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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XVIII.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1885.

NO. VII.

The Trinity Tablet.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '86.

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WE have taken special pains in this number to give in detail the numerous incidents connected with commencement week, which will undoubtedly be full of interest to our Alumni readers.

THE pleasant days of lazy week are over, those days so suggestive in their name of summer sunshine and happy idleness, and so full in reality of bitterest memories. It is a glad time to the freshman just budding into his sophomore dignity and honors, but the newly-made alumnus bows his head in silent regret as his mind wanders over the bright recollections of happy hours within old Trinity's walls now forever departed.

THE many spectators on class day must have wondered at the absence of a name on Bishop Brownell's statue indicative of the fact that it represented Bishop Brownell, the founder of the college.

The name of the presenter is carved in raised letters which can be read almost one hundred yards away. To this no exception can be taken, yet it seems to us that the Bishop's name might be cut on the shaft of the monument so that all might know whom the statue is meant to represent.

THE college congratulates itself upon the new walk. We can now safely tear down at lightning speed to catch the car as it leaves the station. We will not complain of the length; the beauty of the compound curve thereby made amply atones for the loss of twenty seconds' time. We would advise our readers that in winter, when one is searching for the walk through snow-drifts, an accurate knowledge of the equation of the curve will be of material assistance. A roll down the side of the elevation on which it has been built might bring serious results.

WE are glad to see the marked improvement in the appearance of the Campus. Instead of the rough, unmown stretch of field which has been so long an unattractive view, and which has always shown marks of great neglect, we have a smooth and well kept lawn.

To be sure an extra amount of work is necessary to keep the campus in good condition, but the results show that the investment is a paying one, and the extra activity and life which the College presents to visitors, make it much more attractive and pleasant.

THE feeling about the "Lemon Squeezer" still exists. Classes are just as eager as ever to be the possessors of this coveted relic.

This year it has been handed down to '87. We think that hardly any undergraduate will question the decision of '85 in delivering the "Squeezer to '87. Since its entrance '87 has always shown up well, taking the lead in athletics, especially in base ball. It has always shown itself progressive, and ready to undertake and revive customs that have fallen into disuse. Thus if the award is made on the grounds of athletics, push, and popularity, we think that the choice has the right one.

TO-DAY will add new names to the list of our alumnus—the class of '85 will have finished its college course. To those who now go out into the world, this season is one of mingled regret and pleasure—of pleasure, that showing completed preparation, they are about to be tested in their strength; of regret, that the happiest days of their lives are over. It should be and is a matter of pride to us that the conditions here cause our feelings to be of undivided regret at the time of leave taking; that the harmony that exists between the various classes calls from us ready expressions of regret as class by class our old friends pass from college life. We have now to bid farewell to '85—"a right staunch and steady class, my friend." Bound together by the true "class spirit" devoted to the best interests of the college, the highest praise we can give them is that they are worthy sons of our *Alma Mater*. We heartily bid them God-speed.

ANOTHER college year has passed over our *Alma Mater*. Again the campus has resounded to the music of Class Day, and another Commencement has set its seal upon one more volume of our college history. At this time most naturally we turn and glance back at the record of the months which have intervened since we met together last September. Many are the changes, many have been the occasions for rejoicing, and, alas, some have brought nothing but sorrow and regret. Our increased numbers, our improved curriculum, our successes in athletics, so full of promise for the future, and the new life and energy which has thrilled through our midst, all fill our hearts with joy and pride; and on the other hand our voices are hushed

and our eyes downcast and sad as we think of him who left us so suddenly, in all the earthly promise of his young manhood. Yet at this season of hope and gladness let not his memory be one of unavailing sorrow, let it rather be the example to us all of duty accomplished and manly endeavor crowned.

CLASS DAY POEM.

TRINITY IN THE PAST.

Class Day Poem by W. D. McCrackan.

Gentle Clio, myrtle crowned
Attend me now!
From far Castilia's fount,
From high Parnassian mount,
Come show me how
Our Alma Mater's past to sound.
Dance before us while I tell
Her triumphs all,
Her joys rehearse with pride.
But hush and dimples hide,
Soft foot-steps fall,
Should there be aught that was not well.
Grant we, maiden, in these rhymes
To strike a chord,
Well answered by each breast;
And set us all in quest
Of what is stored
In her dim past, her olden times.

In all the hurry of this life,
Its eager race, its grief and strife,
Man seldom thinks of what is past,
Until some day he stands aghast,
To find it forced on him at last.

He seems to think that what was said
And thought in those old days is dead.
All history is but a dingy shop,
Where 'twould be foolish long to stop.

Misled by pride, man's thoughts go wrong:
'Tis through the Past the Present's strong.
Laws and customs of the then
This day, through the historic pen,
Do still affect the lives of men.

To-day grows forth from yesterday.
These awkward lines, this feeble lay,
This class-day from the previous one,
Because it always has been done;
Night follows night, sun answers sun.

Scorn not then, friends, to turn with me
The pages of the Past of Trinity,
Most precious to us all they are,
To us who are near, and to others afar.

One link here binds us to the old,
It is the statue—there behold !
The ancient elms it stood below,
But now it watches young ones grow.

