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Supplement to the Trinity Tablet, June 25-27, 1889

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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

VOL. XXII.

JUNE 25TH—JUNE 27TH, 1889.

No. VIII.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Sunday evening, June 23, eighty-nine's Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in Christ Church by the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D. D. of Grace Church, N. Y. The text taken from I. Tim. 1 : 17, was, "The king, eternal, immortal, invisible." The general subject was the monarchical instinct of man satisfied in the theocratic element in a true democracy. His address contained much sound advice both for the graduating class and all young men in general.

THE COMMENCEMENT THEATRICALS.

The Senior Dramatics of Monday night were a success histrionically, socially, and pecuniarily. A great advance is noticeable, especially in the impersonation of the fair sex, since theatricals were revived here two years ago. "That Dreadful Doctor," although amusing in itself and excellently rendered, naturally paled in interest before the life-like representation of the morning of "Class Day," which filled the second part of the programme. Poor, dazed Frank Buncombe, in a paradise of confusion, subject to cerebral uncertainties because of his arduous labors of the night before (at Alumni Hall—and elsewhere), was a comical sight; but when his castle was taken by surprise, and his dear friends Miss Taylor and Miss Hale imprisoned him in his dressing-room with his dress-suit on the other side of the door, the audience was delighted. Most woful mishap of all, our friend "vot handles your clothes ad a discount" comes in and carries off said suit. But the wit of a man who has seen four years of the vicissitudes of college life is not to be abashed by such a trifling circumstance. The Hon. John, *pater*, is deprived of his finery just in time to save Frank from distraction, and misunderstandings disappear.

Special credit is due Messrs. Sennett,

Schütz and Tuttle for their easy manner and natural rendering of the woman-parts. Mr. Jarvis's "stage-business" was very good, but his utterance was not very distinct.

Below is the cast for the two pieces :

THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR.

DR. MARS, MR. R. H. SCHÜTZ.
MR. EDMUND BEAUCHAMP, MR. S. F. JARVIS, JR.
MRS. LOUISA BEAUCHAMP, MR. L. F. SENNETT.

SCENE.—Interior of Beauchamp's Country House.

TIME.—The present.

CLASS DAY.

MR. FRANK BUNCOMBE, MR. S. F. JARVIS, JR.
Graduate of '89, Trinity.
HON. JOHN BUNCOMBE, . MR. W. SCUDDER.
Father of foregoing.
MR. NED TAYLOR, . MR. E. N. SCOTT.
Graduate of '89, Trinity.
MR. HOWARD, . MR. G. FRENCH.
Graduate of '89, Trinity.
MRS. TAYLOR, . MR. L. F. SENNETT.
Consolable widow.
MISS LOTTIE TAYLOR, . MR. R. H. SCHÜTZ.
Daughter of foregoing.
MISS OLIVE HALE, . MR. R. H. TUTTLE.
Sweet sixteen.

SCENE.—Interior of Room in Paradise Section.

TIME.—To-morrow morning.

The evening closed with a dance, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those who took part, and the cast was much larger than that of the plays.

Lady patronesses, Mrs. Samuel Colt, Mrs. F. W. Russell, Mrs. M. G. Bulkeley, Mrs. W. C. Skinner. Committee of the Class, L. F. Sennett, R. H. Schütz, S. F. Jarvis, Jr. Stage Manager, L. F. Sennett. Treasurer, S. F. Jarvis, Jr. Floor Manager, R. H. Schütz.

CLASS DAY OF '89.

Mr. Abel Millard, '89, of Brockton, Mass., president of the class, made the opening address. In substance, his remarks were: "This day is a dividing line; in its first aspect it is retrospective; in its second aspect

it looks forward and speaks of the future. The scholar must be a bringer of hope. Action is his sphere. By action he comes to know the largeness of life, and is enabled to rise to the fullness of his powers. Thus active, the scholar is a true man, not the slave of society or the artificial product of other men's thoughts. The nation has need of the scholar. On his thought rests its foundations. He is its priest and prophet; he is the bearer of the message of truth."

It was, Mr. Millard continued, because of the memories of this day, because of its "forward looking thoughts," because of the duties which it suggested, that the people were met together to celebrate '89's Class Day.

