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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

NO. V.

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.*

MONDAY, May 16th, is the anniversary of our college. As a mere suggestion, ought we not to celebrate the day in some appropriate manner? Surely it would be more reasonable and fitting than the senseless observance of St. Patrick's day?

IN reading a recent daily we were struck by the remark that although "Trinity had a good nine, yet there are hardly a dozen men in college who know of its existence." We can safely affirm that the statement is wrong, for we are all proud of our ball nine, and of its success. But from an outsider's standpoint are we seemingly enthusiastic? Judging by the general attendance at all

games we should say—no. Some say, "we will attend games with other colleges but not with outside clubs." Is it not just as important that we turn out in a body to inspire the men, in even a practice game, especially when we can by so doing help them financially? Think of it and we hope that all will see it in this light.

THE day for the intercollegiate field meeting is fast drawing near. Be warned in time, ye would-be athletes. Good, steady training will tell in the "long run," (in the short run also). But never mind the runners. They at least show that they appreciate the advantages of training and mean to do their best. But where are our jumpers, if indeed we have any. Without regular, daily practice they can't expect to accomplish anything. Situated as we are, we ought to have more entries for the games than any other college in the league, and there is no reason why Trinity should not win the championship, provided every man does his best. What is the matter with the lower classes? They have plenty of good material, and yet we only know of two Sophomores and three Freshmen in training. Almost all the work is left to the upper classmen. This is not as it should be.

WE can almost hear you mutter something about "their having small eyes," &c., but at the risk of becoming a bore we must endeavor to stir up a little feeling in the right direction,—it is the prerogative as well as the bane of college journalism. We will soon be in possession of a fine hall, suitable for readings, and theatricals of all kinds; we have in college plenty of material for good showing in almost any line. We can even include operatic talent in our midst. During the recess a performance of the Mikado proved satisfactory in every way to a *small but highly cultured* audience, (as they say in Boston when John L. fails to draw.) To be

sure the stage properties were limited and at critical moments Nanki-Poo was obliged to yield up his mandolin to Ko-Ko to serve as a "Snickersnee," and the chief performers were compelled to swell the ranks of the chorus when needed,—yet we have demonstrated the fact that we can be dramatic, melodramatic, operatic, anything if we will but *try*.

AFTER a long connection with the college and a career of remarkable success as a teacher, Dr. Bolton is about to leave us. As a Professor we shall regret his clear concise lectures, his animated descriptions enlivened by *jeu d'esprit* and his marked fairness. In his relations with us outside of the classroom we shall be still more sorry to lose such a friend.

Dr. Bolton's fame as an author has been firmly established while at Trinity by such works as the "Catalogue of Scientific and Technical Periodicals from 1665—1882," a work involving immense labor and research, also the "Action of Organic Acids on Minerals." In 1882 he was Vice-President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and delivered an address on "Chemical Literature" which attracted much attention in this country and abroad.

Dr. Bolton carries with him the earnest wishes of the college, graduates and undergraduates for a continuation of success in his life-work.

ALTHOUGH mention was made some time since of prizes to be awarded for the best contributions of English prose and verse, there seems to be a great dearth of good matter in one line and an overabundance in the other. Good prose is difficult to write, but surely there are some men in college who have a sufficient command of Webster to *try*, at least to express what they have seen, heard or imagined; but with the average man when he wants to say anything or *nothing* as the case may be, he generally puts it into — we were almost saying doggerel. We are overwhelmed with verses of this description. Now, in the first place, don't try to write poetry unless you have an idea, clear and definite, to express. Pretty nothings "*nebulæ amictu*" are very well in their way

but you must have a backbone running through upon which to hang them. Again, having borrowed or stolen an idea, don't try a sonnet when ordinary rhyme is quite up to your efforts. It is like casting a lens of too great size—there is likely to be such an internal strain that it will not bear exposure. And lastly don't try to be "funny"—be witty if you can, but avoid a relapse into the reverse.

Much of the work handed in shows traces of haste in execution and finish which mars the general excellence of the effort. The prizes offered are well worth the trouble of careful and thorough work and will not be awarded unless the standard is good. Let every one who can and will try and see what they can do,—*new* contributors are always welcomed and encouraged.

THE plan of building association tennis courts has had to be, for the present, abandoned. It was found impossible to build five courts on the only ground obtainable for the purpose, at less than \$160 apiece. This is certainly a bad blow at the tennis interests of the college, and it does seem a strange misfortune that with 80 acres of land we cannot secure enough suitable ground for four or five adjoining tennis courts. Such being the case, however, it only remains to do the best possible with the old courts; for surely we all take too much pride in Trinity's tennis victories to think of doing less than our best to add new leaves to this laurel wreath of our *Alma Mater*. Several of the old courts are being put in better condition than ever before, and one new one is being built. Nothing should interfere with the regular semi-annual tournaments; which are most useful in keeping up our tennis enthusiasm and in the training of our rising players. Probably, on the average, more tennis is played here at Trinity than at any other college in the country, and many of us realize that a man ranking only as a medium player here, is considered quite a champion in most places. Let us keep up this record, by all means.

Edison thinks that ball-playing at night is practicable if the lights be placed below the surface of the ground and reflectors used. A test will be made at the Staten Island grounds during the coming summer.

A KISS.

Forgive it dear that I upset
The modest forms of etiquette,
But thy dear face, fair beauty's shrine,
Was just a bit too close to mine,
Sometimes you know love will forget.

Your beauty o'er my prudence won
I hardly know how it was done,
That *accident* when our lips met,
Forgive it, dear.