In its bronzen vestments and its gown,
With outstretched arm it blessed the town.
But now it turns to us to bless,
Ready for aye to make an address
In any weather—in storm and stress.

A stranger once made this strange query :
"Was the Bishop ever a missionary?"
"Of course not," replied the wag of the town,
"*His hand would be turned up, not down.*"

Kindly and genial was Doctor Brownell,
There are those who still remember well,
How at Commencement days he'd stand.
His noble wife at his right hand,
To receive the little college band.

In the fall of eighteen twenty-four
Was opened first the college door.
The name was Washington for twenty years,
An occasion for endless stamps and cheers.

Nine students did matriculate,
As though the Muses to imitate.
One Senior, one Sophomore, Freshmen six,
(The last just full of the usual tricks,)
And a Special Student who was in a fix.

The Senior and the Sophomore led
Their classes, and in class meetings it is said,
They never used the yeas and nays.
The Sophomore thought it wrong to haze,
That custom dates from later days.

Chapel began at half past five,
But on cold mornings, to keep alive,
As soon as benediction had been said,
The college solemnly returned to bed.

There was a bell to mark the hours,
Placed by the kind collegiate powers.
Its tone was wonderfully clear and bright,
As on dark mornings it rang to invite
The lazy students to recite.

But somehow those depraved young men
Never learnt to love it, and when
One day it forgot the lecture at six,
'Twas found that owing to Freshmen tricks,
It was filled with mortar and with bricks.

In Centre Church, Commencement Day,
The first three years was held, they say.
The State House formed the starting place,
From whence, with slow, scholastic pace,
The grand procession turned its face.

First marched the Undergraduates all,
The fat, the lean, the short, the tall ;
The haughty candidates for degrees,
Were followed by the *slow* Trustees.

Then marched the Faculty sedate,
And all the men of any weight
In Hartford, joined the great parade,
And to the college honor paid.

It was a noble, literary feast,
(The morning paper said so, at least.)
Fourteen orations, not one less.
The college marshal seated the press,
And the President closed with a long address.
People said what a splendid thing
The college was for the town. 'Twould bring
Blessings untold. All should support
An institution of this sort.
In fact 'twas lauded to the skies,
And called a noble enterprise.

How many names before me rise,
Of those who were both good and wise,
The Presidents of this College all,
Whose portraits hang in the dining hall !

Brownell, Wheaton, Totten too,
Goodwin, Kerfoot, Jackson, who
Faithfully labored and died at his post.
To whom is the college indebted the most ?

We love to give those men their due,
Who in the past were loyal and true,
Old Doctor Wheaton was one of these,
He took great pride in the campus and trees.
To whom do we owe the beauty of these ?

He kept a rare collection of plants,
And supplied the botany class in advance,
To give to the college was his delight,
He gave the old theodolite.

Now I must not forget to refer
To a custom which always created a stir.
The Junior exhibition and prizes,
Given for those interesting exercises.

But the Sophomores had a program made,
Which cast the proceedings quite in the shade.
It mimicked and tortured the Juniors so,
And revenged the Sophs. of their ancient foe.

When the civil war swept over the land,
From the college too went a brave little band.
Old comrades parted in college halls,
To meet the battle mid cannon balls.

But Trinity met those critical years,
With firm resolve and without fears.
Regained her pristine power at length,
And grew in fame as well as strength.
It weathered that storm as it always will,
The storms it must encounter still.

My friends, you know these later years.
Have brought not only joys but tears.
Within this year we lost a friend
So true, so ready help to lend.
We mourn him still,
And ever will.

One day a gentle spirit he came amongst us,
He stayed awhile to work, to help, to cheer,
And then he passed away.
It seemed as though the day
Had set to rise no more
On this, but on some other shore.

A teacher who did stamp his truths himself.
A friend to gladden the heart-sick days of life.
As some pure blossom in the spring,
Some essence which the zephyrs bring,
May seem to vanish without trace,
And yet have made this world a happier place.

I have not said all I would fain have said,
There's much still left,
That ringing rhymes might boldly have essayed
And were my hand more deft.
If I have spoken but one word
To please the kind friends, who have heard,
My poor lame Muse is amply paid,
And courtesies like a modest maid.

Remember this, my college mates :
Trinity has a history with its dates !
Be loyal to her through all your days,
And cherish her customs and her ways.
Never think you've come to college
Just to acquire and store up knowledge ;
Keep green the friendships you have made,
And may dear mem'ries never fade.

CLASS DAY.

The old time custom of having Class Day on the campus was carried out with great success last Tuesday. The weather was all that could be desired, and the general cool afternoon breezes fanned the heated spectators with their zephyr wings. The gathering in front of Northam Towers was a gala one. The campus looked well—unusually well. All the seats available were taken up by the friends and relatives of the graduating class. While the class was forming to march to their places the audience was greeted with sweet strains of music from a band stationed near by.

