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Trinity College

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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

# THE TRINITY TABLET

VOL. XXI.

NO. 10.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, November 10, 1888.  
HARTFORD, CONN.



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# The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXI.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

No. X.

## The Trinity Tablet.

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the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

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### THE TRINITY TABLET,

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of Brown & Gross, 79 Asylum St., and J. R. Barlow,  
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THE foot-ball team is doing exceptionally good work this season, and all interested are encouraged to expect a good record. Of course this cannot be done without faithful work on the part of the team, and the support of the college and consolidated, and they should not on account of past successes relax present effort.

The team plays a good blocking and tackling game with spirit and snap, but it is noticeably weak in kicking and catching. Yet in spite of its weakness in kicking the team has always gained when it has played a kicking game, hence improvement in this direc-

tion would manifestly greatly strengthen its playing. It is difficult for the team to pay especial attention to this in field work where so many other tactics are to be practiced so that it must rely upon outside individual work. Now why cannot a goal be erected on the campus, and a little money be expended in purchasing a few more foot-balls to allow the men at odd moments and between times to improve in goal and general kicking, and to practice passing and catching? The convenience of this method would certainly be an inducement to practice, and as it requires but a small sum it would be a decidedly profitable investment.

IT is somewhat surprising that the 'Varsity team does so good work in the match games when the college on most days fails to put even eleven men into the field to practice against it. The neglect of the students to give the men proper practice is culpable. There is left very little of the season now, but the team needs practice for the remaining games, and the men should see that it has it. The team has had bad accidents of late, and the last few games have been played with a great number of substitutes, and it needs much more practice than has been given in the past few weeks. If it be necessary to give some incentive to the men to come out, why would it not be possible to form a distinctive second eleven, which could play some games itself? But we think the college should be sufficiently anxious to see good work done to come out in great enough numbers to give the team proper practice.

THE new constitution of the Athletic Association is very much superior to the former. The business of the association is intrusted to the Executive Committee which consists of the officers with one member from each of the four classes, making nine in all. The necessity for many meetings is thus avoided and the old time difficulty of getting



a quorum will be done away with. At the same time the efficiency of the association is increased by the greater facility which a small committee has in arranging for all needful matters. We are strongly in favor of separating the other branches of athletics, football, base-ball, tennis and other sports, as far as possible from the association, giving this its proper field in track athletics and gymnasium work. Each would thus be able to do better work, for there can be no real connection between them, and there will be more freedom in the various departments. It is to be hoped that the athletic association will press for several greatly needed improvements in the gymnasium. The floor in the bath room should be tiled. The present one is cement and becomes dirty very quickly. The running track needs padding. There were assurances given that this would be done soon but we have so far heard nothing more of the plan and unless some vigorous action is taken there is danger of nothing being done. We should have more apparatus in the gymnasium, which, while it is fairly well supplied now, would be improved by an increase in this direction.

THE college papers with great unanimity this autumn have been bewailing the lack of genius displayed in the writing of the average undergraduate. Whether this dearth of good literature is a merely temporary difficulty, or literary work is a thing of the past in college life, it would be hard to decide. The lack of such work at Trinity is very marked, at least as far as the average article handed to the TABLET is concerned, and we are at a loss to determine its cause. It may be that the rigorous discipline of a required course is responsible for it, and yet we can see nothing in the arrangement of a man's time to prevent original work. There are few too busy to give some attention to writing, and the only other reason for the failure in literary effort would seem to be disinclination. It cannot be said that "the materialistic, sensuous spirit of the nineteenth century," as one of our exchanges puts it, has overcome all effort in this direction. There are always men who are naturally inclined to write, and are not overcome by this unfortunate mental affliction. At Trinity we have, of course, so few men that there is no such literary atmosphere as exists at some other

places, and much of the inspiration to work is thus lost. Besides, in so few men good writers are harder to find. But it is surprising that one so seldom sees in college papers literary work of any originality or more than average merit. A good story or a good essay is a very rare treasure. One would suppose that in larger colleges, where there is more of an impulse to write, the work done would be better; and yet the same thing seems to hold true in them that we find here. Literary work is at a low ebb in colleges in general, it would seem; but it is impossible to determine if this be only temporary or a real falling off from old standards.

WHILE it is impossible not to feel gratified that Dr. Smith should have received so unanimous an election to the assistant bishopric of Ohio, we regret that the election comes in so pressing a manner, for we almost fear that a sense of duty will compel him to accept the call. We trust that Dr. Smith will feel that his duty still lies with the college and that his work here is by no means complete or in such a condition that it can now be laid down. The growth and the prosperity of Trinity since he has been President testify to the success of his administration. In the past five years the number of students has increased until to-day we have a greater number on the roll than the college has ever known. New buildings have been erected and the facilities for work increased. The curriculum has been changed and modernized and opportunities for advanced study are now afforded better than any that have been given in the past. Men are able to follow their own tastes and natural bent in choice of courses and the standard of college work has therefore been raised. The students exhibit a stronger and healthier college tone, due to the firm conviction of the present and future success of Trinity. Among the alumni there are found to a greater degree than ever before enthusiasm and loyalty and strong desire to aid in the development of the college. Dr. Smith's administration has been characterized by the emancipation of Trinity from the needlessly conservative and even backward ideas which formerly governed its counsels, and by the introduction of a liberal and progressive spirit into its life. The work has



been gradual but it has made the college stronger to-day than in the past and the continuation of the same liberal policy is necessary to its welfare. There is still much to be done to bring the college to the position it ought to occupy, and any check to its development would be a most serious blow. A stop now would undo much of the work of the past few years and retard the growth of the college. The feeling of the students and alumni is unanimous in thinking that Trinity will be seriously hurt by Dr. Smith's acceptance of the honor. We sincerely hope that he will regard the sentiments of those who are connected with Trinity, who feel that the work he has planned and successfully accomplished thus far, needs his care and direction still.

