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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE

TRINITY TABLET

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TRINITY COLLEGE, DECEMBER 22, 1891.
HARTFORD, CONN.



The Christmas Number.

TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS College was chartered by the state of Connecticut in 1823, and as this result was chiefly due to the activity and sagacity of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, he may justly be regarded as its founder. This college does only college work. There is no divinity, law, medical or other professional school connected with it, as it is intended to give a liberal Education, adapted to fit young men to enter most advantageously upon the study of the Learned Professions or a business career after graduation. Its course of study is therefore conservative, adhering to that system which long experience has shown to be most effective. In all essential respects its course of study is similar to that of the leading American Colleges, its requirements for admission with those at Harvard and the twelve associated colleges, of which this college is one, according to the schedule adopted by them some years ago. Its situation is elevated, commanding a beautiful view, and very salubrious. Its buildings are new and unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

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The courses extend over four years, with the exception of the Course in Science, which is completed in three years.

Students completing the Course in Arts receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students completing the Course in Letters and Science, or the Course in Science, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science.

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The Examinations for admission will be held this year at the College, in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities, (due notice of which will be given) on June 19th, 20th and 21st, and also a second time at the college on September 13th, 14th and 15th.

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THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL XXV.

DECEMBER 22, 1891.

No. 5

Published every three weeks during the college year

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Terms, \$2.00 per year; single copies, 20 cents. For sale by Belknap & Warfield, 79 Asylum Street, and J. R. Barlow 232 Asylum Street, and at 17 Jarvis Hall. Address P. O. Box 398 Hartford, Conn.

EDITORIALS.

THE TABLET wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The holidays are upon us again, and the busy street, the bright shop windows, the smiling faces, the evergreen, mistletoe and holly and the merry family gathering will continue to indicate the increasing observance of the cheeriest season of the year. As we look back upon the cold winters our immediate ancestors endured, without these happy hours to come in and remind them, as summer days, of the perpetual revivication of heart and soul, we can but believe that the world is progressing and that America, according to her characteristic, is creeping away from ancient prejudices and is adopting all those good institutions which go so far toward making the world better and happier.

* * *

BUT Christmas with its sacred lesson and New Year's Day following so closely with its opportunity for good resolutions, are both *sine qua non* seasons for sober reflection. Perhaps here at college it is he whose chance circumstances make him believe that he is a great deal better than his fellows, who can best pause in his dream and ask himself what it is in his mind or heart that gives him this false impression. Is it such a greater degree of intellect or such a greater amount of the arbitrary polish he possesses that makes him feel that no man has a heart subject to

ambitions as lofty as his own and as sensitive to love or pain? Such ideas are ultimately belittling, they can gain no victory, and he who is so unpractical as even to attempt to keep them, in the end finds that they really disturb the common happiness of his everyday life. It is not only easy to show good will to all but it is a necessary attribute of real manhood.

And the idler, who has squandered time and mind, and who finds the four years are slipping away and that little is accomplished towards his temporary purpose or future aim, may meditate, too, at this time and look longingly at the opening of the new year. Mere looks are as vain, however, as the agonizing jokes of the newspaper which confesses itself pained and is yet cruel enough to tantalize its readers every year with the ancient and time-worn jests about broken resolutions. There is only one thing that can be said of these false promises to one's self—and although the saying is old, it is true enough to bear repetition—that no resolutions at all will aid a man more at the last than countless broken ones.

* * *

THE catalogue is out and the much discussed question of what shall be done with the Holland Scholarships has practically been settled. As is well known the scholarships are three in number having a probable annual value of six hundred dollars each, and

were given by the legacy of Mrs. Francis J. Holland, of Hartford, in memory of her husband, the late Thomas Holland, Esq. The prizes will be awarded each year in Philosophy, Philological Studies, Mathematics and the Physical Sciences, to members of the graduating class who have attained an average of eight on a scale of ten for the entire course under the following conditions. In making the award the aggregate of marks attained during Senior and Junior years in all studies in the department for which the prize is given will count one-half. The other half will be determined by special examination at the close of Senior year in two branches, which vary from year to year. These examinations for the class of 'Ninety-two will be in the department of Philosophy, Ethics and Metaphysics, in Philology, English and Modern Languages, in Mathematics and Physical Science, Biology and Chemistry.

* * *

THE scholarships will be held for one year and the holder must devote the whole of the academic year following his graduation to advanced work, either at Trinity or elsewhere, in the department in which his scholarship is given. Though the conditions of award seem involved and possibly unfair to some, it must be remembered that the problem was a hard one to solve and the present system is doubtless as good as any that could be hit upon. Few indeed are the colleges of this country which present such opportunities to their students, such inducements to superior work as Trinity College now offers in the Holland Graduate Scholarships. By these the name of Trinity will be heralded far and wide and the successful competitor for a Holland Prize will be an object of envy to thousands of American students.

* * *

CERTAIN it is that the interest in dramatics is as flourishing as ever, if the financial and social success of the recent performances be a fair criterion. THE TABLET most heartily congratulates the stage manager on the results of his hard work and untiring zeal, and also the business manager and the individual players on the successful character of the production. And now the question arises as to what shall be done with the proceeds. Formerly the money has been given to athletic interests, but now that our foot-

ball and base-ball organizations are on a good financial basis, what other objects are there upon which this money can appropriately be expended? One of the most urgent needs of things dramatic, and, indeed, of all organizations using Alumni Hall, is the tinting of the walls. Negotiations are now going on between the association and the college authorities relative to seeing what share of the expense of this the college will bear. The English Prize Fund also should be considered when money is to be given away. If the reorganization of the Dramatic Association, which is now being talked of, be effected, the old club could wish for nothing better than to have its last act a gift for a worthy purpose.

* * *

AN evil impression firmly grounded is like an enemy in the dark. One feels apprehensive, yet helpless. A man would strike to defend himself, if he only knew where the danger lay and was sure that his action did not expose his weakness. So in approaching the subject of a wrong impression concerning the motives and purpose of Trinity, one is moved to think twice before writing a word. However, as there is such a misunderstanding of things of the greatest importance to the welfare of the college, there is nothing better to do than to try, in an unpretentious way, to eradicate it. The idea referred to is one which, foolish as it may seem to those at all acquainted with the aims of the college, is nevertheless widespread. Many people to-day who have positively no excuse for their ignorance still think that Trinity is in some way a Theological Seminary, or a place preparatory to such a seminary. To be sure many noted clergy honor the college alumni roll, and of this we are justly proud. We are also well represented in law, medicine, journalism and business; but if a man wish to study a profession, he must go elsewhere from Trinity, as he would go from Williams or Amherst to accomplish his purpose. Our college is represented in many special schools, and the liberal education acquired here stands men well in their subsequent studies and throughout their whole life. This education in the humane studies is all we lay claim to and is all we wish to have attributed us. Possibly the name of Trinity is unfortunate as giving a wrong impression and as strengthening the

"Theological Seminary" idea. The fault, however, is not in the word Trinity, but in the ignorance of those who form such an impression. The name is an old and an honorable one and one with many dear associations. That there is a great deal in a name for good or evil, is true; but does not the name Trinity, apart from all the recollections of benefit and pleasure associated with it, express to the world at large the idea of scholarly attainments and sound principles?