When the class arrived at their seats, the president of the class made a speech of welcome as follows :

Friends! we bid you welcome! To the kind citizens of Hartford, to whom we all owe so much, we say welcome! Though it saddens us to think that this is the last opportunity for any members of '85, as residents

of the college, to receive you here, still, in the midst of our sadness at parting, we rejoice in the knowledge that we can claim so many friends in New England's fairest city, and are most glad to see you to-day. Welcome, aye, very welcome too, are those our friends who come from afar. All sons of Trinity rejoice to point out her beauties to any strangers, and when these strangers to her are friends to us, we cannot in fitting terms, express our pleasure at seeing them here. To the members of the other classes we bid that warm welcome which they knew would await them on the part of '85. They are sons of the same *Alma Mater*, and this would assure them a heart-warming welcome if there were no other bonds of affection.

Our college course would have an ill-fitting end if we did not express, though we can do it but feebly, our very warm appreciation of the many kindnesses showed on us by Hartford people. Any attempt at thanks would be futile: wherever we are, and at all time, Hartford and Hartford's people will occupy one of the most sacred places in our hearts. Evidence of the strength of our affection may be found in our frequent re-appearance here, which we all hope for.

We pray your indulgence for any shortcomings that may appear this afternoon, and again we bid you welcome.

After this he introduced the orator of the day, F. F. Russell, an abstract of whose speech we give. The subject upon which he expended his eloquence was

"BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY."

He showed in the first place by some striking illustrations, the comparison that may be drawn between nature and life. The lofty mountains, rolling country, barren waste and babbling brook and mighty river all find their counterparts in the lives of men, and from nature we may learn many useful lessons. But while we admit the truth of such comparisons we should not fail to notice another kind more practical and more important, the effect of human effort and the force of will in overcoming both the obstacles in nature and the opposing elements in life. Life is a journey over a steep and rugged road and requires the same energy and persistent effort that would be necessary in crossing a desert or scaling the Alps. In alluding to some of the great men of the past and the cause of

their success he said, the lives of the greatest men serve to prove the Latin motto "*per aspera ad astra*," for if they have gained victories, it is because they have overcome difficulties.

The necessity of working with an object in view and a high aim in life is evident, for forces widely distributed or applied without discrimination are wasted or thrown away, and a high aim raises a man above the common level and adds both to the pleasure and profit of life.

In closing he spoke of the advantages afforded by our country, the encouragement to labor and hope of reward. Our Alps are not so difficult to surmount, the passes are open to all and the Italy beyond is as fair a land as lies beneath the sun; but still there will be difficulties to be met and overcome, the way will sometimes be steep and hard to climb and if we would succeed we must set out with the determination to conquer and keep steadily on, encouraged by the thought that "labor conquers all things," and "the end crowns the work."

When the orator had finished, more music was heard, and then Wm. D. McCrackan, the class poet, was introduced and read the poem, which we print in another column.

The poem was greeted with applause, the allusions and sentiment being extremely appropriate.

The class song, written by S. T. Miller, was then sung by the whole class. After the song came an interesting event as it occurs only at irregular intervals. The "Lemon Squeezer" was presented to '87 by A. D. Neeley. All the old "Squeezer" men listened eagerly to this presentation as it revived reminiscences of their own college days and the celebration of the "Squeezer." We give an abstract of the presentation which began:

"Ever since the class of '85 have held the Lemon Squeezer, they have carefully watched the incoming classes and noted their merits, and after a great deal of careful deliberation had decided to give it to the class of '87."

He then went on to state the various characteristics of the other classes, and compared them with those of '87.

He said that, "'86 has, it is true, a baseball nine, but only in numbers, and also a man, whom they claim to be the finest prestidigitateur, that the world has ever seen; but

even these attractions were not great enough to make them give the squeezer to '76."

'88 he said, had been congratulating themselves that they did not have to give a Lemon Squeezer Supper, but yet they thought that '85 had showed very poor taste in giving the Squeezer to '87 instead of to them. He warned them against doing anything that would tend to help them get the Squeezer next year, lest they should yet have to give the supper.

He then went on to say that "'87 is undoubtedly the class that takes the lead in class-spirit and athletics and more especially in base-ball, and if it had not been for them, the college would have had no team which she could have put into the field this season. Also that the class had shown great unanimity in all class matters and that they evidently believed in the old saying that "in union there is strength."

He closed by advising '87 to be careful of the selection of the next class which should receive the Squeezer, and above all things to avoid partiality, but to give it to the class that is most deserving of it.

The "Lemon Squeezer" was received for '87 by G. S. Waters in a neat speech.

The presentations were made by S. S. Mitchell. These are usually very witty and absurd, and never were the presentations made more wittily and pleasantly. The weak points of every member were lightly touched upon and the articles presented illustrated them very nicely.

After the presentation the class sung another song written by S. T. Miller, when A. Codman closed the exercises by reading his Epilogue which we print in full.

EPILOGUE.