#### MY LOVE.

O love so cruel, so divinely sweet,  
Blindly I follow wheresoe'er you guide ;  
My heart, with longing still unsatisfied,  
Seeks the one word your lips will not repeat.  
In the still wood I hear the breeze entreat  
The tall young fir-tree to be his fair bride.  
She, laughing, waves him off, while at your side  
I too, meseems, suffer a like defeat.  
" Ah, wretched heart why live unceasingly  
On the vain hope that you her heart can move.  
Learn to forget ! " the breeze caressingly  
Whispers, and fickle, seeks another love.  
Vain is his counsel and I, sighing, say  
" My love, perchance, will love me yet, some day."

ROB: TRENT.

#### AUTOTAPHIA.

I certainly made a mistake that afternoon, when I chose a book to read; a mistake which I greatly regretted, although I am convinced that I was not wholly responsible for it, because there seemed to be a power outside of myself which directed my actions at the time. The whole trouble arose from three causes so intricately intertwined that when I attempted to unravel the tangled skein of cause and effect, and to assign to each cause its proper share in bringing about the misfortune which came upon me later, I made a hopeless failure of the task. I shall, therefore, make no explanations about what I shall here relate, but shall simply state the causes, and leave to any one, who is of an analytical turn of mind, the labor of nicely ascertaining what

part of the result was due to each cause. First, in point of time, and, I am inclined to think, in real importance, is the fact that for the past few days I had been a victim of insomnia, brought on by over-work, and I was still suffering from the effects. Second, the weather was forlorn; yes, more than forlorn, it was absolutely wretched. There had been a hard rain all day long, which, late in the afternoon, had degenerated into a fine drizzle that fell upon pavements covered an inch deep with mud, and crossings hopelessly flooded. Third, it was Sunday, and being unable to go out and in despair for occupation, I read or dipped into most of the books in the house, and last of all took up Poe's poems and read them through from beginning to end.

The fire in the library, where I was sitting, had been drawing well, strangely enough, that afternoon, and I remember that I did not touch it more than once; and now a fine bed of coals lay on the hearth, glowing and palming with a regular pulsating movement, as if in front of it lay some unseen spirit breathing gently in slumber. Now and again a little flame would flare up but this was seldom, for the logs had burned out and only the hot embers remained. Something of the dampness from outside had stealthily crept in through the window-chinks, and I fancied that a bit of the fog had come in too, for the lace curtains in front of the window had a melancholy droop, with a waving movement, so that they appeared to be a continuation of the wreaths of mist outside. The table, by which I sat, near the fire, was scarcely lighted from the window now, for the afternoon was late. It was littered with books, thrown down without any order, just as I had tired of them. The room was usually dull, and nothing but the polished brass of andirons and lamps had any brightness at most times; and on that wet day even the brasses were dimmed and veiled their faces in sympathy with the subdued tones of the room carpet, walls, portières over the door, even the books took on a more sombre look than usual, which weighed down the mind in some way and harmonized with the depressed atmosphere inside and out.

I got up and looked out the window. This opened on a street, deserted enough, oftentimes, on a fine day, but on this wet Sunday more deserted than ever. Few more dismal sights can be imagined than the aspect on a wet day of a city street which is not much



traveled; there is a curious air of misery as if at the prospect of a wet, lonely night. I do not believe that in this street there was a redeeming feature to give contrast to the dreary picture, except a post just across the way, which on a bright day appears of a most excruciating brick red, but this afternoon had somehow a cheerful air as if it enjoyed this sort of thing immensely. But all else was so dark, that I felt that this was the same sort of cheerfulness which an undertaker exhibits when there has been a green Christmas. There was in sight nothing but damp, steaming pavements, rushing streams of liquid mud in the roadway, long rows of houses blotched here and there by patches of wet, which gave them a singular appearance, not unlike that of a piece of brown gingham splashed with water. Down the street, up the street, through the incessant drizzle a lamp-post now and then appeared, but there was no light in them yet, not the smallest protest against the overwhelming pall which was sinking gradually over the world.

I gave up the window in disgust for it was manifestly useless to look out any longer, and turned around to the room which had by this time begun to grow dark, as the twilight was setting in. There was yet enough light to allow me a chance to read something more, so I caught up from the table the first book my hand touched and again went close to the window to take advantage of the waning light. What I read, I really cannot tell; there were poems and I presume by Poe. As to some I am not quite sure; but I do know that all of them had a melancholy ring which perfectly harmonized with my surroundings. None of them touched me in the least or made any impression at the time; but I was sensible that the influence of all was in some way to increase the curious gloominess that began to overcome me. I am usually far from morbid; I can read anything, whether horrible or pathetic, without being at all affected by it. But then as I remarked before my condition just at this time was abnormal. There had been a great shock to my nerves, which had left me weak and unstrung to such an extent that I was acutely sensitive to the slightest impressions made by anything, physical or mental. I was in very much such a state as is a person in a mesmeric trance, who gets very slight impressions from

sources unknown to those who look on, and so slight that they cannot be appreciated by those not in this condition.