You smile, your eyes with laughter fill
Yet you are silent—waiting till—
I shall at length perhaps see through it—
Ah yes! you *meant* that I should do it—
You know you did—and so you will
Forgive it, dear.

H₂O.

THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

(Jean Paul Fr. Richter.)

With the Angel of the Last Hour, whom we so harshly call Death, there is sent to us the softest and kindest of angels, to pluck away gently and tenderly the sinking heart of man from life, and bear it uncrushed in his warm hands out of the cold breast into the lofty warmth-giving Eden. His brother is the Angel of the First Hour, who kisses man twice, the first time that he may begin this life, the second time, that he may awake above unharmed, and enter into that other life with smiles, just as he entered this with tears. When the battle-fields were filled with blood and tears, and the Angel of the Last Hour took away trembling souls from them, his gentle eyes were suffused with tears and he said: "Alas, I will die the death of man, that I may learn his dying agony and soothe it, when I take away his life." The immeasurable throng of angels, who love each other above, surrounded the tender-hearted angel, and promised the dear one, that they would surround him at the moment of his death with their shining canopy that he might know that it had been death; and his brother, whose kiss opens our cold lips, as the morning sun opens the cold flowers, tenderly touched his face and said: "When I kiss you again, my brother, you will have died upon earth and be with us once again."

Deeply touched and full of love the angel sank down upon the battle-field, where

a beautiful and brave youth lay in the throes of death, while the shattered breast still heaved. About the hero there was no one but his bride, whose deep grief he could not feel, and whose lamentations arose over him unheeded like the distant battle-cry. O, then the angel quickly covered him and rested upon him in the form of his beloved, and with one warm kiss drew the wounded soul from the shattered breast and gave it to his brother. His brother kissed it above for the second time, and then it straightway began to smile.

The Angel of the Last Hour with the speed of lightning entered into the empty form, put new life into the dead body, and with strengthened heart sent the warm streams of life through its parts. But how did the new metamorphosis affect him! He was racked by hunger, burning thirst and pain. His rent breast heaved and his first breath was his first sigh for the heaven which he had left. "Is this the dying of men?" thought he, but as he did not see the promised sign of death, no angel, no flaming heaven, he knew that it was only this life. At evening the earthly strength of the angel vanished and a crushing sphere seem to roll over his head—for Sleep had sent his messenger. The inner pictures moved out of their sunshine into a smoking fire, the shadows, which during the day had impressed themselves on the brain, rushed among each other pell-mell and colossal, and a rearing, untamed world of thought cast itself upon him—for Dream had sent his messengers. At last the shroud of sleep wrapt itself in double folds about him, and in the tomb of night he lay there cold and alone, as we poor mortals. But then didst thou, O, divine dream, flit before his soul with thy mirrors, and didst show him a throng of angels and a gleaming canopy, and the earthly body, with all its thorns, seemed to fall away from him. "Ah," said he, in ecstasy, "my going to sleep was my dying." But when he awoke again with the imprisoned heart, full of heavy human blood, and saw the earth and the night, he said: "That was not Death, but only his picture, though I saw the starry heaven and the angels."

The bride of the dead hero did not observe that an angel was dwelling in the breast of her lover: she still loved the erect statue of the vanished soul and joyously held the hand

of him who had been taken so far away from her. But the angel loved her deceived heart with the heart of a man, jealous of his own form, he did not wish to die before her, until she should forgive him in heaven, that she had embraced both an angel and a lover at the same time. But she died earlier: the former grief had bent down the head of this flower so far that it remained broken upon the grave. She sank down before the weeping angel, not as the sun who, full of beauty, casts himself into the sea with all nature looking on, and tosses the golden waves towards the sky, but as the silent moon who at midnight gleams like silver through the mist and sinks down unseen in it. Death sent his gentler sister Swoon before him,—she touched the heart of the bride and her features grew cold, the flowers on her cheeks faded; the pale snow of winter under which the spring of eternity blooms, covered her forehead and hands. Then the eyes of the angel were filled with tears, and as he thought that his heart in the form of a tear was forcing itself, like a pearl from its shell, his bride opened her eyes for the last time, drew him to her heart and as she kissed him she said: "Now I am with you, my brother." Then the angel thought that his heavenly brother had kissed him, as the sign of death; but no canopy opened above him, but only a cloud of sorrow, and he sighed because it was not his death, but only the grief of man for that of another.

"O, ye oppressed sons of men!" he cried, "how can ye weary ones learn it, how can ye grow old when the circle of youthful forms is broken and at last falls away entirely, when the graves of your friends descend like stairs to your own, when old age is the silent, empty twilight of a cold battle-field; O, ye poor sons of men! how can your hearts bear it?"

The body of the heroic soul which had flown upwards, placed the gentle angel among cruel men,—among their iniquities—among the distortions of vice and of passion. He saw the giant serpent of vice surround the entire earth with its black, intertwining folds, and thrust its poisonous head into the human breast and hide it there. Alas, then his tender heart, which for an eternity had only come in contact with angels full of love, had to feel the shaft of hate.