After the opening speech of the president, the class-day oration was delivered by Mr. Willard Scudder of New York City. The subject was: "The Poetic Element in the Life of To-day." A small portion of the speech is as follows:

—"The world is too much with us."—[Wordsworth.

We live in an age of Prose. Science has thriven apace in the last century. The beliefs of a hundred years ago are fading before the glare of the nineteenth century. The legends and folk songs which once moved the world have lost their magic. Science has swept the mysterious nooks of romance. The mighty spectres which once frightened, shrink into nothingness; the phantoms we loved look ridiculous; while the elves and fairies melt into motes dancing among the sunbeams. We draw our fancies from machinery, and find our heroes in the realistic novel; and comfort ourselves with the thought that we are living like sensible men, but there is a vague regret for the pleasant past.

Poetry in life is going. Inspiration is already gone. We need a return to a less critical and a less artificial age. Production and spontaneity is the source of progress. Criticism is self conscious and therefore sterile. It can give no brightness to life. So the present epoch is wanting in warmth and color, it is a period of criticism and prose, we have no great poets. The famous names of literature are men who found their inspiration in the more vigorous life of the early years of the century. So too of all our life, Wordsworth's grand lament is even truer now than when he uttered it:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers:
For this, for everything we are out of tune."

But there is little benefit in wishing to be of the past. Life of to-day, despite the disappearance of Romance, has its elements of poetry. We will find them only by keeping alive our own natural enthusiasm. Imagination has not lost all its power, but men are in danger of losing their hold upon it. The spark is still there and we may fan it into a blaze by noble thoughts and high ideas. Then our life will throb anew and generous courage, and our souls, which stumble and grow weary in the mists of materialism, will mount again to the presence of the divine truth, and drink deep once more of immortality.

Then followed the poem, by Mr. Ferdinand F. Kramer, of Denver, Col.:

CLASS POEM.

By F. F. KRAMER, Denver, Colorado.

Now ends the day-dream of a happy life,
Now is the hour, when startled from our ease,
We wander forth to battle in the strife,
Like many toilers of the storm-lashed seas.

O happy days, swift drawing to a close
Stay in your flight, nor pass beyond our ken,
When golden youth to hoary old age grows,
And college songs cheer not our hearts again.

O pleasant halls, of toil and merry jest;
Which first in fear and then in pride we trod,
Where knowledge dwells, with every true behest,
Sweet happy home, forever ye we laud.

The rose will bloom, kissed by the breeze of June,
When winters breath has left the sleeping earth;
But dead for aye will be the merry time
Which cheered our hearts 'mid college joys and mirth.

As travelers wandering o'er a weary plain,
With eager eyes seek for some babbling rill;
So shall we turn, heart cheering hope to gain
To this dear college home upon the hill.

The sun-kissed hills in purple mantles sleep,
They slumber on beneath the summer sky.
The trees and flowers on each sunny steep
With nodding heads now wave a last good-bye.

Through four short years we armed us for the fight,
And now in learnings armour clad, we go
To join the legions battling for the right,
Amid a life of mingled joy and woe.

Fame, fame, 'tis but a wild delusive call,
 A sirens song to lure men from the true ;
 Be wise my classmates, shun its bitter thrall,
 Do but the right and blessings will accrue.

In days of old,—thus runs the ancient lore,—
 Men fought and died to break oppressions yoke ;
 There shouts of triumph rose above the roar
 Of wild discord, as tyrants' chains they broke.

Thus may we give our powers, strength and lives,
 To keep the glory of our fatherland
 When loyal hearts, 'gainst hostile arms shall strive
 And heroes' blood shall wet the yellow sand.

When in the turmoil of a busy life,
 The way seems dark and hopes no longer gleam ;
 Then may these thoughts to cheer us in the strife,
 Come to our minds, a long-gone, happy dream.

Brightly the long days were passing,
 Loud laughter at merry jests rang,
 The bounds of good order trespassing
 Like students our dear song we sang.

Free as the light summer breezes
 Kissing each sweet-scented flower,
 We sought but for that which heart pleases,
 Counting not days or the hour.