In this, a hyper-sensitive state, I happened to read, last of all, a strange, weird poem, which I am sure that, if I had ever seen before, I should have remembered, because it was characterized by such unusual iterations of rhymes and words, and by so peculiar a metre, that it would have made a strong impression. I was conscious, however, only of that vague mist of memory that sometimes comes across the mind when new objects are seen, or new ideas received, which gives one the feeling that he has before known them. It is as if the images of objects are dimly reflected on a cloud of vapor and then fade away as the reality is discerned; as if there is in the soul a strange fore-knowledge of events which lies latent and dormant until we come upon certain ideas which have been hitherto indistinct in the mind, when the fore-knowledge asserts itself and at once gives us the notion that we have known the idea before. Such a sensation I had as I read *Ulalume* that afternoon; and the cloud mist of memory appeared dark and threatening, a premonition of something evil to come.

As I read that curious production of a diseased imagination, a poem written undoubtedly without feeling any of the emotions it seems meant to evoke, I began to fall into a reverie, which I broke to take advantage of the now rapidly lessening light for a second reading of the poem. It was then that the strange iteration and reiteration of the words and rhymes gradually grew upon me and impressed me more and more. They took strong hold of my imagination, and I could not shake off the effect. Like some sudden evil thought which arises in the mind and comes back again and again, despite the greatest struggles to destroy it, so with a mocking, supernatural force, these lines re-echoed through my brain:

"It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty, mid-region of Weir;  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

The harder I struggled to rid myself of them, the stronger returned these lines to me. Like resistless fate they came on, and I fought them off, but there was no success for me. There seemed to be no refuge from



their persistent attack, so with a rapid movement I shook them off and turned to look out the window again. The night was now begun, and a black, murky night it was. I found no comfort in the outlook, for it suddenly occurred to me that

"It was night in the lonesome October;"

and

"The skies they were ashen and sober."

I could not endure this longer, so I returned to my seat by the table, looking about the room, at books on the shelves, at the portières,—at anything which I thought could distract me and draw away from this poem my thoughts. Now I looked down at the warm, glowing embers, hoping to find in their ruddy glare something to restore the equilibrium of my mind; but again the slow, pulsating movements brought back to me the same thoughts, and I began to see strange faces among them. Where I had looked for support and comfort, I found none. Only the faces of phantoms, of ghoulish phantoms were visible; faces marked, some of them by harsh cruelty, others stamped with grievous despair. And, as I looked at them, a ghastly smile of mocking, diabolical joy flashed over these countenances, which thrilled me as a presage of evil. Now they glowed with this hellish laughter; again they paled to the grimness of cold, desperate cruelty. While I kept my eyes on them, there grew before me a strange landscape, and I seemed to see the mysterious

"dim lake of Auber."

I knew that the waving grove about it, peopled with the demon faces I beheld, must be the

"ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

The realization was terrible; nay, it was fatal; for I could make no more resistance to the influence which was driving me on. As I watched the unearthly glow, I saw more clearly the trees on the edge of the dim lake, all about which was a soft, pale light, which came from some unseen source. The whole scene became more vivid as I gazed, and at length I yielded to the fascination of the strange sight.

Slowly, softly, imperceptibly faded before my eyes all the light in the room. I could not look about me; I dared not. There was upon me a compelling force strong enough to

keep my eyes on the single spark left on the hearth before me; and as I watched this slowly grow dimmer, I felt the last ray of consciousness fade. Once it gave for an instant a sudden burst of light, and I looked about me, but

"Like one who, on a lonesome road,  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread,"

so I, moved by a fear of something which was real, and yet existed not, for I could not see it, again fastened my gaze on the single spark, now grown feebler. I watched it more intently as it grew dimmer, and I heard a faint sigh as it died away at last. Was the sigh from me? I know not.

\* \* \* \* \*

Along the shores of a small lake I walked alone, and yet not alone, for I bore in arms a burden, strange, ghastly; and I dared not look upon it for I feared to see some terrible thing. It was not heavy for I carried it easily enough on the road I traveled and I had carried it a long distance. On either side of the narrow road, rough with stones and dampened by the mist which rose from the surface of the lake, stood large trees whose thick foliage united and interlaced overhead into a dark ceiling. So close were the branches pressed, so thick the canopy they made, that only here and there could be descried patches of the sky, heavily clouded over with mighty masses of vapor, parting in this place and in that to allow a faint ray from the crescent moon to reach the earth. Restless and stormy were the clouds impelled along by a breeze, fitful, wayward, blowing in gusts, now strong and then scarcely enough to be felt. But generally there was little more than a breath which stirred the tops of the tall trees to a slight rustle, and moved the waters of the lake to curl with a gentle, rhythmical swishing on the sands along its edge. The murmuring of the waves, the whisper from the trees were the only sounds which broke the general silence and gloom of the night. It was dark on the path, so dark that I could see my way only by glimpses, as an occasional beam of light illumined the road. But there came from the lake a strange sub-