In a few days he grew weary of the life which we bear for three score years and ten, and longed for his former home. The setting sun filled his changed soul with longing. The splinters in his wounded breast weakened him with pains. With the evening breeze blowing upon his pale cheek, he went out to the church-yard, the green background of life, where the forms of all the beautiful souls which he had clothed were changed to dust. Filled with a sad longing he stood upon the barren grave of her whom he had loved beside all else, his buried bride, and watched the sinking sun. Upon this beloved mound he stood and looked upon his body full of pains, and thought: "Thou also wouldst change to dust here, O, wounded breast, and cause no more pain, if I did not hold thee up. Then he pondered upon the weary life of man, and the twitches of pain in his wounded breast showed him the anguish with which mankind buys its virtues and its death, and which he gladly spared the noble soul of this body. He was deeply touched by the virtues of man, and he wept out of unending love for men, who under the attacks of their own wants, under lowering clouds, behind deep mists upon the ruthless path of life, do not turn aside from the glorious guiding star of duty, but, in their darkness, stretch out loving arms to each troubled breast which meets them and about whom nothing gleams but the hope, like the sun, to go down in the old world and to rise again in the new. Then ecstasy opened his wound, and the blood, the tears of the soul, flowed out of his heart upon the grave of his beloved. The dissolving body, the life-blood ebbing away, sank down to meet the loved one. Blissful tears changed the setting sun into a rosy sea, distant music as though from afar the earth were passing through the sounding æther, played through the moist vision. Then the dark cloud of a short night shot over the angel and he fell asleep. And now a starry heaven was opened and surrounded him, and thousands of angels shone in glory. "Art thou here again, thou deceitful dream?" said he. But the Angel of the First Hour stepped through the beams, kissed him, and said: "That was death, thou eternal brother and heavenly friend." And the youth and his beloved repeated it softly.

K.

AT PARTING.

Not in laughter, not in gladness,
 But in sadness,
 Let us part ;
 For those days are long and dreary
 Dragging weary
 In my heart.

As the moon her beauty covers,
 When she hovers
 Ere she go,
 Lest the earth behold her fleeing,
 And when seeing
 Faint with woe ;

Thus about thy features beaming,
 Fairer seeming
 Than the sky,
 Wrap thy dark hair's mantle flowing
 At thy going,
 Lest I die.

MAUD SLEY.

ALPHA DELTA PHI CONVENTION.

The fifty-fifth convention of the A. Δ. Φ. Fraternity was held in Boston, May 4th and 5th, under the auspices of the Harvard Chapter. The headquarters of the convention was at the Vendome where the secret sessions were held and the banquet served. The public exercises were held on the evening of Wednesday in Tremont Temple before a large number of specially invited friends. On the stage, handsomely decorated with flowers and a large sized floral star and crescent, sat Judge Choate, the president of the Fraternity, the other officers, Dr. E. E. Hale and Prof. Thayer. The general subject of the addresses was the Labor Question. The President after a short address of welcome introduced Dr. Hale and Prof. Thayer as the special speakers and presented the regrets of the other expected ones: Ex-governor Chamberlain of Maine and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of New York, both of whom were detained by business, Philips Brooks who also expected to be present felt obliged to save himself for the banquet. The delegates and others to the number of seventy-five occupied the front seats and with the orchestra and organ interspersed fraternity songs. In the afternoon of Thursday the convention was invited by the Harvard Chapter to drive to Cambridge and see the University and after their drive were handsomely entertained at the Alpha Delta Phi rooms. The great

social event of the convention was the banquet Thursday evening and the large dining hall of the Vendome was overflowing with young and old Alpha Delts who thoroughly enjoyed themselves from seven o'clock until after midnight. At the raised table sat President Choate with Philips Brooks and Dr. Hale on either side and the other prominent speakers. The symbol of the Fraternity, the star and crescent, hung in roses over the President's head and a great bank of darker roses greeted his eyes in front. After the menu had been discussed for two hours, President Choate called the 300 present to order and made a speech brimming with mirthful allusions and then proposed the toast of the Fraternity which was responded to by the Rev. Percy Browne. The Rev. W. R. Woodbridge the chaplain of the Convention then spoke and was followed by E. E. Hale who responded to the Harvard Chapter and made an excellent reply after apologizing for having to take the place of James Russell Lowell and President Elliot. The toast of "The Pulpit" was responded to by the Rev. Philips Brooks who in an eloquent speech said "As I look around these tables the faces melt into one of those wonderful composite photographs. Eye blends itself with eye ; mouth loses itself with mouth because the same words of thoughtfulness and intelligence come from them all. I see but one face before me—the aggregate face of Alpha Delta Phi." Mr. S. C. Eastman of the Brown Chapter responded to "The Bar." After speeches by Mr. A. J. C. Sowden and Arlo Bates the occasion was given up to "the boys" and the chapters were called upon. The delegates of the Phi Kappa Chapter were Messrs. Applegate, Hamlin, and Morgan. The next Convention is to be held in New York City.

HER CUPID.

Dear little elf, why hide you there
 In the dark meshes of her hair ?
 I would play hide and seek with thee
 And strive for an eternity
 To catch thee, if, when caught,
 You'll come
 And make my heart your
 Only home
 And bring her love, whose love
 Alone
 Will make to live, a bliss
 Unknown
 To all but me.

CHAZAK.

WHY.

If I loved you I'd not tell you,
Even if I thought you'd prize it ;
For you think all college youths love
So lightly, you'd despise it.

You would take it as a tribute
To your beauty, wit and art,
But you'd never dream my passion
Was consuming all my heart.

You would think that Love's keen arrow
Grazed my heart, just made it bleed,
And to-morrow gay flirtations,
All the balm the wound will need.

You would say my fickle fancy's
Chained by every pretty face.
That I find in all my wanderings,
An adored one, in each place.

Why ! Oh ! Why ! will you think us worse
Than so many poor human moths ;
You grant love's flame can burn, then why
Not us ? "Oh ! well," you say, "because."

CHAZAK.

QUERY.

