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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XIX.

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No. IX.

The Trinity Tablet.

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

TRINITY COLLEGE.

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AS the gymnasium has advanced far enough for the laying of the corner-stone it was deemed advisable, at a meeting of representatives of the alumni, faculty and students, to place the matter in the hands of the students, and, if they thought fit to have any ceremonies in connection with laying of the stone, allow them to act as they thought best. As the gymnasium is to aid in bringing the college before the world more than heretofore, the students think best that there should be some exercises, and to that end have asked members of the faculty to aid them. It is to be hoped that every student will not only be present but see that his friends in Hartford receive a cordial invitation to be present.

THE subscription list is a nuisance and dodged by all if possible, yet it never seems to enter anyone's head that there can be any other way of raising money for the support of college organizations. We have spoken before of the advisability of students giving some kind of an entertainment which would enable us to give some return for the money they beg now. The theater in the gymnasium will be in readiness by March so the expense of a hall is done away with. If some one with enterprise could be found to take the matter in hand the scheme could be pushed through successfully and money enough cleared to pay the expenses of the ball team in the Spring.

EVEN much more interest than usual is being taken this season in foot-ball. This is manifested both by the number of men who are willing to come out and practice, and by the very generous subscriptions which have been made by some for the support of the team. We trust it is not necessary to urge a good attendance at all home games at least, that the players may be encouraged by the presence of their friends, and cheered on to do their best. Since we are unable to put a heavy team in the field we should strive to make up in skill what we lack in averdupoise. The success of our eleven will be largely proportional to the amount of enthusiasm manifested in its behalf. Let each offer his encouragement and, considering the quality of our team, we may look for a lively season of foot-ball.

THE college has a library, and a good one, which is open a little over an hour a day. As the recitations are arranged some students have two hours in the morning when they might like to read in the library, but when they ask the assistant librarian for the key they are told they must go the librarian for permission, which would be very well if he

lived at college, but when his home is two miles away it is quite evident that admission to the library in the morning is impossible. Then again recitations in the afternoon come at an hour that entirely covers the time the library is open, so there is no chance for men taking some electives to get into the library at all excepting Saturday. While it may not be possible to keep the library open more hours a day there should be some way by which students can obtain books at other hours.

THE reading room has now become one of the established institutions of the college, and is enjoyed by the students more than any other, except, perhaps, the library. It is with pleasure that we mention the generosity displayed by the students in its support. While not as much money is contributed as we think could be contributed, yet we have no occasion to find fault. But we beg this to be borne in mind, that the more money procured, the greater number of periodicals can be obtained, and there are several that the committee would like to add if they only had the means. The *Scientific American* appears in the room this year for the first time, and we recognize it as a valuable acquisition. One thing that gives much satisfaction is that the literary pilfering, so to speak, has been abandoned. The room is for the use of all, and not a few, individuals. Much praise, we think, is due to Dr. Beckwith for his labors, and we feel sure that the students appreciate his efforts, and will aid him as far as lies in their power by generous subscriptions.

IN the college and campus will be found an announcement of the subject of the chemical prize theses. The TABLET would urge every man in the class to which the prizes are offered, to go in and do his utmost to get a prize. But this is not the only prize offered, as almost every department has one or more prizes, so that every man in college has really a chance to try for some one of these. We find from experience that the small number of competitors each year is due largely to the fact that the men do not begin soon enough, and putting off till the last moment what they should have begun long before, they think the undertaking is too great and then drop it all-

together. Now this is not fair, either to those who offer the prizes, or to yourselves, and we would exhort you to begin now and do such work as will make it an honor even to be vanquished, bearing in mind that these prizes mean something, and are evidence of a man's capabilities.

AT last Trinity has done herself proud, and shown that her tennis material is above par, by winning first place singles, and second place doubles, in the recent inter-collegiate tennis tournament held at New Haven. Ever since this inter-collegiate association was formed, Trinity has been represented by good tennis players, but there have always been others just a little better. This year the case was reversed and Brinley showed himself equal to compete successfully with the representatives from the other colleges. The playing of the whole tournament was excellent and the finals in singles was particularly so. It was generally conceded that Brinley could have beaten any man in the country playing in the form that he did against Thatcher of Yale, and Sears of Harvard, beating both of these men, thus winning the inter-collegiate championship. In the doubles we were not quite so successful, yet we have no reason to complain, knowing that while our men were defeated it required good playing to do it. For Trinity the tennis year has been very successful, and we feel assured that the friends of the college will appreciate our efforts and rejoice in our successes.

THERE appeared in *The Churchman* of Oct. 9th, an editorial which could create only surprise among students and persons at all connected with colleges at large. This editorial states that athletics interferes not only with students' work, but are injurious as as they often break down men, and in a short time make them dependent upon so much exercise every day, thus "putting man's mental and moral nature into subjection and bondage under his merely physical nature, as is always done when undue attention is paid to mere physical culture * * *". A thoroughly well-balanced man, is the man who has the best use of his highest powers, and who can, if need be, subordinate all other powers to their use. It is not a sign of health

