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Trinity College

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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

# The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. VII.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY, 1874.

No. I.

## A BALLAD.

There is a superstition of great beauty which prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is talking with the Angels. The following ballad, the author of which we do not know, is founded upon it.

A baby was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea.  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling,  
Oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;  
"Oh! blessed be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the Angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me,  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They would watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the Angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I know that the Angels were whispering to thee."

## SIR JOHN FROISSART.

"Did you ever read Froissart?" said Claverhouse.

"No!" was Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," returned Claverhouse, "to contrive you should have six months imprisonment, in order to procure you that pleasure."

OLD MORTALITY.

John Froissart, "priest, canon, and treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, poet and historian," was born in Valenciennes, a town of Hainault, about the year 1337. Very little is known of his family, in fact nothing with certainty. For his title of knighthood there is only the authority of a single manuscript, and it is probable, as Lord remarks, that it was introduced there by the blunder of a copyist, or purposely. Froissart seems to have been an unruly youth, and to have given his instructors no little trouble. He made slow progress in his books, and soon dropped them. He had, however, a great passion for reading, and what he once read he always retained in his mind. He was a merry, good natured, and whole-souled fellow, but in some respects a perfect Paul Pry. Although frequently in love, he was always unhappy in the choice of his affections. He would become discouraged, go abroad, but soon return to his mistress, disconsolate and melancholy, and beg for once to be received into her good graces. But a deaf ear was ever turned to his entreaties, and he would a second time depart, only to come back again in a short while to pour forth his love in a plaintive sonnet. He says that he dreamed, when twelve years old, that Mercury appeared to him attended by the three goddesses whose dispute Paris had formerly judged, and that he confirmed Paris' choice, and that Venus in return promised him a maid far more beautiful than Helen, and that he was to serve her for ten years, and the rest of his life was to be spent in the service of the goddess. Froissart is not celebrated as a poet, and the only kind of poetry he ever attempted was amorous



ditties and virelays. At what time he entered the priesthood is uncertain, but from what we can learn from himself it must have been about the time he became of age, or a little earlier. In his twenty-first year he commenced, *at the prayer and request of his dear lord and master, Sir Robert de Namur, Knight, lord of Beaufort*, his famous Chronicles, which have gained him a reputation certainly not surpassed by his successors. The Chronicles embrace the period, with the exception of about eight months, between the years 1325 and 1401. In the first thirty years Froissart follows John le Bel, for during a part of that time he was not born, and was too young during the remainder to take any notice of the events which were transpiring. John le Bel was the intimate and friend of John of Hainault, and in his company undoubtedly was an eyewitness of many things that happened which are recorded in his history, and had the best opportunities of learning correctly all the transactions between the different courts of Europe, and had every thing afforded him that could be of service in the prosecution of his work. John le Bel was an exact historian, Froissart says, and spared neither pains nor money in making his history correct. So he could not have had better authority for the first part of his work. Le Bel's Chronicles have not come down to us. Froissart's book is styled the "Chronicles of England, France, and Spain, and the Adjoining Countries." It begins with the coronation of Edward III., gives the cause of the quarrel between England and France, and a detailed account of those long and terrible wars which resulted from it. The greater part of the Chronicles relates to these destructive and devastating wars, but at the same time the chronicler at intervals drops the main thread of his narrative, and brings the history of Spain, or some other country, up to the time of which he is treating. There is scarcely a land which escapes his notice. Every country comes in

for a share of his attention. He does not confine himself by any means to England, France, and Spain. Nothing happens in the world that he does not seize hold of. We have in his Chronicles an account of every event of note that transpired from 1326 to 1400.

All are so blended together and arranged as to make one great encyclopædia of the times. Froissart traveled everywhere. There was scarcely a city of importance that he did not visit. He was a welcome guest at every court. He wormed himself into the confidence of kings and queens. He was a great favorite of Queen Philippa of England, and at different times spent several years at her court in the capacity of clerk of her chamber; then he belonged to the household of Edward III., and also to that of John, King of France. Afterwards he was attached to several counts, at the solicitation, and under the patronage of one of whom, the Count de Blois, he wrote the latter part of the Chronicles. Froissart led a nomadic kind of life. He wandered from capital to capital in search of news and items for his history.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

### A GLIMPSE AT THE TALMUD.

Have you ever seen an English version of the Talmud? If not, get one and read it. You will be amply repaid for your labor. It is a queer compound of fanaticism, superstition, demonology, infidelity, and moral treason, and has been productive of more heresy, idolatry, and bigotry, and has tended to retard the progress of Christianity and Civilization more, than all other human efforts. This strange work, which embodies all the traditions of the Law and the decisions of the learned Jewish doctors upon the disputed points of the Mosaic Code, the former of which were supposed to have been handed down, some from the era of Moses, and some from a period far anterior, consists of two



books, one called the *Mischna*, and the other the *Gemara*. The former is the text, and the latter a commentary on the the text. And to this compilation of stupid casuistry and absurdity the Jew to this day yields a faith and obedience far superior to that which he has for the Sacred Scriptures. It will be sufficient to give one an idea of it to present a few extracts.