If we accept the orthodox view of the Noahic Deluge all mankind is descended from Noah and his family : according to the chronology of Archbishop Ussher, the deluge occurred 2348 B. C. or 4235 years ago. Admitting 30 years to a generation the remotest cousinship between any persons now living is the 138th degree. Hence Caucasians, Africans, Malays, Mongolians, and American Indians are not more distantly connected than the 138th cousin. At a remote period however, inter-marriage of relatives was common and this probably reduces the degree to the 100th or less. Therefore the Chinaman who washes your clothes, my aristocratic reader, and the dark-skinned servant from Africa are your one-hundredth cousins at the very least. Admitting the correctness of this calculation do not these facts throw doubt on the universal deluge ?

DJAFAR.

PLAGIARISM.

That plagiarism is common we all know ;
that in the ordinary sense it is a difficult feat

to perform successfully we can guess. But the temptation to use good material from college papers is not hard to overcome when it is considered that the chances of detection are so very slight. But it seems that some one trusting to this knowledge has unwittingly overstepped himself.

The following extract explains itself:—

(*New York Nation.*)

On looking over the April number of the *Brooklyn Magazine* I discovered a piece of verse entitled "A Bachelor's Reverie," purported to have been written by F. M. Cooper.

As this poem, under a slightly different heading and with an additional verse, was contributed by myself to the January number of the TRINITY TABLET of Trinity College, in 1884, I was somewhat surprised at seeing it here. I claim no merit for the verse, it being merely a typical college effusion, but I do think the world should know how Mr. Cooper writes his poetry.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Baltimore, April 20, 1887.

The following is the poem in question :

REVERIE.

Dreaming, I sat in my easy chair,
While the log on the embers burned ;
And I thought of the bliss of a bachelor's life,
With its freedom from care and worry and strife,
And the sorrows each day to be learned.

With grim delight, I placed in the scale
Of the balance my mind had formed
The tortures and trials which fall to the lot
Of the man who jumps into the water when hot,
And finds himself more than warmed.

The great expense came into my mind
In the shape of honeymoon bills ;
Of the house to be found, or the flats to be sought ;
Of the million of things that have to be bought,
From sofas and bureaus to pills.

Those weary tramps with colicky babes ;
A breakfast half cooked in the morn ;
The sorrowful face of a tired-out wife ;
A list of her errands—those bothers of life
That make one's existence forlorn.

One side of the scale I heaped up full,
Adding many a thought beside
Of the gulf 'twixt marriage and bachelorhood,
As the subject I thought I quite understood ;
And the chasm appeared very wide.

When, lo ! by a wierd strange thought,
Queer changes came over my dream.
A vision of white, with the brown interlaced,
And a glitter of blue could be distinctly traced,
With a shimmer of sparkle and gleam.

Fondly I gazed as the vision cleared,
 And I watched the mist take form,
 When the brown, which resolved into wavy hair,
 And the snowy dress and the blue eyes fair
 Took completely my heart by storm.
 Then I kissed in thought those ripe, red lips,
 And I smoothed the rich brown hair :
 And I placed this maid in the opposite scale,
 When, lo ! as in the old philosopher's tale,
 The other flew high in the air.

MALC.

BASE BALL NOTES.

Lafayette has great hopes of a brilliant season on the diamond.

New York, May 4 : Princeton 15, Columbia 4.

Yale complains of Princeton's arrangements.

University of Kansas is the place where the faculty play ball with the students.

April 22 : Lehigh 20, Johns Hopkins 22.

April 22 : Lehigh 6, Dickerson 13.

The Dartmouth nine has made a success out of its trip this spring.

Wesleyan has a very fair nine this year.

Boston University troubled by not having a place for their nine to practice.

The Amherst nine has good material but shows the lack of practice.

Harvard complains because they are not allowed to play professionals.

May 7, at Williamstown, Williams 4, Dartmouth 3.

Monday, May 9, the Freshmen defeated Bowen School 23 to 9.

On April 19, Trinity played Lafayette at Easton, Pa.

TRINITY.	A. B.	R.	I B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	5	2	2	2	14	4	0
Brinley, s. s.....	5	1	4	4	0	1	0
Pinney, l. f.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	1
Shannon, p.....	5	2	3	3	0	15	0
Whitcome, i b.....	4	2	2	1	7	0	3
M. Brady, 2 b.....	4	1	1	1	4	3	4
McLemore, 3 b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	3
R. Rodgers, r. f.....	4	1	3	5	0	1	0
Stuart, c. f.....	4	2	2	3	0	0	1
Totals.....	40	12	18	20	27	24	12

LAFAYETTE.	A. B.	R.	I B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Ensor, s. s.....	5	3	3	3	1	1	1
Updergrove, 3 b.....	5	4	5	2	4	0	0
Gilchrist, 2 b.....	5	1	0	0	6	4	2
Graff, i b.....	5	0	0	0	8	0	0
Wells, c. f.....	5	0	0	0	0	1	0
Roe, p.....	5	1	2	2	0	3	2
Selvet, l. f.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	2
Van Loon, c.....	4	0	0	0	5	4	0
Wilson, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	43	10	11	8	26	13	7

TRINITY.....0 6 0 1 0 5 0 0 *—12
 LAFAYETTE.....1 2 0 0 3 1 0 3 0—10

SUMMARY. Earned runs—Trinity 6. First base on errors—Lafayette 10, Trinity 5. On called balls—Lafayette 1, Trinity 3. Struck out—by Roe 12, by Shannon 1. Two base hit—Ensor and Stuart. Three base hit—Whitcome and Rodgers. Double play—Trinity 1, Lafayette 1. Passed balls—Van Loon 1, Wild pitch—Roe 1, Shannon 1. Umpire—Dowell.

April 20, at Philadelphia.