The world's a stage;—and in a smaller way,
A college course is not unlike a play.
All will admit that, in our opening scene,
We've played quite well, our parts as Freshmen green.
And in the next, with our best skill we've tried
To daze the world with Sophomoric pride.
In the two next we've labored well or ill;
Consult the rank list if you wish to tell.
We've played our parts, though frankly let me say,
In college life there's mighty little play.
And now,—the last upon the stage I stand
Condemned to take the epilogue in hand.
Aid me, Great Jove! It cannot be for naught
The misty roll of classic gods is taught.
That all these years I've gathered into store

A mixed up mass of Greek and Latin lore.
 And thou, Great Goddess! who mature did'st spring
 Of thine own will from thy great Father's brain,
 Jump into mine—and from this classic fog
 Condense some drops to aid my epilogue.
 Alas! there's no response! I greatly fear
 Professor Hart has had Minerva's ear,
 And [my short-comings told] she will not deign
 To occupy a badly furnished brain.
 But if the Gods my poor petition spurn,
 Some new philosophy may serve my turn,
 A Senior Sophister, I surely ought
 To find some proto plasmic thought
 Engendered of itself—and dormant lain
 In the soft tissues of the Freshman brain—
 But which, evolved through college cycles, woke
 To find itself at last,—a full fledged joke.
 —'Tis vain! unnatural selection's law
 Has nipped the germ—and it remains—a spore!
 By gods deserted and by science left,
 Of all the means appropriate bereft,
 Kind and indulgent friends will hardly ask
 A further struggle with a hopeless task.

I think however, that, without the aid which I have invoked, I may say a few parting words.

According to a time honored custom, we have met under the shadow of the walls of old Trinity to listen to speeches, songs and jokes, and to indulge in innocent carousal. The opportunity is given me to say the last words on this occasion to my class-mates, and to the kind people of Hartford who have favored us with their presence. Five speakers have preceded me in the order of exercises, and all that is left for me is the hard task of saying farewell.

Farewell then to these dear old walls which for four years have sheltered us from the wintry winds and the summer's heat.

Farewell *Alma Mater*, from whose bosom we have gathered nourishment and strength for the battle of life.

Farewell to the President and Faculty! We forget the severity of your occasional admonitions in our gratitude for your kind and patient labor as our instructors and our friends.

Farewell my Classmates! Four years we have labored here together with common hopes and common aspirations, with common pleasures and common pursuits, and, I may add, with all the trials and sufferings attendant upon the "*Commons*." Some of us more diligent will carry away a large share from

the stores of knowledge gathered here; others, especially my brethren of the K B Φ , more generously have chosen to leave something behind for those who come after us.

We graduate my classmates, the smallest number in the history of the college in recent years. But let us hope that the world may be somewhat better for the little 'leven [leaven] which it receives this year from Trinity.

And last, because above all, farewell to the fair ladies of Hartford! Separated so long from homes and kindred, we have found in your kind hospitality and in your gentle and cultivated society a happy substitute for the domestic fire-side. We owe much to you, and whatever may be our career, hereafter we shall always associate you with the happiest recollections of our college life.

Valete omnes et omnia!

In the evening the graduating class gave a reception and German at the Allyn House to their friends. The hall was handsomely decorated, and the scene was brilliant with the beauty and charming toilettes of Hartford's elite.

The cotillion at 12 was finely led by Mr. Robert Thorne, chairman of the reception committee. The chaperones were Mrs. M. G. Bulkeley and Mrs. A. B. Bull. The occasion was pronounced by all as one of the most brilliant and enjoyable of Trinity's class day receptions.

COMMENCEMENT.

To-day our Alma Mater bids another class farewell, as it leaves her sheltering presence for the tumult and conflict of life. Their course in college finished, nothing remains to eighty-five but the time-honored sheepskin and a host of pleasant memories which cluster around the four years now come to an end.

The exercises of the day began at half-past ten this morning, when the *Senatus Academicus* met for prayers in Christ Church. The service was the usual one, including the prayer for Trinity College, and the one hundred and fortieth hymn,

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 God of Hosts, Eternal King.

after which the procession was formed by the

college marshall Mr. E. B. Hatch, in the following order.

Undergraduates, in reverse order of classes.
 Chancellor and Visitors.
 Governor and Mayor.
 Corporation.
 Board of Fellows.
 Officers of Alumni.
 Officers of other colleges, and of Diocesan Institutions.
 Officers of Public Institutions in Hartford.
 State and City Authorities.
 City Clergy and Invited Guests.
 Faculty.
 Graduating Class.
 Alumni of the College and of other Colleges.

At the Opera House a large audience of the friends of the college was assembled. The stage was suitably decorated and filled with members of the corporation, the faculty and invited guests. A band stationed in the gallery rendered appropriate selections.

The Salutatory, in Latin, was effectively delivered by Mr. Robert Thorne of New York.

The first English oration was delivered by Frank Fenner Russell, of Connecticut, whose subject was "Martyrs to Science." He began by saying that the word martyr carried us back to the time when Christianity was struggling for existence; called up a picture of the Roman Amphitheatre, the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the cells of the inquisition, and reminded us of the loyalty, faith and courage of the early Christian workers.

But it is not religious faith alone that has inspired men to sacrifice and death for an idea. Men have often given up their lives for the cause of civil liberty and a united country, and such may well be called patriot-martyrs.

The progress of scientific discovery has also aroused that earnestness and enthusiasm, that love of truth and unwillingness to deny it which makes the martyr. If we trace the different sciences to their source we shall find that the first supporters suffered hardships, imprisonment and even death.

These martyrs to science appeal less to the imagination of men than the Christian martyrs, but they have served the race hardly less, though their names are commemorated by no stately cathedrals. Their monuments is our knowledge and our civilization from a material point of view.

