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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1887.

No. IV.

The Trinity Tablet.

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

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '88.

Managing Editor, - - - J. W. R. Crawford.
Business Editor, - - - L. LeG. Benedict.

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College.

ALTHO' never officially announced, it was generally understood that the Easter TABLET was to appear in a new cover. We desire to apologize for disappointing this expectation, however vague. The design furnished through the kindness of Mr. Waters was well conceived and executed, but the real *execution* took place when the design fell into the hands of the engraver, who kindly murdered it ere the carping blast of criticism withered its young beauty. The plates arrived at the last moment and proved unsatisfactory. Feeling as we did that in changing the time-honored appearance of the TABLET we were making a decided innovation we were averse to placing before the college a new cover that was in the least degree faulty.

Fearing our apology may not be accepted we have deemed discretion the better part of valor, and have sought more congenial climes. We humbly request that you will kindly pour out the vials of your wrath on the hireling who supplies the place of our *necessarily absent* Business Editor.

IT seems at last as though we were to be pretty fully equipped as a college. The new Science Building is a fact, no longer a vague figment of the imagination. As will be seen elsewhere, plans have been drawn up subject to the approval of our Science Professors and the whole thing may be regarded as being of the near future.

THE base ball team will play a number of games during the recess and from the work of Saturday last we may hope great things of them. Considering that the nine had had no practice on a regular diamond, their playing was very good indeed. The good effect of Ferguson's training is very evident in the battery work and the improvement in batting shows that the gymnasium practice was not thrown away.

NOTHING improves the view of our beautiful college buildings so much as a smooth green campus stretching out before them. All the students acknowledge this, and yet why will they persist in trampling down the grass which is growing along the borders of the walk? We all certainly take a pride in our elegant buildings, and should do all in our power to make their surroundings compatible. The many snow storms of the winter have made the ground spongy, and left the grass roots tender, so that every step leaves an ugly mark and injures the roots. The least we can do is to keep off of the campus until the grass has had a chance to grow. We should do it immediately, and not wait for the faculty to take it into their hands—a thing as disagreeable to them as to us.

OF course every body in college knows that the Inter-collegiate field meeting is to take place at Charter Oak Park next month, but all must realize a few other things which that fact implies. The most important one is that we *must* make a good showing. It will cost us comparatively nothing, this year, to send a large number of men to contest in as many events as possible. Already we notice with great pleasure that many men are practicing daily with hammer and the shot, but let us see our jumpers, vaulters and runners come forth and train steadily for the various events. Let even the timid bicyclists venture out and time themselves for a mile and compute their chances. We certainly do not lack in material and all that we need is that strict attention should be paid to the directions of the trainer, that every man shall be out every day and be earnest and faithful.

IT does seem strange that a pasteboard cover should make such a difference in the length of time men are allowed to keep publications from the library. Books can be taken out for a week, in most cases for two weeks; but all magazines and pamphlets must be renewed every day. It is decidedly inconvenient to do this. The library is only open an hour and a quarter daily, and that at a time when very many of the upper classmen, (who would naturally use these works most,) are in recitation. The result is, men can hardly help being fined. Magazines ought to be as safe in the hands of the students as bound books, and even if there are reasons why they should not be kept out of the library so long as other publications, yet it would be a great convenience if the time could be lengthened to three or four days, and there seems to be little reason why it should not be a week. We know that this feeling is strong throughout the college, for many of the students have spoken to us about it.

WE are very glad to see that the officers of the college tennis association are at last striving to bind together in one strong organization our various tennis clubs. The ball has been set rolling and if the students only help it along as they should, it will probably roll out five good tennis courts and help

our tennis interests wonderfully. The permission of the trustees has been obtained to build these courts on the college grounds. They are to be paid for by the entrance fees and the first year's dues of the men who shall join the association. The only question is, now: Will enough of the students join? With 70 or 75 members the total cost will probably not exceed \$5.00 per man. Almost every one in college plays tennis; the expense will not be great, and think of the advantages to be obtained. Do not imagine you can save money by waiting till the courts are built; the price will always be the same for you, and if you do not come in now the whole plan may fall through. Every member shall have an equal right to all benefits bestowed by the association; no one being allowed to play on the courts more than two sets, when others have signified their wish to play. All rules made will be strictly enforced by the officers of the association. "Come one, come all," and join immediately.

IT is delightful to see the sun once more shining into the dining hall at supper time; it is a sign of spring that somehow impresses itself upon us very vividly. I think we may safely assume now, notwithstanding recent blizzards, that winter is over. At any rate the long winter term is over and the Easter Recess begun—just the required breathing-spell between the long, steady grind of the winter term and the cramming for examination which must follow; so let us make the most of it. What to do? Well it is not like Christmas holidays, which are filled with all sorts of merry-making, nor like the long vacation with its seaside or mountain life; and yet it partakes somewhat of the character of each. Now that Lent is over, society will come out of its cell and whirl through as many waltzes as it can before the heat becomes unbearable; while in the country, on the other hand, now that the law is off, the cautious trout may be lured from his retreat—if you know how to do it. If neither of these prospects attract, at least you will have ten days in which to cultivate your muscle, if athletically inclined, for the spring games, or in which to meditate, if you are a philosopher. But whatever you do, enjoy yourself. Make the most of your precious time, remembering that it is the "*spring time, the*

only merry ring-time"—which, being one of the knots of Shakspearan criticism, you may interpret for yourself.