* * *

WE are not theorizing now, but discussing facts. One cannot deny that the college is greatly injured from time to time by references to its sectarianism, and Trinity is pointed out as an instance of a very sectarian institution. Nothing can be farther from the truth than this. Here a man has the privileges of the Church and there it ends. All alike enjoy the privileges of the college; all alike are free from religious test. The press at times has published statements about Trinity's position which the facts of the case, to say the least, do not warrant. If the papers would do Trinity the justice to understand her position before they criticize it, and learn that the place affords the best opportunities for an excellent education preparatory to professional study or business, and that Trinity is in accordance with the modern progressive spirit, the college would in great measure cease being tormented by printed comments with no true foundation, which,

though they are not direct attacks upon us, nevertheless have a lasting effect for ill in the minds of those who read them.

* * *

IT is a significant fact that the science courses of all our colleges have made unusually large gains this fall. The cause of this is in dispute, but it would seem to indicate that the popular sentiment still tends strongly toward the more practical side of education, and is coming more and more into accord with the educational ideas of Herbert Spencer and his school. Whatever the opponents of this tendency may say, they must recognize the fact that this is a condition with which we have to deal, and those institutions which place themselves well in accord with this idea will reap the greatest material benefit. The time will surely come, however, when this tendency, started as a reform, will, after the manner of all reforms, run into an extreme. Already there are many who consider as worthless that part of a college curriculum which does not directly prepare the student for the engineering corps or laboratory. They apparently think that the one great aim of education and of life is to get money, and that that preparation is the best which makes of the man a mere money-making machine. In fact, we have here the old struggle between the practical and the ideal which is being waged so vigorously in every field of thought, and which can only be decided by time and labor.

AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.

AY! Men were men in England's merry days!
 What Christmas cheer there was, when in the hall
 Jest answered jest while yeomen stout and tall
 Bore in the Yule-log on the hearth to blaze,
 And deep draughts drained the wassail bowl which sprays
 Of mistletoe and holly wreathed! For all
 Was revelry, while, by the moonlit wall,
 Sweet carols rose of mingled love and praise.

And are we changed? Have we then lost that thrill
 Of joy that touched men's hearts so long ago?
 And has the world grown cold? Nay! For our pride,
 Our selfishness are only masks, Good will
 And Peace reign now as ever! Let us show
 The Christian spirit then at Christmas-tide!

B.

THE YOUNG SULTAN.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

AFTER "KHALED."

AND the young Sultan sat upon a throne of bright gold, in a garment of great price, embroidered with all manner of precious stones as dazzling to gaze upon as the jewels—jacinths, emeralds, sapphires, white diamonds and rubies red as blood—that grow upon all the branches of all the trees which are in the third of the seven heavens of Heaven. This particular heaven is under the immediate charge of Asrael, who is the angel of Life and likewise of Death, and upon the face of Asrael no man can look and live: both because this angel whose name is Asrael has no face, but only eyes seventy times seventy thousand times seventy leagues apart; and also because no man is allowed to enter this heaven until he is dead, and so no longer a man but a spirit.

And the young Sultan yawned, and said:
"What shall I do now?"

It was the duty of his Vizier to keep him amused, and the young Sultan asked this same question on an average of sixty-four times a day. Upon this day he had already exceeded that limit and there yet remained many hours until sun-down. The Vizier was old and fat for his years, and upon his face he wore a beard, and an expression of great suffering such as one sees upon the face of a wise man who is obliged to listen for an hour to the incessant chattering of parrots or very young students. He had already suggested all manner of things, many of which did not please the young Sultan; so that the Vizier feared frequently that his head would not be buried with his body. He had proposed that the young Sultan should summon such of his chief musicians as were exalted above their fellows by reason of their skill in playing upon their instruments of brass—although the Vizier hated music of all kinds, having had, in his youth, an intimate friend who sang in a high voice that was like the screech of a frightened peacock whose tail feathers are being pulled out one by one. The friend also played upon an instrument of four strings.

The young Sultan had soon grown weary of the music and had said:

"What shall I do now?"

Then the Vizier had suggested that he should have out such of his dancing-women as were of superior grace and beauty, though to watch them spin about made the old Vizier's head swim. He cared only to eat, being in some respects wise. When the young Sultan had gazed upon them for awhile as they danced before him in their robes of divers colors he had waved his hand for them to depart, and turning to his Vizier he said:

"What shall I do now?"

Then the Vizier advised many other things among them that the most entertaining of the story tellers should be called. But all these things came to an end; including the story, which gave the Vizier a chance to sleep, since all things earthly must end. And the young Sultan said always:

"What shall I do now?"

The Vizier drove his polished yellow finger nails deep into the palms of his hands, gritted such of his teeth as he still had, smiled pleasantly, and said:

"O thou who art the Sun and the Moon and the Stars, both those that are seen and those that are unseen, whose lightest words are to my ears as pleasant as is the sound of water running over pebbles to the camel athirst in the desert, if I were you—

"But you are not," interrupted the young Sultan.

Then the fat Vizier laughed with great vehemence. But his laugh was as the laugh of a wise youth who laughs conspicuously at a jest of his instructors, knowing that such prudent mirth has a good effect upon a man's marks, increasing those that are given for things well done, and lessening the number of those given for things done ill, or not done at all. The intelligent pupil who laughs with discrimination shall eat milk and honey and many other delicacies at the table of his instructors. He shall be fed with good

things continually. The pupil who laughs not shall sit with fools; or be returned unto the home that sent him forth to be a shame to his father, a sorrow to his mother, and a by-word to his brothers and sisters.

When the Vizier thought that he had laughed a suitable length of time—for there is equal danger in laughing too much or too little—he stopped suddenly and said :

“O Sun of my Firmament! Truly thy wit is as sharp as the point of one of those new-fangled devices, in all probability a cunning invention of some evil Djin whose body is like a cloud of black smoke and whose eyes are of a bright scarlet color, used by women to fasten their clothes together, and upon which the faithful followers of the Prophet, upon whom be peace——”

“Upon whom peace,” said the young Sultan in a perfunctory sort of way, as the aged Vizier paused for him to make the usual response.