duced radiance scarcely more than the faint light seen at night in the western skies in winter, which pulsated in unison with the movement of the waves of the lake and gave the mist-wreaths, curling and writhing up from its surface, a dim white lustre, which rendered the fantastic shapes yet more wonderful. As I gazed upon them fascinated by the weird evolutions of this wondrous spirit dance the motions grew more regular and more purposeful, and I began to feel that they had for me some special meaning. I still watched and gradually I realized more clearly that there were strange movements which appeared to be pointing onward down the long avenue of trees to something I could not see, and I was conscious of a force which was driving me along my rugged road. I could no longer, then, stay to see the mist wreaths dance; there was a task which I must perform. Then I looked again at the burden I bore, and at once I understood that I must travel along this rough path to a place where I was to lay it down. I looked along the avenue of trees, as a flash of moonlight filtered through their sombre net-work and lit them up for an instant with a faint light, when I perceived what was the true significance of my journey, and what its end would be; for the trees were the mourning cypresses, emblems of death and the grave. Tall, silent, remorseless they stood, proper emblems of the gloom which, settled on the whole region, had fallen on my heart also. My journey, then, was to end at a tomb, in which I must lay my burden down, and return to brightness again. I was alone, entirely alone; and now the horror of my situation dawned upon me for the first time in all the grimness of reality. I could not go on, I could not stop. The murmur of the waves was becoming a dull, booming roll, as the wind rose in a mighty gust, and the trees sighed and wailed as in mortal agony. I heard and shuddered, as whisperings rose among them, for they had no hope or help to give me, but could only add to my trouble. Then there were groans and cries, which sent thrills of fear through me. I saw faces about me on either side. Some desperate, like lost souls condemned in this direful place to expiate in terrible misery the crimes of their other lives. Others were cold and cruel, and mocked me as I went. Amid this strange assemblage I went on, my heart icy

from fear. The burden grew heavier; fear came stronger on me; I dared not move. Must I go farther? Could I not lay it down here and flee this dim valley of death? Nay, the resistless might of fate was upon me, and I was powerless to repel it. So I went on in that dread path once more. The mist writhed about me and enveloped me in its clammy grasp, and the chill at my heart grew greater with the damp, cold embrace. Yet on I walked, and further, still further, till I thought the end would never be. The burden I bore grew heavier and heavier, until I could scarcely go on with it in my grasp; and yet I could not leave it, or end my journey.

The wind was lulled again. Now only the rustle of the trees broke the marvelous stillness; even the plashing of the waves of the lake could not be heard. The clouds dropped lower, and no breaks in them were to be seen. The light from the lake was all I had to light my path, and I could not see more than a pace or two ahead, as I strained my eyes to pierce through the blackness of the night. No moon could I see; had it set? No, for suddenly I stopped, as, by a quick rift in the clouds, I saw before me a strange, low-built edifice of stone, curiously carved and fashioned, and bearing on its front slabs adorned with runes and cabalistic signs. I could read none; but as I looked at them intently, in the midst, slowly opened, of its own accord, a low gate, and disclosed a dark vault within. Here, at last, was my journey's end; here my burden was to be laid down. Then I stepped within and carefully deposited the load I had so long carried, and came forth again, lightened of a great weight, for my task was over. It was a strange ceremony, a wondrous interment. The rustling of the leaves in the trees was the dirge; the swishing of the waves of the lake, the funeral chant; the mist wreaths, the mourners; the grim cypress, the guard over the tomb. Before I went, I gazed once more into the vault, as the doors were slowly closing, and again the clouds opened and the pale moon shed her light down into the tomb so that I clearly beheld what was lying there. And I turned and fled, as the doors closed again; for that which I had carried so long and had at last laid in that final resting place, was the body of my hopes and fears, of my joys and sorrows,—it was *myself*.



## COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held October 26th, the new constitution was formally adopted, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President, R. H. Schütz, '89; Vice-President, W. Scudder, '89; Secretary, E. B. Bulkeley, '90; Treasurer, T. A. Conover, '90; Track Captain, W. E. A. Bulkeley, '90.

The following delegates were also elected to represent the four classes on the Executive Committee:

G. A. French, '89; Philip Smith, '90; T. P. Thurston, '91; H. S. Graves, '92.

Two committees were appointed, one to audit the accounts of the base-ball and football manager of last year, and one to take charge of the trophy room in the gymnasium.

The Glee Club has again been organized under the following officers:

President, L. F. Sennett, '89; Conductor, G. P. Coleman, '90; Treasurer, F. S. Bull, '91.

The club consists of the following:

*First Tenor.*—W. A. Bull, '91; A. Crabtree, '92; R. F. Humphries, '92; J. E. Ramsdell, '92; W. L. French, '92.

*Second Tenor.*—L. F. Sennett, '89; W. Pressey, '90; E. B. Bulkeley, '90; E. Finch, '92; E. Randall, '92; E. G. Lewis, '92.

*First Bass.*—G. P. Coleman, '90; G. T. Warren, '90; R. H. Mallory, '92; H. S. Graves, '92.