that a man should not be able to do his best intellectual work unless or until he has gone through a certain constantly increasing amount of more or less violent physical exercise * * *. No doubt there are some men who have such large mental and spiritual endowments that they can be athletes and at the same time scholars and SAINTS. Such men are rare, however, and it still remains true, as it has always been true, that scholarship and ideality are chiefly to be found among those who give their time and their energy mainly to mental culture and not to bodily exercise. In view of this it is rather a discouraging spectacle to see our college faculties doing all they can to promote athletic sports and physical gymnastics." Such an article could only have been written by a broken down dyspeptic at odds with himself and all the world and envious of the good health of some classmate who did not spend all "available energy" in digging from morning to night but took regular exercise daily. It is a notable fact that the ten men who received the highest appointments for oratorical ability, at Yale last year, were all, without exception, athletes, yet the *Nation* goes on to say: "It is rather ominous that in most of our colleges the old-fashioned debating society is a matter of far less pride, even if it exists at all, than the 'college nine' or the 'college boat club.'" The most encouraging thing of the present college system is the interest the faculty takes in athletics, thus encouraging men to lay a foundation of good health which will do more for them in after life than any amount of learning with a broken down constitution.

A FLOWER.

The tiny flower that fades
 When reft of dewy kiss,
 Finds nurture sweet, and shades
 Itself in rapturous bliss.
 When plucked from native plant
 To nestle on thy breast,
 And revels in its envied haunt,
 'Neath thy dimpled chin opprest.

O, to be a flower sweet,
 And live my life with thee;
 To hear the throbbing beat
 Of a heart that beats for me.
 Thy face, the sky above;
 Thy smile, the warmth of sun;
 Thy tears, the mist of love
 That flow till life is done.

B.

THREE GREYS.

Ding-aling-aling-aling-aling (ad libitum)!!
 till I got up and shut off the alarm. A
 "Peep o' Day" is a very handy thing to
 have, but it *is* trying to the nerves. It seems
 as though it must wake up everybody in the
 house; though I found it had no effect on
 Bill, whom I presently heard playing a peace-
 ful lullaby through his nose (basso profundo)
 in the next room. I could not bear to wake
 him unnecessarily, so I went to the window
 to spy out the land.

Everything was favorable. Not a breath
 of wind was stirring. A grey cloud hung
 over the eastern sky with a few streaks of a
 lighter shade, faintly flushed, near the hori-
 zon. Overhead and towards the west a thin
 flim half-hid the stars and made the moon,
 which was not two hours high, look like a
 ball-room beauty going home after a late ger-
 man. From far off in the northeast came the
 sound of a half-awake rooster trying his lungs.
 A night sparrow twittered intermittently from
 the pasture lot. The crows slid over "by
 twos, by threes," without a sound, going down
 to the shore for an hearty breakfast of long
 clams. The morning could not have been
 better; so Bill's slumbers were broken.

By the time we had dressed and got our
 guns and ammunition, the shadows that hung
 under the edge of the woods and along the
 fences had disappeared, and it might fairly be
 said to be daylight, though it still lacked half
 an hour of sunrise. We hurried across the
 road and down through the pasture, where a
 light frost dimmed the purple gloss of the
 pepperidge bushes, and made the grass creak
 underfoot, into the woods. Here we crept
 along as swift as was consistent with silence,
 till we reached the beeches and took up our
 position on the fence to wait for prey. There
 was not a sound to be heard; the only living
 things visible were spiders. Truly the early
 spider catches the hunter. I must have broken
 as many as twenty-five spiders' webs on the
 bridge of my nose, in coming fifteen rods
 along that wood-path. "Sage experience bids
 me to declare," that across every path in those
 woods, at a distance of about five feet apart,
 and at the height of the average man's eyes,
 are stretched cobwebs of the most scientific
 construction, admirably adapted to their pur-
 pose. As we sat waiting I involuntarily fell
 to watching one, a great, fat, black and yel-

low fellow, who was repairing his hanging palace near by. I should rather say building a new one, for we had broken his main cable in coming through, and the whole fabric hung, a hopeless wreck, on one side. So master-builder spider climbed far out on the end of a twig, fastened his thread securely there, let himself down to the ground and crawled across the path, spinning as he went, and climbed up on the other side to the required height, where he proceeded to "take in slack." When he had made the line as taut as he desired he fastened it. Next he hitched another lower down the same side, carried it across on the line already established, and made it fast on the side on which he began. Two threads stretched perpendicularly between these completed the frame, and he then went to work on the floor of his delicate summer parlor.

I was so interested in watching his clever workmanship that I was quite oblivious to everything else, when a sudden swish! swash! in the tree behind me reminded me of what I was there for. I turned and saw Bill with his thumb on the hammer looking up into the tree. "Where is he?" I whispered. His only answer was a terrific scowl which I had no difficulty in interpreting to mean, "Don't you know enough to keep still?" And indeed I might have saved myself the trouble for I that moment caught a glimpse of the squirrel running along a branch toward the trunk. He had clearly neither seen nor heard us; but was in such hot haste after his breakfast that Bill would not risk a shot. He was a beauty; a white-grey, and so probably a young one, but he looked enormous as a squirrel generally does when he is up a tree. He came out over our heads and began to pull in the ends of the twigs and tear the burrs open. How pretty he looked with his tail curled under the limb and his whiskers—*bang!* went Bill's gun and down came the squirrel. I had forgotten all about shooting him in my absent-minded admiration. I must have looked rather sheepish, for when Bill came back after going to pick up the squirrel, he said in a sarcastic tone, "You were in a great hurry to go grey-squirreling this morning, weren't you?" "I guess I'm not quite awake yet," I answered meekly and apologetically. "No," he replied scornfully, "I don't believe you are."