THERE can be no doubt that Trinity is a very musically inclined college. Every body here has that impressed on him from first term Freshman year until graduation. We know of one section in which may be found no fewer instruments than two pianos, a violincello, two violins and a viola. Every section is not so devoted to the musical art as the one in question, but abundance of pianos, flutes, guitars and banjos are to be found everywhere. There is hardly room for professors' notices on the bulletin board by reason of the daily information of a choir, glee or banjo club rehearsal. Strains of music, good, bad and indifferent, are borne on every winter gale and summer breeze from our fond *Alma Mater*. Even the Sophomore class try to sing college songs. Every one either does sing or tries to do so, and if an utter failure is the result he has recourse to whistling. The life of a man here who could not even show his appreciation of musical talent by whistling, would be a miserable blank. But in all seriousness music is very generally appreciated here at college. We have a glee and banjo club of which a college of four or five times the size of ours might very well be proud. The college choir has always been a rather sore subject, at least as far back as we can remember, but when we stop to think that there are three surpliced choirs in town which have drawn quite largely on the musical element at college, we must acknowledge it might very well be much worse. There are several men who are well above the average pianist and violinist of a college community. Great interest is taken in all musical performances in town. At any piano or organ recital, in the front rows at any representation of comic opera, at any concert may be seen a large number of college men. I think we may say that this love of music has grown surprisingly here during the past year, and we can not help regarding it as most promising for the welfare of Trinity. It is well known that an appreciation of any of the high arts is a thing to be cherished and fostered carefully, for where such appreciation is, it is sure to ennoble both the life of the man who feels it and of those with whom he

comes in contact. Therefore we say, let the musical ability which we have be carefully cherished and improved, and may the realization of the musical promises for the coming year be both a surprise and delight to us and to our friends.

EASTER DAY.

As fast moves on the passing year
In straight and strict allotted path,
How often does the Sun-god wear,
Drawn o'er his face, a cloudy veil
A cloudy, dismal, sombre veil,
Which well betokens seeming wrath ;
On Easter day
He smiles, and sends forth every brightest ray.

No more must savage anger rage
And grief, that racks the tender heart,
Must melt as, 'mid the foliage,
Melts the dewy tear which wells,
And on the blue-eyed violet dwells,
When touched by the sun rays' magic art ;
'Tis Easter day,
And sorrows and cares are driven away.

Joy ! Winter is gone with its cold blast,
And, bursting from her ice-bound prison,
Fair Nature, in loveliness, at last
Leaps forth rejoicing in the Spring,
The notes of birds which sweetly sing,
And seems to cry out " Christ is risen !
'Tis Easter day !
Let joy and peace and happiness hold sway ! "

WEE WEE.

APPLES—A FAMILIAR SKETCH.

Like Mr. Warner's lamented cat Calvin, Apples has drifted to us out of the great Unknown. Where he came from, how he manages to exist, where he lives, no one can say. His rise upon the horizon of our consciousness is entirely unobtrusive. A week, or a month, perhaps, has passed away since our entrance upon the monotonous Greek, Latin, Mathematics course of Freshman year, when we became cognizant of a business-like knock at the door.

"Come in !"

Enter Apples—unshaved, unwashed—with the aromas of his sleeping place and his drinking place hanging about him like a pall—but then he may have been cleaning his clothes with alcohol.

"I've got some beautiful Bunker Hill monuments, gen'l'men." Apples never uses the singular in his address.

"How much," we ask modestly, if our itching to devour his pyramidal chocolate drops overcomes our vows of rigid economy.

"Six for ten, gen'l'men,—fifteen for a quarter,—take the whole basketful, gen'l'men, for a dollar." This last said pleadingly.

"But I only want five cents' worth."

"I've only made twelve cents the whole day, gen'l'men." Then, seeing we are still obstinate—"Well, take seven for ten. That's what I pay for 'em in the shops."

We know the old rascal lies, but, to cut matters short, agree with his proposal and take care to pick out our purchase from his basket with our own fingers, for very obvious reasons.

The next day the same thing happens, and the next, until the flavor of "monuments" begins to pall upon the taste. But there is no hope for better things—he can never be induced to change the variety of his stock in trade, so it is not long before we begin to recognize his knock and to keep strict silence when we hear it.

He is a curious old fellow. He can guess your weight within two pounds and your age within a year. If you ask him, he will dance a jig for you to the music of the most inharmonious of all cracked voices. Indeed, what I chiefly admire in Apples is his constant cheerfulness. With no money, no friends, no pleasures to look back upon, no hope for a happier existence in this world—he tramps out here a mile and a half in the rain and sleet,—insufficiently clothed,—unprotected, stoned and robbed by hoodlums, cursed by college men, and yet, up and down the walk, he drums on his box cover as cheerfully and whistles as gay an Irish jig as if he was going to a first class wake. I am wonder-struck at such a disposition.

Apples, however, like other great men, can get mad—then look out! He will double up his fists, smash his hat upon the floor and dance about on his old, game legs, like an intoxicated fighting cock. Swear? He would put to shame a Billingsgate fish-wife. The oaths that fall from his lips are fearfully and wonderfully made. He must have learned them abroad when he was a boy, or else has had private lessons from the evil one.