*Second Bass.*—W. Scudder, '89; T. L. Cheritree, '90; Philip Smith, '90; E. Pressy, '91; W. F. Quick, '92.

The club has daily rehearsals, and Mr. Sumner, of Worcester, has been engaged to instruct the men.

The Banjo Club has been re-organized, W. A. Bull, '91, Conductor.

*Banjoes.*—E. N. Scott, '89; E. B. Bulkeley, '90; F. S. Bull, '91; R. H. Mallory, '92; J. R. Bacon, '92.

*Guitars.*—W. A. Bull, '91; N. H. Bishop, '92; H. Parrish, '92.

Rehearsals have begun for the autumn theatricals of the Dramatic Association. Two plays have been chosen: "Poor Pillicoddy" and "The Irish Attorney." The entertainment will be held early in December, and the proceeds will be devoted to athletic interests.

Bishop Johnston, Missionary Bishop of

Western Texas, delivered an interesting lecture before the Missionary Society, Sunday evening, October 28.

Thurston broke his collar bone in the Stevens game.

The annual session of The Association of New England Colleges was held in the Moral Philosophy room of the college, November 1st. The meeting was presided over by President Smith, and Dr. Robb acted as secretary. These meetings are simply held for discussion and consultation, and are strictly private. The following delegates were present: Amherst, Prof. J. N. Tyler; Boston University, Pres. Warren, Prof. Huntington; Brown, Pres. Robinson, Prof. Upton; Harvard, Pres. Eliot, Prof. Peabody; Dartmouth, Pres. Bartlett, Prof. Parker; Trinity, Pres. Smith, Dr. Robb; Tufts, Prof. Brown; Wesleyan, Pres. Van Vleck, Prof. Wilson; Williams, Pres. Carter, Prof. Morris; Yale, Pres. Dwight, Prof. Newton.

The following new books have been added to the library: Latin edition of Eusebius *Chronicon*, etc.; Krantz's Histories of Vandalia, Saxony and Denmark; George Buchanan's prose and poetical works; Dean Church's Essays; Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence and Makers of Venice*; Tuttle's *History of Prussia*; Morley's *Life of Goldsmith*; *Life of Darwin*; Doyle, Hinsdale and Comte de Paris on *American History*; Geike's work on the *Holy Land*; Lord Selburne's volume of *Church and Tithes*; the *Schaff-Hertzog Encyclopedia*; Lanzi on *Etruscan Language*; Fabretti on the *Column of Trajan*; Miss Norgate's *History of Angevin Kings*.

At a meeting of the Class of '92, held October 30th, it was decided to give the Juniors a supper, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements—(Lemon Squeezer?)

President Smith has again received a call to a Bishopric—that of the Assistant Bishop of Ohio. He was elected on the first ballot by a two-thirds vote of the clergy and 108 out of 110 votes of the laity. Although this is a very urgent call, we hope President Smith will still remain with us.

At a meeting of the German Club, held Nov. 2, the following committee was appointed to draw up a new constitution: W. Scudder, '89, E. B. Bulkeley, '90, W. E. A. Bulkeley, '90.



At a meeting of the Trinity Branch of St. Paul's Alumni Association, held Nov. 5, '88, the following officers were elected:

President, Prof. H. Ferguson; Vice-President, G. A. French; Secretary, E. R. Lampson, Jr.; Treasurer, T. A. Conover.

The following committee was appointed to arrange for an Alumni dinner to be held early next term: A. M. Vanderpoel, G. T. Warren, W. C. Hicks and T. A. Conover.

At a college meeting held last Wednesday a letter was drawn up for presentation to Dr. Smith, urging him not to accept the election of Assistant Bishop of Ohio. It was signed by the entire college.

The letter reads as follows:

HARTFORD, November 5th, 1888.

The Rev. George Williamson Smith, D. D., LL. D., President Trinity College:—

*Reverend and Dear Sir:*—In view of the honor recently done you by the Diocese of Ohio in electing you with a unanimity which is substantially unprecedented to the assistant bishopric of that diocese, we, the undersigned, constituting the body of undergraduates of the college over which you preside, hasten to express to you our earnest desire and hope that you may see your duty to lie in continuing your connection with this institution as its chief executive.

Under your administration a wider horizon has opened before this college. While firmly anchored to the old moorings which have been well tried and approved in the past, it has also kept abreast of the time. It has been conservative yet progressive, and its growth has been continuous and healthy.

There has grown up between you and the students of the college a spirit of mutual confidence and regard, altogether uncommon elsewhere, and never has that feeling been more marked and general than at the present time.

We recognize in you, sir, an executive thoroughly in sympathy with young men generally, and with the undergraduate life in particular, and pre-eminently fitted for the difficult and trying office of controlling and directing a body of students; and we are profoundly impressed with the belief that your withdrawal from the head of the college at this time would be to its permanent injury, and to the embarrassment of the various plans and lines of work begun and prosecuted under your hand.

Your aims and methods have always won the hearty approbation and cordial support of the undergraduates generally; and we desire to record what you already well know, that you have the entire confidence, sympathy and support of the undergraduates in your efforts, and plans for the future welfare of Trinity college. And it not easy to transfer these feelings at will.