—“are continually sitting unexpectedly in their own harems in these latter evil days. There are the delegations of the merchants to be seen. There are also those papers of great importance upon which thy royal mark is necessary. Swift messengers have been standing in readiness night and day for lo! these many weeks to carry them away, as soon as it shall please thee to set thy royal mark upon them. Likewise there is the ambassador from the Sultan of Cayrak who has long craved an audience. Pleasure is well; but duty also is well. ‘All play and no work makes Bismallah a dull boy.’ ‘It is well never to put off until to-morrow what can——’”

“Thy conversation makes me excessively tired,” said the young Sultan. “I care for none of these things. I will ride through the city. Such things as I shall see, I shall see.”

II.

And the young Sultan rode through the city; round about near the walls thereof, where dwell such as are poor and not rich. And he stopped before a door, and by the door sat an aged man who was by profession a beggar.

This beggar was of a very great age and extremely dirty, having a harelip and a bald head. Likewise he was not fair to look upon in other ways, not being able to see out of one eye and being blind in the other; be-

sides having a long white beard and lean fingers tipped with ebony crescents; the fingers being like the claws of a hungry vulture that tears out the eyes, the heart, and the liver of a horse that has fallen dead in the desert, to devour them—and also like the hands of a white slave who waits upon you at table.

But he was wise.

From within came the cries of mourning women who wept perpetually, after the manner of mourning women who are conscientious in their work.

The venerable beggar wept not; neither did he beat his breast, or tear his hair—or rather his beard since he had no hair upon his head to speak of. The ancient beggar did none of these things. But like a slick, green lizard, he sat in the sunshine where it was warm, for he was very old.

Then the young Sultan spoke to the Vizier who rode near, and said :

“Go thou, and ask who is dead.”

The Vizier got down from his high horse and prostrated himself seven times before the young Sultan, although he was short and fat; being also bow-legged and a hypocrite from birth. Then he waddled to the aged beggar, and being only human, and of a choleric temperament which he was obliged to repress, excepting for the few hours that his official duty of attendance upon the young Sultan permitted him to spend in the bosom of his own family, he addressed the venerable beggar as follows :

“O thou scab of the Universe, upon whom Allah, the merciful and wise who doeth all things well”—the Vizier was at all times a man of unmitigated piety—“has sent all manner of misfortunes, besides a lip like a camel’s, because of thy many sins, for which, in all human probability, thou wilt scald everlastingly in a sea of molten brass seven times more hot than any you can possibly imagine—the Sun of the World, the Sultan, deigns to ask who is dead within. Not that he cares, but simply because he wishes to know.”

The Vizier spoke in a low voice so that the Sultan should not hear.

Now the wise old beggar had heard the rumor that had gone abroad through the city. The rumor, which was unlike most other rumors in that it was true, said that the young Sultan loved not the aged Vizier

the Vizier having been one of his instructors during the old Sultan's lifetime, whom he had inherited from his father along with his harem and the kingdom with all its possessions. Therefore the cunning beggar was bold. He lifted up his voice as though he were calling to an old woman a long distance off, the woman being deaf, and said :

"Is it wise for a man to warm himself by a fire of burning dung when he can sit in the light of the sun?"

Then he arose and walked rapidly and stood before the young Sultan, for out of the other eye he could see perfectly, his blindness in this eye being merely a part of his stock in trade, and prostrated himself *twice* seven times, and stood silent.

III.

The Vizier came running up with his face—which was round like the moon when it is full—of a bright crimson color. Thus does the face of a fat man ever become when it is warm and he runs. Gasping like a man who has an overpowering desire to sneeze and yet cannot, he said :

"O thou who art my father and my mother——"

But the young Sultan rebuked him gently, saying :

"O thou worse than the blind, the magpie whose neck is easily wrung screeches unceasingly ; but a child who is brought up in the way it should go, waits until it is spoken to." Then he softened his voice to the beggar and said : "Who is dead?"

And the wise beggar answered and said :

"I speak true things and it is not my custom to speak flattery like liars and hypocrites. Though I might with perfect truth tell thee that thy voice is far sweeter than the voices of the singing birds that fly perpetually through the jewelled branches of the tree Sedrat which shadows the throne of Allah, yet will I not. For my lips scorn all flattery as they do all lies and evil speaking. I address thee therefore simply as—'Thou who art most beautiful and wise of all men that are, or were, or ever shall be.'—O Sultan most wise, my grandchild—upon whom be the peace of Allah—lies dead within, having died from a surfeit of pomegranates that were as yet unripe."

Now the wise young Sultan was pleased

with the honest old beggar's simple and direct manner of speech, yet spake he reprov- ingly and said :

"Why, then, dost thou not mourn, and beat thy breast, and put ashes upon thy head and cover thyself over with sackcloth? All these things did I when my late father—'pon whom peace—died: and yet I loved him not. For he was a stern man and, listening to the counsel of evil advisers, he sewed my indulgent mother—upon whom also be peace—up in a sack along with many heavy stones, and flung her into a well; besides refusing me sweetmeats and a white monkey. The sackcloth, the name reminds me of my lamented mother, thou mayest be too poor to buy, and ashes may not be exactly wholesome for a head from which it hath pleased Allah, the wise, to remove the hair.

"But surely thou mightest beat thy breast, and—with the useful assistance of a vigorous onion—weep a bit, as it is meet and right to do when Allah, the compassionate, sends affliction upon his children. Doubtless you have an excellent reason, for you speak as a wise man and not like a fool who is fat. Your simple manner of speech, devoid of all flattery, is as refreshing as a mixture of lemon and sugar, with a dash of strong wine."

Answered the truthful beggar :

"Though I speak with a perfectly simple and truthful tongue, and not after the manner of those skilled in deceit and flattery, I cannot refrain from telling thee that I have been accustomed from my youth up to hear men of great learning speak, and yet have I never heard words of modest wisdom like unto thine. They are made all the more pleasant by the fact that they are uttered in a voice that is as the voice of many harps, with silver strings touched by the jewelled fingers of the black-eyed houris of whom each of the faithful shall have a score or so in Paradise. So it is written. And what is written, is. Doubtless Allah, who is observing of merit, will give thee a double portion. If I speak lies and not truth, may I fail to pass the examinations given by the black devils, Monkar and Nakir, who love to put hard questions excessively difficult to answer. Those who answer their cunning questions truthfully and well are advanced to a higher state. Those who are unable to do so are obliged to remain where they are and suffer all manner of ingenious torments—such as continually

eating red-hot stones which immediately burn through thee until thou art perforated like a negro cook's sieve. All these and other tortures would I suffer for ever and ever rather than deviate in the slightest particular from the narrow pathway of truth. Therefore I speak true things when I mention these perfections of thine.