But, next day, when his temper has cooled down, he will come to your room, which you have bidden him never to enter again, and will meekly ask you to "write a little note." You consent. He takes off his hat reverently, runs his hand through his thin gray hair, and meditates.

"Well, go ahead, Apples, I'm waiting."

"May God bless all my friends and gen'l'men of this college that will be so good and so kind as to set their names on this note to help a poor man that has worked hard all winter and can't—"

"Hold on, how fast do you think I can write!"

"Well then, that's enough may be," and out he goes with his subscription paper to torment the rest of the college.

In some of my day dreams, I try to imagine Apples' early home. I see the ancestral shanty in Erin—his many brothers and sisters—the pig that keeps him warm at night, and the chickens that roost on his legs as he sleeps. But the details of the picture grow indistinct. I try to get some information from Apples himself, but here a truly remarkable difficulty meets me—he dislikes all personal references. He lets the "dead past bury its dead," and prefers to philosophize on the future.

"Were you ever in Ireland?" I say with a view to opening the conversation.

"Yes—may be—keep still, young fellow, listen to me; I'm a morning star; I'll tell you something. The English are coming to take this country. Fly! Powder and ball! They're coming! They're right at hand! I know it! I don't know how I know! Its right here! Right in my heart. But we'll fix them—the bullheads! Ha-Ha-a-a! Order arms! Carry arms! Charge! Charge the cavalry!" He becomes fairly heroic in enthusiasm. With glittering eye and triumphant face he uses his cane to go through the old time army motions that a quarter of a century has failed to eradicate from his veteran brain. Were it not for the terrible danger my *bric-à-brac* runs from the reckless sweeps of his arm, I could feel in his presence something of that thrill which runs through the assembly of savages when a madman raves out prophecies before them. It is wonderful how sympathetic one's nerves will sometimes grow in spite of reason.

Apples will never again tempt me to par-

take of the vile contents of his basket: but I should feel a deplorable vacancy if I knew that the earth or the poor-house had gathered him in. He is distinct from the common herd of peddlers and has come to be regarded as a college fixture. His life has touched our *alma mater* and is exalted, and when, in future years, we are calling up remembrances of our old college days, I believe that Apples will be neither a forgotten nor an unpleasing object in the distant scene.

EVLOK.

MERCUTIO.

"A plague o' both your houses!" Well he knew
He had his death-wound; yet a spirit made
For mirth and sparkle could not be afraid
Because, forsooth a rapier thrust him through.
His happy steadfast nature, ever true
To friends and honor, through his wit's cascade,
Gleamed like a silver rock o'er which still played
The dancing waves of fancy, till Death drew
The flood-gates fast forever.

Not alone

Art thou, Verona's ruler, in thy grief
Nor are thy citizens the only train
Of mourners for him. All the world makes moan.
Yet though his sojourn with us was so brief
His golden fancies ever ours remain.

S. M.

THE WEED HOMESTEAD.

When we first went to live on Ox Ridge—such is the name of the school district—we found not the large, modern-looking white house in which we live, but a much smaller one only a story and a half high, which our predecessor had built for himself and his wife, his children being either dead or scattered. Directly behind this, however, was a building of far greater interest—the old Weed homestead.

Windows either empty or boarded up; the southern slope of the roof full of holes; many of the shingles of the siding hanging by but a single nail and fluttering in the wind; inside, the floor partly gone and the stairs in a perilous condition, this old ghost of a house was of little practical use. One room, once the parlor, probably, or possibly the spare bed chamber, had been for some time used as a hen-roost. Our dorking rooster soon accepted the place as if quite to his notion. In

the morning he would spread his wings, toss up his head with oriental magnificence and cry at the top of his voice: "Ha! Ha! My pretty speckled harem! This is what their puritanical asceticism and satanical gloom amount to! Here we are, roosting in their best bedroom. Be merry, and let the world wag."

The old house had a history of its own which the neighbors were very willing to impart to us. One very cold winter, it seems, during the revolution, George Weed and his wife crossed Long Island Sound on the ice, settled here and built this house. The story does not suggest an altogether pleasant picture. Fancy a man and woman alone on that solitary ridge in midwinter, with only a far-off gleam of the frozen sound to remind them of home. Be sure that that big heavy-timbered house was not yet built. More than one summer must George Weed have labored with his stout ox-team, his heavy broadaxe and his own long sinewy back before those massive beams were wrought to their places. Was there a merry raising, I wonder? I never heard anything said about it. Taking into account the sparse population of those days there must have been a notable gathering from far and near to lift so heavy a frame work to its destined position. Yet the subsequent history of the man does not lead us to imagine a scene of such festivities as were wont to mark a house-raising—the bread and cheese and plentiful hard cider of a Yankee merry-making. No doubt certain incidents of his life which were so far out of the common course as to leave their stamp on the memory of the community, make us imagine him eccentric in all the offices of life, when to his contemporaries he appeared much like other men.