We courted the joy loving muses,
 But constant to none over-long ;
 We "cut" those whose language confuses
 For the lovers of dance and of song.

O Clio, your step was too stately,
 Our offerings your spurned so unkind,
 You hate merry-makers innately,
 And love but the hollow-eyed "grind."

Melpomene clad in dark garments,
 Sat cheerless and loveless alone
 We shunned all her heartrending torments
 Her bitter smile turned hearts to stone.

Bright Thalia, mirth-loving daughter,
 In every heart found a warm spot,
 But study her love did oft slaughter,
 Her lovers had but a hard lot.

Euterpe and dear Terpsichore,
 Twin sisters of bright merriment.
 We praised and sang of their glory ;
 Though kept by them in a ferment.

Calliope next and Erato,
 Of each of us made a buffoon ;
 As we sang *amo* and *amato*,
 Beneath the bright-smiling moon.

Silently mourned Polyhymnia,
 Whom silver-voiced orators love,
 We gave her wild anthropobia,
 When our speakers she heard from above.

We struggled to win bright Urama,
 Who rules over sun, moon and stars ;

But Venus alone was our mania,
 To the sorrow of Saturn and Mars.

These maidens immortal we courted,
 But found time for those upon earth ;
 Young Cupid in each heart disported,
 His arrows he shot with great mirth.

* * * * *

Far from his home the wanderer roams,
 And seeks for worldly gain ;
 To win a crown he strives and toils
 On mountain, sea and plain.
 The rolling years flit swiftly by,
 The seekers eyes grow dim,
 Youth soon is past, life's night comes on,
 With shadows dark and grim.
 The seeker strives with palsied hand
 To cover his hoary head.
 His body falls upon his hoard ;
 His spirit seeks the dead.
 The tombs of men are monuments,
 And marks of fleeting years,
 Their damp, cold walls will harbor all
 From earthly toils and fears.
 Relentless time will turn to dust,
 The rich, the sad and gay,
 And only deeds of honor wrought
 Will live and bloom away.
 To win the laurel crown of fame,
 Men struggle long and well,
 Their only prize, at last oft proves
 A wreath of immortelle.
 The praise of men is like the mist
 Of morning in the vale ;
 Soon it is gone, and nought remains ;
 'Tis a forgotten tale.
 My classmates all, remember well,
 We are but sons of time ;
 If you but strive to seek the true,
 Your lives will be sublime.

* * * * *

And now farewell, ye happy scenes,
 Kind friends, a fond farewell ;
 To you, who with us trod these halls,
 The same sad word we tell.
 Vos, qui semper monuistis,
 Et cum beniquetate
 Semper recte ducebatis ;
 Triste nunc valet.

And you, my classmates, comrades dear,
 We now must sundered be ;
 But always cherish in your hearts
 Sweet thoughts of Trinity.

Mr. C. H. Remington, of Janesville, Minn., then delivered the Tree Oration. It was marked for its many witty hits on student traditional customs, and afforded much enjoyment to the students especially.

The presentations were made by Mr. Samuel F. Jarvis, Jr., of Brooklyn, Conn. If wit is the only essential of a clown, Mr. Jarvis was certainly a clown. Very many of his gifts were extremely appropriate, and his grinds in most cases were remarkably good.

The class song followed, sung by a college quartette consisting of Mr. Sennett, '89; Mr. G. T. Warren, '90; Mr. W. Pressey, '90, and Mr. E. Pressey, '91. The song was written by Mr. R. C. Tuttle, '89, and was sung to an air taken from the "Yeoman of the Guard." It is as follows:

Sing we sadly,
Sing we gladly,
Of the merry by-gone days;
Larks of college,
Sparks of knowledge,
Hopes and dreams in tangled maze

Refrain: For the time has come when we
Are to take our proud degree
And to dear old Trinity
Say farewell.

Oh, the smarting
Of the parting!
In each heart there is regret.
Good-bye, say we,
For aye, may-be,
But our class we'll ne'er forget.

Refrain: In whatever
We endeavor
May our light shine far and wide;
Fame's fair flowers
E'er be ours;
Alma Mater be our guide.