TRINITY.	A. B.	R.	I B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	6	2	3	5	6	2	0
Brinley, s. s.....	5	3	2	3	4	2	0
Pinney, l. f.....	6	2	2	2	0	0	1
Shannon, p.....	5	2	2	2	0	11	1
McLemore, 3 b.....	5	1	2	2	1	0	0
Brady, 2 b.....	5	0	2	3	2	1	0
Whitcome, i b.....	5	0	0	0	11	1	0
G. Rodgers, r. f.....	5	0	1	1	0	1	0
Stuart, c. f.....	5	0	1	1	0	0	2
Totals.....	47	10	15	19	24	18	4

U. OF PENN.	A. B.	R.	I B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hovey, s. s.....	6	1	0	0	2	0	1
Wilson 3 b.....	5	4	2	3	1	6	5
Swift, c.....	5	2	3	3	10	1	3
Nellins, r. f.....	5	3	4	6	1	0	0
Frazier, 2 b.....	5	1	3	7	1	2	0
MacPherson, i b.....	5	0	1	1	8	1	1
Farries, l. f.....	5	0	1	1	1	0	0
Hamner, c. f.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Hyneman, p.....	5	1	3	4	2	9	1
Totals,	46	13	18	26	27	19	11

U. OF PENN.....3 3 0 1 0 2 4 0 *—13
 TRINITY.....3 4 0 3 0 0 0 0—10

SUMMARY First base on called balls—off Shannon 2, off Hyneman 5. Struck out—by Shannon 5, Hyneman 8. Wild pitches—by Shannon 2, Hyneman 2. Passed balls—Barber 2, Swift 4. 2 base hits—Brinley, Brady, Wilson, Nellins, (2), Frazier, Hyneman. Three base hit—Barber. Home run—Frazier. Umpire—McLean.

Trinity vs. Rose hills, at Hartford, April 26.

TRINITY	A. B.	R.	I B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	3	1	0	0	18	6	2
Brinley, s. s.....	4	1	0	0	0	2	2
Pinney, l. f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Shannon, p.....	5	0	0	0	0	15	0
McLemore, 2 b.....	4	2	0	0	3	0	0
Brady, 3 b.....	5	0	1	1	1	1	0
Whitcome, i b.....	4	0	0	0	8	0	1
Rodgers, r. f.....	5	0	2	2	1	1	1
Stuart, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	38	5	4	4	31	25	6

ROSE HILLS.	A. B.	R.	I B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Clare, c. f.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Kiernan, 2 b.....	5	1	3	4	2	2	0
Holland, r. f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Shea, i b.....	5	0	0	0	13	0	0
Carmody, p.....	5	1	2	2	0	16	0
Gillan, 3 b.....	5	0	2	3	1	1	2
Kirby, s. s.....	5	1	1	2	0	2	2
Simpson, c.....	4	0	1	1	12	0	0
Sweeney, l. f.....	3	1	2	2	1	1	1
Totals.....	42	5	12	15	30	22	5

TRINITY..... 0 1 1 0 0 0 3 0 0 0-5
ROSE HILL..... 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 0-5

SUMMARY. Earned runs—Trinity 1, Rose Hill 1. First base on errors—Trinity 4, Rose Hill 3. On called balls—Trinity 4, Rose Hill 0. Struck out—by Shannon 11, by Carmody 12. Passed balls—Simpson 1. Wild pitch—Carmody 1. Two base hits—Kiernan, Gillan and Kirby. Umpire—Hendrie, '87, Trinity.

At Cambridge, April 27, Trinity 2, Harvard 1, in three innings.

At Meriden, April 30, Trinity 12, Resolutes 11, in ten innings.

At Hartford, May 2, Trinity 7, Mutuals 1.

At Williamstown, May 4.

TRINITY.	A. B.	R.	I	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	4	1	0	0	4	1	0	0
Brinley, s. s.....	5	1	1	1	2	3	1	0
Pinney, l. f.....	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Shannon, p.....	5	0	1	1	0	10	0	0
Rodgers, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
McLemore, 2 b.....	4	1	0	0	1	3	0	0
Brady, 3 b.....	3	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Whitcome, 1 b.....	4	1	0	0	16	0	1	0
Beardsley, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,.....	34	6	3	3	24	18	3	0

WILLIAMS.	A. B.	R.	I	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wilson, r. f.....	5	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Duryea, 2 b.....	4	3	3	4	1	0	0	0
Perry, l. f.....	4	1	2	2	1	0	0	0
Burden, 1 b.....	4	1	0	0	11	0	2	0
Clark, c. f.....	4	1	2	2	0	0	0	0
Blackinton, 3 b.....	4	0	0	0	2	1	1	0
Van Werner, p.....	4	0	1	1	0	18	0	0
Brown, c.....	4	0	0	0	10	4	1	0
Campbell, s. s.....	4	1	2	2	0	3	1	0
Totals,.....	37	7	10	11	27	26	5	0

TRINITY..... 2 0 1 2 0 0 0 1 0-6
WILLIAMS..... 1 0 2 0 3 1 0 0 *-7

SUMMARY. First base on errors—Trinity 4, Williams 3. First base on balls—Trinity 6. Struck out—by Shannon 12, by Van Werner 5. Two base hit—Duryea, Passed balls—Brown 2. Wild pitches—Van Werner 4. Umpire—Hyde, '88, of Williams.

At Hartford, May 7.