One of the most impressive marks of desolation about the place was the cellar. A house-cellar is like the deepest chamber of the human heart; there in the darkness are hidden the choice rich wines of the vintage of years, along with the chilling vinegar. Thither when the house is still, the master descends alone with his flickering candle and his swaying shadow, to taste the precious wine—and perhaps he makes a mistake and draws from the vinegar cask instead. When the cellar is thrown open to the desecrating light of day, it is a sign that the house is hopelessly lost and forsaken, just as the deep secrets of the

heart are cast forth to the common gaze only in times of great mental or spiritual disaster. This particular cellar extended under only about half the house, and had its outer doorway on the south side, with a walled causeway sloping up to the level of the ground. The entrance, when I first saw it, was crowded with a rank growth of burdocks, nettles, and wild mustard, over which the bees hummed in great contentment. The narrow window-sashes under the sill had fallen away, as well as part of the stone work, letting the sunshine pour boldly in every morning and the sea-breeze stream quietly through in the afternoon. On that first day, a warm clear afternoon in August, it was not an unpleasant sight for one of a quiet and peace-loving disposition. It was simply deserted by man and left to nature's care; and nature seemed very kindly disposed towards it. She kept the atmosphere still about it, sent bees to live under the shingles on the sunny side and swallows to build in the rafters. Later, after I had heard the dismal tales that were current concerning it and had seen it under other conditions, it assumed a gloomy and tragic interest.

In the southwest room George Weed had killed himself—strangled himself with a leather thong and a stick, after the fashion of a tour-niquet. I never heard any reason alleged; it seemed almost a natural end for one whose words and looks were of such a gloomy tinge. After his house was built he would climb to the garret during October storms and pace up and down the floor while the wasp and "blue fly sung in the pane," and the rain battered down on the new-split shingles. None of the mellowness of age about those shingles then; nothing but a few cobwebs to hide their naked desolate newness. And on August nights when the sky was black with thunder-heads and the air heavy and sulphurous, passers-by hurrying to reach their own abodes before the rain should fall, are said to have seen his face pressed against the pane when the lightning flared overhead. At such times his countenance, ever sombre and gloomy, would be twisted as if by despairing pain. I have sometimes thought that he killed himself in a last mad effort to wring some rankling recollection out of his soul and cast it forth into the tempest; but that it was so deeply rooted that life itself came with it.

He was buried not in the public graveyard of the town, but in the further corner of the barn-meadow. His wife was buried beside him: two uncut stones and faint traces of a mound mark the spot. Later on some one planted near by an apple tree, which has grown and stretched its branches out to cover them. The boughs that swing above them are more fruitful than all the rest of the tree; I have seen windfalls lying shoe-deep around the headstone.

Wild stories are told of the family in the next generation, culminating in a murder, "with a woman at the bottom of it," as Thackeray says. With this the family fate seems to have been fulfilled. For the Weeds scattered, starting anew in other places, and the farm passed into other hands. A few generations more of railroads and western emigration and their memory will pass away or remain as a myth among the dwellers in the great northwest.

The ill name of the place kept it unoccupied for many years, till strangers moving into the neighborhood bought the farm and built a new house nearer the road, using the old homestead for storage. In this use it continued until holes in the roof and sashes out of the windows left it useless even for such purposes—left it as I remember it. If it really did incur any guilty stain in its earlier years its long penance of humble usefulness had quite softened it away. The sun slept silently, warmly, peacefully on the roof; bumble-bees droned and bored under the eaves; through the garret window the swallows darted into the cool shade of the rafters and away to the south lay the blue sound covered with white-sailed craft. Ah, peaceful old homestead! Thou art of the sun-illuminated past.

A DAY IN A LIFE.

We were wandering by a river, you and I,
And Cupid met us there, I knew not why;
For my whole life was lost within those eyes,
Where all the loveliness in nature, lies
Mirrored, as in that deep and silent stream,
The world's storm beauties, softened to a dream.
Two fairy mirrors whose dark depths reveal
All life holds good, all evil things conceal,
And now we're married love, I often think
How Cupid came to you, upon the brink
Of that blessed stream. Nor do I think your love
I e'er had won, without help from above.

CHAZAK.

A VISION OF PLATO.

One night in autumn, when the ripened year
 Was gently parting with its summer life,
 And strong winds swept the Akropolis, I lay
 Before the casement, on my simple couch,
 And while I slept there rode the casement by,
 A vision of the disembodied Will.
 As a fair, goodly trireme rides the sea
 In gracious majesty, with sun-smit sails
 And slender mast upright, and wavers not,
 So on the headlong night-wind slowly rode
 This immaterial beauty. Blessed sight!
 The thought of it is in my memory yet,
 And will be through the cycles of advance,
 Till I am such myself. A pure white light
 Rayed from it, streaming round its perfect shape,
 And burning with intensity so great
 That only spirit vision could endure
 To gaze upon it; nor could ears of flesh
 Have heard the perfect pulses of its song,
 Which beat through all my soul; and while I heard
 And while I gazed, it higher rose and higher,
 Towards the upper region of the world,
 To dwell among the pearl and golden isles.
 And then the body woke and all I saw
 Was Pallas' helmet on the Akropolis,
 Pale in the starlight; and the only sound
 The black and heavy rushing of the wind.

Belden

S. M.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES.

Inasmuch as great interest has been shown
 in, and innumerable questions asked about the
 events in the approaching Intercollegiate con-
 test, we have thought it might be well to print
 a list of them in the order in which they
 occur:

1. Throwing Base Ball.
2. 2 Mile Run.
3. 100 Yards Dash.
4. Standing High Jump.
5. Putting Shot.
6. 1 Mile Run.
7. Throwing Hammer.
8. 220 Yards Dash.
9. Running High Jump.
10. Standing Bar Vault.
11. $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Run.
12. 2 Mile Bicycle.
13. Pole Vault.
14. Standing Broad Jump.
15. $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile Run.
16. Running Broad Jump.
17. 120 Yard Hurdle Race.