Refrain:

The epilogue was delivered by Mr. L. F. Sennett, of Auburn, N. Y. His subject was allegorical, and was treated in a very clever manner. It was as follows:

EPILOGUE.

One day, Minerva, looking earthward, saw
A dearth of wisdom, lack of power and law;
And straightway set to work affairs to mend,
By seeking aid from Jove, her king and friend.
A council of the gods he then did call,
From Juno, queen of heaven, to Cupid small.
And all to Mt. Olympus did repair
To hold this all important meeting there.
Some time it took him order to restore,
To stern Minerva, then he gave the floor.
She rose, majestic, in strength of wisdom clad,
And spoke to them in tones so stern and sad
That all were hushed to hear the solemn news,

And even Hebe seemed to have the blues.
"O weep, ye gods, immortals weep anew!
Shed tears of sorrow plenty as the dew,
For earth hath been bereft of wisdom's smile
And fools do stalk, the childlike to beguile.
The midget ball that down in space doth spin,
A prey to folly, madness, grief and sin.
My reign is o'er, my sceptre broken quite
Unless ye plan to reinstate my might.
O Jove to thee I turn in my despair!
O hear, thou mighty king of earth and air,
And let this council hear and now debate
How I can best regain my lost estate."
She spoke and from the ranks of heaven's throng
Clamors arose which lasted loud and long.
Some wished to keep Minerva by reason's power
While others looked on her with visage sour,
While Jove with mighty voice and outstretched arm
Vowed certain death to him who her would harm,
And hit the table with a thunderbolt
Of high potential—more than half a *volt*.
Restored again their calm he then did speak
While all sat down. Jove's thunder made them meek.
"Ye all have heard our wise Minerva's strait;
Let all attend, and, ere it is too late,
State each a plan by which she may restore
Her sceptre's sway o'er heathen lands once more.
My august spouse do thou the first give voice
To any plan thy will may give the choice."
All eyes were bent on Juno, queen of heaven,
To whom the king himself, his word had given.
With mighty words of grace and dignity,
She thus gave answer to Minerva's plea:
"O loyal subject, queen of wisdom pure,
Thy words shall long within my heart endure,
For thou hast care o'er thy peculiar realm,
And of the ship of wisdom, thou, the helm.
'Tis true the earth doth now in darkness dwell,
Ere long to bow to Pluto, king of hell.
This *must* not be for Jove is king supreme
And on his aid and power all do lean.
I first advise, nay even greatly urge
That some new creatures now be made to merge
Their life with earth's dull stupid clay, to see
If they by power divine can cause to flee
Mere gross humanity; and so infuse
Creation fresh with that which, bound to loose,
We keep alive, the sparks of wisdom bright
And clear the earth from darkness black as night."
Here Juno ceased, and on the monarch's right
In morals loose, and therefore always tight,
Rose Lyaeonius Bacchus, holding on a chair,
While 'round his shoulders flowed his golden hair
Like seaweed 'round a clam of Rockaway
What time the tide is low in Great South Bay.
With smiling face and cheeks of ruddy hue
His head with ivy bound, glistening with dew,
He seemed the glorious son of morning bright,
So dazzlingly, his face reflected light.
"I crave your pardon, Jove and Juno high,

