, *College Times*.
Virginia Univ., Charlottesville, Va., *Va. Univ. Mag.*
Wabash College, Indiana, *Geysers*.
Washington Univ., St. Louis, Mo., *Irving Union*.
Wesleyan Univ., Middletown, Ct., *College Argus*.
Western Univ. of Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., *College Journal*.
Williams Coll., Williamstown, Mass., *Williams Review*, *Williams Vidette*.
Yale Coll., New Haven, Ct., *Yale Lit. Mag.*, *Yale Courant*, *Yale Record*.
City Papers, Hartford, Ct.
Church and State, New York City, (Box 6009.)

Gazette and Reporter, New York City, (41 Park Row.)

Chicago Schoolmaster, Normal, Ill.

True Woman, Lancaster, Pa.

Vassar Coll., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., *Vassar Miscellany*.

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