"That thy countenance is more fair than a lake of placid water ruffled into silver by the trailing garments of a passing noon-day breeze, I cannot see, for I am blind—although I never regretted it until this day. Yet know I that it is true, for all men say it of thee—excepting, indeed, that misbegotten dog of a beggar, Ajjgiii Abdullah, who continually usurps the place by the temple which by right is mine. He, indeed, is diligent and constant in the speaking of all manner of evil against thee."

The young Sultan laughed and said:

"Shall the mountain-bred lion listen to the chattering of a blue-faced ape? or a man who has lived in a place four years to the talk of a man who has been there but one or two?"

"Doubtless it would be unseemly," said the discreet beggar.—"His house is enriched with alms, one tenth part of which would suffice to keep me in comfort for the few years I have yet to live. These alms are given him by thy Vizier, upon whom, as all men know, thou hast showered all manner of kindnesses. The Vizier stops frequently to listen to this scurrilous beggar's railing against thee, saying in particular that thou art very young, and then he gives the beggar alms; though the beggar is not deserving. Presumably the Vizier does this in a fit of absent-mindedness. I say no evil of the Vizier, however, because I speak evil of no man."

"The beggar you mention is evidently undeserving," said the young Sultan calmly. "Tomorrow his tongue shall be split and he shall be beaten with rods; likewise all his family;—but as yet you have not answered my question. Why do you not mourn?"

"O learned Sultan, both learned and just, is it not written that in the hand of Allah, who alone knoweth the future, is our to-morrow?"

"Doubtless it is so written," said the young Sultan. "I remember something of the sort from the two portions of the Koran

that were daily read to me while my late pious father—'pon him peace—lived on earth."

"Since, then, Allah has our to-morrow in his hand, may he not in his wisdom withhold it?"

"Allah can do all things," said the young Sultan glibly—for his religious father had seen to it that he was properly brought up.

"Therefore the wise man putteth off continually all disagreeable things and taketh all his pleasures at once. So he continually defers sorrow until to-morrow, and finally he dies and—if he be a true believer—is carried by angels white into Paradise, where, manifestly, there is no sorrow. And so all his days are days of joy. Therefore I defer my great grief for my grandchild—upon him peace—who died of eating green pomegranates. Do I act as a fool or as a wise man?"

And the young Sultan reflected.

IV.

The reasoning was intricate, and the young Sultan did not perfectly understand it. Therefore the young Sultan perceived that it was probably profoundly wise, and if he should decide otherwise he would destroy his reputation for great learning with this remarkable beggar with the bald head. True, he was only a beggar, and abnormally dirty at that! Still, he was evidently a wise man, skilled in the divination of character, since he had instantly seen, though blind, that his Sultan was a young Man, by no means a *boy*, as the fat Vizier was continually insinuating, who hated all flattery and desired to hear only the simple truth regarding himself, from all men. The interesting beggar himself was manifestly no flatterer, but a simple-spoken man who said true things. His conclusions, too, were agreeable, having the charm of novelty.

At this moment the Vizier reminded the young Sultan that it was the hour when he had promised to see the foreign ambassador. He also referred to certain papers that awaited the signature of the young Sultan.

Then the young Sultan spoke to his Vizier and said:

"Now see I clearly that this venerable beggar is a man of excessively great wisdom; and that thou art, above all others, a fool—although this latter have I always known. Get thee down, therefore, from thy high

white horse and put this wise beggar in thy place, and wrap that embroidered garment of thine about his rags. Lead then the horse to thy palace, for now it belongs to this man, who shall be Vizier in thy stead. Doubtless, when he is no longer a beggar, his sores will miraculously heal; and his slaves—which but a moment ago were thine—shall anoint him with a great deal of oil, and wash him incessantly with water,”—here the old beggar shuddered unobtrusively—“until, peradventure, he finally become clean. He shall possess all thy houses, and all thy slaves, and all thy treasures, and all thy wives—excepting such as I shall select for myself; there is one woman in particular who has large eyes and who is dumb—and, when he is healed of his sores, he shall sit at my right hand. *Thou* didst continually weary me by telling me

never to put off until to-morrow what could be done to-day. A man who can interpret these wise sayings in a pleasing manner—or even reverse them adroitly, showing reason—is a man of great value. Such a man have I found. Besides, he is manifestly a strictly truthful man, and no flatterer with an oily tongue. Moreover, though he has sores, he is not fat.

“First lead him to thy palace and make over to him all that is thine. Then—for I am a merciful man and unwilling that thou should'st suffer by seeing this man enjoying all thy possessions—go thou to Hafiz, the most skilled of all the chief executioners. ‘The merciful man shall be exalted and inherit a double portion of bliss in Paradise.’

“Hafiz will have had his instructions.”

G. L. A.

DIANA OR CHRIST?

WONDERFUL love of the Christ,
That suffers, waits and endures!
Wonderful love that can spread
Over the rabble of Rome
Fairest and softest of skies!
Wonderful love that can give
Courage to suffer and die,
Unto a bosom like this,
Tenderest blossom of Rome!
Calm in that terrible place
As in the house of her God,
There by the altar she stands.
White is her robe as the snow,
Whiter than snow is her face,
But in the uplifted eyes,
All the deep spirit within
Glows with unspeakable light,
And such omnipotent faith,
Beauty so lofty and pure,
Shines in her angelic face
That on the multitude comes
Silence of death and its awe.
“Choose you Diana or Christ!
Hark! From the dungeon below
Comes the roar of the lion!
Choose you for life or for death.”
One in his anguish of heart
Pleads with her wildly to speak:
“Say but ‘Diana is great,’
That will suffice and you live.”
But she replies, “God is great,
And in Him put I my trust.”
Then from the other there comes
One bitter cry of despair;
He, who has rushed with his men

On the barbarian hordes,
He, who has many a time
Carried his eagles of bronze
Into the heart of the foe,
Laughing at danger and death,
Now, with his face in his hands,
Sobs like a child, while the guard,
Wondering, lean on their spears.
Then in the heart of the mob
Wakens the passion for blood,
And “Away! To the lions!”
Comes from the pitiless crowds.
“Lead her away,” and the guard
Carry her down to the sands.
But, as the woman he loves
Leaves him and goes to her doom,
Lo! the centurion leaps
Out from the throng, and his cry
Rings to the skies overhead:
“I am for Christ; He is God,
And your Diana is false!”
And for a moment the mob
In their bewilderment gaze
Silent, and then there awakes,
In one great tempest of sound,
Yell on yell, “For the lions!
Two, aye two, for the lions!”
Then, hand in hand they descend
Into the circle of death.

Judge if he died for the Christ,
Or for the woman he loved.
It is enough that he went,
And there were two for the lions.

T.

AMID VIRGINIAN PINES.

“GOOD Evening, Auntie,” said I to a venerable colored woman seated on the steps of an old Virginian mansion, “don’t you remember me?”

“Reckon I doan Marse.”