MIDNIGHT.

He sits within the ebbing fire light
 Watching the ruddy embers fade and die.
 Here and anon dark shadows drape the walls,
 And deepen as some glowing cinder falls
 Among the ashes. 'Tis the dead of night,
 And he is thinking o'er the days gone by.
 The hour of change has come, and now, at last,
 He finds himself alone with his dead past,
 He hears the solemn stroke of midnight bell,
 And his own heart's throbs, as they slowly knell.
 For all that once was in the golden days,
 His tired head sinks on his breast—he prays.

H₂O

BASE BALL.

We subjoin a schedule of games so far as
 arranged, but there may be several added to
 this before the season is over. The managers
 have done well in securing so many games,
 and we hope to see the blue and gold ahead
 in a majority of the games.

Trinity vs. Hartford, April 9, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Waterbury, April 12, at Waterbury.
 Trinity vs. Hartford, April 13, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Lafayette, April 18, at Easton.
 Trinity vs. Lehigh, April 19, at Bethlehem.
 Trinity vs. Univer'y of Penn., April 20, at Philadelphia.
 Trinity vs. Rose Hills, April 26, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Harvard, April 28, at Cambridge.
 Trinity vs. Williams, May 4, at Williamstown.
 Trinity vs. Mutuals, May 6, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Wesleyan, May 7, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Brown, May 13, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Amherst, May 25, at Amherst.
 Trinity vs. Brown, May 30, at Providence.
 Trinity vs. R. P. I., June 4, at Troy.
 Trinity vs. Amherst, June 11, at Hartford.
 Trinity vs. Wesleyan, June 27, at Middletown.

TRINITY vs. HARTFORD.

HARTFORD.	A	B.	R.	I	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
S. Brady, 1 b.....	6	2	3	0	6	1	0				
Dorgan, c. f.....	6	2	3	4	2	0	0				
Beecher, l. f.....	6	1	0	1	4	0	0				
Cramer, c., r. f.....	6	4	4	4	3	0	1				
Johnson, r. f., p..	6	3	3	0	2	0	0				
Diven, p.	4	2	0	1	1	3	0				
Farrell, 2 b..	6	1	2	2	3	2	0				
Hackett, s. s.....	6	0	1	0	1	0	0				
Fletcher, 3 b.....	5	1	2	0	3	1	1				
Fairhurst, c.....	2	2	1	0	2	0	0				
Totals,.....	53	16	19	12	27	7	2				

TRINITY.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	6	3	2	3	9	1	0
Brinley, c. f., s. s.....	5	2	2	0	0	2	1
Pinney, s. s., c. f.....	5	2	2	1	0	1	3
Shannon, p.....	5	1	3	0	0	13	0
McLemore, 3 b.....	5	0	3	0	1	3	4
M. Brady, 2 b.....	5	0	2	1	2	3	0
Cheritree, 1 b.....	5	0	1	0	14	0	0
Rodgers, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Whitcome, l. f.....	5	1	3	1	1	0	0
Totals,.....	45	9	19	6	27	23	8

SUMMARY. Earned runs—Hartford 10, Trinity 8. First base on errors—Hartford 7, Trinity 1. First base on called balls—by Diven 1, by Shannon 6. Struck out—by Diven 2, by Shannon 7. Two-base hits—Johnson, Barber, Brinley, Shannon. Home runs—S. Brady, Cramer. Double-play—Fletcher, Farrell, Brady. Passed balls—Barber 7. Wild pitches—Shannon 2. Hit by pitcher—Rodgers. Umpire—Gruber. Time, 2 hours 20 minutes.

The features of the game were the batting of the Trinity team, Diven being obliged to retire at the end of the sixth inning; the effective pitching of Shannon, after the first inning; the excellent playing of Brady at second base, and the magnificent running catch of a foul fly by Whitcome. The Hartford's out-field played a fine game, putting out ten men, without error, while the infield was distinguished by the neat double play of Fletcher, Farrell and Brady in the seventh inning.

"LA FEUILLE"—TO A. L. P.

(From the French.)

Cans't thou tell me where thou art going,
Tiny leaf of withered form,
From thy tender stem now broken,
Sundered by the ruthless storm?—

Shattered is the noble oak,
Whence I drew my sole support;
Henceforth on the fickle breath
Of the fierce, chill Aquilon
Must I rush e'en unto death:
Or, perchance, on zephyrs mild
Far below to peaceful vales,
I will float from mountains wild:
Or from giant forests torn
Over babbling brooks I skin,
And 'cross waving plains am borne.

I must go where wills the tempest,
Casting fear and plaint away,
For not e'en the rose's fragrance
Save it from dire decay,
And, like all else mortal, fadeth
The fair crown of laurel bay.