TRINITY.	A. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	5	1	1	0	18	0	2
Brinley, s. s.....	5	2	3	2	1	3	1
Pinney, l. f.....	4	1	1	3	0	0	0
Shannon, p.....	5	0	1	2	0	19	0
McLemore, 2 b.....	4	0	1	2	0	4	0
Brady, 3 b.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	1
Whitcome, 1 b.....	4	0	1	2	7	0	0
Beardsley, c. f.....	3	3	1	5	0	0	0
E. Wright, r. f.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,.....	38	8	9	16	27	26	4

WESLEYAN.	A. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Landon, 3 b.....	5	1	1	1	3	1	0
Manchester, s. s.....	4	0	2	0	0	1	1
Smith, 2 b.....	4	2	2	2	4	0	0
Selleck, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Cobb, c.....	4	0	1	0	13	4	0
Eggleston, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Van Dorn,.....	4	0	0	0	5	0	1
White, c. f.....	4	0	0	2	0	0	0
Bergstrom, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	12	1
Totals,.....	36	3	6	5	27	18	4

TRINITY..... 0 3 0 0 0 1 1 3 0-8
WESLEYAN..... 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0-3

SUMMARY. Earned Runs—0. Two base hit—Manchester 1. Base on called balls—by Bergstrom 8, by Shannon 1. Hit by pitcher—Bergstrom 2. Passed balls—Barber 1, Cobb 4. Wild pitches—Bergstrom 1, Shannon 1. Struck out—by Shannon 18, by Bergstrom 12. Time—2 hours, 10 minutes. Umpire—J. Brady.

Yale, May 10, at New Haven.

YALE.	A. B.	R.	I	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.....	5	1	2	4	0	15	0	0
Kellogg, r. f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	1	0
Noyes, s. s.....	5	2	2	2	0	2	0	0
Hunt, c. f.....	4	1	2	2	0	0	0	0
Dann, c.....	4	0	0	0	11	2	0	0
Spencer, 1 b.....	4	2	3	6	8	0	0	0
McCorkey, 2 b.....	4	2	3	3	5	0	0	0
Stewart, 3 b.....	4	0	1	1	2	1	0	0
Brigham, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,.....	39	9	14	19	27	20	1	0

TRINITY.	A. B.	R.	I	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	4	0	3	4	10	6	0	0
Brinley, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Pinney, l. f.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	2	0
Shannon, p.....	4	0	1	1	0	8	0	0
Rodgers, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Brady, 3 b.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	2	0
Whitcome, 1 b.....	4	0	0	0	8	0	1	0
McLemore, 2 b.....	2	0	0	0	2	2	1	0
Beardsley, c. f.....	4	1	2	2	2	0	0	0
Totals,.....	35	1	6	7	24	20	7	0

YALE..... 2 0 0 1 2 1 0 3 *-9
TRINITY..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

SUMMARY. Struck out—by Shannon 7, by Stagg, 10. Two base hit—Barber. Three base hit—Stagg. Home run—Spencer.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

GLEE CLUB CONCERTS.

The last two concerts given by the Glee Club were successful in every respect, especially the one given in Hartford on Monday, April 11th, which was of the first order. The audience was a charming one, and was well pleased with every feature. The entertainment opened with a production by the banjo club, which was characterized by the precision, taste and successful expression of its rendering, and which merited the applause which was so freely given. The banjolin added quite a new charm, and the duet met with great favor. The singing was equal to that of the best glee clubs of the country. Good musical training was apparent. Mr. Waters' singing was especially fine, and all the numbers were applauded to the echo. During the concert a violin solo was played with much elegance and finish by Mr. Coleman,

'90. The evening was highly enjoyed by all present. This was the first Trinity Glee Club concert given in Hartford for some time, and it is hoped that others like it will follow. The concert at White Plains, N. Y., given April 14th, was attended by a good audience, and every part of the programme was carried out with accuracy and precision. The Glee Club has our hearty congratulations on the pronounced success which it has met with this season.

GERMAN CLUB.

On Friday evening, May 6th, the first German since Lent, was given at Seminary Hall. It was led by Mr. McConihe, '88, and was the most successful and enjoyable one which has been given by the club this year. The favors were handsome and elegant, much taste having been shown in their selection. The German was splendidly led, every figure being introduced and executed in the smoothest possible manner. The chaperones were Mrs. Post and Mrs. Sperry.

LIBRARY.

Some valuable books have been recently added to the library by the Elton fund. Among them are to be found the "Worterbuch der Ostfriesischen Sprache" by J. ten Doornkaat Koolman, and other books in German dialects.

The story of the imprisonment of James Hanington, Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, written by himself and edited by E. C. Dawson is a most interesting account of the habits and customs of Afric's dusky heathens, is well illustrated. Other books which have been recently acquired are Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon," two publications of the American Economic Association entitled "Coöperation in a Western city" and "Coöperation in New England," and "A Complete Manual of English Literature" by T. B. Shaw.

Besides these there are some government reports, etc., which we have not room to mention. Mr. G. I. Brown, '88, and Mr. W. Scudder, '89, have been appointed assistant librarians for the coming year.

DR. BOLTON'S RESIGNATION.

At a recent Faculty meeting, Dr. H. Carrington Bolton expressed the intention of handing in his resignation of the chair of chemistry and natural science, to take effect at the close of the current year.

At a meeting of the college held Monday, May 9th, a committee was appointed to draw up the following resolutions, expressive of the feeling of the college regarding the intended resignation of Dr. Bolton.

The following is a copy of the letter forwarded by the college:

MAY 9th, 1887.

TO PROF. H. CARRINGTON BOLTON, Ph. D.
Of Trinity College.

Dear Sir:

The undersigned have been appointed a committee to express to you the deep regret of the under-graduates of the college at your resignation of the Professorship of Chemistry.