“What!” I exclaimed, “don’t you remember Mr. Philip’s chum, who came down on a visit way back in the sixties?”

“Lor’ bless ye honey, doan I recolect: o’ co’rse, but ye be so sorter change’, dat at de fust I reckon I nebber sot dese yere eyes on ye befo’, but you’m welkum yeah, sah.”

“How is Phil?” I asked taking a seat on the stone veranda and proceeding to make myself comfortable. The old woman looked at me in surprise.

“Ain’t you nebber hearn ’bout dat, sah?”

“No,” I answered, surprised in turn, “I haven’t heard from him since the war; tell me all about him, about the old times, and the old people, and what has happened since I was here.”

I stopped; for my heart was back in the happy old days spent beneath this very roof, before the war had left this fair valley in ruin and desolation. And the face of a fair young girl, Phil’s sister, seemed to rise before me, a face I had never forgotten through all these years, for I had loved her in a boyish way, in those days, and the sight of the old place brought back old memories.

So I only said, “Tell me what happened after I went away, Auntie; I went after the New Year’s dance.” The old woman wiped her eyes which were filled with tears and began:

“Dere wuz great goin’s on ’mong de white folks arter dat, wid deir ridin’ en dancin’ parties, en de off’cers down ter de fort a comin’ up ebbery night ter see de Mistis en Miss Anna, dress up ter kill in deir sodger cloth’s, en fixin’s up, nuff ter set de hearts ob all de Missis roun’ yeah, ter pitty pattin’.

“Ebbery day dere wuz sum on ’em ter dinner, a ridin’ up in de mornin’ en kinder loungin’ roun’ twel dinner wuz ready, en den gettin’ up, w’en de big bell soun’, en ’low ez how dey mus’ be a gwine; but Marse kinder draw hissself up, en wid a bow, en berry digified way, ’low dat dey mus’ excep’ es hospitality and not tink ob leabin’. He wuz berry proud ob hissself en ’es Virginy ways, sah.

“But bumby, all ter onct dey ’pear ter stop a comin’, en Mistis begin ter look kinder anx’ous like, en Marse, he gib up es huntin’, en get moh quiet ez hit ’pear ter me. But dere wuz one on ’em ez ke’p a comin’, ez he ’low ter ride wid Marse Phil; but he doan fool dis chile, fer I see ’im a walkin’ up en down behin’ de ’house wid Miss Anna twel Marse Phil wuz ready, en one day I see ’im put es arm roun’ her en gib her a kiss, en she doan git mad no mor’n nuffin, but kinder look down en blush en ’low ez he mus’n’t do hit no moh, but she doan mean hit, sho’ fer he kep right on.

“Twa’n’t long arter dat, w’en Marse ’low ez how he mus’n’t come no moh. He ain’t say nuthin, but git up en g’long kinder ’terminated like, en one mornin’ Miss Anna doan come down ter break’as, en w’en dey g’long up ter fin’ her, she warn’t thar. Dey wuz mighty sprised en anx’ous twel a letter come from de fort, sayin’ ez how she had dun gone marry de yankee man, en axin deir pardon en fo’-giv’ness. Yessir, hit cert’n’y did, kase dey tuk en read hit right out’n de letter, whar she writ hit. Missus she cry en want ter go ter her, but Marse he sw’ar a big sw’ar, which shock Mistis turrible, en ’low ez she wuz no chile ob his’n; en de disgrace ob marryin’ dat yankee, as he call de off’cer. But bress ye chile, when Marse Phil hearn hit, he sw’ar right smart en ’lowed, he did, ez how he wuz a gwine ter kill that off’cer, fo’ sho’, but old Marse stop ’im right dere en den.

“Wall, sah! So t’ings wen’ on twel winter come ’long, en Mistis gettin’ mo’ fe’bler en fe’bler, en one day she wen’ ter baid en in de mornin’ she wuz foun’ dead.

“Dey ’low ez hit wuz heart failure, but dis chile, reckon hit wuz heart break, sho! Yessir.

“Der wuz a mighty heap ob fightin’ roun’ yeah ’bout Spring time, en de yankees come ’long en make mighty free wid we’uns t’ings. Der was heaps on ’em, en dey wuz de sassiest white mens dat ’yever walk ’pon der topside of dis y’earth, en dere wuz a mighty lot ob niggers ’long wid um, reg’lar brack trash, en ez sassy ez de white folks.

“I spec dat Marse would ha’ g’wine ’long inter de army wid de res’ ob de gen’elmen roun’ yeah, but he wuz lame en arter Mistis

died, he kinder hol' on ter Marse Phil, en doan let 'im g'long nudder. But it was way down in my min', dat Marse Phil was gwine some time; en sho 'nuff, one night he don' git up en go, and my Pete 'long wid 'im, wid nepber a wud fer 'es old mammy lef' behin'.

"W'en I hearn it, I spec dat Marse be mighty rilded, but bress ye soul, he doan do no sech thing, but look roun' mighty proud like, en den he 'low, he did, 'Philip are a Randolph, sah, en ef he hadn't gon' 'long, he warn't no chile ob mine, dats what he 'low. Well sah, I war'n't gwine ter raise no trouble 'bout Marse Phil's carryin's on, but der wuz my Pete gon' 'long too, en ef Marse feel proud kaze ob Marse Phil's goin' ter keep up de family name, sah, hit wuz mighty gri'vous fer my Pete ter leab es ole mammy en go whar de big guns wuz a bangin', fer my Pete doan get no glory no how, en hit wuz a heap more comfortin' to 'ave 'im roun' yeah wid-out glory, den a-lyin' all cole en stiff, kivered wid hit o'er yander.

"So t'ings wen' long twel 'bout New Year, en de sodgers a-comin' en a-goin', en de guns a-roarin' all roun'. But one day ez I was a bakin' johnny cakes, I kinder happen ter look frou de window, en I see Rufus Lafayette makin' tracks 'cross de field wid es 'air a-standin' on en', en a runnin' ez ef suthin' wuz arter 'im. Sho! He wuz a mighty lazy nigger, en berry much 'flicted wid de rumaticks mos' ob de wurkin' season, but he don' clean fo'got 'bout de rumaticks den, en he was a-comin, like a mighty spry-ish nigger fer onct, anyhow. W'en he see me a-lookin' at 'im, he stop en say suthin' 'bout Marse Phil wuz over yander. I sot a heap by youn' Marse ever since he warn't no mo'n so high, en I wuz mighty glad he dun come 'ome 'gain, en I 'low, I did. 'Whar am he?' 'Down yander a-layin' in de road, en Pete 'long wid 'im.' 'Yer a-lyin,' ye black face nigger,' I 'low, but I kinder feel 'way down in my min' dat he was a tellin' de trouf, en I done put my ap'on, de one Marse Phil gave me dat las' Krismus, o'er my haid ter 'ide de tears, but hit wan't no use. Den I went ober de co'n patch ter der road. I aint hatter go so mighty fur, nudder, 'fo' I come ter der place.