For daring your designs thus to decry.
 Why trouble heaven with meetings dull and slow?
 Why, you Minerve as well as I do know,
 That pride and not compassion you doth move!
 The which I can to you by *Logic* prove.
 Let mirth and joy reign over earth supreme
 To hinder mortals thus seems rather mean.
 Let wine and dance—"silence" thundered Jove,
 Until high heaven itself did seem to move.
 It shook the seats where the celestials sat
 And Bacchus fell athwart Minerva's lap.
 She, enraged to madness, shook her locks
 And promptly Bacchus' ears began to box:
 And Venus crying loud with anguish dire,
 Sought safety from Minerva's cruel ire.
 "O cease your broils, inhabitants of heaven!"
 And all grew calm as waters stilled at even.
 "Listen unto my plan. Ye all do know
 That earth has many institutions slow,
 Let us to one of these send new creations
 To rid it quite of old hallucinations,
 To infuse anew pure wisdom's ancient law,
 And reinstate Minerva's might without a flaw,
 Which place to take? arises now the question:
 And hasten ye, 'tis time to close the session."
 At Jove's last words Minerva rose again,
 Restored quite to calm, unruffled mein.
 "O mighty Jove, thy words do fill my heart
 With joy untold; for thou indeed hast part
 In recreating earth with light divine,
 To be of wisdom pure and bright the sign.
 Full *nineteen* creatures will I send to earth
 To recompense poor mortals for the dearth
 Of knowledge. College life shall be their line,
 Their class, shall be the number *eighty-nine*!
 And lest their mission to the earth should fail,
 Why not send them unto a place called *Yale*.
 At this lame Vulcan rose with visage sour
 And on Minerve with scowling looks did lower.
 "O short of sight, devoid of reason's law,
 Why send them there amid material raw?
 It is too large a field for them to roam [home,
 'Mid crowds of thoughtless youths. Heaven, their
 Would soon be lost to thought. Soon they would spin
 The web of folly, madness, grief and sin.
 Try *Amherst*, fair it is, of good repute,
 And there this noble class might plant the root
 Of wisdom, whose glorious branches reaching high
 Might spread from earth to heaven, to satisfy
 Minerva's love of power. As for myself,
 I'd rather far create an impish elf."
 Thus they wrangled on till one small voice
 Endeavored vainly to inform them of his choice.
 'Twas little Cupid, Venus' joyous child,
 And Jove, great Jove, looked on him and smiled.
 "Excuse me, please, O mighty Jove," he said,
 And thereupon his little face grew red.
 "If I, indeed, may speak to a divinity,
 I would suggest, forsooth, that we try *Trinity*.

'Tis fair, and of a goodly reputation;
 In Hartford I can practice my vocation."
 At this the gods did smile and gave assent
 With satisfaction great and merriment,
 To think that infant Cupid, little rogue,
 Should thus the council of the gods prorogue.

The council then adjourned, and all did sing
 A hymn to Jove, their father, lord and king.

Then straightway earthward glad Minerva went,
 Upon her mission and her purpose bent.
 She saw her class gain entrance to the halls
 Of *Trinity*, beneath whose classic walls
 They studied, lived, enjoyed their four years' course,
 Looking to Minerva as the source
 Of all that guides mankind to richer fields
 Where one can glean the harvest which they yield
 In future years. And from the heart they say,
 As out into the world they go to-day,
 "God bless our *Alma Mater*, *Trinity*,
 May light and truth shine on her path for aye!
 Don't think that epilogues are pleasing things,
 Or that for me the recreant muse most easily sings.
 More recreant far when used for a farewell
 And for our parting tolls the doleful knell.

Farewell, ye walls of stone, and campus green,
 Ye elms (though larger ones I've often seen) !
 Farewell, ye days and nights of toil and mirth,
 The very happiest of our life on earth !
 Farewell, professors! Our knowledge is your dower,
 May Heaven richest blessings on you shower!
 Farewell, my classmates; may our paths in life
 Be nowhere stained by an ignoble strife!
 Farewell ye gentler sex, by whose dear charms
 We've oft been wooed and won from studies' arms!
 And last of all we say farewell to thee
 Our *Alma Mater*, our beloved *Trinity*.

CLASS RECEPTION.

'Eighty-nine's Class Day closed with one of the most enjoyable receptions ever held in Alumni Hall. The floor possibly was too slippery, but apart from that every arrangement was most satisfactory, and the committee deserve great credit for their successful management. About nine P. M. the dancing commenced, and lasted until after three.