While doing this allow us to inform you of their great appreciation of the services you have rendered to Trinity and their earnest hope that in some manner the proposed separation may be avoided.

Respectfully,

STRATHEARN HENDRIE, '87.

W. J. S. STEWART, '88.

BOARDMAN WRIGHT, '89.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mr. George C. Jarvis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently subscribed \$30,000 towards the new Science Hall, which is soon to be built.

Two new residences will soon be erected by the college on Vernon street, below the residence of President Smith. They are to be of brick, but the style of architecture has not yet been decided upon.

A topographical survey, under the supervision of Professor Luther, is being taken of the property south-east of the college buildings for the purpose of prospecting for a site for the Science building.

Professor Robb delivered a lecture to the Saturday Morning Club, on Saturday, May 7th.

Dr. Bolton sails for Europe on the 15th instead of the 25th of June.

Two of our recent alumni, Robert Thorne, Master in the Cathedral School of St. Paul, Garden City, L. I., and George E. Beers, Principal of the West Hartford High School, are organizing a summer class of boys. It is designed primarily for boys intending to be examined for colleges in the fall. The plan is endorsed by Bishops Williams, Littlejohn and Paddock, President Smith, General

Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, Mr. Charles Sturtevant Moore, Head Master of the Cathedral School of St. Paul, and other prominent men. The number of boys is limited to twelve. Full information may be had by addressing either of the conductors. We wish them God-speed in a work which so manifestly supplies a much-felt want.

SONG OF THE SCIENTIFIC STUDENT.

I'm in the science course,
So I grind away on force,
And in the chemic line
I've got it "right down fine."

Chorus.—

With my smells and fizzes and gas,
And my notions of volumes and mass;
With my beaker and burner and bath,
And my points on "physical math."

When I find some chlorine gas
I can tell you what it was.
I know it very well
For "I tell it by the smell."—*Chorus.*

If a molecule should swerve
From his "peculiar curve,"
I can make him take his place
'Long side his proper base.—*Chorus.*

For a scientific idea,
That's original and queer,
I can "take the cake,
If there is any cake to take."—*Chorus.*

PERSONALS.

WILLIAMS, '35. The Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Connecticut, is now the senior Bishop of the Church in the United States.

FAIRBAIRN, '40. At the recent Commemoration at Columbia College, the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon President Smith and upon the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, Warden of St. Stephen's College.

HOADLEY, '51. C. J. Hoadley, librarian of the state, has lately published the fourteenth volume of the Colonial Records of Connecticut.

SEYMOUR, '52. The Rev. Charles H. Seymour, D. D., has been elected President of Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa.

HITCHCOCK, '54. The Rev. W. A. Hitchcock, D. D., has been elected rector of the Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, N. Y.

SWIFT, '69. The Rev. Henry Swift has changed his address to San Antonio, Texas, after

fifteen years of self-denying and faithful service as missionary to the Indians in South Dakota, of which the Board of Missions, in accepting his resignation, expressed its high appreciation.

GARDNER, '70. Married, in Grace Church, Utica, N. Y., April 26th, the Rev. Charles H. Gardner of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Margaret Jackson.

BARBOUR, '73. The Rev. J. H. Barbour has published a pamphlet on the Beginning of the Historic Episcopate.

HYDE, '73. Edmund M. Hyde, Ph. D., is acting as Professor in Ursinus College, Collegeville, Montgomery Co., Penn.

MORRISON, '74. The address of the Rev. W. F. Morrison is Madison, N. J.

WILLIAMS, '78. The Rev. John W. Williams is assistant minister at the Church of the Holy Innocents, Hoboken, N. J.

TROWBRIDGE, '83. The Athens (Greece) *Ephemeris* gives an account of amateur theatricals at the American Embassy, the King and Queen being present, in which S. B. P. Trowbridge took part.

THORNE, '85, BEERS, '86. Robert Thorne and George E. Beers are organizing a summer class designed for boys preparing for college. The plan is explained in full in our advertising columns, on page six.

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.]

Dear Tablet :—I have been waiting in silence for a long time hoping to see in your columns, some notice taken of a subject I am sure you must have noticed and are probably as much disgusted at as I am.

I refer to the clamor and clatter with which the students hail the advent at the supper-table, of the ball-team, and in fall, the football men. It is a practice which is justified by no code of etiquette and is thoroughly distasteful to a large majority of the men, especially the upper-classmen. If there are Freshmen here who have not yet learned that a practical demonstration of their existence is not necessary to the well-being of their elders, it is quite time for the fact to be brought home to them. In the name of common sense let these boisterous youngsters air their enthusiasm elsewhere than at the supper-table. Strange as it may seem to *them*, there is a cer-

tain amount of consideration due to others, both professors and students, demanded by the commonest rules governing the conduct of gentlemen.

Use your influence, dear TABLET to prevent this abuse of the good nature of those whose ears suffer and whose brains ring night after night.

ONE OF THE MANY.

EXCHANGES.

Never give up the ship! If our E. Cs. have thought that the TABLET's exchange editor was buried in Van Winkle slumbers, we beg to assure them that they are mistaken. He has simply been crouching for a mighty spring, and here he is, actually alive, notwithstanding the storm of periodicals he has gone through: a gentle creature withal, kindly disposed toward all college editors and having no desire to throw mud.

The *Yale Literary Magazine*, which is in its fifty-second year, opens with an earnest article on a very interesting subject—the lack of literary feeling at Yale. After lamenting Harvard's great ascendancy in *belles-lettres* and the fame thereof, the writer comforts himself with the thought that the change from a college to a university will result in broader ideas and purposes in the departments of literature and philosophy. The rest of the number is mostly taken up with criticisms of recent American fiction.