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

On Friday evening, April 1st, the Annual Gymnasium Exhibition was held in the old Gymnasium, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. S. L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) made the opening remarks and spoke, in substance as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The advantage of gymnastics is peculiarly evident in its effect on the faculty of this college; for they have increased much in stature, and what exercises they have not themselves taken part in, they have approved. The time is coming when we may know a man's morals by the measure of his gymnastics. The man who has no gymnastics in him is 'fit for treason, stratagems and spoils,' as some great poet has said. Such a man is to be looked down upon, despised, and finally shot. Take, for example, John Milton, who was born in two places, one of which was Milk street, Boston; who used to gain a living holding horses, was the son of a printer, and a chandler's daughter, the inventor of the guillotine, the man who stood an egg on end, and is more famous for this than all the poetry he ever wrote, except, perhaps, his 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' and a few other ballads. But we will leave John alone and go on to speak of the moral effect of gymnastics on a man. Let a man learn gymnastics and practice them, I say, and he will be moral. Let him on the other hand drop them and he will fall from grace. I had a book-keeper, who learned gymnastics and he began to bud and blossom in various ways, largely morally. But unfortunately he dropped his gymnastics and inside of four months that book-keeper lost fourteen pounds and stole \$30,000. Therefore permit me to caution you not to 'let up' in your gymnastics." Mr. Clemens concluded amid applause, and the exhibition began.

The first event was "Club Swinging," in which the following men took part: Deuel, '87, A. R. Stuart, '88, Warner, '88, Hall '88, Cheritree, '90, Smith, 90, and Spencer, 90. Many graceful motions were executed in perfect time. Mr. Hall gave a fancy exhibition with the clubs, performing about thirty difficult movements in a very skillful manner. A fencing exhibition between B. Wright, '89, and French, '89, followed. Next came "Vaulting," in which Deuel, '87, and A. R. Stuart, '88, were tied for first place with a

PRE.

record of 6 ft. 7½ in. The "Standing High Jump" was won by Warner '88, who cleared 4 ft. 3 in. Hall, '88, took second place, 4 ft. 1 in.

Many excellent movements, dips, turnovers, etc., were performed on the parallel bars by Deuel, '87, Applegate, '87, A. R. Stuart, '88, and Jones, '88. E. McCook won the "Rope Climbing" contest, his time being 6½ sec. Next came a performance on the swinging rings, by Applegate, '87, Whitcome, '87, A. R. Stuart, '88, Warner, '88, and McConihe, '88, which consisted of cut-offs, shoulder twists and various other motions. The next event was the "High-Kick," which was won with ease by A. R. Stuart, '88, who reached the height of 7 ft. 9¾ in., breaking all our former records. B. Wright, second. The exhibition on the horizontal bar was the most graceful event. A. R. Stuart, '88, Brinley, '88, McConihe, '88, and Jones, '88, participated, and many brilliant and difficult motions were executed with great accuracy. B. Wright, '89, won the "Running High Jump," 4 ft. 10¼ in. The "Ring Jump," a new feature introduced last year, was won again by A. R. Stuart, who stopped after reaching 11 ft. 7 in. Warner, '88, was second. The "Sparring" match between Brinley, '88, and Barber, '88, was closely contested, both men showing quite a knowledge of the science.

The last event was the "Tug-o-War," between the classes of '89 and '90. This contest, after a stubborn fight, was won by the Freshmen. The Sophomores gained 3 in. on the drop, but the quick, sharp heaving of the Freshmen carried the day. The winning team was composed of the following men: Griswold, captain; Howe, anchor; J. McCook, and E. McCook.

Prizes for the "Running High Jump," "Vaulting," and "High Kick," were most generously offered by Mr. Brinley, '88, and Mr. Morgan, '88.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Smith, and the "McCrackan Gymnasium Cup" was awarded to A. R. Stuart. The McCrackan cup is given to the best general athlete,—no man being allowed to take it twice. The judges were Professors McCook and Luther, and Mr. F. E. Johnson, '84. This exhibition, which is the last to be held in the old Gymnasium, proved a marked success, and next year we may expect to see a still better one in the new "Gym."

OCTOBER, 1886.

Laden with the scent of flowers,
Wafted out from moonlit bowers,
Was the night,
When I left thee, my adored one,
My delight.

But dark sheets of falling rain
Clogged the air,
When my spirit passed through pain,
To despair
With thy breath.

Where my lips thy lips have pressed,
Mabel mine,
Now a whitened stone doth rest
For a sign
Of thy death.

Ever does the white mist rise
O'er thy tomb;
And the rank grass round it lies
In the gloom
Of that spot.

Let me in that rotting grass
Hide my head.
Though no human beings pass,
Is the dead
Not forgot.

MAUD STEY.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

LIBRARY.

Within the last few weeks a number of new and valuable books have been added to the library. Among them are found the following: A "Narrative and Critical History of America," edited by Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University; an "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language," in four volumes; additional volumes of the "Dictionary of English National Biography," and the later volumes of Murray's "Dictionary of the English Language." There have also been added a few recent publications in Chemistry, and some interesting books on Astronomy, such as "Stargazing," "A Handbook of Double Stars," and Gauss's "Theoria Motus." The American Commonwealth series has been increased by the addition of "New York," by E. H. Roberts. Mr. J. H. Hazlehurst, a graduate in the class of '51, has presented to the library fac-similes of the following celebrated documents: The warrant to execute Mary Stuart, the warrant

to execute Charles the first, the Magna Charta, and the Roll of Battle Abbey. These fac-similes, which are taken, by special permission, from the originals, are valuable and interesting acquisitions.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