The chaperones were Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, Mrs. Samuel Colt, and Mrs. Frederick W. Russell. Among the guests were Mrs. and Miss Scudder, Mrs. and the Misses Vanderpoel, of New York, Miss Williams, of Baltimore, Miss Mandell, of Detroit, Mrs. Tuttle and the Misses Crompton, of Worcester, Miss Thomas and Miss Brett, of Boston, Miss Harvey, of Cleveland, Mrs. and Miss Jarvis, of Brooklyn, Conn., Miss Mallory, of Bridgeport,

Miss Porter, of Unionville, Miss Weed, of Newburgh, Miss Smith, of Providence, Miss Robbins, of Wethersfield; also, of Hartford, Mrs. and Miss Foster, Miss Brown, Miss Taft, Mrs. Geo. W. Beach, Miss Beach, Miss Hettie Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Knous, Miss Houghton, Miss Robinson, the Misses Plimpton, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Miss Virginia Browne, Miss Hart, Miss Ward, Miss Beckwith, Miss Bulkley, Miss Johnson, the Misses Tyler, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Goodwin, Miss Perkins, Miss Brainard, Prof. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Fenn, Miss Allen, Mrs. Dr. Jarvis and Miss Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Webb, Mrs. and Miss McCook, Mrs. Huntington and Miss Edith Beach, Miss Smith, Mrs. Curtis and the Misses Curtis, Miss Hills, Miss Bulkley, Miss Wadsworth, the Misses Sprague, Miss Danforth, Mrs. Lawrence, Miss St. John, Mrs. and Miss Stillman, Miss Hyde and Mrs. Ellis. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Miller, Brinley, Paddock, Russell, Billings, Haight, Curtis, Stewart, Scott, Belden, Huntington, Kane, Hobart Thompson, Pease, Cheney, Wadsworth, Danforth, Gattling, Stone, Emery, Small, Conklin, Stillman, French, Crowell, Post, Beach, Thompson, Roosevelt, Brown, Elton, Hall and Shannon.

ALUMNI DAY,
Wednesday, June 26.

The order of exercises for the day began with prayers in the chapel at 9:30 A. M., soon after which twenty-five or thirty alumni assembled in the Latin Room for the annual meeting. Several committees reported, and, as there was no election of officers this year, the association immediately proceeded to the election of two junior fellows to succeed Messrs. Hyde and Skinner. Mr. Harriman was chosen in the place of Mr. Hyde and Mr. Skinner was re-elected. A resolution thanking Mr. Coleman for his most hospitable invitation was passed unanimously and telegraphed to him soon after the meeting. The committee appointed to draw up a suitable resolution in memory of the late Prof. Brocklesby reported as follows:

The Alumni association learns with the deepest sorrow of the death of Professor John Brocklesby, LL. D. He is associated with this organization from a very early date. He has long been the chairman of its standing committee. We depended upon him for the

annual record necrology. The duty which he so carefully and lovingly discharged must now fall into other hands, and as he stands first in the new list in time so we are sure he will stand second to none however long the list may become, in the affections which he inspired living and in the regret called out by his death. We recall with pride Dr. Brocklesby's intellectual power and scientific accomplishments, his numerous and valuable contributions to the literature of science, dating back to times when American books on this or indeed any branch of learning were infinitely more rare than at present. But above all we wish to record our veneration for Professor Brocklesby's character—his good sense, his kindness, his guilelessness, his great gentleness, and his thorough religiousness. He was very near indeed to the Christian scholar and teacher. That his reward is great in the Kingdom of Heaven we cannot doubt.

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered upon the minutes of this body and that a copy of the same, duly attested, be sent to the surviving members of the family and published in the Hartford papers and in the TABLET.

The resolution was adopted by a rising vote, and Prof. Hart was appointed to prepare a memorial address to be published at the expense of the association.

The ballot for the new trustees resulted in the election of Mr. Robert H. Coleman who received 114 votes.

An interesting report of the work of the past College year was submitted by Professor Hart. It showed that eighteen states were represented. Under the library report it was seen that the library contained 30,000 volumes and that the fund for buying new books would now admit of the expenditure of \$1,000 annually. Mr. Lockwood, coming in from the meeting of Trustees, announced that Mr. W. E. Curtis had been elected life trustee in the place of Mr. Williams, deceased. The meeting adjourned without transacting any further business of interest.