But the discharge roused me up thoroughly, and likewise seemed to suddenly reveal all the hidden life in the woods. Red squirrels squeaked and chattered; blue jays screamed and yelled and made all the discordant noises that ever were heard; an old crow sounded a warning from a distant tree-top; a partridge began to drum down in the swamp; and last, but not least, a low distinct whur-r-r-r-r announced the existence of one more grey squirrel somewhere. "That's over in the oaks," I ventured to suggest. "Yes, it must be," in a somewhat mollified tone, from Bill. "Well, we might as well go over."

We followed the path around, thinking it shorter than to wind and tear our way through the underbrush. When we faced around to the east I knew by the purple and gold of the eastern clouds that the sun was above the horizon, and by an equally sure but not so poetic sign that it was near breakfast time.

The place we were going to was a splendid group of swamp oaks 60 or 70 feet high and each as much as 30 inches through. Our approach, though as cautious as possible, had been perceived; the "barking" had stopped. We spent a few moments peering up into the trees, but it was no use. This kind of oak does not shed its large and thick-growing leaves till near mid-winter; wherefore it is a fruitless task to try to see a grey squirrel in one of them in October, especially inasmuch as he could probably hide safely in it at any time of the year. It is of no use to wait, for the squirrel having once seen you won't move till you do, if you stay all the morning.

While we were deliberating, and being annoyed by the blue jays, scores of which pests were busily feasting on the tender acorns overhead and dropping the shells just as squirrels do, (except for the tantalizing certainty that they are not squirrels), we heard another "bark" perhaps twenty rods away. Off we started again.

And before relating further let me premise this remark, as the result of considerable observation, viz., that you never find the squirrel you started after. You may go squirreling, and get squirrels; but if you hear one and set out to find him you will not accomplish it. Either you must sit still and wait for one to find you, as in the case of the one Bill had already bagged; or you must trust to finding one incidently, while you are look-

ing for another. So in this case. I went ahead, thereby catching all the cobwebs, and Bill followed quite a distance behind. Presently my roving eye lit on a grey squirrel that was eyeing me intently from a little dead crotch on the side of a large oak tree, not above ten feet from the ground. He was apparently uncertain whether to stay and "bark" at me or turn and run. It was a long range from where I stood, but I levelled my gun and had my finger on the trigger, when I heard Bill fire. I pulled the trigger, but it was too late. The squirrel had also heard the first report, and even as the hammer came down turned and scampered up the tree.

Then began the race. The squirrel started off through the tree-tops and I through the cat-briers and underbrush. I labored under the difficulty of having to keep track of the squirrel's leaps overhead and my own course across little pools, fallen logs and stumps at the same time. Still I managed to follow him till we reached a clump of slender birches, where he stopped. It was a very pretty spot; the "flying gold of the ruined woodlands" floated gently down and carpeted the ground, while the level beams of the sun struck brightly against the yellow bark of the branches above. But this time I was too much engaged to notice such things. Bill came hurrying up with his second squirrel in hand, and asked, "Did you get him?" "No," I answered, "he's up this tree." "Well, now, I'll jar the tree, and you just shoot him when he starts to run."

The tree was a slender graceful birch perhaps eight inches through the trunk, with a small, sparse top, which, nevertheless, retained leaves enough to hide the object of our pursuit. Bill found a stone about as heavy as he could lift, and swung it against the trunk once—twice—thrice, and the squirrel jumped. I risked a running shot, and missed; and then the race began again. This time he took a direction toward the beeches we first started from. We surmised his intention, and did our utmost to cut him off, but to no purpose; I reached the fence just in time to see the end of his tail disappear in a hole far up in a giant beech. I leaned against the fence, panting and rubbing the cobwebs out of my eyes; and Bill said, "If you've got anything to burn you can climb up and smoke him out." But ill success and the un replenished state of my

"inner man" were too much for me, and I made answer wearily, "Don't you believe they're waiting breakfast for us?" "Oh," said Bill, coolly, "it's your business, not mine. If you don't want the squirrel badly enough to climb the tree after him, why it's nothing to me. But I do think," he added as we started homeward, "you're one of the queerest fellows I ever had the luck to meet with. For the last three weeks you have talked of nothing but October and grey squirrels; and now when October has come, with one of the finest mornings ever seen, you won't make any effort to get one." I made no reply. To think that he should be able to triumph over me thus, notwithstanding all my high aspirations and great endowments of mind, just because he has a little more vulgar "energy" than I have! 'Tis certainly inexplicable that the great gods should allow it. Well, wait till we go "cooning" one of these nights. When the sun gets in the west, my energy begins to rise. (I may remark here, incidentally, that there are some proverbs in common use which I consider mere remnants of ancient puritan superstition.)

When we came out of the woods the sun was shining brightly, yellow-hammers were calling to each other merrily from tree to tree, all nature seemed to be basking in the warm, peaceful Indian summer haze.

I'm going again one of these days, when I trust that genius of Nimrod will preside over my path to better purpose. I may then get the third grey—the one we didn't get.

S. M.

DURING THE SERMON.

The sermon was so dull and long,
And she so lovely sitting there,
I took the chance to write a song,
Which time and place turned to a prayer.

"I pray that I may better grow
Till worthily before you shine;
Some future day may see me go
To take her little hand in mine."