It is said in the Talmud that Adam's body was made of the earth of Babylon, his head of the land of Israel, and his other members of the remaining parts of the world. Moses, when an infant, is related to have been brought up by Pharaoh's daughter, and to have frequently been caressed by that monarch himself. Who on one occasion, having the infant Moses in his arms, was so suddenly seized by the beard by him, and that so roughly, as to put him to great pain. Enraged at this he commanded his daughter to put him to death, but she replied, "He is but an infant, he knows not the difference between a hot coal and a ruby." "Try him," said the King; and the two were accordingly placed before him. Moses immediately took the hot coal, and put it in his mouth, by which he ever afterwards had an impediment in his speech. And this is what he alludes to when he says, "I am slow of speech, and of a stammering tongue." Og, the King of Bashan of the Bible, it is said in the Talmud, was the son of the angel Schamchiel, and the brother of Sihon, King of the Amorites. Hence these potentates derived their origin from the fallen angels. The soles of Og's feet were forty miles long. He was born before the flood, and, feeling convinced that so vast a being as himself could never be drowned by a deluge ever so extensive, laughed at Noah and derided his undertaking. When the flood came, and only reached up to Og's knees, finding that he still laughed, God caused the water to boil, and now the giant changed his tone, and gladly made peace with Noah. He was then taken up and used

as a covering for the ark. Noah gave him food out of the window every day, to wit, one thousand oxen, one thousand head of game, and one thousand barrels of liquor. In return for this Og became servant to Noah, then to Ham, then to Nimrod, and Nimrod gave him to Abraham. Og was accustomed to hide Abraham in the hollow of his hand, and one day being severely rebuked for some negligence one of his teeth fell out by reason of his terror. And of this tooth did Abraham make an easy-chair, and used it as such all the days of his life. Og, it is related, took up a stone six miles in extent to crush the camp of Israel, and put it on his head, and God caused the ants to make a hole in it, and it fell about his neck; and when he tried to remove it God caused his teeth to grow into it, and Moses finding him so encumbered took an axe, the handle whereof was ten ells in length, and leaped ten ells high, and then as Moses was himself ten ells in stature he could reach to the height of thirty ells. So he struck Og on his ankle-bone, and he died. Now an ell is one yard and one quarter.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to give the Talmudic account of Heaven and Hell. From the Talmud, this strange admixture of truth and fiction, the commentators upon the Bible have derived more aid in the elucidation and exposition of many obscure and hard-to-be-understood passages of the Scriptures than from any other source. But there was a consequence arising from this source. That artful, keen, sagacious, and great Unitarian doctor, Mahomet, quickly seized upon the marvellous, wonderful, and captivating doctrines of the Talmud, and raised upon this foundation the mighty superstructure of the religion of the Koran. Inculcating the doctrine, *Alla Akban*, God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet, he built up a system which has defied the combined assaults of the Christian world.



MINOR MATTERS.

Subscribe for the TABLET.

Prof. Jim is around once more.

New board-walks have been laid around College.

A number of subscriptions to Prof. Jim's Thanksgiving paper remain unpaid. They should be attended to at once.

Some good boarding-houses near College are in demand.

The Freshmen have adopted silver-grey as their class color.

Juniors are revelling in Prex's Evidences of Christianity.

Messrs. Stark and McKennan were elected delegates to represent us at the Rowing Association.

The new College buildings if extended in a straight line would reach more than a half mile.

Prof. Brocklesby has had a severe spell of sickness, but is getting better now.

What has become of the great American Traveller Daniel Pratt?

The columns of the TABLET are always open for communications.

We miss the once familiar notices of "the New Literary Society."

Professor Johnson was presented by the gentlemen of his parish during the holidays with a one hundred dollar overcoat and a one hundred dollar bill in one of its pockets.

The Trinity College Athletic Association intends to give several exhibitions during the present term.

Didn't the class of '74 start Trinity Coll.? They certainly have every thing since it was founded.

The committee appointed at the College meeting held Jan. 12th, was to raise funds for the Boat Club reception only and not to pay old Coll. debts.

Notman, of Montreal, takes Princeton's and Harvard's Seniors. It is said he can make a handsome picture of a poor-looking man.

Seventy-four ought to procure him by all means.

The Chi Kappa Rho is a thing of the past. The society never held but one meeting, which was well attended however, but Birchmore having left College his pet could not long survive.

We grieve for John Hollingsworth. He was informed that he was not trust-worthy and had to leave. He is sexton at the Incarnation now.

The Trustees have sent Mr. F. C. Kimball of this city to London to familiarize himself with the plans for the new buildings. He is expected to return on or about May 1st.

The Rowing Association of American Colleges will meet in this city on Wednesday morning, January 21st. Two delegates will attend from each College, which will make an aggregate of twenty-five or thirty. The time and course for the next regatta will have to be determined, and the meeting bids fair to be one of the most interesting yet held.

At a College meeting held Monday evening, January 12th, it was voted to give a dauce to the delegates attending the Rowing Association meeting. A committee of four, consisting of Messrs. Erwin and Stedman of '74, and Messrs. Bryan and Kane of '75, was appointed to take charge of the affair, which will come off on Wednesday evening 21st inst. in the Gymnasium.

Each year finds the singing in Chapel worse than the preceding one. Is it the loss we have sustained by out-going classes or the quality we have acquired by incoming ones which makes it so? We certainly have good material and enough of it to make a good choir; such a one as they formerly had when the Chapel was filled on Sundays with a large crowd to hear the singing. All we want to bring us back to our pristine glory is that some one should make the move. Let some energetic person come forward, gather the "sweet singers" together, and organize them and the choir will be an assured success.



The faculty have adopted Professor Hart's new edition of Juvenal. Although the work has been in print but a few months it has already been adopted in a number of our first Colleges, and has met with the highest commendation from those competent of judging. We congratulate the Professor on the success of his work, and feel proud to number him amidst our Alma Mater's sons.

A feeling of sadness will pervade the breast of every Trinity man, who has left these "classic shades" within the last ten years, at the the mournful tidings of the death of Phonie Brocklesby. His sudden and unexpected demise occurred at one o'clock on Tuesday, the 30th of December, at the residence of Mrs. Brace, on Washington Street. When we left, at the close of last term, he was enjoying his usual good health, with the exception of a slight cold, which we little thought would be the cause of his death.

*Ξενοφών Χειρίσσοφος Βρόκλεσβυ*

Canis was born May 12th, 1864, and from the hour he was taken from a fond mother's protecting care, has been the pet and pride of Trinity students. Of a kind, gentle and affectionate nature he commanded the love, admiration and respect of all who knew him. He maintained, up to the moment of his death, a philosophical fortitude consistent with his former life, uttering no word of complaint no matter how great his sufferings.

"Lightly rest the sod over thee  
Friend of my College days."

The extensive telegraph line, now in successful operation about College, was commenced, we believe, by two members of '73, in room 28, Brownell Hall, the first wire extending from the table to the window. A few days were consumed in learning the alphabet, but at the end of that time visionary schemes of international lines coursed madly through the brains of the *embryo* operators, and one room became too small for their oper-

ations. This was about the beginning of April, '73. A wire was soon stretched from the room to number 15, same hall, and the circuit completed by an attachment to the gas pipe. The line was next extended from No. 15 the entire length of the Campus to 77 College St., where an aspirant for telegraphic honors then resided. This was all that was done during that Collegiate year with the exception of establishing an additional station at 34, B. H.

At the opening of the Christmas term telegraphing became quite a rage; the old line was extended to 44 and 25 Jarvis and 13 Brownell, whilst an opposition line, confined exclusively to Jarvis, was started, which has now some five or six instruments in successful operation. Match games of chess, checkers and other games have been played by telegraph, while a thorough knowledge of its practical workings has been attained by those who were persevering enough in their efforts; so much so, in fact, that one of them took charge of an office last summer during the absence of the regular operator, and filled the place to the entire satisfaction of the Company.

A monument has been projected in memory of Phonie.

When the committee from the Junior Class took charge of the reading-room, they certainly bade fair to be by far the most efficient curators we had yet had. The papers were regularly filed, while the room was kept clean and warm. Several changes have been made in the committee since then which may have caused the altered state of things, but at any rate the room is in a shameful condition at present; papers are seldom filed and magazines are thrown around promiscuously, while no one seems to know whose duty it is to take charge of these matters. If the committee do not intend to do their duty let them frankly come forward, resign their positions, and allow those who are competent and willing, to take their places.



# The Trinity Tablet.

Published monthly throughout the collegiate year  
by the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

EDITORS, CLASS OF '75.

W. BRYAN, C. D. SCUDDER,  
J. BUFFINGTON, W. M. STARK.

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## COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

It is with strange and to some extent indefinable feelings, that we seat ourselves in that far-famed, editorial chair, which has been handed down to so many successive generations of editors. To be sure, there is a grim satisfaction in calmly reposing in it and dreamily suffering our thoughts to wander

through the boundless realms of metaphysical thought. It is pleasant to stroke our moustaches with the delightful sense of complacency which is the peculiar prerogative of all editors, and think of the past and that future, to which we look forward with such joyful anticipation. And yet there is a sincere feeling of regret commingled with our joy, which more than counterbalances it; for we are beginning to realize that the time is rapidly drawing near, when another class will bid farewell to Trinity, and when so many of our warmest and most intimate friends will have to leave us, in order to commence that great duty of their life for which College has been but the preparation.

To digress no further, here we are regularly installed in our new and important position. That throne which to our Freshmanic eyes appeared to be tinged with a brilliant variety of the most gorgeous hues (the green, of course, predominating) has at length been taken possession of by ourselves. That paper, whose articles used to be criticized so severely by us, when full-blown Sophomores, and on which we would pass judgement of the greatest importance to the welfare of said paper in our conceited opinions, has now fallen into our hands. We can fully comprehend and sympathize with the feelings of former editors. We can understand the embarrassing positions in which they can be and have been placed, and the little subterfuges to which they have had to resort, in order to escape difficulty. At last we can appreciate the importance of a task which we now have before us, and the responsibility of our own situation, which we can not help dreading in some degree. Had we the rare intellectual capacity and the wonderful business qualities of the former editors! had we their brilliant talents and their reputation as hard workers and diligent students, we would fear naught; but set at defiance the whole world, in full reliance on our own power to overcome all obstacles.



The TABLET has been and is edited by four students selected annually from the Junior Class who have to write all the articles for it. Now this should not be. It is impossible for four individuals to represent the intellectual ability and the talents of a whole College to which they belong. As matters now stand, we do not keep in mind the true object of every College paper, which should be to express the views of the *students* in relation to College doings &c., and give fair literary specimens of what can be done by them. We want to make the TABLET more of a true College journal than it has been lately, and in order to accomplish this we must have assistance from the other students. Can any one reasonably complain of the lack of interest displayed in the TABLET, when he remembers that no one but the editors contribute articles to it—that all the work is done by four, and the story of College life is reserved for so few to tell that it can not help becoming monotonous after a time? The only remedy is for all to give us their aid. Under graduates, graduates, and professors, we ask you all to write for our journal! If you will do so, we will be able to make it what every College paper should be. Its articles will be interesting to all and will not have that prosaic and tiring air of strained talent about them, which is common in all cases where three, four, or five, editors are compelled to grind out so many columns of reading material for other students to criticise and pick to pieces as much as they feel inclined. There is one improvement we can promise our readers to make, and that consists in being punctual in editing every TABLET on time. Of late it has been very tardy—almost every number has been delayed, and in consequence considerable grumbling has been indulged in, which physiologists tell us is bad for the health and therefore detrimental to the College. Punctuality is, as all Seniors probably know, the guide of life. We shall try to issue the TABLET on the 25th of every

month. If we ever fail to bring it out at that time ascribe it to sickness, or a heterogeneous conglomeration of circumstances over which we have no control.

It would be well here to crave the indulgence of a critical public. Remember that we are but young men with but little experience of the world, and that most of our ideas and feelings have been brought into life only through contact with the College. To the students we say, do not be too harsh and severe. If you can write better articles than those which you see in the TABLET, do so and send them to us. Any little scrap of information, any funny story, you may meet with in the course of your extensive researches, express in your own language and contribute to the TABLET. Show some enthusiasm in your paper. Above all, tell your friends to subscribe, if for no other reason, at any rate to see your productions in print. Trusting that all will be kindly disposed toward the new board of editors, and will overlook the faults which we as beginners may be apt to commit in the nervous haste of preparation, we will retire from the field for a brief period.

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### LIGHT.