At the regular annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the following men from the Class of '90 were initiated: Griswold, Pynchon, Williams, Coleman, Spencer, Conover, Hutchins and W. Pressey. At an adjourned meeting in the afternoon Fell and Frye, '89, were also elected to membership. During the regular business the following

resolution was adopted by a rising vote :—

The Connecticut Beta of the Phi Beta Kappa desire to place on record a tribute of their affectionate esteem for the memory of Professor John Brocklesby, LL.D., the founder and for the past twenty-two years the president of the chapter. While they offer to his family the expression of sympathy, they assure them that his faithful work for the college will not be soon forgotten, and that many will always cherish the recollection of so true and kind a friend.

Officers for the next year were elected as follows : President, the Rev. Dr. T. R. Pynchon, '41 ; Vice-President, Rev. J. T. Huntington, '50 ; Secretary, Rev. Dr. Samuel Hart, '66 ; Treasurer, George L. Cooke, '79. The following amendment to the constitution was adopted :—

The first third of all the members in each class (with an allowance of one for a fraction of two-thirds), according to the published junior standing, shall be eligible for election ; and in case any of those so eligible shall not be elected, the assistant secretary shall transmit the names of the person or persons not elected to the general society at its next meeting.

In the evening the fraternities and secret societies held their customary reunions in their chapter houses.

SIXTY-THIRD COMMENCEMENT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889.

The Fates shone brightly upon 'Eighty-Nine in giving them a most beautiful day for the Commencement exercises, and the Graces, too, smiled upon them by enlisting a large number of ladies in the audience which witnessed their graduating ceremonies in the Opera House. Service was held in Christ Church at 10 : 30 A. M., at which Bishop Paddock and Bishop Niles officiated, assisted by President Smith and Dr. Pynchon. After prayers a procession was formed and escorted by E. McCook, the grand marshal, to the Opera House. The Trustees, Faculty, and other distinguished personages, took their seats upon the stage, while the assistant marshals, E. B. Bulkeley, J. B. McCook, C. S. Griswold, R. H. Hutchins, and W. McConihe, ushered the friends of the college to seats throughout the house. After the opening selection by Colt's Band, the President pre-

sented the Salutatorian, J. W. Fell, of Connecticut. Considering the fact that Mr. Fell has pursued a science course while in college, and has not studied Latin for the last three years, his salutatory was excellent. Even in itself the speech is deserving of the highest praise.

Mr. C. H. Remington, of Minnesota was the next speaker. His subject "The Relation of the Individual to Forms" gave him ample opportunity to lay great stress upon the striking connection, in regard to the spirit of organization, between Rome and America, and upon the fact that in America the organizing spirit has reached the highest stage of development yet manifested.

Immediately following came by far the best speech of the day. In his oration on "Michel Angelo and the Heroic in Art," Mr. R. C. Tuttle, of Conn., delivered with inimitable grace and care, a charming eulogy on the genius of that most versatile of Italians, and a critical estimate of the influence exerted upon civilization by the powerful agent of "the Heroic in Art." Mr. Tuttle writes in a singularly dainty and elegant style, and his oration was marked by the strength of ideas and the choicest of language. The next speaker, Mr. F. G. Williams, of Conn., in his oration on "The Faith and the Zeitgeist" dealt with an abstract subject. He said that the connection between faith and reason was a pertinent question of the times, and that they were not only not incompatible, but that one implied the other.

Mr. Willard Scudder, of New York, the Valedictorian, then spoke upon "The Constitution and the American People." His oration was delivered in an elevated conversational tone with an utter absence of gesticulation. The style was plain and simple and bore a striking resemblance to the "Harvard style." In his valedictory he first addressed to the Chancellor words of thanks and farewell and then turning to the President and Faculty offered to them the thanks of the class for the kindly interest which they had invariably taken in 'Eighty-Nine. He then paid a hearty tribute to the citizens of Hartford for all their kindness and expressed sincere regret at the breaking up of the associations which had bound them so closely together during the whole college course. Final words of farewell were addressed to the graduating class and the undergraduates. The conferring of de-

grees then took place, and after the singing of the Doxology the exercises ended with the pronouncing of the benediction by Rt. Rev. John Williams, Bishop of Connecticut.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Bachelor of Arts, in course—Arthur Chase, Claremont, N. H. ; Andrew Ellicott Douglass, East Wareham, Mass. ; George Albert French, Summit, N. J. ; Samuel Farmar Jarvis, Jr., Brooklyn, Conn. ; Frederick Ferdinand Kramer, Denver, Col. ; Abel Millard, Jr., Brockton, Mass. ; Arthur Hamilton Noyes, Nahant, Mass. ; Charles Hazzard Remington, Janesville, Minn. ; Willard Scudder, New York City ; Lucien Frank Sennett, Auburn, N. Y. ; Edward Taylor Sullivan, Detroit, Mich. ; Reuel Crompton Tuttle, Windsor, Conn. ; Francis Goodwin Williams, Norwalk, Conn.