The speaker said that the cause of the martyrdom of scientists was the extreme conservatism of the people and their unwillingness to receive anything new.

He then traced the growth and development of the sciences relating to the earth, the heavens and the body, spoke of the men in each department who had endured hardship and death for the sake of establishing the true principles, and said that these might be taken as examples of the difficulties encountered in most of the other sciences. The march of science has been marked by the graves of its martyrs as the track of a caravan by the bleached bones of those who have perished by the way. But, though the martyrs suffered they also succeeded and a glorious success it was, for, could they return to life and see the vast scientific edifices built upon the discoveries they made and died to maintain, they would feel, more than ever, that truth was sacred and worthy of a martyr's sacrifice, and they would see that the great scheme of Providence, which dates from the beginning of recorded time and is to close only with its termination, requires for its evolution, in religion, civil liberty and science alike, men of the martyr's temper and worth of the martyr's crown.

After Mr. Russell, Mr. William Denison McCrackan of New York, spoke on

ORGANISM VERSUS AGGREGATION.

The speaker began with the remark that though the subject might appear at first obscure or visionary it really entered in the most ordinary every-day matters.

He illustrated his idea from an angle and showed that though an angle is made by the intersection of one straight line by another, it is different in its very nature from a straight line. In the same way a drop of water is the result of the mixture of two gases in certain proportions, but it does not in any respect partake of the nature of a gas.

Leaving physical science the speaker drew his next illustration from the conception of the nation. He showed how the nation is different from the individuals who compose it. The right of sovereignty belongs to a nation as such, but not to any individuals, except as they form a nation.

The musical chord is another illustration of the same principle. Every chord is a surprise, it contains the notes, but is something entirely new, which no amount of study expended on the separate notes would serve to define, except it be already known by experiment.

The various mental modifications in combination are the mind itself, and this mind is something utterly unlike its manifestations—it is a unit; when the mind acts it acts as a whole in some particular direction.

If a nation is something different from the individuals who compose it, a college must exhibit the same characteristics, for a college is only a nation on a small scale. The speaker then showed that the tone of a college is a creation resulting from the joining together of certain conditions; that this tone is the result of the conduct of all who have ever been connected with the college and that therefore great responsibility rests on graduates and undergraduates.

In closing he spoke of the power of this spirit, created by the association of men which the isolated and the selfish could never hope of obtaining.

Mr. Samuel Smith Mitchell preceded the Valedictory. His oration on "Physical Force," was somewhat as follows:

The problem which, perhaps, determines most widely the thought of the present age, is that concerning the origin and the nature of Physical Force. Its origin is still a subject for dispute, but of its nature we are not altogether ignorant.

Physical Force not destroyed, but transferred from one field of action to another, as shown by the Electric Light, where the energy stored up for ages in the coal bed, is made to develop electric tension by means of a steam engine; this is then transferred to a magnetic coil, and thus a magnetic Force is generated, from which electricity is called into existence.

Just as Physical Force is incapable annihilation, so it is equally true that its total can never be increased. The advance of the arts of civilization accounted for not by an increase of Physical Force, but by something transcendental to it, and which is found in the mind of man. The mental energy is that which directs the forces of nature, and turns them into whatsoever channels it will. The distinctive characteristic of Mental Force is that it is capable of being indefinitely increased and strengthened. The importance of this fact has been noted for many ages by Philosophers and Scientists alike.

Man's mental energy is extensive, and grows more and more, till at length he sees

in the world of matter things which he could not possibly discern before.

Power in itself is nothing. It is only when the virtual force becomes force "in operation," that anything results from it.

Besides the intellectual force there is still another, akin to it, and yet distinct, namely, Moral Force. It was a moral and not a mental force which influenced Socrates.

Simple contemplation upon that in which moral energy consists is of little use. Deficiency of this shown in life of Seneca, its mighty influence in the Christian martyrs.

It is only when a conception of moral force is felt in a nation that it achieves greatness.

Moral Force has to-day a different manifestation from that which it had in time of the Greek and Roman philosophers. At that time, the lines of duty were narrow, and pity as a moving force was unknown. But to-day sympathy and compassion exert the most powerful influence.

The energy in nature is utterly incapable of increase. It is only employed in different directions, and thus accomplishes various results. Mental energy is that which regulates physical force, so that it brings about these results. It is therefore, higher than the energy in nature; and its distinguishing characteristic lies in the fact that although to some degree dependent on physical energy it is indefinitely capable of increase. Man's physical forces shall return whence they were derived.

But the mental and moral forces constitute a personality which is in its essence immortal and belonging to a higher sphere.

The valedictory was then delivered by Mr. Hiram Benjamin Loomis, of Connecticut. The subject of his oration was "Formative Periods." He stated that we are impressed in reading the history of some periods with the idea that something had been done and the cause of this wide spread popular activity was traced to the gradual and unobserved formation, which the minds of the people had received during the preceding age, though it had been an age of quiescence. The subject was illustrated by examples. Mr. Loomis showed how the political philosophy of France in the eighteenth century, which was so readily assimilated by the people, was one of the causes which lead to the French Revolution.