If all religion were this kind
Chapel might cease to be a grind. H₂O

The next number of the TABLET will be issued on Saturday, November 6, 1886.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

[From the German of Schiller.]

The clouds sail on,
The breakers roar,
The maiden sits
On the bright green shore.
The billows roll in majestic might;
She sighs and looks out into the night.
Her eyes are dimmed with tears.

"My heart is dead.
The world is vain.
There's nought on earth
To long for again.
O, Holy One, thy child recall:
Of earthly joys I have tasted all:
For I have lived and loved.

"Vain are the tears
So bitterly shed;
Vain my lament
To wake the dead.
Give me a balm in my bitter woe
For the sweet joys lost, long, long ago;
The world is filled with gloom."

Let the tears flow,
So bitterly shed;
Seek not to wake
With laments the dead.
The sweetest balm in thy bitter woe:
For the sweet joys lost, long, long ago,
Is love's deep grief and pain. K.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

At a meeting of the representatives of the different colleges in the Intercollegiate Tennis Association, G. M. Brinley of Trinity was elected president for the ensuing year; P. S. Sears of Harvard, Vice-president; and H. W. Cooley of Yale, Secretary and Treasurer. Cornell and Columbia were formally admitted into the association.

The annual tennis tournament of the Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Association commenced on the 12th of October, and was without doubt the most closely contested in the history of the association. Eight colleges were represented, as follows: Amherst, Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Wesleyan, Williams, and Yale.

Over one hundred people assembled on the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Club the morning of October 12, when promptly

at half-past ten, the preliminary rounds of the singles in the intercollegiate tournament opened. All the courts on the south side of the grounds were occupied, and the spectators were given some excellent exhibitions of tennis.

The scores are given below in full.

Brinley, T., beat Snow, H., 6-1, 6-0.
Chase, A., beat Warren, B., 6-1, 6-1.
Bacon, C., beat H. Sears, H., 5-6, 6-2, 6-3.
Davidson, A., beat Broughton, W., 2-6, 6-5, 6-3.
Wright, T., beat Hovey, B., 6-5, 6-0.
P. Sears, H., beat Kaybayama, W., 6-1, 6-1.
Paddock, T., beat Coffin, W., 6-0, 6-0.

Byes.

Gardiner and Thatcher, Hurd, Y., Larkin and Hodge, P., Wilbur, A., Hall and Sands, C., Duryea, W.

First Round.

1. Brinley, T., beat Gardiner, Y., 6-2, 6-0.
2. Chase, A., beat Hodge, P., 6-4, 6-2.
3. Bacon, C., beat Wilbur, A., 6-1, 6-2.
4. Thatcher, Y., beat Davidson, A., 6-0, 6-0.
5. P. Sears, H., beat Duryea, W., 6-5, 6-1.
6. Hall C., beat Wright, T., 6-2, 5-6, 12-10.
7. Paddock, T., beat Sands, C., 6-4, 5-6, 6-1.
8. Larkin, P., beat Hurd, Y., 6-3, 6-1.

Second Round.

Brinley, T., beat Chase, A., 6-2, 6-5.
Thacher, Y., beat Bacon, C., 5-6, 6-4, 11-9.
P. Sears, H., beat Hall, C., 6-0, 6-2.
Paddock, T., beat Larkin, P., 6-2, 3-6, 6-1.

Third Round.

P. Sears, H., beat Paddock, T., 6-3, 6-2.
Thacher, Y. vs. Brinley, T., 0-6, 2-6.

Finals.

Brinley, T. vs. P. Sears, H., 6-0, 6-4, 6-3.

Double Preliminaries.

1. Knapp and Thatcher, Y., beat Chase and Davidson, A., 6-1, 6-1.
2. Sears brothers, H., beat Warren and Hovey, B., 2-6, 6-5, 8-6.
3. Brinley and Paddock, T., beat Kabayama and Coffin, W., 6-1, 6-2.
4. Hall and Bacon, C., beat Snow and Kuhn, H., by default.
5. Hodge and Larkin, P., beat Porter and Thomas, Y., 6-2, 6-5.

First Round.

Brinley and Paddock defeated Sears brothers, 5-6, 6-4, 11-9.
Hodge and Larkin defeated Hall and Bacon, 6-1, 3-6, 7-5.
Knapp and Thacher of Yale defeated Duryea and Davidson of Williams, 6-3, 6-1.
Hamlin and Wright of Trinity defeated Smith and Shrebrigh of Columbia, 6-2, 6-1.

Second Round.

Brinley and Paddock defeated Larkin and Hodge, 6-1, 6-1.
Knapp and Thacher, defeated Hamlin and Wright, 6-1, 6-2.

Finals.

Brinley and Paddock, T., vs. Thacher and Knapp, Y., 9-7, 5-7, 5-7, 4-6.

The struggle between Wright of Trinity, and Hall of Columbia, was hard; Wright only yielding 6-2, 5-6, 12-10. Wright was not in his usual form, owing to a sprain received before the tournament, which prevented hard smashing. The match between Brinley and Thacher called out over two hundred persons, though the weather was cold and raw. It was Trinity against Yale, as it has been for three years, but this time Brinley played as much better game as he did poorly before. There seemed to be a confidence in every play that he has not had in the intercollegiate before. The way he worked Thacher back and came up within a few yards of the net waiting to smash was wonderful.