Bachelor of Science, in course—Frederick Horace Beers, Brookfield Center, Conn. ; Joseph William Fell, Bristol, Conn. ; Prosser Hall Frye, Andover, Mass. ; Robert Hutchins Schütz, Concord, N. H. ; Edward Norman Scott, New York City ; Aaron Melgert Vanderpoel, New York City.

Mr. Scudder having attained the honor grade in all his studies throughout the course, was graduated with the title of *Optimus*.

Master of Arts, in course—Charles Edward Moore, M. D., New York City, of the class of '76 ; George Pratt Ingersoll, LL. B., New Haven, Conn., of the class of '83 ; the Rev. Samuel Smith Mitchell, Middletown, Conn., of the class of '85 ; George Emerson Beers, Southport, LL. B., Conn., Paul Birdsall, Los Angeles, Cal. ; James Goodwin, Hartford ; Henry Reading Heydecker, M. D., New York City ; the Rev. Herman Lilienthal, Manville, R. I. ; William James Tate, Suffield, Conn. ; and Frederick Hibbard Wolcott, M. D., New York City, of the class of '86.

Master of Arts, *honoris causa*—The Rev. William Whaley Bellinger, B. A., Union College, Wethersfield, Conn.

Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*—Charles Jeremy Hoadly, of the class of '51, M. A., librarian of the State of Connecticut.

Doctor in Divinity, *honoris causa*—The Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, M. A., Yale College, Assistant Bishop of Southern Ohio ; the Rev. Hall Harrison, M. A., College of St. James, Ellicott City, Md. ; the Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, of the class of '72, arch-deacon of New York.

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

At half-past two a large number of alumni and guests of the college assembled at the Allyn House to partake of the annual alumni dinner. About one hundred and twenty-five in all sat down to a very tastefully arranged banquet, and discussed the *menu*. After "they had dispelled the desire for food and drink," Dr. Smith, who presided, called upon Mr. W. C. Peters, '48, to act as toastmaster in place of Dr. Wainwright, who had been suddenly called away. Mr. Peters first called upon the college quartette for a selection, who responded by singing Eighty-nine's class song. "Trinity College" was the first toast, and as the President rose to reply, he was greeted with prolonged applause. His remarks brought to light the rapid growth of the college, which, as he expressed it, was passing from its boyhood into its manhood, and the high standard which had characterized its early life would always be a mark of its maturer years. The President seemed very much gratified to see so many alumni present, and spoke warmly of Mr. Coleman's royal invitation to Trinity. At the mention of Mr. Coleman's name, the whole company broke into tremendous applause. The "Church" was responded to by Rev. Dr. Mulchahey, '42, who dwelt upon the good influence and work of a church college.

The Glee Club then sung the favorite college song, "'Neath the Elms," after which Hon. John R. Buck replied to the toast of "Connecticut" in a few well-chosen and sharp remarks. He complimented Trinity in glowing terms. Mayor Root responded to "Hartford," and Rev. A. P. Marvin and Rev. James Stoddard to "The Alumni." Prof. Johnson brought down the house in his reply to "The Faculty," while Mr. Scudder's response to '89, and Rev. H. H. Kelsey's (Amherst) to "Our Sister Institutions" were very applicable, and closed the exercises of a most enjoyable afternoon.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

The President's residence presented a lively scene at his annual reception on Commencement evening. Dr. and Mrs. Smith, together with Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Luther, and Miss Robeson received the guests in the hall, while Emmons' orchestra furnished music for dancing in one of the adjoining rooms. The reception ended one of the gayest weeks which Trinity has ever enjoyed.