Dah wuz a cap yeah, en a coat yander, en de groun' look like it wuz kivered [wid mens en hosses; some on der mens wuz a lyin' on deir backs, a-lookin' up ter de sky,

wid deir eyes a-wide open, en a-stain', en deir knees drawn hup. En yuthers wuz a layin' on deir faces in de dus', but dey doan move, an' den I know dey wuz dead. I look closer, en dar, mos' right at my feets, wuz Marse Phil. Well, sah, de heart ob dis chile spring right up in her t'roat, en she almos' strangle, for I know he wuz dead 'long wid de res', en sho nuff he wuz, en he wuz a-holding a yankee man's han' en w'en I looks closer—go' Lor'! hit wuz de off'cer who had dun gone marry Miss Anna, po' chile.

"Ez I wuz a-lookin' at um, I hearn a groan back ob me, awful skeary like, en I t'ink hit wuz a ghost, sho' nuff. But w'en I look behin' me, dar wuz old Marse stan'in' thar, wid es white 'air blowin' in de win', en a-tremblin' en a-shakin' but nebber a tear in 'es eye. W'en I see who hit wuz, I done git up, right smart, en g'long ter fin' my Pete. I doan fin' 'im d'rectly, but at las' I see 'im a layin' in de ditch alone, ez ef de white sodgers wuz a skeared ter lay wid a black boy. His face wuz down in de grass, en es han's a-grabbin' en a-clutchin' de roots, en es cloth's all bloody. He wuz my on'y chile, sah, en I jes lay down in de grass lon' side 'im en hole es han's, en call 'im, but he nebber move no mor'n nuffin, nor look et es ole mammy ez uster hol' 'im en sing 'im ter sleep. I cry down right smart en take 'im in my arms an' rock 'im ez I uster long befo' de wah, but he nebber ope his eyes, nor smil', er 'low nudder. My po' chile!

"W'ile I wuz a-cryin' thar, Marse com' 'long wid Marse Phil in es arms en de niggers follerin' berry sad like, en a-cryin', fo' dey all lub de ole Marse en Marse Phil, too. Some on de ne'bors wuz a-long, en some on 'em wuz a-off'rin' ter tote de body, but Marse wabe um back, en 'low, he did, 'He am my son, sah, en I'll do de carryin' on 'im;' but he doan say nuffin 'bout glory, en I reckon he doan t'ink much 'bout dat den.

"Dey went 'long pass me, en dey doan't one on 'em ax ter carry my Pete. But go' Lor'! I doan want um 'bout me, en so I get up en took 'im up myself en kyard 'im up ter de 'ouse behin' de res'.

"But ole Marse 'low tou bury Pete right 'long side Marse Phil. 'Dey died togeder,' he 'lowed, 'en der's room foh me,' en twant long befo' we put 'im thar; p'raps ye'd like ter go 'long en see de place, sah?"

Douglass.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL TRIAL.

SYMMES was a bashful man, but extremely punctilious in regard to the niceties of conventionality. So careful was he to observe all the small points of etiquette that he felt quite miserable if he accidentally overlooked some duty, and on such occasions he was apt to develop what his friends called "a case of rattles." One morning before the term closed, Symmes found a note on his desk asking him to take an old-fashioned early Christmas dinner at the house of a rich friend in New York. The note was from the daughter of his host. With the greatest haste he penned an elaborate acceptance to the invitation, and having sealed it with the great seal of the Symmes', hastened into town and spent the rest of the morning in procuring a suitable white waistcoat for the occasion.

It was by no means an everyday invitation that Symmes had received; for Mr. Durand was nothing if not swell, and Miss Helen—well, Symmes always grew very red and jealous when any of his friends spoke of the young lady admiringly. So he carefully pondered over every detail of the great occasion, and planned a particularly neat little anecdote to relate at dessert, besides devising sundry *bons mots* to be brought in at appropriate intervals during the dinner. Altogether, he would make a very good impression, he thought to himself.

On Christmas morning Symmes arose, arrayed himself with the utmost care, and, in order to observe the day in the proper and conventional manner, repaired to one of the large, down-town churches, which was rather renowned for its ritualistic tendencies. Symmes was a high churchman, and very fond of an ornate ritual. It suited his punctilious ideas.

"I will slip out quietly," thought he, "if I find it will make me late to dinner." So he took a modest seat on the side aisle and prepared to calm his somewhat excited brain by strict attention upon what was going on.

The beautiful Christmas service began, continued and was drawing to a close, when suddenly Symmes, who had gradually worked himself into a very elevated and blissful state of mind, became aware that a human hand was plucking at his sleeve, and that an elderly gentleman was addressing him.

"Would you oblige me," said the elderly party, "by taking up the collection on this side of the aisle? I find that I shall need a great deal of help to-day." And calmly but firmly presenting a large alms bason to the astonished young man, he departed. Symmes was horrified. He had never taken up a collection in his life, and to begin in one of the large New York churches on Christmas morning was, to say the least, trying to a bashful man. All of his lofty serenity deserted him and left him nervous and embarrassed. He did not know whether or not to wear his gloves and began pulling them on and off. Soon came the words, "*To do good and to distribute forget not—*" and he started up in such haste that the alms bason went clattering out in the aisle. He was in a sort of daze when he reached the top of the aisle, and his hand shook painfully as he walked down, vaguely poking the bason into people's faces.

The offerings came thick and fast that morning. Large bills, gold, and silver were freely and bountifully placed in the heavy silver bason, and Symmes' freight grew richer and richer. By the time he had reached the end of the aisle, Symmes had somewhat regained his composure, though he was far from unruffled. There was a door directly in front of him.

"I will walk quietly into this vestibule," thought he, "and cool off somewhat before I join the procession to the chancel."

He stepped through the door, and to his horror found himself standing bareheaded on the church steps holding a large alms bason richly laden with treasure, while a policeman across the way eyed him with astonishment and suspicion.

"How frightful!" ejaculated Symmes, and he started to walk back into the church. Now, whether the door stuck, or whether Symmes was too embarrassed by his strange position to act with his usual composure, or whether both these phenomena existed, is not certain. At any rate, Symmes could not open the door.

The officer started to walk across the street swinging his billy ominously. Symmes grew desperate and threw himself violently upon the door-knob. The officer began to call out

to him, and Symmes terrified at the vivid pictures of striped suits and states-prisons that arose before his imagination gave one final vain tug at the door-knob and then fairly bolted from the church and flew down the street. His hair and his coat tails stood on end and the alms bason clasped to his breast shed a stream of wealth behind him as he ran. One idea only, was present to his consciousness, and that was, *escape*.