The entire game was able and brilliant general work against the Lansdown drive, and Thacher had to yield with only four games in two sets. The finals between Brinley and P. Sears, H., were a foregone conclusion, Brinley winning the first eleven games then Sears did some fine up-hill work, but had to retire with a score of 6-0, 6-4, 6-3. The second place in doubles went to Trinity by default of Williams and Amherst. The second place in singles resulted as follows: Sears, H. *vs.* Gardiner, Y., 6-2, 6-1. Sears, H., *vs.* Chase, A., 6-3, 6-3; when Thacher defeated P. Sears, thus giving Yale second place.

WITH A ROSE.

Sweet rose, to my lady go
To rest upon her breast;
Tell her how happy thou art
To die upon her heart;
But 'ere you die, I pray,
Whisper so soft and low
What, though an ardent beau,
I never yet dared to say.

H₂O

"THOS DERN BAR."

BY E. G. L., "90."

Derned ef yer ain't wossen a tick, kid, with yer everlastin' pesterin' me to tell yer a story. This remark proceeded from "Old Calamity," whom I had just asked for the twentieth time for a story. There were about

ten of us, I being the "kid," and my companions all Cowboys, tough and kind-hearted men as ever walked. The night was cold and windy and we had camped on the lee side of a sheltering buite, and were huddled around a large fire trying to keep warm, just the night for a good story, such a one as only Calamity could tell (for he was a noted hunter, but a little scarce with the truth), and in spite of his vow that he was "pumped dry," after a few minutes during which he vigorously puffed at a pipe, with a stem so short that the bowl was directly under his nose, which it very effectually kept warm, he laid it aside, settled himself in a comfortable position and commenced: "Well, did I ever tell ye fellers 'bout that blamed smart bar that I met up in ther Big Horn mountains?" Nobody remembered ever having heard of the animal in question and so Calamity proceeded as follows: "As I told yer, I was in the Big Horns huntin', and as I hadn't had nothin' ter eat fer 'bout nigh two days, I was gettin' all broke up, when all on a sudden I struck the deepest valley I ever seed, it wer so deep and ther mountains wus so straight up and down and so close together that when I was comin' down one side and my packhos wus goen up tother, we scraped each other's backs. But when I got down thar, it wer ther queerest sight I ever sot my peepers on. Ther brook at the bottom wus all petrified and ther grass wus petrified and ther trees wus petrified and ther wus petrified birds sittin' on ther petrified trees singin' petrified songs, and in fact I was petrified by ther sight. Yer kin bet I got outtin' thar quicker'n a streak of greased lightnin'. When I wus a good ways off, I got offin my hos and sot down on what I thought wus a log lyin' in ther tall grass. Well, sir, that log riz rite up with a growl that sot my teeth a shakin', and thar it wus, ther largest grissley bar I ever sot eyes on. He looked at and seemed ter say to hisself, "yer is just ther feller I's been lookin' fur for ther last two years." My hair begun ter riz and my legs ter chack together, my hos had cleared out on ther fust alarm and so I wus on foot, but as fur runnin', I forgot all 'bout my legs fur a time. That bar looked at me again and all on a sudden he seemed ter recognize me, fur his countenance lits up and he beckons with his paw fur me ter kum to him. I refused as polite

as I could, and he looks at me reproachful kinder, as much as to say, "Aint yer goin' ter be sociable?" Then he starts ter preambulate over and embrace me. My eyes wus sticken out 'bout a yard and I couldnt move hand or foot until he started ter kum over ter me. Then I all on a sudden gives a big jump of 'bout twenty feet and lits out. This seemed to really offend that bar and he started after me. I wus hed in fur a clump of cottonwood trees 'bout quarter of a mile off, and I tell yer what, fellers, the "kid" has been tellin' us 'bout them new-fangled things he calls "sibickles," what goes so fast, but ther couldnt nothin' have caught me, fur I wus makin' time. That bar wus so close though that he struck fur me as I went up one of those trees, and shaved all the fringe offin my leggins clean as a razor. When he finds I wus outten his reach, he wus hoppin' mad, but his nails wus too long ter klimb, so he takes a run and a jump and catches ther limb and tries ter draw hisself up, but I stamps on his paws and makes him lego.

When that bar sees he could'nt get up, he looks round fur some way ter get me down. Fust, he tries ter make frends. He looks up and winks one eye, and tries ter smile, as much as ter say, "Kum on down, old hoss-fly, I wus only foolin'." Fellers, that smile wus enough ter kill one of thos things ther "kid" wus tellin' us 'bout, and which he calls a—r—inepossinus, or sumpin like it.

Well, I laughs till I putty nigh busted; then remberin that I has a small lookin' glass in my pocket, I pulls it out, and after showin' him how ter use it, throws it down ter him. He takes one look in it and then gives a grown from a way down in his toes; then he motions ter me ter throw him down my spurs and when I done it, he puts them on and kicks hisself all round ther tree. In going roun' ther tree he spies my gun layin' on ther ground where I had dropped it, and a new idea seemed ter strike him, fur, pickin' it up he walks round ter where he can get a good look at me, takes aim and pulls ther trigger, dern if he didnt! The catridge had been used and so of course it didnt go off. He looks surprised, takes it down, cocks ther trigger, and tries her again; it werent no use, of course. Then he looks puzzled for a minnit. All on a sudden it kums all clear ter him and he opens ther breach, sees ther