It becomes our pleasant duty to record two successful concerts given by the Trinity Glee and Banjo Clubs; one in Springfield, on March 18th, and one in Troy, N. Y., on March 24th. The concert at Springfield was attended by a fair-sized and appreciative audience. All the numbers rendered by the Glee Club were well received with frequent encores. The Banjo Club did especially well, and received many compliments, while the duets by the Messrs. Bull gained long and repeated applause. The concert was a successful one both financially and otherwise. The members of the Glee and Banjo Clubs, having a deep interest in the welfare of the ball nine, consented—at the invitation of the base ball managers—to give a concert in Troy, N. Y., the proceeds of which should go for the benefit of the nine. Accordingly a concert was held in "Music Hall," Troy, which was a pronounced success. The clubs were greeted by an enthusiastic audience, and acquitted themselves with credit. The solos by Mr. Waters '87, were well given, and the quartette's singing was very good. The banjo duets, as usual, met with great favor, as did also, the two numbers rendered on the violin by Mr. Coleman, '90. Both clubs were at their best, and have reason to feel proud of their success. After the Troy concert an elegant reception was given the clubs at the house of Mr. George Warren. On their way home the clubs visited Albany, and were tendered a reception by Governor Hill in his room at the capitol.

NEW SCIENCE BUILDING.

The committee of the trustees on the new Science building met on March 26th. Professors Bolton and Robb were invited to attend the meeting. After an informal discussion of the plans presented by the professors, the committee voted to call for plans, specifications and estimates based upon the rough drafts. The expediency and necessity of a new building being admitted from the outset was scarcely made the subject of discussion. President Smith made the announce-

ment of a further contribution from Mr. J. S. Morgan, of \$6,000, conditional upon the whole amount necessary for the building being collected. Mr. Brocklesby, the architect, having consulted with Professors Bolton and Robb, has perfected the plans for the Science building.

DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM.

Geo. Hoadley, Esq., has presented to the Museum a large and handsome specimen of fan coral [*Gorgonia* (?).] The Rev. H. E. Cotton, '74, has presented, also, a shell which was fired into Paris at the time when the city was held by the Commune and besieged by the Nationalists, and which fell near the Arc de Triomphe.

NOTES FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY.

Dr. Bolton has published a supplement to his "Catalogue of Chemical Periodicals," from the annals of the New York Academy of Sciences, in two parts; the first containing additions to the titles, and the second the titles of journals published since the issue of the catalogue. Dr. Bolton addressed the Connecticut Historical Society on April 5th, the New London County Medical Association at Norwich, April 7th, and delivered a lecture before the Philosophical Society of Washington, D. C., on April 9th.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Boone, of Shanghai, China, delivered an interesting lecture before this society on April 5th. The Bishop spoke of the first establishment of the mission in China, of the trials and obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, which were finally overcome, and of the self-sacrifice and earnest enthusiasm of the first founders of the mission. He went on to speak of the teaching of Confucius and its influence, which has gone far toward preparing the way for Christian teachers. Interesting anecdotes concerning the customs and superstition of the Chinese were related, and much was said concerning the intelligence and shrewdness of the race, and their great advance toward civilization which has been made in comparatively few years, since the introduction of the first missionary work. The progress and growth of the now well-established and successful mission was traced, and its system of work described. The knowledge and introduction of modern medical science has contributed much to the aid

of missionary work in China, as was shown by the great influence which the establishment of a good hospital had in attracting the people of all stations—high and low—and giving them an insight into the habits, etc. of Christian people. The Bishop closed amid applause, and, a vote of thanks having been given him, the meeting adjourned.

GENERAL NOTES.

The hundredth anniversary of the granting of Columbia's new charter was celebrated on April 13th. Professor Robb attended the celebration as Trinity's representative.

A new set of purple hangings for the altar and lectern was presented to the chapel at the beginning of Lent.

On Friday evening, March 30th, Professor Luther delivered a lecture on Astronomy, in the chapel of the South Congregational church, to the members of the Chatauqua Circle. The lecture was greatly appreciated, and a rising vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer.

Mr. W. F. Morgan, '88, has offered a silver medal to the best contestant in each of the following events, at our field meeting: The "Running Broad Jump," the "Standing Broad Jump," "Throwing the Hammer," "Putting the Shot," and "Vaulting."

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, on April 5th, Mr. J. W. R. Crawford, '88, was elected assistant marshal for the Intercollegiate athletic games to be held at Charter Oak Park.

The flowers in the brass vases, on the altar, on Easter-day, Bermuda lilies and Annunciation lilies, were the gift of Mrs. William H. Bulkeley. The altar flowers were provided, as usual, by the special offerings of professors and students.

"AN OLD STORY."

The night was dark, the air was chill,
The wind was whistling o'er the hill—
The college slept.

When suddenly a section door, (the number, "four")
Swung open slowly; thence appeared
Two forms, their clothing well besmeared
With dirt, and torn.

Along the walk, with rapid stalk
They wend their way,
And thro' their minds flit wrong designs—
Stealing signs.

* * * *

A lonely lamp; its gleaming rays
Pierce thro' the gloom, and thro' the maze
Of leafless trees.

It tries its best, while people rest,
To light the spot. Two forms are seen,
Of stature small, of humble mien,
Approaching rapidly.
They reach the lamp—its light they damp—
A creaking, scratching sound is heard,
And then a crash—without a word
They disappear.

* * * *

A cozy room; upon its walls
Are pictures grouped—a curtain falls
Across the window seat.
Above the mantel one may see
Results of youthful jollity
And crime.

For there appear the names of streets,
Upheld with little gilded cleats,
And sundry tacks.
For *these* the long walk in the night,
For *these*, the dampening of the light
And crashing glass.

Ah! they reveal, alas, too true,
The "standing" of those figures two;—
The Freshman Class.

SQUIRES.

PERSONALS.

HILLS, '47. The Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D., has been appointed Commissioner from New Jersey, of "The American Church Building Fund Commission."

TOWNER, '52. Theron W. Towner has returned from a long sojourn in Europe, and is at present in New Haven, Conn.

NOBLOCK, '55. A. F. Knoblock is Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana.

CADY, '60. J. Cleveland Cady is the architect of the new library for Yale University.

DAVIES, '60. William G. Davies is the author of a paper entitled "Twelfth Night Observances," read before the St. Nicholas Club on the 5th of January.

GOODRIDGE, '60. The Rev. Edward Goodridge has become Rector of Christ Church, Exeter, N. H.

BOWEN, '63. Arthur Bowen is stopping at the Pwlychrochon Hotel, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales. His address is Rochdale, England.

HOLBROOKE, '67. Stephen Holbrooke is at present Manager of the Philadelphia Branch of the Schuyler Electric Light Company.

CURTIS, '68. R. H. Curtis has just returned from Montana, to his home at Meriden, Conn.

NICHOLS, '70. The Rev. W. B. Nichols, of Hartford, has been elected Rector of St. James Church, Philadelphia.

BARNWELL, '72. The Rev. R. W. Barnwell has been elected Rector of St. Paul's Church, Henderson, Ky.

UNDERHILL, '73. Dr. G. B. Underhill is practising his profession at New Braunfels, Texas.

KANE, '75. Greenville Kane is at his winter residence in Bermuda.

COLEMAN, '77. R. H. Coleman has been spending the winter at Jacksonville, Florida.

SCOTT, '78. Dr. H. B. Scott, U. S. Navy, has returned from the Asiatic station, where he has been since 1883. He is now on duty at the Navy Yard in New York.

MARTINDALE, '79. H. S. Martindale's address is Kirkwood House, Des Moines, Iowa.

HENDERSON, '82. Ernest Henderson is traveling in Europe. He is at present in Dresden.

BRAINARD, '82. J. B. Brainard is now connected with the Brainard Quarry Co., Portland, Conn.

ROOSEVELT, '83. Frank Roosevelt has succeeded to his brother's business as builder of organs, at 149 West 18th Street, New York. W. N. Elbert, '79, is manager of his Philadelphia factory.

HILLS, '84. The Rev. G. Heathcote Hills has become Assistant Minister of St. James Church, Madison Avenue and 71st Street, New York.

MIEL, '88. E. DeFremery Miel, formerly of the class of '88, has recently been elected Editor in Chief of the *Pennsylvanian*.

BECKWITH, '88. Charles Beckwith is Secretary to a fur company and at present is frozen in fifty miles north of Sitka, Alaska.

COLLEGE WORLD.

YALE.

At the winter meeting at Yale three records were broken, the running high jump by one inch, the pole vault by 1-6 inch, and the high kick by two inches; the last is only two inches less than the world's record.

Lee, '89 S., in practice, kicked 9 ft. 5 1/2 in., beating the world's record by 2 3/4 in.

Lyons, '85, has made the longest throw and also the longest hit in the Inter-collegiate record. Distances being 385 ft. 2 in., and 450 feet respectively.

Yale and Columbia play ball in New York on the day of the Mott Haven games.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bird, ex-captain of the Princeton foot-ball team, sailed with the Dauntless in the trans-Atlantic race.

The President and Fellows of Harvard College have recently come into possession of a munificent bequest of \$230,000 and upward, which is applicable only for purposes of special astronomical investigation.

The Harvard gymnasium cost \$110,000, Yale \$125,000, Princeton \$38,000, Amherst \$65,000, Columbia \$156,000, Williams \$50,000, Cornell \$40,000, Lehigh \$40,000, and Dartmouth \$25,000.

Captain Guy Richards, of the Columbia 'Varsity Crew, denies that Columbia wishes to have a triangular race with Harvard and Yale on the Thames.

The base ball uniform of Williams will consist of gray trousers, black stockings, black leather belt and white jersey with a black W woven in the front of it.

In an exhibition of boxing on Saturday last in New York, Sullivan split, with a blow, an inflated Rugby foot-ball hung from the ceiling.

A biological library is to be instituted at Princeton by the class of '77.

The New Yorks will play the Columbia College nine on the 6th and 11th of April; the Yale nine on the 8th, and the Princeton nine on the 16th and 18th.

At Johns Hopkins University every year twenty members of the graduating class are chosen as Fellows and remain to pursue a course of study in some branch in which they have shown themselves proficient. They hold an intermediate position between the faculty and the students, occasionally giving lectures.—*Ex.*

The *Philadelphia Press*, in speaking of the founding of the new university at Worcester, Massachusetts, says: "Massachusetts is to have a new college that will rival Harvard. Some of the best foot-ball players in the country have already been engaged, and other places in the faculty will be filled as quickly as possible."

The *Crimson* gives an account of journalism at Harvard, full of interest as showing how many men who have attained prominence, were on the college journals.