We therefore venture to hope that these considerations may not be without some weight; and that you may decide to continue to enlarge the sphere of usefulness of the college, and to make its influence more general and more pronounced through the land.

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### FOOT-BALL.

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TRINITY vs. AMHERST.

SCORE, 0 TO 0.

By far the most exciting game of the season was played at Amherst, Wednesday, October 31st. From the large number of spectators assembled on the grounds, it was evident that the struggle for victory would prove a desperate one. Many ladies occupied the grand stand, and among them was a representation from Smith's College. As the teams appeared upon the field, the superior weight of the Amherst eleven was very noticeable. This, however, only gave determination to our men. At the kick-off our quarter-back made a very good run, bringing the ball to Amherst's thirty-yard line. Here it remained for some time, until Thurston advanced it somewhat by a short run. He was neatly tackled by Wilcox, one of the opposing half-backs, but returned the compliment a few minutes later, when Wilcox was running with the ball. From this throw the latter received rather a severe injury, on account of which he was obliged to retire from the field. Both teams played with a great deal of spirit, and were as closely matched as possible. Trinity tackled particularly well, while Amherst excelled in blocking. Brady and Graves distinguished themselves by their accurate and long kicks, and all the men back of the rush-line ran remarkably well. McCook at end-rush played a strong game, and was always down the field when the half-backs kicked. For Amherst, Smith did exceptional work at half-back, and Storrs tackled well at quarter-back. The



second half opened by Amherst rushing the ball to our forty-yard line, about which it oscillated for most of the remainder of the game. Several times it was forced within ten yards of our goal, but was soon returned to the center of the field, and even carried well into Amherst's territory. Cutler kicked well for our opponents, and their right tackle aided them immensely by his good runs. Our center and guards blocked particularly well, not allowing the men opposite them to reach the quarter-back once during the game. Towards the end of the second half a goal from the field was attempted by Amherst, but with no success. They managed, however, to get dangerously near our line, when the ball became ours on four downs, and Brady, by a beautiful kick, sent it well by the center of the field. Smith, in turn, snatching it up, ran through almost our whole team, but was downed at our ten-yard line. Time was then called, the game lasting one hour. From the account it is seen that we slightly outplayed Amherst in the first half, while we seem to play slower and with less spirit in the second half, allowing them in their turn to outplay us. On the whole, the match could not have been more even nor more desperately fought. Every member of the team deserves our praise, especially Lynch and the others who played behind the rush-line. Their respective positions were as follows: French, left end-rush; Greene, left tackle; Dingwall, left guard; Shannon, center; Hoisington, right guard; Hubbard, right tackle; McCook, right end-rush; Lynch, quarter-back; Thurston and Graves, half-backs; Brady, full-back. Smith of Amherst acted as referee, and Morgan of Trinity as umpire.

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TRINITY vs. STEVENS.

SCORE 6 TO 0.

Trinity added another victory to the three already gained this year, by a brilliant and exciting game played against Stevens upon Saturday, November 3d. The weather was very threatening as the team reached the grounds at Hoboken, but it cleared up beautifully before the match commenced. Stevens took advantage of the kick-off by passing the ball to DeHart, their quarter-back, who made

a pretty run of ten or fifteen yards. Here, however, Trinity secured the ball on four downs, and by the good running of Thurston and Graves advanced the ball to their opponents' goal line where they forced them to a safety. Time, five minutes; score 2 to 0. This success gave encouragement to our team; and when the ball was again put in play, they continued with unusual snap and push. Stevens, on the other hand, redoubled her energies also, and the fight was exceedingly close and interesting. It was evident, however, that Trinity had the superior eleven from the fact that the playing was mostly in the territory of the home team. The tactics of the half-backs kicking and the end rushers going down the field was adopted with much success; and the ball twice crossed Stevens' goal line, but without adding to the score, so that at the end of the first half it still stood 2 to 0. The second half opened with a splendid run by Lynch but the ball went to Stevens who, in their turn, forced us well towards our goal by successive brilliant runs; again we secured the ball and Graves by a fine kick sent it into the opposite part of the field, whence it was quickly returned even over our full-back's head. He just managed to rescue it before it crossed our goal line, and in a few minutes Trinity was again in Stevens' province; here we advanced within twenty yards of the goal, but lost the ball on four downs. At this juncture, our quarter-back broke through the line, and, catching the ball as it was passed to the half-back, secured the first and only touch-down. It was a very pretty play and surprised our opponents considerably. No goal, however, was kicked, the touch-down being made so near the boundary line. There still remained fifteen minutes, and Stevens strained every nerve to score while Trinity adopted the plan of a defensive game, almost entirely. The opposing rushers lined up very fast, and indeed all Stevens team need commendation for their sharp, quick work throughout the game. Notwithstanding, they were unable to get behind our line, and at the end of the game the score stood 6 to 0 in our favor. Total time, one hour and thirty minutes. For Trinity Lynch, Graves, and Thurston distinguished themselves behind the rush-line, while Shannon and McCook carried off the laurels for the rushers. For



Stevens DeHart played his usual plucky and brilliant game, seconded by the half-back, Mason. The fine tackling of Hernandez, the end rush, must also be noted. On the whole the match was remarkably even, but Trinity certainly proved her superiority, and won with good grace. All the team speak with good feeling of the gentlemanly treatment they received at Stevens' hands. Among the spectators were many of Trinity's alumni, '88 being especially well represented.

#### PERSONALS.

INGERSOLL, '37. The Hon. C. M. Ingersoll is one of the law firm of Pigott, Pardee & Ingersoll, New Haven.

BRAINARD, '51. The Rev. John Brainard, D. D., has celebrated a rectorship of twenty-five years in Auburn, N. Y.

THURMAN, '67. A. W. Thurman has been traveling during the last campaign with his uncle the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

CAMERON, '78. J. I. Cameron is secretary of the Jennings Lace Co., Greene St., N. Y.

MOCK, '78. L. C. Mock is with the Richmond & Danville R. R., at Ashville, N. C.

BURTON, '80. R. E. Burton is literary editor of the N. Y. *Churchman*.

STONE, '80. The address of the Rev. Stewart Stone is 2016 Locust St., Philadelphia.

HILLS, '84. The Rev. G. Heathcote Hills has accepted an election as rector of Christ Church, Riverton, N. J.

SALTUS, '85. The address of Lloyd Saltus is Hamilton Club, Brooklyn.

#### HOW LONG!

A missionary once, with inspired zeal, founded a religious community in the jungles of Africa, scattering the seeds of the Gospel in the untutored mind. But when, at last, he had begun to hope that he had not lived in vain, and that the savage, thus enlightened, had forgotten his miserable past, one of the Hottentots meandered into chapel one morning, wearing nothing but a plug hat and a pair of boots. But at this critical moment, however, an old chief who had been traveling steadfastly heavenward for the last two years, and had learned something of the fit-

ness of things, shied a boomerang at him, and knocked out four teeth. The next day that Hottentot glided into chapel in a suit of "store clothes." This fable teaches us never to go to chapel in unconventional attire.

Now, to ruthlessly disregard the moral of this tale seems to be a phase of jungle life to which college men are especially addicted; and whether the Hottentot's unhappy chapel costume was not as conventional as one involving the characteristics of the zebra, the leopard, and the modern horse-jockey, is a question in savagery too subtle to be determined hastily. We ourselves, however, are inclined to support the Hottentot, as having less artifice and cold-blooded deliberation. And when in our eastern colleges, in the highest civilized life, a man can line into chapel with a coat of red, yellow and blue stripes an inch wide, a tennis sash visible to the naked eye three miles away, and a pair of trousers that would serve as the head-light of a locomotive,—to such a man the suggestion in social etiquette would not come amiss: Never enter a lady's drawing-room riding on a goat!

Unfortunately there is no one here to give object lessons in propriety, with the "boomerang." But it may be well to state that in Christendom there is a rapidly growing theory that the House of Prayer is entitled to all the respect that is popularly conceded to the street car, or the public square, or even the variety theater. And when a man in Harrison and Morton trowsers and a dirty sweater,—we are cognizant that "dirty" is not a very dainty word, but truth is stranger than fiction,—when such a man, thus arrayed, would blush for shame to be seen in either of the last-named places, how is it that he can wear them into the chapel service with all the pride that attends a virtuous act?

This is the question that continually haunts a troubled mind. Surely there can be no good reason why the savage, "all wild in his glen," should be a reproach to us; and if ever in future such an apparition is seen in our chapel aisle, let him be as a warning, a terrible example to be avoided.

DUNRAVEN.

The next TABLET will be issued Saturday, November 24th.



## WE VICTIMS.

Fine bright day,  
 At Mount Desert ;  
 Girl on rock  
 Who looks like flirt.  
 Youth comes by  
 In nice canoe ;  
 Seats within  
 Designed for two.  
 Puff of wind,  
 A gentle scream,  
 Maid's hat blown  
 Into the stream.  
 Plan takes well,  
 The youth is caught ;  
 Rescues hat  
 E'en fearing nought.  
 Sly, sly girl  
 To think of this :  
 " A sail with him,  
 O dear, what bliss !"  
 Hat restored,  
 A pretty speech.  
 A short row,  
 Her eyes beseech.  
 Youth replies,  
 " The pleasure's mine,  
 Let's take a turn  
 It will be fine."  
 Thus it is,  
 From year to year  
 We are trapped.  
 Is it not queer ?  
 Dark blue eyes  
 And golden hair  
 Have great power  
 To ensnare.

ACE OF HEARTS.

## COLLEGE WORLD.

There is talk of Yale men challenging Harvard for a cross-country run.

Out of the Yale list of graduates ninety-two have become college presidents.

Harvard goes republican by a majority of 147.

If Cornell had one more student the number would be exactly double what it was four years ago.

Coxe, the famous Yale hammer-thrower, is taking a metallurgical course in the University of Pennsylvania.

Cornell has 1200 students. Four hundred have entered '92 and the college is so pressed for room that all the dormitories have been turned into recitation rooms.

The Amherst athletic association held a meeting recently, at which the college record for putting the shot was broken by Houghton, '90, who covered 33 feet 4 inches. The class of ninety leads in the number of prizes won.

Out of fifty foot-ball games in the last six years, Yale has won forty-nine with a total score of 2838 points to 47. The only game lost was played in 1885. The highest number of points scored in any one year by opponents is 14, in 1884; and thus far this season the score is 358 to nothing. The list of games includes four with Harvard and five with Princeton.