The officer called "Stop!" Symmes redoubled his speed. The officer blew his whistle for help and was joined immediately by another of his kind who came running up a side street to attack Symmes on the flank. The poor youth was frantically considering the advisability of scaling the first convenient electric light pole when he unfortunately tripped on a brick and went sprawling head-long on the pavement, where he lay in a trance.

* * * * *

The rest is very sad and need be told but briefly. It was five long hours before the

wretched Symmes walked from the door of the station-house, a sadder and a wiser man. Mr. Durand had finally been found, and upon his testimony and the payment of a good-sized cheque to the outraged church warden, Symmes was allowed to go free. Mr. Durand questioned him closely, but explanations were difficult, and the cordiality between the two was forced and artificial. Of course Symmes took supper in place of dinner with his friends; but as far as he was concerned, it was a gloomy and funereal repast. The fair Helen felt that something was wrong, and the evasive answers to her anxious inquiries by no means helped the case; besides, a young freshman cousin who had come in found such favor in her eyes, that Symmes' gloom increased tenfold, and he beat an early retreat. That night he watered his couch with tears. Ever after, Symmes evinced the strongest disinclination to have anything to do with ecclesiastical matters, and it was even noticed that for some time he shuddered slightly whenever the plate was passed to him in church.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM MARTIAL.

BOOK II. EPIGRAM 25.

To Galla.

I.

Promising ever,
Never fulfilling,
Yet you endeavor,
Promising ever,
Heart-strings to sever.
Me you are killing
Promising ever,
Never fulfilling.

II.

Galla, deny me
Thus with a lie.
Only to try me,
Galla, deny me.
Once but defy me
Happy I'd die.
Galla, deny me.
Thus with a lie.

BOOK VI. EPIGRAM 34.

Rondeau.

How many, sweet? You bid me say
How many times I'll kiss to-day?
Nor shells on blue Aegean's shore,
Nor ocean's waves can number more
Than kisses I shall take to-day.

How many bees work, drone and play
On steep Hymettus in the May?
Reply: I can not tell before.
How many, sweet?

Catullus did of Lesbia pray
A thousand kisses without stay,
A hundred next, a thousand more,
And second hundred filled *his* score.
He wants few kisses who can say
How many, sweet!

THE DANCE OF LIFE.

AND as I watched the Dance, I saw, anon,
A hooded Spectre beckon. Waxen wan
A gay Dame sighed, and followed. Some few wept
Awhile—but still the merry Dance went on.

Paul Calanthe.

VERSE.

BALLADE.

I.

Without in the storm of the wintry night
The leafless branches are tossed to and fro ;
The dreary landscape is hidden from sight,
And the window is white with the falling snow,
But within, by the firelight's ruddy glow,
With never a thought of the cold or sleet
Where the flames their flickering shadows throw,
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite !

II.

Her eyes smile back with the same loving light
That tells of the past which both of us know,—
But the summer has fled before winter's blight,
And the window is white with the falling snow.
So 'twas only a fancy that soft and low
There came to my ears so dreamily sweet
The last waltz we danced a summer ago,—
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite !

III.

Yet why should we think with regret of time's flight ?
The past must remain for weal or for woe,—
We all have our thoughts when the fire is bright,
And the window is white with the falling snow.
We should take whatever the fates may bestow
And yield what they ask,—yet though it is meet
For preachers to practice the truths that they show,
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite !

L'ENVOI.

When the flames their flickering shadows throw
And the window is white with the falling snow,
With memories sad and with memories sweet,
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite !

B.

RONDEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE.

"Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau."

By Jove, I'm done for now, for Isabeau
Has conjured me to write her a rondeau.
This renders my embarrassment extreme.
What! thirteen lines to rhyme with *eau* or *eme* !
'Twere easier to build a boat, I know.

And now but five are done—a modest show.
The writing of a rondeau must be slow.
Now seven—now eight—add to complete the
scheme ;

By Jove I'm done !

Again five verses must be writ in row,
Each verse in rhyme and metre so-and-so.
Eleven are done, and now I really seem
Near finished. Adding one more rhyme—say
deem,

To close, I simply have to write below :
By Jove, I'm done !

A QUERY.

Though this is not an "Aggies" school,
Where farmers till the soil,
But college, where the men are found
Who otherwise do toil ;
Why is it in our building here,
Though it was built for men,
In every section that we go,
We find a college hen ?

Chad.

A SPRAY OF HOLLY.

Sing of Christmas long ago,
Garlanded with holly,
Wreathed about with mistletoe,
But the hall was jolly,
When the mighty boar's head came,
Of a lusty savor,
And the pudding bathed in flame :—
How they praised its flavor.
Merry was the feast, I trow,
Christmas time of long ago.

Sing of Christmas here to-day,
To a merry measure.
It is every whit as gay
And as full of pleasure.
For the Christmas board is bright,
Christmas cheer aboundeth,
And about the hearth to night
Still the carol soundeth.
Still the Christmas tale is told.
Of the wonders seen of old.

Years may come and years may go,
But forever blooming.
And with each December's snow,
Fairer hues assuming,
This sweet blossom of the year
Still shall tell of gladness,
Kindly love and goodly cheer,
'Mid the winter's sadness ;
Still shall prove its token true,
"Love and life are ever new."

T.

BLUE EYES SO BRIGHT.

Blue eyes so bright in gliding dance
That on her partner's shoulder glance,
As through the waltz's lustrous maze
They smile to greet my lingering gaze,
So fixing deep their quivering lance.

And later, on the stairs perchance,
I fear I've made a rash advance
Till goddess-like she deigns to raise
Blue eyes so bright.

'Tis over now. She rules the Manse
The curate's wife. 'Twas but a trance.
That dream of mine in those glad days
That ever over my life's ways
Might shine as then in gliding dance,
Blue eyes so bright.

H.

A BILLET DOUX.

A letter comes to me by mail to-day
Within an envelope of lightest hue,
Upon the back of which are stamped in blue
Initials, but of whom I cannot say.

The post mark—it is plain—is of the town,
So many friends I have here—'tis not strange
That one of them should seek to interchange
A note or two with me. Why should I frown ?

Why is it that I do not tear apart
This envelope that keeps its treasure hid ?
Why not myself of all this trouble rid ?
Relieve the pressure bearing on my heart ?

No sooner thought than done. My fingers quick
Have opened up the note ; what's this I see ?
Two coats a vest and pairs of trousers three !
That dainty note was but a tradesman's trick !

Mydas.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

THE TABLET Board takes pleasure in issuing an enlarged Christmas number on the day before the Christmas Recess.

The Managing Editor wishes to state that owing to his oversight the story "Parma Violets and Jasmine" which appeared in the last number was printed without the statement that it was an adaptation of "White Roses and Ether" which was lately published in a New York journal.

The local chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi gave a german at their house Friday evening Dec. 11th, after the plays of the Dramatic Association. Among those present were, Miss McCook, Miss Webb, Miss Robinson, the Misses Burnell, Miss Beach, Miss Russell, Miss Buck, Miss Grace Plimpton, Miss Mary Bulkeley, Miss Grace Bulkeley, Miss Ward, Miss Allen, and Messrs. Schütz '89, Vanderpoel '89 and Hamlin '91.

The Christmas vacation begins Wednesday, December 23rd and ends January 13.

The burning of Mechanics by the Junior Class has been postponed until next term.

Among recent additions to the library are Renan's History of the Semitic Languages, Dindorf's *Æschylus*, and Tragedies of Euripides, Espagnolles' *L'Origine Du Francais*, 2 volumes, and Meyer's History of Chemistry.

The board walk from the end of the college to Vernon street has been repaired with new planks in places requiring it.

'Ninety-three's committee on a Class Song has reported to the Class with two verses and a chorus to the tune of the Eton Boating Song. It was first sung at the Freshman-Junior Supper.

ATHENÆUM LECTURE.

The third lecture of the year in the course of the Athenæum Literary Society was given by the Rev. George H. Clark, D. D. of Hartford in the Latin room Tuesday Evening, December, 15th. The subject was "Cromwell." President Smith introduced the speaker, who began by quoting with criticism the various opinions of writers since Cromwell's time, in praise and denunciation of the Protector's life and work, and attributed to Carlyle the honor of first showing the world his true character. The praises rendered by Milton, Taine and Fiske were also enumerated. The speaker then pictured the state of England when Cromwell appeared, and traced his life from early boyhood through the various movements in which he was engaged to overthrow the Parliament, and spoke of the power he gained over England and other nations by his refusal of the proffered crown, and afterward his death. The lecture closed with a scholarly and brilliant eulogy of the great ruler.

A meeting was held Tuesday, Dec 15th, of those interested in re-modeling and enlarging the Dramatic Association for the purpose of giving a burlesque next spring. Stage manager McKean of the old club occupied the chair and stated the object in view. A motion favoring the scheme was carried and a committee consisting of McKean and Orton, '92, McGann and Willard, '95, was appointed to select a name, a committee consisting of McKean, '92, R. P. Parker and Schütz, '94, to select a play, and McKean, '92, and Barton, Bates, Bulkeley and Hartley, '93, to revise and adapt the old constitution to the new requirements. The committees were to report on the Saturday following.

The old association held a meeting immediately after, and a motion to incorporate itself in the new organization was tabled until matters pertaining to the disposal of funds in hand should be adjusted.

A Bowling Club has been formed in the class of 'Ninety-three. The officers are:—President, G. D. Hartley; secretary and treasurer, L. V. Lockwood; scorer, E. S. Allen. A bowling party was held in the gymnasium Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th. The ladies present were Miss McCook, Miss Beach, Miss Robinson, Miss Webb, Miss Russell, Miss Alice Burnell, Miss M. Hart, Miss Ward. Mrs. McCook acted as chaperone.

It is gratifying to note that Prof. McCook's pamphlet on the out-door alms of the town of Hartford is used in two colleges, Bryn Mawr and Mt. Holyoke, in connection with the courses in Political Economy and that it is being widely distributed over the United States. Prof. McCook has in preparation a series of lectures on the same subject for the University Extension course.

The second Trinity german was held Friday evening, December 18th, and was led by Mr. C. C. Trowbridge, '92. The chaperones were Mrs. Ingalls and Mrs. Chase. Among those present were Miss Ward of New York, Miss Lockwood of Riverside, Miss Allen, Miss Matson, Miss A. Burnell, Miss Webb, Miss Russell, Miss Ward, Miss A. Johnson, Miss Goodwin, Miss A. Goodwin, Miss A. Bulkeley, Miss G. Bulkeley, Miss G. Plimpton, Miss McCook, and Miss L. Brainard.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 17, '95 entertained the Junior Class with an elaborate banquet at Habenstein's. The affair was a most pronounced success. The responses to the several toasts were very enjoyable and the freshmen who spoke deserve especial mention. Mr. McGann, '95, proved a most acceptable toastmaster.

'Ninety-two's Class Day officers are: President, Graves; Historian, Randall; Orator, Goodridge; Lemon Squeezer Orator, Hall; Presenter, Sibley; Epilogue, Humphries; Poet, Taylor.

THE FALL THEATRICALS.

The fifth season of the Dramatic Association was auspiciously opened on Friday evening, December 11th, by the presentation in Alumni Hall, of "Pipes and Perdition" and "My Lord in Livery," both one act farces.

The latter play was probably the best and most elaborate ever attempted by the association, and the general opinion seemed to be that the attempt was a decided success. Every member of the cast had a good idea of his part, and the several impersonations were excellent. This was especially noticeable in the case of the butler and the page, whose stage business and peculiar voice intonations brought forth much laughter.

The curtain raiser, "Pipes and Perdition," though a much inferior play in itself, offered a capital chance for a character sketch in the person of the old maid, and recommended the one who took the part as a four year's attraction for the association.

Between the two plays the audience was treated to the cachuca and tambourine dances by McKean, '92, and, as an encore to the former, the skirt dance which proved so successful last year. Much improvement was manifest over his previous dancing, leaving out of account the fact that the "cachuca" requires an unlimited amount of practice. The dance was undoubtedly the hit of the evening.

Mrs. J. H. Hall, Mrs. F. W. Russell, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. W. H. Bulkeley, and Mrs. Johnson kindly acted as patronesses. A short dancing programme followed the dramatics.

On the Monday following the performance in Alumni Hall, the same programme was presented in the Town Hall at Farmington, before an audience composed for the most part of the girls of Miss Porter's school. The performance was fully as successful as the Hartford production.

Following are the casts of the two plays:

"PIPES AND PERDITION."

A Farce in One Act.

CHARACTERS.

Capt. Vane Valentine, Mr. Charles Frederick Weed, '94.
Weeks, a servant, Mr. Robert Peck Bates, '93.
Mrs. Alice Vane Valentine, Mr. Thomas McKean, Jr., '92.
Miss Rebecca Moloch, Mr. David Willard, '95.

Place—A Paris Hotel. Time—Present.

Mr. McKean in the Cachuca and Tambourine Dances.

"MY LORD IN LIVERY."

A Farce in One Act.

CHARACTERS.

Lord Thirlmere, Mr. Walter Stanley Schutz, '94.
(H. M. S. Phlegethon.)
Spiggott, an old family Butler, Mr. John Moore McGann, '95.
Hopkins, a footman, