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Trinity College

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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

# THE TRINITY TABLET,

VOL. VIII.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

No. V.

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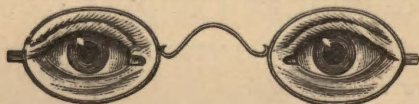
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# The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. VIII.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

No. V.

## *PERSIUS, SAT. III. 35—43.*

Great King of Heaven, if Thy avenging hand  
Would fall on cruel tyrants, greater woe  
Thou ne'er canst send, than when with natures stirred  
By fiercest passions poisoning all their life,  
Virtue they see, and mourn, too late, its loss.  
Less terrible the groans from brazen bull  
Of Sicily, or sword that trembling hung  
From gilded cornice o'er the revellers  
In purple clad, than is the voice within  
That whispers to the heart, "We go, we go,  
Headlong adown the steeps, we know not where."  
'Tis then the very soul grows pale with fear,  
Nor dearest friend the mystery can read.

## *PERSIUS, SAT. V. 30—51.*

When first the guardian purple ceased to awe;  
When golden boss, mark of my boyhood's years,  
I hung an offering to the household gods;  
When friends were kindly, and the robe unsoiled  
Gave me the right with searching glance to look,  
O'er all Suburra; when the path of life  
Took changing shapes, and with a mind untrained  
In the world's ways, I wandering had come  
Where roads divergent made me doubtful, then  
I fell to thee, Cornutus. Thou didst take  
My tender years to thy wise loving heart.  
Thy skilful methods, cheating me for good,  
Pulled out my tangled morals, till my mind,  
By reason moulded, strove to be subdued,  
And took its shape beneath thy artist hand.  
How come there back in memory the long days,  
Bright summer days, in study spent with thee!  
How come there too the feasts for which we plucked  
The night's first hours! One work, one rest we shared,  
One modest meal our graver moods unbent.  
Say, canst thou doubt our separate lives were brought  
By some sure covenant into such accord,  
And governed by a single guiding star?  
Whether stern fate in equal Balances  
Our passing days suspends, or the birth-hour  
Of faithful friends united fortunes shares  
Between the heavenly Twins, and thus we break  
The blows of Saturn with one shield of Jove,  
I know not, nor would ask. Enough for me,  
Some star there is that blends my life with thine.

ALUMNUS.

## *LITTLE BICE.*

Sweet little Bice was dead, and as she lay  
stretched out there so still and white, in the  
green-room of the play house, what a weird  
mockery seemed the rouged and painted  
mourners, who, in the interval when their  
duties required them not to flout their finery  
for the amusement of the public, flocked  
about the tiny coffin of their one time little  
friend. She had only been dead a day, and  
the members of the strolling company who  
had grown to love this little speck of sun-  
shine, that flung her radiance over the dreary  
monotony of their hard lives, now missed  
the gentle, cooing voice, and the soft footfall  
of the fairy feet.

Little Bice, (for all her adopted guardians  
knew) was an orphan; they had found her  
one morning, a few months back, fast asleep  
in the very attitude in which she now lay  
dead, so delicate and fragile-looking, they  
almost feared to touch her, lest the gentle  
brittle frame should crumble. When at  
length she awoke, and looked upon the  
strange faces about her, the wistful wonder-  
ment of her gaze made more than one hard  
eye dim, and caused many a callous heart to  
throb in memory of an innocent childhood,  
past long ago.

She could not have been more than seven  
years old, but she firmly closed her little lips  
upon the past history of her life, saying only  
that her papa and mamma were dead, and  
she so wanted them again. She gave her  
name as Beatrice, and this was quickly  
shortened into Bice, which in time gave way  
to Little Bice, and by this she was known,  
and more often called.

There seemed at first to be some grief of her past life, which held her in its painful bonds, but this, after the manner of most children, she threw off in a short time, and became the life of the company. She took an exquisite delight in beholding the performances of her foster-parents, and her joy could scarcely be contained when she found that her name had been placed in the cast of a new piece. She danced from one of her friends to another, in the wildest excitement, proudly showing "her part," and gleefully parading her importance; unconsciously causing more than one weary woman, with but few more years weighing upon her brow, to sigh enviously in her heart for the thrills of joyous excitement in her task which animated this bright young breast.

At length, totally unable to expend the exuberance of her spirits in any other way, she buried her shining golden head in the shaggy coat of old Nero, the watch dog, who listened forbearingly, as the happy child poured into his sympathetic ear the tale of her wonderful joy. The day arrived, we were in a large town, and our manager expected an overflowing house. All that day Bice was in a tumult of hope and anxious fear; would she forget her lines? Would her courage fail at the last moment? Would she please all her kind friends? Would she succeed? All these questions she put a dozen times to the good-humored members of the troupe, who having long ago gotten over the excitement of a new appearance, were interested to no greater extent than that a well-filled treasury might reward their efforts. And so it is in every path of life—at first, all hurry, bustle and glow, all burning for honor and fame, then in the later days of care and worldliness, in total forgetfulness of the noble aims for which we one time yearned, we are satisfied with a mediocrity of effort, and from the contemplation of the lofty and Heaven-betrothed aspirations of the soul, we

plod on, easily satisfied with the dull routine of sordid earth.

The hour came, and with it Little Bice appeared in the green-room fully dressed for her character, an hour before the time for performance. Her part was simple, a few lines to recite, and then to fall apparently lifeless into the arms of her stage-mother. She complained somewhat of a pain at the heart as the time drew nigh for the rising of the curtain, but every one was so occupied with the preparation of his or her own part, that these complaints passed by unheeded, and if noticed, were attributed to her unaccustomed situation.

So the time passed on, and Little Bice tripped upon the stage; at first she paused, half-frightened by the surging upturned faces before her, and the glaring of the brilliant foot-lights in her face, but daunted only for the instant she went on with her words, and in such a *naïve* childish manner, that as she gracefully withdrew after her first scene, the audience applauded in a tumultuous manner. Her bright eyes sparkled, her little bosom heaved, but a strange glitter succeeded the sparkle of pride, and a hectic flush took the place of her modest blushes as she went back for her last scene, that in which the stage business called her to die. The moment came when she was to do this bit of acting, in which she took more pride than all the rest; she spoke her words easily and fell back naturally into her mother's arms. The audience saw the cleverness of her effort, and in sympathy with her youth, shouted their plaudits in appreciation. But in an instant their noise was hushed, as the actress in whose arms lay the child, lifted a white, horror-stricken face, and the vast crowd were silent as the dead, while they waited to hear the "resistless eloquence of woe" poured forth in such a manner, as none other than this actress was supposed to render it.

Suddenly a murmur arose, the stage filled

with men and women, and the whole audience rose and pressed forward to ascertain the meaning of this strange scene. Little Bice had acted her part too naturally, and lay like a delicate snow-blossom, wound in the arms of the horrified woman—dead.

Yes, Little Bice was dead, and in a voice choked with sorrow, the manager informed the audience, who withdrew in respectful sympathy from the gray shadow of the play-house, leaving the company alone, to mourn their departed little companion.

The dread foe, disease of the heart, had seized her as a shining mark, and death had claimed her for his own. The strain and unaccustomed action of the stage had proved too much for her slender stalk of life, and the Reaper, searching amidst a garden-world of rare and beautiful plants, had culled this one fragile lily, to form a fragrant offering for the bright garland of Eternity.

So she lay there, stretched out upon a stage couch, gilded and trimmed to the last degree of gaudiness, a single drop of pure gold, shining amidst the duller flashiness of cheaper metal. What a strange medley of the earth surrounded that pure inhabitant of a lofty Heaven. Scattered about upon the floor, lay the discarded robes of stage queens, the tinsel glittering apings of royalty, the humble peasant's dress hung side by side with the ermine of the duke, grotesque masks leered hideously down upon the pale waxen face, false shining gems glowed through the dim obscurity upon the once blithesome dancing eyes, now closed for ever, gaudy lithographs of theatrical celebrities gazed solemnly upon the fragile, pulseless form before their vacant eyes. Everything seemed a ghastly mockery of the death angel, and the pale light, dulled to a deeper pallor in its passage through the dusty panes, dimly lighted up a strange and awful scene—a paradox of paradoxes.

Not least among the sad group of mourners, gathered about the bed of Little Bice, was

the rough-coated old dog Nero. As he had shared the joyous sunshine which her presence ever threw around, so he felt the chilling shadow which the taking away of those rays had brought. In his queer, half-human way, he wept for the gentle spirit of his friend, and cast a wistful gaze upon the rigid features, sweet and tender even in death, that could not return his look, and mournfully licked with sympathetic tongue the marble hand which drooped in all the grace of death over the side of the bed.

Sorrow was upon all hearts; men and women of a hard world, bred to a life which rarely knows a tear save in mimic agony, now felt the scalding drops of true grief roll down their painted cheeks, which all unaccustomed to such strange visitors, received the tender homage to the dead with wondering thoughtfulness, and offered no impediment to the silent rolling of the stranger drops down their callous surface. But when did the living long mourn for what is gone? alas! alas! it is a part of the world's hard philosophy that when one soul departs, another takes its place, and we must forget our sorrow of to-day, in preparing for the untried morrow's care.

So with little Bice.

Reverently and solemnly we laid her away and then her image faded from our minds, recalled sometimes by the subtle power of haunting memory, but this too finally disappeared, and Little Bice was banished from the world, and a new life took her place, and the Earth plods ceaselessly upon her daily way, forgetful of the little flower which sprang up by the roadside, bloomed awhile with sweet fragrance—and was plucked.

### *SPECIAL AND GENERAL.*

This country is pre-eminently distinguished for the facilities it affords for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the people. In addition to the admirable system of free schools, which prevails independent of all

sectarian influences, and our higher seminaries and universities, where the poorest person may, if he so desire, receive an education at a mere nominal cost; there are more books, reviews, magazines and newspapers published here than, it might be said, in the whole world besides. There being no laws restricting or limiting their circulation, the freedom of the press—once our national pride, (though now becoming, we fear, a national disgrace and reproach) prevailing to its full extent; books and papers furnished at comparatively low rates, there is scarcely a family but may have its library. But, however flattering all this may be, we must admit that these privileges, both in publishing and reading, are greatly abused. Any one who reflects upon the quantities of worthless and trashy matter under the name of Romances and Novels, that are daily thrown before the public, and which form the intellectual food of the greater proportion of our population, must admit that a reform is needed in this country in the publication and circulation of books, newspapers, etc. The public taste in reading has become vitiated by them. The powers of the imagination have become exhausted by such highly-wrought pictures of human life. The facts of real life are too tame to arrest the attention of this class of readers. Every day occurrences must be clothed in the language of fiction and exaggeration, before *they* can be induced to read them. But let it not be supposed, however, that we disapprove of novel-reading entirely, for that would be silly on the face of it. There is the element of sentiment, which enters more or less in the mind of every man, and it too, requires food, if we would educate all our faculties. But it is a common failing of us all to set up his or her taste as the only truly correct and refined taste, and, therefore, worthy of being followed; that the narrow path of life we have chosen only leads to true happiness. And thus it happens that some devote themselves entirely to novel reading and others to history.

In either case they equally err. Let him who has no taste for novels read them on that account all the more, for he most needs them and so with the novel-reader in regard to history. And it is not with the intellectual few that we are concerned, who read only the best authors, who read with reference to the literature or to the moral, and not for the sake of the naked story, and whose remarks or criticisms can have no important bearing upon the flood of "light literature," which is ever pouring from the press; but with the illiterate rabble, whose only intellectual food is the Dime novel and periodical romance. These books and papers could not be read, and the evils which must follow them would be avoided, if one did not write, and another did not publish, and a third did not sell them. Although complaints are frequently and justly made against said productions, they never go further; the writer and publisher, the source of all the evil, are hardly ever thought of, or mentioned, whereas, if the cry were made against them, and especially the former, we think, it might have the desired effect of bringing their pernicious pens to a halt. If, too, the seller was publicly condemned, we would find that the extent of their circulation would be greatly narrowed. We will visit our friend, the bookseller, and watch his customers: first, in order, one asks for a philosophical treatise of some sort; another, for some classical work; a third, for Dr. Kane's arctic explorations; and, finally, a licentious romance is called for. Knowing the character of each book as well as, if not better than the purchaser, the bookseller waits upon each of them with eagerness. We now step into a druggist's: a customer comes in and asks for arsenic, the apothecary becomes alarmed, and not until he has satisfied himself that it is wanted for no criminal purpose, does he hand him the package, labeled—Poison. The one sells poison to the mind, the other to the body. But there is this difference, that arsenic is sometimes useful, while a vicious book is hurtful. Of course, should the books

seller discontinue selling such books, his business would not be so large, but this is the usual result of honesty and integrity in one's business; yet, if gain is the excuse for doing what is ignoble, the business of a gambler and a robber can be defended. Now, in what way it would be best to check this destructive stream, is a wide question; yet, it must appear that a reform is needed, if we would instill in the inferior classes a correct and refined popular taste.

### MINOR MATTERS.

#### SNEAK-THIEVING.

Several of the students have had money stolen from their rooms lately. One man lost sixty dollars; letters have also disappeared from the Reading Room. Measures ought to be taken at once to ferret out the thieves. This sort of thing has gone on long enough. It only be an act of justice to clear innocent persons of unjust suspicion by discovering the guilty party or parties.

#### THE CREW.

The crew went out on the river for the first time, during the recess. They did remarkably well and promise to take a very good position in the next inter-collegiate Regatta, Captain Hooker is coaching the new men in the pair oar recently purchased by the Sophomores.

#### CETENNIAL TEA PARTY.

A Martha Washington Tea Party was given by the people of Hartford, in Allyn Hall, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, April 22d and 23d. Each of the original thirteen States of the Union was represented by a table presided over by the fair ones of the city.

The total receipts were over four thousand dollars.

#### BOWING CONVENTION.

The regular annual convention of R. A. A. C., met at the Massasoit House, Springfield, Mass., on April 7th. The rules proposed at the last meeting were amended and adopted.

Mr. James Watson of New York, was chosen Referee, or as he is now called Umpire, for the next Regatta.

Each boat's course will be buoyed off its entire length so that there will be no danger of fouling.

The positions of the crews at the start were drawn for with the following result:

Williams, 1; Cornell, 2; Amherst, 3; Bowdoin, 4; Brown, 5; Columbia, 6; Wesleyan, 7; Princeton, 8; Dartmouth, 9; Yale, 10; Trinity, 11; Harvard, 12; Union, 13; Hamilton, 14.

#### NOTICE.

The class of '75 has made arrangements with Messrs. Kellogg, by which the students of other classes can procure photographs at the following reduced rates:

Cabinet size 1 Doz.,	\$5.00
1 Doz. Cabinet size and 1 Doz. Card size \$4, \$3,	7.00
Small size, single Doz.,	3.00
Small size for 2 Doz. at \$2.00,	4.00
Views, Rooms etc., in lots of not less than 1/2 Doz.,	6.00
Groups, Cabinet size,	5.00

It is desirable that all who wish pictures should sit as soon as possible.

Those who desire their rooms taken, are requested to hand their names to either of the members of the committee.

W. BRYAN, } Com.  
S. E. SMITH, }

#### WARNER PRIZES

By virtue of a recent legacy, the Executive Committee of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry, has voted: I. To offer four prizes of twenty-five dollars each, one to each class in Trinity College to be awarded and paid at Commencement. II. To limit competition to those who are scholars of the Society, or approved applicants. III. To award the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Prizes for excellence in the department of Greek; the Senior Prize, for excellence in the department of Ethics and Metaphysics. IV. To determine the award by the highest marks obtained in the regular recitations and examinations of those departments during the current year.

# The Trinity Tablet.

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

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Managing Editor, . ISAAC HIESTER, '76

EDITORS, CLASS OF '76.

EDWARD N. BURKE, JOHN D. McKENNAN,  
ISAAC HIESTER, PERCIVAL PADGETT.

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## COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

The Easter recess has closed to the regret of all. Although the weather was not as warm as we might have desired, it was a delightful season of repose. We often congratulate ourselves upon the wisdom shown by those, to whom credit is due, in thus dividing the vacation. Instead of giving it all at once, and that too in summer, with the exception of a few days

at Christmas and Easter, we have not only three weeks at the former mentioned season, when we may visit our homes at a distance; but also a recess of a week in Spring, when one feels most like enjoying the pleasant sunshine and roaming in the green fields; and, as the annual reviews follow in a very few weeks after college convenes again, it is a wise provision that we should have the opportunity of a rest, and be thus enabled, in the meantime, to take on sufficient nerve power to prepare us for the severe ordeal, which we all must pass through. But, before that serious event, we trust the professors, who have not as yet given us their appointed lectures, will not overlook the matter; for they little know, by complying with the request, how much they would minister to the indulgence of a natural propensity and one peculiar to this season, vix: Spring fever. We would, respectfully, urge it upon the Professor of Greek, whose lectures are always interesting and instructive; and, we are quite sure that we would be brought to a keen sense and appreciation of the "flexible ductility" of the Greek language and its other charms, more by said lectures, at this stage of our course, than by the polished choruses of Sophocles and Goodwin's "moods and tenses."

In a few days, if the weather continues, warm and we escape the predicted snow-storm, the excavation, so long deferred, at the new college site will be begun.

When those who have just returned resume their customary beats, will find that no improvements as yet have been made at their first destination, the north section, Brownell Hall. The familiar quotation, "How oft the sight of means to do good deeds makes good deeds done," seems to have no effect, or possibly, it does not suggest itself.

In our last edition there appeared an article which began thus: "It has, we are happy to see, become a frequent matter for men of the upper classes to contribute to the TABLET

and the paper is thus becoming a very fair exponent of the views and opinions of the students." If this were strictly true, how happy we would be, for our task would be considerably lightened. In our February number, such was the case, but since that time, contributions have been decidedly unfrequent. We desire to correct this statement, as each student, as an individual, might suppose we were so crowded with communications from others that it would be entirely unnecessary for him to contribute, and thus we might be deprived of valuable assistance. At any rate, it distinctly shows that the writer of said article had a just appreciation of how matters ought to be. We hope we may hear from him again.

#### *COWARDICE.*

Cowardice is considered by most persons to refer simply to one's physical abilities. A man is a coward or not, just as he happens to be ready to use his fist or some weapon when he is insulted, or when he considers his honor or dignity to be injured. If he is quick to resent some supposed injury, he is looked upon as a brave person; but if he does not knock a man down, the moment some distasteful remark is uttered, he is spoken of as a coward. But how many men are considered brave and gallant, when they are in reality cowards in disguise. A truly brave man is one who is ready to resent any real injury, and equally prepared, when he finds himself in the wrong, to make reparation. Unfortunately, however, there are but few of this description.

Cowardice, moreover, may be divided into three classes, physical, moral and mental. Physical cowardice is shown when one is afraid to maintain his rights; moral cowardice when through fear of giving offense to some companion, one says "no" when he means "yes"; and mental cowardice is evinced, according to our definition, when he is afraid or rather

unwilling to do his allotted work. There are few of the first class among students and the tendency is rather to the other extreme, plucky indiscretion. But moral cowards are many in number. How few could be excluded from this class! Many a student has been led to do wrong, simply from the fear of being laughed at and receiving the much dreaded epithet, "a coward." He forgets that he is more of a coward to do wrong than to refuse to do so, even though he be called such. He may be called a brave fellow by his companions for indulging in some daredevil, fool-hardy freak against the Faculty; but he can never have the full approbation of his own conscience. This constant monitor rebukes him even when he is in the midst of his forbidden and unhallowed pleasures; and he cannot but feel that he would have been a braver and better man, had he possessed sufficient manly courage to refuse to act contrary to the dictates of his own conscience and better judgment. The love of the approbation of others is unquestionably a powerful prompter in making us act according to the desires of others; yet, surely, no one will deny that the proposed measures should meet the approval of one's own deliberations. For in that case, though the result of his deliberations may be at variance to the wishes of his comrades, he will scarcely allow himself to be disconcerted for one moment, if by chance any one whom he met should cast a discourteous or supercilious look at him; nor will he heed the various motives assigned by them for his actions.

But though the moral coward is far from being a rare occurrence in college, the mental coward, as we call him, is by far the most common. He is one who is afraid to study or apply himself to any work from fear of being deprived of some enjoyment, which though innocent in itself, is very hurtful when it takes a man from his work. You know him the moment you see him. In recitation, he either has his book open, or else

papers in his hand which he is attentively perusing in order to make a perfect recitation. He spends the time which should have been spent in honest work, in some enjoyment or else in loafing, and when the time comes to recite, he is perfectly ignorant of the subject. He is afraid he will "flunk" and that fear operates upon his mind so greatly as to cause him to forget honor and to use dishonest means in order to recite. Are there not men who go into examination with their pockets filled with "skins," in order to save themselves from being "conditioned?" What is their excuse? "We do not intend to 'skin,' unless we find we are going to get stuck." Can anything be more disgraceful than this? A man who acts in this way is simply a coward and nothing less. By his own mouth he is condemned, for he says that he acts thus from the *fear* of being "conditioned," but he has not the courage to receive his punishment. But mental cowardice is not displayed in this manner alone; it is not an unfrequent sight to observe a student dodging around corners to avoid meeting a Professor, from the fear of being called to account for some work which he ought to have performed but which he has shirked. How often do we find men who are afraid to attend recitation either from the fear of not being able to recite, or from the fear that they may be called upon to make up some back-work.

In all these cases *fear* is the motive which actuates men to act in such ways, and they themselves acknowledge it. True, there is a kind of courage in it all, but it is only the brute courage, which is of the lowest and most degraded character. The Indians and the Hottentots possess such bravery and yet, how few of them are considered courageous in the true sense of the word. These persons lack that higher, that nobler courage, which is, in fact, the only true courage that elevates man so much above the level of the brutes. The moral we wish to draw from this is, that we should all be afraid to do wrong, regardless

of what others may think. Of course, we are all cowards to a greater or less extent, the difference between us being only in degree. But if men in college would look at the matter in this light, they will not in after life when they have lost the occasion of undoing the past, have their consciences tell them that they lost their opportunities and that, too, through the fear that by doing their work, they would lose some supposed enjoyment.

### PERSONAL.

HALLAM, '30.—Rev. J. W. Hallam has resigned the rectorship of the parishes of Windham and Willimantic. His address is Stamford, Ct.

MOODY, '36.—Rev. Martin Moody has resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, Bethany, Ct. His address is Fair Haven, Ct.

ELY, '42.—Rev. W. A. Ely is at St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y.

DOUGLASS, '46.—Rev. Malcolm Douglass has resigned the presidency of Norwich University, and has become Rector of Christ Church, Andover, Mass.

PADDOCK, '48; NORTON, '68.—The Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock, D. D., class of '48, and the Rev. Frank L. Norton, M. A., class of '68, were among the Price Lecturers at King's Chapel, Boston, the past winter. The Revs. Phillip Brooks, Wilberforce Newton and Dr. Alex. H. Vinton, were the others. One hundred years ago Mr. Wm. Price left an endowment to support these lectures, and the fortunate gentlemen are paid in gold sovereigns. The fund also yields \$6,000 annually, which goes to the poor of King's Chapel and Trinity Church. It is a noble relic of old Boston.

LINDSLEY, '49.—Prof. Charles A. Lindsley, of Yale College, is Secretary of the Connecticut General Hospital Society.

BECKWITH, '50.—Bishop Beckwith's address is Atlanta, instead of Savannah, Ga.

WILLIAMS, '50.—Rev. Wm. H. Williams sailed for Europe on April 14th, in the "China."

CHASE, '52.—Rev. Francis Chase was in this city during the recess.

WITHERSPOON, '56.—Rev. O. Witherspoon is at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati.

WOOTTEN, '64.—Rev. Edward Wootten has declined a call to Jefferson City, Mo.

BIXBY, '70.—R. F. Bixby has returned from Europe.

PECK, '71.—Wm. E. Peck was in this city on the first of April.

GRAY, '72.—Married, in Trinity Church, this city, April 8th, by Rev. Prof. E. E. Johnson, John W. Gray to Miss Clara, daughter of James Bolter, Esq. Richardson, '73, Chapin, '74, Scudder, '75, and Skinner, '76, acted as ushers.

ZIEGLER, '72.—Married, in Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights, April 7th, Rev. Paul Ziegler to Miss Mary Frances Bell.

GRANNISS, '73.—F. O. Granniss is one of the organists at the General Theological Seminary.

CHASE, '73.—H. J. Chase is at Centredale, R. I.

### PARTICLES.

The University crew will stay with James Riley in Saratoga. The college head-quarters will be at the Grand Union Hotel.—Roberts '75 and McKennan '76, were the Trinity delegates to the Rowing Convention.—The crew went out on the river for the first time during the recess.—Since Easter morning, chapel is at eight o'clock instead of at half-past eight as formerly.—Since the snow went off the ground the base ball fever has broken out afresh.—During the recess several members of the University crew practiced with the Hartford Nine.—The Athletic Association has voted to have an exhibition during Commencement week.—The crew have been forbidden to black their shoes, they fear that the extra weight will impede their running.—One of the Professors keeps the slips of paper, on which are printed the names of the Sopho-

mores, in a box labeled "specimens of brass."—Captain Hooker went to see the prominent boat-builders in New York about a new boat. Charles B. Eliot of Greenpoint, L. I. will probably build it.—Students are excused by the Faculty to attend weddings, under the head of "family afflictions."—Most of the crew have had their heads shaved.—the *Ivy* is progressing favorably.—The usual College exercises will be omitted on May 5th and 6th, Wednesday being Election Day and Thursday Ascension Day.—The float on which the Boat House rests, having gotten out of repair during the past winter, the Boat Club has voted an appropriation to have it hauled up on the dry docks and calked.—The Historical Lectures were omitted yesterday, Bishop Williams being unavoidably absent.—The Juniors will commence to review mathematics next week.—The next TABLET will be issued May 22d. The 16th inst. is Natal Day Have any measures been taken in regard to a College dance on that occasion?—The Seniors began to read their poems in class last Wednesday. They have finished writing Chemical Lectures.—Reviews have partly begun.—The crew are excused from evening chapel.

### CLASS-DAY APPOINTMENTS.

Class President,	W. BRYAN.
" Orator,	W. J. ROBERTS.
" Poet,	
Ivy Orator,	W. D. SARTWELLE.
Prophet,	H. G. MCCOUCH.
Chronicler,	W. E. CURTIS, JR.
Pres'n to "Prof. Jim."	T. MCLEAN.
Wreath Oration,	JOS. BUFFINGTON.
Book Presentation,	G. M. HUBBARD.

### CLASS COMMITTEE.

BULKLEY—Chairman.

BRYAN. HUBBARD. LINCOLN. MAYNADIER.  
SCUDDER. STARK. WORTHINGTON.

### MUSIC COMMITTEE.

BUFFINGTON—Chairman.

SMITH. ROBERTS.

## FLOOR COMMITTEE.

BLAIR—Chairman.

SMITH. KANE. SCUDDER. CURTIS. BRYAN.  
BUFFINGTON. McCOUCH.

## RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

BRADIN—Chairman.

LINCOLN. HOOPER. ROBERTS.  
SARTWELLE.

## CLASS-SUPPER COMMITTEE.

McLEAN—Chairman.

BUFFINGTON, BRYAN.

## PRINTING COMMITTEE.

HUBBARD—Chairman.

STARK, KANE.

## FINANCE COMMITTEE.

CURTIS—Chairman.

*THE BASE BALL CLUB.*

Sometime ago we made inquiries about the progress the Base Ball Club was making, and also added a few suggestions, which we thought would be of use in selecting a nine; but our inquiries were fruitless, inasmuch, as nobody could give us any information on the subject, or showed the least spark of interest about it, and our suggestions were of course unheeded, and so, at the present time, the club might as well be in a non-existing state as the present one. We should like to stir the captain up a little, when we see the lack of energy that has been exhibited. The other College nines have already begun to practice and intend to give their opponents a tough struggle for the victory. Our club certainly has great advantages in having such splendid opportunities for practice as are offered them by the Hartfords, and they should make use of them to the best of their ability. Since we are a small College, we do not pretend to pick out a splendid nine like Yale or Harvard or other large Universities; but we do wish to have one which cannot be beaten by any in pluck, even if they can in playing. The class nines are in the same condition as the

College nine. '76 still continues to hold the championship, and, we doubt not, will hold it through the rest of the term, though '77 have expressed a determination that they shall not; we like to see such an exhibition of spirit and trust that it will lead to several games during the next few weeks before Commencement. We have heard that the College nine intend to have a new suit made for them, to take the place of the old one which has become much faded. In speaking of the Ball Club, it naturally reminds us of the place where they play viz: the Campus, which has been so ploughed up by the heavy carts that have been driven over it, as to become nearly impassable for pedestrians. Will not the College see to it *now*, so that it may become a fit place to hold the Class Day celebration? A little trouble to the College now will save a great deal to the ladies then, whose dresses will be ruined by the dirt, unless the place is turfed over.

*GLEE CLUB.*

During the pleasant evenings with which old Prob has blessed us of late, numbers of the students may be seen gathered on the campus indulging in what an unexperienced person might call howling, but which the undergraduates long accustomed to such demonstrations dignify with the name of singing. Verdant Freshman vie with dignified Seniors in trying to make the most noise. An untrained tenor makes frantic endeavors to strike a note which Wachtel himself, try he never so hard, cannot begin to reach, while a very loud bass rolls out great volumes of sound which would put to shame those famous animals of Basan spoken of in Holy Writ.

The long-suffering residents in the neighborhood of the college, rush to their doors and windows expecting to see some deed of horror enacted, but with a sigh of relief return to their interrupted occupations murmuring for the thousandth time, "It's only those students." But it is not always so. Once in a

great while the weary searchers after knowledge are awakened from pleasant slumbers by the sound of voices "in sweet accord," singing those songs familiar and dear to the heart of every student, the recollection of which serves to draw every alumnus nearer to his fostering Mother who prepared him for the great battle of life in which he is now so actively engaged. Now as it is an axiom that any enterprise to be successful must have a leader, so college singing can be brought to no degree of perfection without a Glee Club. It would only be a waste of time to attempt to enumerate the many advantages that would arise if such an organization could be effected in this institution. There are enough really excellent voices in college to make it a decided success. If some musically inclined individual in our midst will take this matter up and bring it to a successful termination he will gain for himself undying renown and will be looked upon as a public benefactor.

### THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Athletic Association propose to give an exhibition in or about Commencement week, and think that it will be a success. Since they cannot expect thereby a reasonable sum for the Boat Club, it is intended to have the exhibition free of all charge. This will, of course, be much better than the usual way of charging for admittance, provided only that enough can be raised previously by subscription to pay the necessary expenses, such as cleaning, lighting, etc.. Of course, we must not allow this exhibition to fall through on account of lack of funds, so we must expect to bear, each one his share of the expenses. Such an exhibition at the proposed time would be highly entertaining, for the examinations being all over we would be in just the time for fun. It has been proposed that the Athletic Association form themselves into a committee of the whole to go to Newton's Varieties in order to get some new ideas for the coming exhibition.

### OBITUARY.

It is with peculiar emotion that we record the death of Henry Scudder Wood, of the class of 1871, which occurred at the residence of his father in Huntington, L. I., April 19th, of consumption. Some weeks ago Mr. Wood, went to Florida for the benefit of his health, upon which serious inroads had been made by constant and severe application to his legal studies. Not gaining any benefit from the climate and with a knowledge of his approaching dissolution, he started North to die at home among friends. When he got to New York, he was so weak that he had to be carried from the house of a relative to a carriage. Just a day after his arrival at the old homestead, in the presence of those who were nearest and dearest to him, he quietly passed away. It would be a vain task for us to attempt to write a eulogy. Those who were college-mates of Mr. Wood, loved him for his genial social qualities, and respected him for his great ability. He has been cut off just as he was about to enter upon a course of usefulness and distinction in his chosen profession.

### BOOK NOTICE.

We have received from Mr. James Watson, his valuable Rowing and Athletic Annual for 1875. In addition to a full and complete record of races in 1874 this work contains much other matter of importance to all those interested in Rowing and Athletics. It is for sale by Geer and Pond. Price 50 cents.

### COLLEGE NEWS.

According to the *Niagara Index*, there are five billiard tables in the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, two of which the Juniors have recently purchased.

#### HARVARD.

The Sophomores have voted not to accept Yale's challenge for a game of base ball.

The Freshmen crew is made up of Loring,

(stroke), Morgan, Ely, Warden, Bancroft, Le Moynes, (bow).

The Theatricals given for the benefit of the Boat Club, realized more than one thousand dollars.

The Glee Club gave a concert in Steinway Hall, New York, April 2d.

#### RACINE.

The College authorities and the Insurance Companies are having some trouble about the payment of the losses on Taylor Hall recently consumed by fire. The case has been submitted to arbitrators.

The *Mercury* announces the painful fact that all the Juniors will speak for the Larrabee prizes. The poor members of the other three classes and the people of Racine, have our heart-felt sympathy.

#### CORNELL.

The college of the carnelian and white has been giving public entertainments for the benefit of the Navy.

The Syracuse B. B. Club, has projected a tournament between the nines of Cornell, Hamilton, Hobart, Union, Madison and Rochester, to be held in Syracuse during the first week in June.

The Freshmen are worked up about sending a crew to the inter-collegiate Regatta.

Lewis Heublein of Hartford, was one of Cornell's delegates to the Convention of the R. A. A. C., recently held in Springfield.

#### YALE.

The University nine is made up of Avery, '75, pitcher; Morgan, '78, catcher; Williams, '77, 1st base; Maxwell, '75, 2d base; Wheaton, '77, 3d base; Bigelow, '77, short stop; E. Smith, '75, left field; Hotchkiss, '76, center field; Knight, '77, right field; Carter, '78 and Dwight Jones, '75, substitutes.

It is proposed to have a grand opening of the new boat-house during Commencement week.

The Sheffield Glee Club recently gave a concert in Bridgeport.

The Dartmouth Chess Club has challenged the Yale Chess Club to a game by postal card.

#### NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

The *Yale Lit.* tells us prettily but too briefly the sad story of Fitz Hugh Ludlow, who wrote the lines:

"While we send for the napkin, the soup gets cold;  
While the bonnet is trimming, the face gets old;  
When we've matched our buttons, the pattern is sold;  
And everything comes too late, too late."

The *Lit.* now passes into the hands of '76.

"Mr. C.'s translation of Greek Testament was singularly in harmony with the version of St James."—*Nassua Lit.*

[Live and learn. King James must be a saint peculiar to the Presbyterian calendar.]

We regret that the examinations at the next I. C. L., are so arranged as to furnish such abundant opportunities for "cramming." It would be far better to test the man's knowledge of Greek or Mathematics or any study by a general examination entirely. We commend to the directors of the contest the following from the *Volante*:

Just the same in all branches, Geology, French, Latin, Logic, and Fowler, Astrology, Trench, Substitution at pleasure by those

Who with eyes on some prize, therefore shirk  
Their legitimate, self-chosen work,  
And accept what the contest directors propose.

But do they study Astrology at the University of Chicago?

Of the so-called "Harvard Spelling Matches" we should like to say a few words. The students who figured in the spelling-match at Music Hall on Saturday last were *not* representatives of Harvard University. They were students of Harvard University, but were not authorized by any one except themselves to enter the contest. The general feeling in College is against such exhibitions of learning in public halls and theatres, especially when prizes are offered and entrance-money pocketed by the managers.

Anything in the Yankee Show line is very distasteful to most Harvard men, and previous to the spelling mania we had supposed that an invitation to become the puppets of the show would have been indignantly refused by everyone.—*Magenta.*

[Glee Club entertainments excepted, we suppose.]

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