At the recent Dartmouth field-sports, first place was secured in a number of events by the following records: standing broad, 9 feet 1 1/2 inches; standing high, 4 feet 4 3-8 inches; running broad, 16 feet 4 inches; quarter mile, 60 3/4 seconds.

In the five championship inter-collegiate tennis tournaments, Yale has won five first places and three seconds; Harvard, four first places; Trinity, one first and four seconds; Columbia, two seconds, and Amherst one second.

Hon. Benj. Harrison is a graduate of Miami and a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Morton graduated from Dartmouth.

William and Mary College is to be re-opened this fall. This is one of the oldest institutions in the country, and is the alma mater of Presidents Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler.

William and Mary College can boast of being the alma mater of three Presidents of the United States, Harvard two, and each of the following one: Princeton, Hampden-Sidney, University of North Carolina, Bowdoin, Dickinson, West Point, Kenyon, Williams, and Union.

This is what one of the New Haven papers says about the recent Yale-Amherst game:

The Yale-Amherst foot-ball game was something of a surprise. Amherst showed great strength, and Yale's superiority was not so marked as Yale men could have wished. Good individual work scored 39 points for Yale, and Amherst got nothing; but Yale's general team work shows that nothing but the hardest work and most skilful coaching will put her in a position to meet her Harvard and Princeton rivals.



The Yale *News* prepared a review of the prominent tennis players during the past season, showing the records of those engaging in more than five tournaments, to be as follows:

	Tournaments.	Matches Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
H. W. Slooem, Jr., . . . . .	5	19	3	86
H. A. Taylor, Harvard, '85, . . . . .	7	15	3	83
O. S. Campbell, Columbia, '91, . . . . .	10	30	7	81
P. S. Sears, Harvard, '91, . . . . .	6	15	5	78
E. P. McMullen, . . . . .	3	15	4	78

Cornell has tried the plan of having Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday, and calls it a success.

When Anthony Comstock recently lectured at Princeton, the students, with a considerable regard for his feelings, draped the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.

Noyes has been elected captain of the Yale nine to succeed Stagg, who will continue to pitch for them as usual.

A series of "matinee lectures" of a high order were given for the yellow fever sufferers this week by the Rev. R. H. Nelson, Trinity, '80, rector of Christ Church.

Harmar, Yale, '90, who holds the intercollegiate record for one mile, has decided to give up running on account of bad health.

### THUNDERSTORM AT SEA.

(RONDEAU.)

Their mighty arms the dull blue clouds that drift  
Down slantwise, hurtling seaward sheer and swift,  
Spread far and heavily. Angry ocean glowers,  
Darkened by their dread shadow. Tall cloud-towers,

Torn by the deep-based sky-quake, start and shift  
Their massive masonry. And, see! a rift  
Splits their high walls! Through the rent strange sky-  
gleams sift.

High toss the waves, when low the welkin  
lowers,

Their mighty arms.

Cloud-mountains! Vast sky-beaches surfed and cliffed!  
O Strong wind wailing for the ungained Sea's-gift!

O fierce Sea-beast that bellows and devours!  
Behind your rage the calm, resistless powers,

The stern, grand, elemental angels, lift

Their mighty arms.

—Dartmouth Lit.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

The *Atlantic* for November contains a delightful article by Ellen Terry Johnson, entitled *The After Suppers of the King*, which describes a phase in the life of the magnificent Louis. The *Eve of Independence*, tells of the infant day of our republic. William Thayer writes on *The Makers of New Italy* and Mr. Downes has another chapter on *Boston Painters and Paintings*. The serials, *Passe Rose* and *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* show Mr. Hardy and Miss Murfree at their best and are of absorbing interest. Of the poems, the one on *The Fifth Symphony* is perhaps worthy of mention. Robert Elsmere and John Ward are contrasted, and the interesting subject of *Theology in Fiction*, discussed. There are the usual number of short timely articles and reviews, and the number altogether is unusually attractive.

With November the *Century* enters its thirty-seventh volume and opens the new year pleasingly. The article on *The Guilds of the City of London*, interspersed as it is with charming bits of architectural drawings, is delightful. *The Unpublished Letters of Lord Nelson to Sir Thomas Trowbridge*, tell the story of the brave admiral. George Kennan's thrilling Siberian series is continued in *The Political and Common Convict at Tomsk*. Charles S. Robinson writes on *Where was the place called Calvary?* And Lyman Abbot has an article on *The New Reformation*. The opening chapters of the Romance of Dollard are very fine and promise a brilliant serial, while Mr. Cable's new departure proves that the true stories are stronger and more interesting than fiction. Miss Thomas has a beautiful little poem entitled *Evening among the Foot-Hills*. There are several short stories, poems and timely articles, and the Life of Lincoln is continued.

Trinity played Worcester Polytechnic at Worcester to-day in a hard rain which put the ground in wretched condition. In the first four minutes Lake broke through Trinity's rush-line and scored a touch-down from which no goal was kicked. Shortly afterwards Bulkeley was forced to make a safety. In the second half neither side scored, thus giving the game to Worcester 6 to 0. Lynch was hurt and stopped playing at the end of the first half, French taking his place at quarter. For Trinity, Graves played the best game.