The desire for American Independance did not spring up suddenly, it had grown gradually in the period before the Revolution, but its growth had been unobserved, and it did not show itself until a short time previous to the signing of the Declaration of Independance. The national sentiment in the United States has also been one of slow and unnoticed growth. At first a confederation was desired rather than a union of the states. But the feeling of unity grew until it was strong enough to lead the people through the war of the Rebellion.

Mr. Loomis then addressed the Chancellor, the Governor, the President and Faculty of the College and the citizens of Hartford, making appropriate references to college life as a formative period in the career of the student. He bade farewell to his classmates in the following words:

Classmates, four years ago we entered into relations which are never to be dissolved. We have been together in preparatory work. Our life work as citizens will separate us, except for the brief reunions, when we can once more grasp a classmate's hand or meet for a moment the well-remembered regard of a classmate's eye. With the setting of to-day's sun fades all but the memory of our undergraduate life. But much, aye, the best part of it will endure, I mean the friendships, which make this parting sad. They have grown unobserved during our college life and they will never die. They are henceforth part of us. Our years at college have not been merely years of fleeting enjoyment, of hours which pass without leaving their mark. They have been formative years, in which at least friendships have been built, friendships, which, I doubt not, will prove the most pleasant and the most precious of our lives. Let us then, as we part, my classmates, carry with us the old associations, the memory of which will shed a tender light over many hours in the days to come.

After music by the band, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Archibald Codman, John Robert Cunningham, Samuel Herbert Giesy, Frederick Danforth Lobdell, Hiram Benjamin Loomis, William Denison McCrackan, Sidney Trowbridge Miller, Samuel Smith Mitchell, Albert Delafield Neely, Frank Fennér Russell, Robert Thorne.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred

on W. H. Bates, '82, Rev. W. D. Sartwell, '75, Rev. J. F. George, '77, Charles Hunter, M. D., '78, W. N. Elbert, '79, Rev. C. W. Coit, '82, D. M. Bohlen, '82, C. E. Ball, '82, H. B. Linsley, '82, Rev. W. W. Webb, '82, A. M. Young, '82, Rev. J. H. McCracken, '82. The degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology was conferred on Rev. C. B. Smith, M. A., and Rev. Samuel Hart, M. A.

Prayers and the Doxology closed the public exercises of the fifty-ninth Commencement. The Alumni Dinner occurred at the Allyn House, at half-past two o'clock. In the evening at eight o'clock the President held his annual reception at No. 107 Elm Street.

SQUEEZER SUPPER.

The Lemon Squeezer Supper, given by the class of '87, the recipients of the Lemon Squeezer, to the class of '85, and members of all former squeezer classes, occurred last Monday evening. About 55 students and graduates were present. At half-past ten, the company sat down to the tables which were prettily decorated with flowers. Then followed the repast. The menu was quite elaborate, and was excellently served. When the banquet had progressed somewhat, the toast-master, Mr. W. A. Beardsley, '87, arose, and after a short address, introduced Liut. C. A. L. Totten, '69, who responded to the toast, "The Lemon Squeezer." He related some reminiscences concerning the squeezer, and gave good advice to the receiving class. The other toasts were as follows: "The Class of '85," Mr. S. S. Mitchell, '85. "College Days," Mr. Gillett, '76. "Squeezer Alumni," Mr. C. E. Ball, '82. "The Receivers," Mr. A. H. Anderson, '87. "The Ladies," Mr. A. P. Burgwin, '82.

After the regular toasts, remarks were made by several of the graduates.

During the banquet, songs were sung, and the college yell was given for many of the Squeezer classes. The toast-master read letters from some of the alumni who were not able to be present.

At length, when the "wee sma hours" began to grow longer, the company broke up, every one voting it a most most enjoyable and successful supper.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations are over.

The Seniors got through their final examinations on the 11th of June. The honor men in the class for the year are:—

H. B. Loomis.—Honors in Metaphysics, History and Political Science, English, Ethics, Chemistry, Elective Physics, and Elective Chemistry.

R. Thorne.—Honors in History and Political Science, English, Ethics, Elective English and Elective French.

Wm. D. McCrackan.—Honors in Ethics, English, and Elective English.

S. S. Mitchell.—Honors in Ethics, Elective Ethics and Elective Greek.

S. T. Miller.—Honors in Ethics, English, and Elective Physics.

F. F. Russell.—Honors in History and Political Science.

The members eligible to commencement appointments were H. B. Loomis, R. Thorne, S. S. Mitchel, Wm. D. McCrackan, and S. T. Miller, who all attained the required percentage— $7\frac{3}{4}$ or more on a scale of 10.

H. B. Loomis, who has attained 9 and over on a scale of 10 in all examinations and recitations, is graduated with the title of optimus.

The honors for the other three classes were as follows:

JUNIORS.

The members of the Junior class elected into the Phi Beta Kappa were Herman Lilienthal, Wm. I. Tate, Edward C. Niles and George E. Beers.

PRIZES.

The prizes awarded this year were.

The Junior Prize in Latin Literature to P. Birdsall, Cal.

The Sophomore Prize in Latin Literature to F. B. Whitcome.

The Goodwin Prizes in Greek, open to Freshmen, were awarded 1st prize to H. B. Brownell, 2nd prize to J. W. Crawford.

The chemical prizes open to the Seniors and Juniors were awarded 1st prize to Frederick H. Wolcott, of N. Y.; 2nd prize to Geo. E. Beers, of Mass.

The thesis upon which these prizes were awarded was "The Chemical Effects of Light."

The prize in Modern Geometrics open to Freshmen was awarded to H. M. Belden, Ct.

DELTA PSI RECEPTION.

The Epsilon chapter of the Fraternity of Delta Psi gave an exceedingly pleasant reception in the chapter house from four to six Wednesday afternoon. The rooms were handsomely decorated with floral emblems and filled with a large number of the elite of Hartford. Mrs. Samuel Colt and Mrs. F. W. Russell received the guests.

HONOR GRADES—JUNIORS.

H. Lilienthal,—In English, Physics, German, Astronomy,* Chemistry,† Elective Chemistry,* Political Economy,* and Elective Mathematics.†

J. Goodwin,—In English, German, Political Economy,* Elective History,† and Elective French.†

C. G. Child,—In English, Physics, Elective English,* Elective Ethics.*

G. E. Beers,—In Physics, Chemistry,† and Elective Biology.†

H. R. Heydecker,—In Political Economy.*

Wm. J. Tate,—In Elective French.*

SOPHOMORES.

Wm. A. Beardsley,—In Latin, French, Greek, Physics,* and Mathematics.†

G. C. Carter,—In Latin, Greek, Physics,* and Mathematics.†

M. K. Coster,—In Latin, Greek, French, and Mathematics.†

F. B. Whitcome,—In Latin, Greek and French.

C. H. Tibbits, Jr.—In Latin and Greek.

G. W. Rodgers,—In Mathematics† and Physics.*

O. Sands,—In Mathematic† and Physics.*

S. Hendrie,—In English.

H. R. Thompson,—In Latin.

O. Applegate, Jr.—In Mathematics.†

A. H. Anderson,—In Mathematics.†

FRESHMAN.

H. B. Brownell, J. T. Carpenter, W. S. Hubbard, Wm. F. Morgan, L. H. Paddock, and M. C. Warner, in Latin, Greek, Mathematics and English.*

R. M. Hurd,—In Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

L. G. Benedict and Wm. T. Putnam in Latin and English.*

A. C. Hall,—In Latin and Mathematics.

G. Brinley,—In Latin and Greek.

G. T. Brown,— In Greek and English.*
W. C. Stewart, R. J. Walker, and H. M. Belden, in English.*

*Denotes Trinity term.

†Denotes Christmas term.

PERSONALS.

[It is particularly desired that the Alumni furnish us with all items of interest that may come to their knowledge concerning every one who has been connected with the College.]

BEARDSLEY, '32, NICHOLS, '70. The Rev. E. E. Beardsley, D. D., LL. D., and the Rev. W. F. Nichols, have been re-elected members of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Connecticut.

HOWE, '32. A beautiful church, erected for St. Mary's parish, Lima, Ind., by friends and relations of the late Hon. John B. Howe, as a memorial of him, was consecrated on the 21st of May.

PEABODY, '48. Mr. F. B. Peabody has been elected a member of the Standing Committee of the diocese of Chicago.

HICKS, '48. Mr. William C. Hicks is President of the Laymen's Association of the diocese of Northern New Jersey.

HAMERSLEY, '58, DOOLITTLE, '44. The Hon. William Hamersley has been reappointed State's Attorney for Hartford County; and the Hon. T. E. Doolittle for New Haven County, Conn.

LEROY, '69. The Rev. Jacob LeRoy has accepted the Rectorship of Zion Church, Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y.

CARPENTER, '73. The Rev. S. B. Carpenter has been appointed Archdeacon of Southern Florida.

WEBB, '78. The Rev. W. R. Webb was ordained to the Priesthood on Trinity Sunday in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STONE, '80. The Rev. Morton Stone has accepted the rectorship of Emmanuel Church, LaGrange, Ill.

WINKLEY, '80. The Rev. H. W. Winkley has accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, St. Stephen's, New Brunswick.

HUNTINGTON, '81. Married, in St. Michael's Church, Brattleboro', Vt., June 18, George S. Huntington, M. D., and Miss Annie McN. Elderkin.

NILES, '81. An essay on "The Principles of Adaptation in Christianity" was read at the late Commencement of the General Theological Seminary, by James B. Niles.

GRINT, '81. The Rev. A. P. Grint received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in course at the Commencement of the Gen. Theological Seminary.

PARSONS, '81. J. R. Parsons is Superintendent of Education for Rensselaer County, N. Y.

CHURCH, '82. The Rev. F. H. Church has

become Assistant Minister in St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, Conn.

MCCRACKAN, '82. Married, in St. Peter's Church, Oxford, Conn., June 5, the Rev. John H. McCrackan, and Miss Cora Gertrude Bailey.