empty shell and yer nevered seed a more disgusted bar. Then he looks up at me and seen my catridge belt; he tries ter get me ter lend him it, pointin' ter his stomic and then ter ther belt, tryin' ter make me believe that I give him it he will take an "Indian dinner" by buckelin hisself up tight and then he wont want ter eat me. When he finds I wusnt goin' ter let him have it, he begs fer one catridge, by pointin' ter ther empty gun, and then ter my belt, and holdin' up one claw, and then pointin' to a bird that wus on a tree nigh us, pertendin' he only wanted ter try the gun once. But this chicken wusnt ter be caught with chaff, and when he seed it werent no use he gets mad and busts ther gun. By this time I wus putty nigh exhausted, so I takes out a little bottle of chain lightnin' that I always carries with me fer fear of gettin' bit by rattlesnakes, and takes a pull. Ther bar watches me fur a minnit, then he kum under ther limb and holds open his mouth so wide that I kin see clear down ter his toe nails. I poores a little into it, and he claps his paw on his stomic and gives a little whine and then motions fur more. Then I sees my way clear and takin' out a plug of 'backie I cuts some up and puts it in ther whiskey, and shakes up fur a minnit, and then poores it all down his throat. Fellers, it knocked that bar silley. Fust, he chasses his tail around ther tree so fast that it looked as though thar wus one circle of bar all ther way round, and with his tail only half an inch in front of his nose. Then he stops and reflects a minnit, suddenly he gets white under ther gills and tries ter lift hisself off ther ground by his tail, then he stops short, braces hisself and turns right inside out. I jumps down from my perch and quick cuts a hole in his hide and runs a stick through so as he cant turn hisself back and then lights out. I never kud find my hos, but as I run on a prairie mosquito pickin' his teeth with a hosses thighbone, gess that's where he went." Here Calamity arose, looked around to see if any one wanted to doubt his veracity and then yawned, stretched, and rolled himself up in a blanket for the night, an example we all followed.

Don't fail to read this number of the TABLET, especially the Communication.

THE AMHERST GAME.

What at the outset promised to be a very close and exciting game of foot-ball, took place on the Ward street grounds between our eleven and the team from Amherst. The teams were composed of the following men:

<i>Amherst.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Trinity.</i>
Brewster,	Rusher,	G. Rodgers.
Bartlett,	"	Deuel.
Houghton,	"	Talcott.
Brough (captain),	"	Shannon.
Harrison,	"	Smith.
Porter,	"	Fitz Gerald.
Ripley,	"	Griswold.
Phillips,	Quarter back,	Barber (captain).
Atwood,	Half back,	Brinley.
Storrs,	"	McCook.
Nourse,	Back,	Applegate.

Trinity won the toss-up and chose the south goal. Amherst kicked off by a dribble and ran with the ball, but gained little ground. Three downs inside of five yards gave Trinity the ball. Then a fine run by Smith and another by Barber, resulted in a touch-down for Trinity in four minutes and a half. Shannon tried for a goal but failed. Amherst brought out the ball and made several good runs, then some bad fumbles, by which Trinity gained the ball, but she soon lost it again, and gradually lost ground until at the end of about twenty-five minutes the ball was near enough to Trinity's goal for Amherst to make a try for a goal from the field, which proved successful. After some remarkably good running and kicking on both sides, which resulted in nothing more than Amherst's making a touch-in-goal, the first half ended:—score, Trinity, 4; Amherst, 5. In this half Deuel was disqualified for a false tackle and Putnam took his place.

The second half opened by a couple of good kicks by Brinley, but the ground thus gained was soon lost by Trinity's seeming inability to keep the ball when they had it, and by the carelessness of her half-backs and back in playing too far up towards the rush line, thus allowing Nourse of Amherst to kick the ball over their heads, forcing a touch-in-goal for Trinity. A few minutes later good runs by Amherst men brought the ball close up to the line and an instant later they rushed it over, securing a touch-down from which they scored a goal. Score: Amherst, 11; Trinity, 4. From here on to the end of

the game Trinity's lack of training plainly manifested itself, and Amherst had it pretty much her own way. Once only did the ball pass the middle line towards Amherst's goal, and then it was quickly brought back. A fair catch by Brewster of a long kick from behind Trinity's line gave Amherst a try at goal, which failed, however. A second try a little later was more successful. Still later a touch-down was made by Amherst, but time prevented a try at goal and the game was ended. Score: Amherst, 20; Trinity, 4. During this half Rodgers was disqualified for off-side play and McCook went up into the rush line, Robb taking his place as half-back.

In looking at the game an outsider sees many points which may escape the captain's notice, actively engaged, as he is, in the game. There was too much kicking, and not enough running with the ball by the Trinity men,—thus the ball was being given to the other side. Indeed, our team hardly had the ball one-quarter of the time. The half-backs and back played too close up, for the ball was kicked over their heads half a dozen times, and, each time this was done, Trinity lost, at least, one hundred and fifty feet. Our men allowed their opponents to block them too much and too easily. If the referee refused to prevent this, they should have taken the matter into their own hands a good deal more vigorously than they did. We had nothing to learn from Amherst in tackling, but might study their quickness in passing the ball to some advantage. And lastly, and most important, some of our men were not in training. If a man refuses to stop smoking, to go to bed early and to train in diet during the foot-ball season, he should be dropped from the team, no matter how good a player he may be. A poor man at the beginning of the game, if he is in training, will be a much better man in the last half, than a brilliant player who relies on his reputation to keep him on the team and refuses to train.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

CHEMICAL PRIZE THESES.

The successful isolation of the element fluorine, which was accomplished last summer by a French chemist, M. Moissan, is an event of unusual interest in the chemical world. In commemoration of this discovery Dr. Bol-

ton has selected *Fluorine* as the subject of the chemical theses for the current year. Juniors in the courses of L. S. and S. are required to write the theses; students in the course of Arts are welcome to compete for the two prizes; thirty and twenty dollars in cash. Theses must be written on 8 by 10 paper of a prescribed pattern, and must be not less than 25 pages long nor more than 50 pages. Students will do well to examine the prize theses deposited in the Library, before beginning their own. A list of books to be consulted will be published in these columns in good season. The essays must be handed in to the Professor of Chemistry on or about April 27th; the exact day not yet determined.

KAPPA BETA PHI.

At a meeting held by the local society of the Connecticut Beta of Kappa Beta Phi, October 7th, R. E. L. Rodgers was elected assistant secretary and A. C. Hamlin, assistant treasurer.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

At a meeting held by the local society of the Connecticut Beta of the Phi Beta Kappa, October 7th, O. A. Sands was elected assistant secretary and W. A. Beardsley, assistant treasurer.

CLASS BALL GAMES.

As the series of ball games between the classes interfered with the foot ball practice and the tennis, it was deemed advisable by the directors to postpone the remaining games until spring. Much interest has been taken in the games that have been played, and we trust that next spring the interest will be even greater. The results thus far are, '87 won three, lost none; '88 won two, lost one; '89 won none, lost three, and '90 won one, lost two.

FOOT BALL TEAM.

The team as composed last Wednesday was: Rushers—Shannon, Talcott, Deuel, Griswold, Smith, Rodgers G. and Fitz Gerald; quarter back—Barber; half backs—Brinley and McCook; full back—Applegate.

TRINITY COLLEGE WHEELMEN.

A number of new members have been added to the club and runs are taken whenever weather permits. Bowman, '87, is captain, and A. McConihe, '88, bugler.

GENERAL NOTES.

W. W. Barber, '88, has been elected captain of the foot ball team in place of Applegate, resigned.

We are glad to note that the subscriptions for the foot ball team have been very generous.

Dr. Charles Scudder has commenced his lectures to the freshmen on Hygiene.

The German Club has elected in new members sufficient to reach its limit of membership. The first german of the series will be given November 5.

The foot ball team play Williams next Wednesday, October 27th, on the grounds of the latter.

The lectures delivered by Rev. H. N. Cunningham on English school and college life, Thursday and Friday evenings, were well attended and extremely enjoyable.

Dr. Bolton gave to the seniors and their friends an interesting stereopticon lecture on Glaciers, last Friday.

The average age of the students who have entered college this year (both Sophomores and Freshmen) is 19.1 years; the average age at which they hope to receive their degrees is 22.6 years.

PERSONALS.

SPENCER, '53. The Rev. Dr. William G. Spencer has resigned St. Luke's Church, Fort Collins, Colorado, and his address is Norwalk, Conn.

HITCHCOCK, '54. The address of the Rev. W. A. Hitchcock, D. D., is Weston, New York.

WATERMAN, '69. The Rev. Lucius Waterman was in town last week.

PERRY, '72. The Rev. J. B. Perry has become rector of a church at Roanoke, Va.

GARDNER, '72. The Rev. C. H. Gardner has accepted a call to the deanery of Trinity Cathedral, Omaha, Neb.

STARK, '75. William M. Stark, of New London, visited the College Thursday.

EDWARDS, '76. Arthur N. Edwards is engaged in business in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

ELMER, '81. The Rev. W. T. Elmer is principal of a diocesan school, Presque Isle, Me.

COOK, '81. Married, in St. Luke's Church, Cambridge, N. Y., September 24th, the Rev.

Charles S. Cook, of Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, and Miss Jessie E. Wells.

WRIGHT, '83. The Rev. A. H. Wright has accepted a call to St. Ann's Church, Dorchester, Mass.

BROWN, '83. The Rev. J. E. Brown has become principal of a boys' school in Denver, Colorado.

MCCRACKEN, '85. Mr. W. D. McCracken has accepted a position as teacher in St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H.

CUNINGHAM, '85. Mr. J. R. Cuninghame has returned from his extended tour abroad and will go into business at Terra Haute.

WATERS, '87. G. S. Waters, under the nom de plume of H₂O, was a contributor to the last number of Life.

Dr. Bolton's address before the N. Y. Academy of Sciences on "Recent Progress in Chemistry," has been republished in a condensed form in the Popular Science Monthly for August, and in full in the Journal of the Franklin Institute for September.

OBITUARY.

The Hon. GEORGE S. GILMAN died at his home in this city on Thursday, the 14th of October. The announcement of his death was a severe shock to his many friends. For some time past Judge Gilman had been in ill health, not being able to attend to his official duties, but a steady improvement for the few days preceding his death had allowed his friends to entertain the hope of his immediate recovery.

Judge Gilman was born in Hartford in 1826, and has always been devoted to his native city, prominent in its social, political, religious and educational affairs. He graduated from Trinity College in the class of 1847 with high honors, being the salutatorian of his class. His love for his Alma Mater has never diminished and to the day of his death he watched with profound interest her changing fortunes, rejoicing in her successes, mourning over her reverses. He studied law with the late Lucius F. Robinson and was later an office companion of the Hon. Henry C. Robinson.

He was one of the earliest Judges of the Police Court, which office he held in 1860, 1862, 1864, 1865. In 1863 he was elected a director of the Connecticut Mutual Life In-

surance Company. This position he resigned in 1875, but his connection with the company continued till his death. He was one of the most successful managers of the company and possessed a thorough knowledge of his business. In the death of Judge Gilman the city has lost a noble and loyal citizen; the college a respected and ardent alumnus.

At a meeting held by the Beta Beta Chapter of Psi Upsilon, October 15th, 1886, the following minute was adopted:

This Chapter has received with much sorrow the announcement of the death of Brother GEORGE S. GILMAN, of the class of 1847. While assuring his family and friends of most sincere sympathy, the Chapter takes pleasure in recognizing the success which crowned the faithful labors of his life, and in bearing testimony not only to the worth of his Christian character but also to his strong attachment to his Alma Mater and to this Order.

W. A. BEARDSLEY, }
E. C. NILES, } Committee.
F. B. WHITCOME, }

COMMUNICATION.

[Communications upon current topics are invited for this column. It is expected that they shall be written in a courteous tone. The writer's full name, as well as his *nom de plume*, must accompany the article. The editors do not necessarily approve the opinions expressed.]

TRINITY COLLEGE, Oct. 12, 1886.

Editor Trinity Tablet:—I am often asked to recommend a course of reading in English to students, and am always glad to name books that I think likely to prove useful in individual cases. Tastes and needs and aptitudes differ, but the general principles which should govern a young man's choice of books to read are always substantially the same. The following books, for instance, should be read by all who hope to gather in their four years, besides the more substantial possession of information, what may broadly be called literary taste and culture, from English prose. The reading of good poetry I should rate as a more valuable method, but I wish to confine this list to prose, and to prose which is especially valuable for its form, that is to say prose which has a distinctive artistic quality. It is principally from reading, *especially from reading aloud*, prose of this quality that one may hope to acquire a good prose style. Many of the books and articles I shall name have another value—they convey historical information or moral teaching or philosophic

instruction, but the quality for which I have selected them is their literary form, which, indeed, in most cases is what has made them classic.

Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," at least the 20th and 21st books. This should be compared with Tennyson's treatment of the Celtic myth.

Sir Thomas Browne, at least the "Hydriothaphia," "Urn-burial."

Sidney's "Arcadia," say the first quarter,—this as an example of poetic prose before the written language had acquired precision of form.

Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," the first book at least,—this as marking an era in English prose, and as the first example of elevated prose applied to the weightier purposes of literature.

John Lyly, a chapter or so of "Euphues,"—this as the first example of labored lightness and discursive ingenuity, a vein which can be traced through English prose ever since.

"Bacon's Essays,"—these not so much for the style as for the condensed wit and sense.

Jeremy Taylor—better to read one sermon carefully than a volume of "extracts." Note that this is essentially oratory, *i. e.*, its strength comes from rapidity, and opulence of words and images.

Dean Swift's "Tale of a Tub," or the "Drapier's Letters."

Johnson—one or two of the lives of the poets—say the life of Savage.

Addison and Steele—the papers in the *Spectator* in which Sir Roger De Coverly appears.

Burke—"Letter to a Noble Lord," or some one of his speeches.

Fox—introduction to speech on "The Westminster Scrutiny." The speech itself is a legal argument, but the introduction should be memorised.

Goldsmith—"Vicar of Wakefield."

Robert Hall—sermon entitled "The Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis," or the "Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte."

DeQuincey and Macauley—these may profitably be compared. Each has had great influence on the prose form of the day. DeQuincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" or "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and the famous third chapter of Macauley's *History* are characteristic of their authors.

Carlyle—"Essay on Burns" and "Signs of the Times," certainly. Whether "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution" can be read with profit depends on the mental tone of the reader. In general, Carlyle has a tonic effect, and a reader need not be afraid of taking up his mannerisms.

"Robertson's Sermons," Hawthorne's four romances, Emerson's "English Traits," Lowell's "Fireside Travels" and "My Study Windows," Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Newman's "Apologia," Webster's "Reply to Hayne."

In the above very short list I think there are no two specimens that are at all alike, and as a whole they comprehend the entire range from impassioned poetic prose through oratory, poetic description, earnest persuasion, to simple graceful narration. Scott's novels might well have been included, at least those that have to do with Scottish life. Froude's description of the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, is a fine piece of work, but I wished to indicate the least that a student should read in order to obtain a slight idea of the evolution of English prose, and such an acquaintance with different literary flavors as would tend to develop his taste and his power of expression.

Of the modern well-informed, courteous, colorless, correct literary form, no better specimens can be found than the series "English Men of Letters" and "American Men of Letters," and most of the "American Statesmen" series. These should of course be owned and read by every one. For the modern impassioned form, Swinburne's monograph on Victor Hugo may be read, or parts of Symond's "Renaissance." Dowden's "Shakspeare, His Mind and Art," is the best specimen of style in modern criticism.

Yours, very truly,
CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

BOOK REVIEW.

The Story of Chaldee, from the Earliest Times to the Rise of Assyria. By Zénaïde Ragozin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. One of the celebrated series, *The Story of Nations*.

An intensely interesting book, with about eighty illustrations.