The *Record* is as cheerful and amusing as ever, with its comic sketches and "Owlisms." Some of its more serious verse is very good especially "I's," "Gentle Visitor." All of the Yale periodicals seem to be feeling very happy over their defeat of the Boston team—and no wonder.

Considering the general excellence of the verses in the College Lits. one cannot but wonder at the rarity of anything metrical in so fine a magazine as the *Vassar Miscellany*. Are our friends the ladies so deeply immersed in philosophy and science that they have no time for lighter work?

We are glad to find that some one thinks enough of Thackeray to undertake to free him from the charge of "realism". Thackeray was a realist, in one sense; he wrote of real life as distinguished from the unreality of Bulwer's stories; but to call him a "realist"

is to confound his style in the popular mind, with the soul-less analyzing of men like Howells and James, from whom he is far more widely separated than from romancers like Scott and Bulwer. We appreciate the feelings of the author of "Thackeray versus Realism" in the *Amherst Lit.* There is also a pleasing quaintness in the sketch entitled "The Poor Poet." But we must take exception to the statement made in one of their articles, that "it is very apparent to all who are familiar with American magazines and the principles which control them, that admission to their pages is gained not by the literary excellence but by the public prominence of the writer." We fancy that the writer would have some difficulty in writing *Q. E. D.* after it.

"As I Would Have Written It" in the *Williams Lit.* is one of the brightest things we have read in a college paper for some time. We would like to see more attempts in the way of fiction and less space given to criticisms of insignificant contemporary writers or obscure authors of the past. The positions of such men as Richardson and Frank Stockton are, in a correct literary perspective, very insignificant, notwithstanding the fact that they are very cleverly handled.

The advance in college journalism is impressed on us in no way more forcibly than by the college dailies. At least three universities—Yale, Harvard, and Cornell—now support very creditable dailies.

We have still a goodly stack of exchanges before us, but we must leave them till another time. The *Boston Tech.* has a phototype of the tug-of-war team that pulled Harvard over the cleats.

COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.

The constitution of the Athletic Association permits no member of the University to witness any sports unless he be a member of the association.

Harvard conferred her first L. L. D. on George Washington in 1776.—*Princetonian*.

Wiestling of the Harvards is considered the best base-runner in the inter-collegiate arena.

Harvard boys are in hopes that Nichols, their famous player, can be induced to play

some games with them. They sorely need his batting and fielding. Thus far he has been firm in his determination not to play, but he may be induced to yield.—*Ex.*

YALE.

The Yale Freshmen have accepted a challenge from the Freshmen of the University of Penn., to row an eight-oared shell race over the regular two mile course at New London. The date of the race to be left to Yale.

Lee, of Yale, is said to have kicked nine feet, five and one-half inches recently in practice, thus beating the world's record by two and three-quarters inches.

Prof. Richards, of Yale, has received a thousand dollars for the improvement of the Athletic Field from a member of the class of '72.—*Crimson.*

Last week the Yale Sophomore Crew, while rowing on the upper Quinnepiac, ran their shell against a submerged oyster stake, ripping a hole in her 21 feet long and 2 to 6 inches wide. The entire crew succeeded in reaching the shore in safety. The shell is rendered useless by the accident.

The Cornell University nine will play at Williams College, May 14, at Princeton May 15; New Haven with Yale, May 17; Harvard at Cambridge, May 19.

The spring tennis tournament for the championship of New England will be held June 13, 14, 15 and 16, at the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Tennis Club on Whitney avenue.

It is said that Condon, who holds the amateur championship for hammer-throwing, has entered the University of Penn.

W. B. Page, University of Pennsylvania, the champion high jumper, has accepted an offer from the Manhattan Athletic Club to go abroad this summer as a representative of that organization. He will start early in June, and will contest on July 2 for the championship of England in the national sports.—*Yale News.*

Ellis Ward, for six years trainer of the University of Penn's crew, has resigned, owing to a difference of opinion with the Regatta in regard to the stroke taught.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia has two men with a record below eighteen seconds in the 120 yard hurdle race.

CLIPPINGS.

Professor.—"You say you cannot understand how light can move at the rate of 185,000 miles per second."

Student.—"Yes, sir."

Professor, (blandly). "Well, what is your difficulty?"

Student.—"Why, you see, sir, the earth is only twenty-seven thousand miles in circumference, and I don't see where light is going to get the miles to move in."

The young man who danced with a very quiet young lady at a reception told his chum when asked if he had a pleasant time, "he would about as soon swing an Indian club as a Dumb bell(e)."

Why do bad people like "chestnuts?" Because they are prime evil jokes.

If an Egyptian had been too poor to have a pyramid or a sarcophagus built for his burial, could he not hieroglyphic?

A body guard—a cemetery watchman.

The latest strike—the one allowed by the new rules.

Prof.—"Are you sure you used pure H. Cl.?"

Student—(seraphically) "To the pure all things are pure."

Studious Friend—"Did it cost you much to see Bernhardt?"

Junior (who took four ladies, and is somewhat absent-minded and has a very peculiar way of speaking anyhow, at times)—"Yes, for I had two pair, don't you know, and Sara had a full—house."

A pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface, and said: "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she said as she sank the second time.—*Ex.*

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic, at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," said the Professor.—*Ex.*

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops and corsets to prevent the recurrence of the accident.—*Ex.*

Small Boy (holding up a posterior appendage to a woman's figure,) "Can you tell what ancient god this is?"

Minister. "No, my little man."

S. B. "It's Mars."