How long, oh! how long, are we to be kept in the dark? We do not like to complain, but the present state of the Halls at night should be looked into. Darkness as black as Erebus prevails every where. Locomotion is dangerous, and many a time and oft have we staid in our room, which is on the top floor, rather than attempt a passage to the earth. We are even deprived of the light of the moon shining through the windows, for the passages run north and south, and the rooms are on each side of them, so not a beam penetrates the buildings. We do not know whether the Faculty are under the impression or not that our organs of vision are possessed of that remarkable property belonging to the feline



eye, but if they do so think, we beg to inform them that they are greatly mistaken. There is a good deal of passing at night among the students from room to room, up stairs and down stairs, and it is only by groping along that one can find his way. There have been several accidents already. One man has fallen down stairs and injured himself so seriously in consequence, as to be obliged to have a surgical operation performed, and be confined to his room for more than a week. Numerous noses have been smashed, and a Senior has almost killed himself by running violently against a brick wall when he thought nothing was there. Not a week passes but some one is hurt in these dark passages. We are somewhat resigned to being killed off slowly by the state-house excavation and the wintry blasts that sweep through our rooms, but we object decidedly to dashing our brains out against the bricks and breaking our necks on the stairs. The Faculty should see that every passage is properly lighted, or else we may be again saddened by the loss of a fellow student. It will be of little expense to place a light at the head of every staircase, and it may prevent some fatal accident. If the Faculty do not take any action in the matter, let the occupants of each section see to it. A few cents apiece will purchase a suitable lamp, and it will be no trouble to keep it in order. We hope the subject will receive speedy attention, and that in our next issue we shall be able to chronicle the presence of the lights.

### PRIZES.

Now that the College has become rich, why does it not increase the value of its prizes? Since '73 entered the prize which had been given to that person who passed the best *admittitur* examination has not been awarded. And instead of the fortunate contestant in the examinations on extra studies

for other prizes in the four undergraduate years receiving the sum of \$100, he is now rewarded with but the paltry sum of \$20. Three months' hard study for that miserable amount! Each catalogue reads thus on the subject of prizes, "There must be at least three competitors." But is this condition of their being awarded strictly held to? No! because it is very rarely the case that as many as three students will try for it. And why do not more try? Because it is not worth the trouble. They can not afford to waste their time in working for such a remuneration as that which is promised them. If the sum were once raised to its former standard, there would be something to study for. More contestants would enter the lists and it would be a real honor to obtain a prize. Look at the examples afforded us in the catalogues of other Colleges! They are not backward about giving liberally and offering large inducements to all their students to try to obtain some prize. Moreover many of them do not limit themselves to one in every class. They give several for each different branch of study, thus affording an opportunity to every student to try for a prize in that particular department in which he feels that he is most conversant; so that naturally at all these institutions the contest is exciting. A great deal of interest is displayed in the results of all of these examinations, and they exert a very powerful influence on the minds of all the students, impressing them with an idea of what a triumph it is to be able to come out best in such a trial as that of ability and talent, and making them feel the importance of study. Considering then that it would be no small advantage to institute large prizes in our College, and also the fact that Trinity is now wealthy, we can not but wonder why she does not interest herself a little more in this matter. Such a movement would undoubtedly be productive of good. Laying aside all other considerations, it might bring more students to our Alma Mater's ivied walls, and it



would certainly incite more enthusiasm in the College and its institutions among those already here.

PHONIE OBIIT DEC. 30th, 1873.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

The day has come at last, good dog,  
The day we all did dread,  
When we should see you cold and stiff  
Within your narrow bed.

II.

Through all your years from puppyhood  
Your course of life was true,  
And you ever did your *level best*  
In what you had to do.

III.

"You did delight to bark," *not bite*,  
"For God had made you so."  
But your tail flag never drooped a jot  
Before the stoutest foe.

IV.

I've often wished that you could speak,  
And many a time you did,  
Reared on your hind-legs, hold discourse  
As good dogs do, when bid.

V.

But I mean more, for out those eyes  
So earnest and so bright  
Oft flashed a gleam, if nothing more,  
Of reason's dawning light.

VI.

And meanings filled those troubled orbs  
That seemed but thoughts unspoken.  
Alas poor dog! that fools have speech  
And you could give no token.

VII.

You were so wise we almost thought  
You lived a life *incog.*:  
You, *Skye*-descended, more than cur,  
Something above a dog.

VIII.

Had you been shaped like some grim ape  
That roves by Niger's brink,  
How Darwin would have joyed in you,  
The long-sought "missing link!"

\* \* \* \*

IX.

We shall miss you, old companion,  
As the seasons come and go,  
When we tread the clover blossoms,  
When we crush the winter's snow.

X.

We shall miss your barking chorus  
As we take our morning stroll;  
Frisking, twisting, gambolling round us  
With a joy beyond control.

XI.

We shall miss you in the evening,  
Turning three times round or more  
Ere you found the right position  
At our feet, upon the floor.

XII.

At bedtime we shall miss you,  
Slowly stepping up the stairs  
To your rug within the study,  
Where you slept away your cares.

XIII.

We shall miss you at the window  
With the sill beneath your feet,  
Growling fiercely at the "big dogs"  
When they dared to cross the street.

XIV.

And the students, they will miss you,  
With your funny tricks untold;  
But whene'er they tried to fool you  
"Twas *another* that was "*sold.*"

XV.

No ragged urchins now will flee  
In terror at your bay.  
Adams rejoice! that bark no more  
Will fill you with dismay.

XVI.

Though for years the college campus  
Resounded with your bark,  
Yet so perfect was your conduct  
That you never lost a mark.

XVII.

Yet once, in a bye-gone summer  
When you were green and young,  
You went into the Chapel  
To hear the anthems sung.

XVIII.

But such looks were cast upon you  
That you never ventured more  
Within its sacred precincts,  
Till the services were o'er.

\* \* \* \*



## XIX.

'Twas on the New Year's morning  
 We laid him down to rest,  
 With the bright sky bending o'er him,  
 In the place he loved best.

## XX.

Under the harvest apple tree  
 Where he was wont to stray,  
 And stretch himself beneath its shade  
 In the glowing summer day.

## XXI.

While the old friends of his early years  
 Softly speaking, stroked his head,  
 And he looked up in their faces  
 As if knowing what was said.

## XXII.

Then rest thee, good old Phonie,  
 You must mingle with the earth ;  
 But has in truth all perished  
 That gave to you your worth ?

## XXIII.

Silence is all the answer ;  
 But if not, we surely know  
 That the good old college dog has gone  
 Where all the good dogs go.

## PERSONALS.

CAREW, '28. S. S. Carew died Nov. 29th, 1873, at Stonington, Ct.

SMITH, '36. C. H. Smith died at Mat-tapoisett, L. I., on the 11th of November last.

FRANKLIN, '41. Rev. T. L. Franklin, D. D. resides in Madison, Ind.

MULCHAHEY, '42. Rev. James Mulchahey has become an assistant minister of Trinity Parish New York, with duties at St. Paul's Chapel.

KRUMBHAAR, '55. W. B. Krumbhaar is at present in New Orleans at the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Terpsichore Streets.

We are indebted to the Secretary of the Faculty for the following :

The Rev. William H. Vibbert, of the Class of '58, has resigned the Professorship of Hebrew in the Berkeley Divinity School, and accepted the Rectorship of St. Luke's Church, Germantown, Philadelphia. Mr. Vibbert became an instructor in Hebrew in the Divinity School in 1860, and was soon

honored with the title of Professor. He has proved himself a careful scholar and an excellent teacher; so that the somewhat unattractive language which he taught has been one of the most interesting studies in the theological course at Berkeley. Those of our graduates who have studied there under Prof. Vibbert will never cease to feel under personal obligations to him; and they will all regret that he has resigned his position in the Faculty of the School.

WELLS, '64. Rev. L. H. Wells came east last November for the purpose of raising funds. He is stationed at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, the farthest out-post of the American Church in the west.

KIRBY, '65. J. Walter Kirby died in New Haven on the 29th of December last.

GARDNER, '70. At Trinity Church, at 12 M., on Wednesday, the 17th of December, 1873, by the rector, Rev. Dr. Scarborough, Rev. Charles H. Gardner of Clayville, N. Y., to Miss Annie G. Parker, of this city, daughter of the late Lieut. Parker of the U. S. Navy. —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

HUDSON, '71. R. Hudson is assisting Rev. Wm. A. Hitchcock, '54, minister at Binghamton, N. Y.

EVEREST, '71. C. S. Everest is teaching school at Ury House, Fox Chase, near Philadelphia.

BURGWIN AND CHASE, '72, are at the Columbia Law School.

FLOWER, '72. Will some one give us his address ?

MCCOLLOUGH, '73. D. H. McCollough was married to a Miss Trenholm, of Charleston, S. C., on the 15th of this month. The ceremony took place at the house of the bride's parents.

NORFLEET, '73. We notice in the *Raleigh (N. C.) Daily Sentinel* of January 6th, 1874, that Robert Norfleet was one of a class of fourteen who were admitted to the bar after a very successful examination.

PLATT, '74. Clayton Platt is in an Insur-



ance office, at 45 Wall St., New York City.

DRUMM, '74. T. J. Drumm has returned from his sojourn in the Granite State.

HEWLETT, '74. S. H. Hewlett has gone into business at Cincinnati, Ohio.

WRIGHT, '74. G. E. Wright still remains with E. H. Garbutt & Co.

PLATT, '75. C. Platt, Jr. has left College to enter business. He is with P. Wright and Son, a large shipping firm, in Philadelphia.

BIRCHMORE, '76. W. H. Birchmore has withdrawn from the college curriculum, his father thinking that he did not "develop" fast enough.

### PARTICLES.

The religious standard of the College must be improving, if we can judge from the appearance of numerous Church Standards, for which the students liberally subscribe. A Freshman remarked that these papers had Mott-leyed advertisements.—Adams is in distress; he says his wife went back on him and sued him \$18 for damages. His story about this unfortunate occurrence is very affecting, and gives evidence of a wonderful knowledge of zoology and poetry.

"With glaring eye and savage howl,  
With 'pinted' teeth, she sprang  
And lit upon my poor bare back,  
And then a psan sang."—

A Senior placed his beaver in a chair, he had just risen from as he remarked, "Now remember, fellows, this seat is reserved." Shortly after with unusual absent-mindedness he sat down again in said chair without first removing his hat and of course utterly destroyed it.—There must be a new quartette forming. Such howling and yelling in vain endeavors to reach that high note has never been heard before.—The season is excellent for duns, four apiece on an average.—A new agent is tramping around in search of Freshmen to buy his new work, "Five Years Among the Indians." He suggests that it be

reviewed by the TABLET, and promises only to charge it thirty cents for so doing.—The numbers of the College are rapidly diminishing. The course of study is so advanced that but few can keep up with it.—The Juniors increase their muscle by copying Pres. Jackson's lectures on the Evidences of Christianity.—Chapel singing grows more discordant daily. Sixteen bass voices sing tenor or rather make vain attempts to, and about a dozen tenors are trying to growl bass, while all the rest of the College, except four or five, howl both parts at the same time without regard to time or words, and all come out with wonderful and startling emphasis on the sacred chorus of "Amen."—The Freshmen propose starting something entirely new and out of the way, viz. a Boat Club.—Success to the new crew!—First recitation in Rhetoric by Sophomores. Prof.—What is the second division of Arguments? Stud.—Demonstrative or necessary. Prof.—According to what are they divided? Stud.—Rhetoric. Another Sophomore in the same recitation made the following sage remark—"Everything that has a beginning has a cause, ergo everything that has a cause has a beginning."—Prof. to Junior—What two great personages was Chaucer particularly acquainted with? Junior.—Boccaccio and Plutarch.—Can not some one introduce some new tunes?—Sam Simons and that affecting Kitchen Door Ajar are getting pretty well worn out. Love ditties of course preferred.—A Freshman says the best cider he knows of is to sit beside her. What shall be done with him is the question.

### COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

#### YALE.

One of our Western boys attended a funeral during vacation, concerning which he relates the following chaste tale. The aged minister tearfully observed in his discourse: "Another old citizen of Illinois is prematurely no more.



In life's great game of poker he has thrown down his hand, which, permit me to say, brethren, was equal to four aces and a queen; he has surrendered his chips, drained his glass to the dregs and walked out. And, what is most remarkable about it is, the full force of the impropriety of keeping her rat poison in the tea-pot did not seem to strike the old lady until about the time of the inquest."—*Record*.

"Raw recruits for Satan" is the epithet applied by *The Northern Christian Advocate* to about 200 students admitted to Cornell.—*Yale Courant*.

The tragic Theologue who rend(er)s Shakespeare in the upper hall of Divinity, preached out of town a few Sundays ago, and on his return complained of sore lips. Somebody was indiscreet enough to ask the cause, and was satisfied with the answer that "so many people hung on them the day before."—*Yale Courant*.

*Scene*—Cellar of New Theological Building; *Senior*—looking at Jim, an Irishman rolling stones into cellar; one of the stones just misses a mason. *Jim*—"Sure, an' if that stone had struck him 'twould have killed him as dead as the Devil." *Senior*—"But, Jim, the Devil isn't dead." *Jim*—"Indade, an' he isn't. But as they say in the owld countree, if he was dead we'd take up a contribution for the orphans; an' sure I'd give ye a penny."—*Yale Courant*.

"In a week's time the college consumes 150 barrels of flour, at the rate of 150 loaves of bread per day. A mill upon the place supplies the flour, and the ovens are kept busy day and night. A barrel of batter is needed to supply the demand for cakes at every breakfast. These are baked, 500 at once, upon a monster gridiron, and 30 gallons of molasses are required to salt them down. At a single meal the young ladies devour 150 pounds of beefsteak, 80 gallons of coffee, 1,200 eggs, and 40 to 50 turkeys when these are in order." Our *forte* isn't mathematics, but those of an inquiring turn of mind will naturally proceed to calculate how many gills of the aforesaid 30 gallons of molasses falls to the lot of each of these fair *gourmandes*, at her dainty matutinal repast. The large percentage of a pint gained by this abstruse calculation

may account, in a culinary view of human nature, for the alleged amiability of Vassar girls.—*Yale Courant*.

It is rumored that Kennedy, Brownell, and Wood are to be members of the University crew.—*Yale Lit*.

Enumerate not the offspring of the barnyard fowl before the process of incubation is as yet incompleated.

"Experience will teach that each natural particle which presents to the retina an auriferous appearance is not necessarily composed of that material which affords the most convenient medium of exchange between both nations and individuals."—*Yale Courant*.

#### HARVARD.

*Fama volat* that the Nassau Boat Club of New York is to put in training a six-oared crew to row against the winners of the Collegiate Regatta of 1874.—*Magenta*.

The Biblical Editor suggests for our Boat House the name "Golgotha,—the place of a skull."—*Magenta*.

*Question* (in history). "Give a brief sketch of Oliver Cromwell."

*Answer*. "Cromwell was a very wicked man, and led a very wicked life. But on his death bed he repented, and his last words were, 'Oh would I had served my God as I have served my king!'"—*Advocate*.

#### CORNELL.

The German student lamp is a tolerably docile animal and was so considered by Perry and Stevenson until lately, but now they regard it as not to be depended upon at all. The cause of the misunderstanding was a success of the desire of the lamp to overreach its bounds and the objection of the boys to being burned to death. However, when the oil began to come out all aflame and in earnest, they jerked the lamp on the floor, spread the kerosene nicely over a square yard of carpet and two yards of military cloak, howled murder, and altogether acted in a sane manner, according to the cus'om of men when fire is around. The lamp retired from the combat badly confused and could not be prevailed upon to be lighted again until it



was coaxed with new shade and chimney.—*Cornell Times*.

Certain students with a peculiarly comic vein in them saw fit to use unseemly and profane language immediately on coming out of church some Sundays ago;—less humorous persons failed to see the wit, but were obliged to hear the interesting language all the same. If those aforesaid students find it impossible to get along without a certain amount of swearing, it is advisable that they do it in less public places.—*Cornell Times*.

WESTERN COLLEGIAN.

Recitation in Geology. Prof.—Mr. L., what were conifers? Mr. L.—Conifers were quite small plants, very abundant in the Carboniferous age. Prof.—Quite small, indeed, Mr. L., about 400 feet high. That will do.

A Senior wishes to state to persons residing on Winter street that he will not be responsible for damages befalling gates left open after midnight. He has suffered enough from such negligence, and hereafter will keep "the even tenor of his way," gates or no gates.

A Senior appearing to be earnestly studying his Geology, was found to be sitting with his head between his book and the lamp counting the individual members of his mustache by their shadows on the book. Query:—Did he probably think they were fossilized?

MISCELLANEOUS.

A heartless Soph. directed an unsophisticated Fresh. to the police headquarters for rooms. He found them but says, "he would like to enlarge the proboscis of that Soph.—*Ex*."

*Dr. Hopkins*.—"What does your enjoyment of a witty man depend upon?"

*Student*.—"It is in proportion to his wit."

*Dr. Hopkins*.—"Supposing he is a good man?"

*Student*.—"It is in proportion to his goodness."

*Dr. Hopkins*.—"Well, supposing he knows a great deal?"

*Student*.—"In proportion to his nose." Class howls.—*Williams Review*.

One who knows, says "kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruffle on is about as much fun as

embracing a circular saw in full motion."—*Ex*.

This thing of sending boys and girls to the same college would seem to be a frightful sort of business. The New York *Graphic* says "the male Freshmen are blindfolded and violently kissed by frolicksome Sophomores of the gentler sex. If this is true, every Freshman ought to have a couple of policemen with him all the time for his protection. If we were a Freshman, rather than submit to the diabolical violence of being blindfolded and kissed by a parcel of sixteen year old female Sophomores, we would a thousand times rather retire uneducated from college, and glide down the stream of time without knowing a single thing.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Scene—*Laboratory*.—Professor looking attentively upon a little box, on which is written "Blue Pills," and from which the names of the Seniors, written on small slips of paper, and to be drawn as they are called up to recite. "Strange, but things will even accidentally, get the correct label on them occasionally."—*Ex*.

Freshman (swimmingly)—"What is the value of a Senior?"

Senior (severely)—"Taking a Freshman as a unit of measure, he is valued at infinity."—*Cap and Gown*.

The following note was handed us about the third day after the opening of the gymnasium: "The ladies' gymnasium seems to be a success; the teacher has already collected about two dozen hair-pins."—*College Days*.

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