HILLS, '84. George Heathcote Hills was ordained to the Diaconate in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J., on the 11th of June by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Scarborough, '54. The candidate was presented by his father, the Rev. Dr. G. M. Hills, '47, and the sermon was preached by his brother, the Rev. J. D. Hills, '78.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Niles, '57, has ordained to the Diaconate Charles W. Coit, '82, in the Chapel of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., on the 31st of May; and Frank H. Church, '82, Seaver M. Holden, '82, John H. McCrackan, '82, Wm. W. Webb, '82, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, Conn., on the 3rd of June.

The sermon at the late Convention of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, was preached by the Rev. C. L. Fischer, '60. The Rev. Samuel Benedict, D. D., '47, was elected a member of the Standing Committee, and the Rev. F. D. Grannis, '73, was appointed Assistant Secretary.

The following alumni have visited the college recently:—

T. Gallaudet, '42; H. J. Scudder, '46; C. A. L. Totten, '69; G. B. Morgan, '70; R. Erwin, '74; W. E. Curtis, T. McLean, C. D. Scudder, '75; E. Scudder, '77; J. S. Carpenter, '79; R. Barclay, W. Leaken, '80; C. Appleton, C. Ball, R. V. Barto, D. M. Bohlen, S. D. Brewer, A. P. Burgwin, C. Carpenter, B. M. Carter, C. S. Coleman, C. A. Hamilton, '82; J. R. Carter, T. B. Chapman, M. L. Cowl, R. W. Rhineman, H. R. Thompson, '83; C. Andrews, J. B. Hollister, J. Olmsted, F. W. Richardson, '84.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. THOMAS WINTHROP COIT, D. D., LL. D., who died at Middletown, June 21st, aged 82, was from 1849 to 1854 Professor of Ecclesiastical History in this College, giving instruction in that department to the theological students who were then collected here, and also teaching Butler's Analogy to the undergraduates. Since 1854 he has been Professor in the Berkeley Divinity School, though he did not become resident there till 1872. It was through Dr. Coit that the College became possessed of Bishop Berkeley's chair, in which the President sits to confer degrees at commencement.

The Rev. AUGUSTUS JACKSON, a graduate in the class of 1860, died at Philadelphia on the 10th day of June, aged 49. Mr. Jackson studied theology at the Berkeley Divinity

School. The greater part of his ministry—since 1866—was passed in Washington, D. C., where the work which he began has grown into the flourishing parish of St. Paul's church.

COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.

Willard, of the Harvard nine, now leads the intercollegiate batting list.—The college tendered the Princeton nine a reception and serenade after the latter's first game at Cambridge.—The lacrosse twelve have won the intercollegiate championship, also the Oelrich's cup.—Between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 has been left the college by Jacob P. Jones, a retired Philadelphia iron merchant.—A Chair of Journalism has been recently established, and is to be filled by Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, editor of the St. Louis *Times-Democrat*. The duties of the professor require his attendance at Cambridge two weeks every fall and spring, and for delivering ten lectures he will receive \$4,000.

YALE.

The Freshmen have at last taken full possession of the coveted fence.—The students are now alarmed at the discovery that a man in New Haven has organized a detective bureau for the protection of parents and guardians.—The graduating class numbered 122. The average age is 22 years, 9 months, 11 days. The oldest is 39. Wiggins the valedictorian, is the youngest, being only 19 years, 7 months old. Twenty-one will graduate under 21. 38 hope to study law 14 theology, 12 medicine, 5 banking, 7 teaching, and 16 business.

PRINCETON.

At the annual contest of the class glee clubs, '86 was judged the best.—An association of New England school alumni has been formed in order to continue school friendships, and to increase the New England representation at Princeton.—Tracy H. Harris, of foot-ball fame, will be manager of the nine next year.—The chess games with Yale and Columbia have been discontinued for the season. Princeton claims an advantage in both.

DARTMOUTH.

"Muckers" cut the tennis nets left out

over night.—A stone tower is to have its foundation laid by '85. Each year hereafter the walls will be added to, as a part of the class-day exercises.—Announcement has been made of the *Dartmouth Stylus*, literary monthly, to begin publication next fall.

CLIPPINGS.

Professor (to young lady student)—Your mark is very low, and you have just passed *Young Lady*—"Oh, I'm so glad." *Professor* (surprised)—Why? *Young Lady*—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

A summer school of philosophy defines truth as "the so-ness of the as it were!"

An '85 classidist is engaged upon a work, entitled "Four Years in the saddle," which is to be published shortly after graduation.—*Record*.

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

CANDOR.—*Mistress*: (catching the Butler helping himself to a glass of "'34" Port), "James!—I'm surprised—." *Mr. James*: "So am I mum! I thought you was out."

The favorite musical piece of a certain young lady in town, who is engaged to a chiropodist, is said to be "See the Corn-curing Hero Comes." Before she made his acquaintance she used often to recite "Talk Aches, from Little Toe-Corns Grow."—*Ex*.

"What do you think of Fielding?" asks a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, its important, of course; but it don't amount to anything without good batting."

BOOK REVIEW.

The last *Churchman* is an excellent number. There is the usual number of scholarly editorials on pressing questions of the day. The Church news from the different states is accurate and full. The "Collegiate and Academic Department" will especially interest many of our readers. It includes a full list of Trinity honors and prizes. The book reviews and family and children's department are fully up to the usual high standard.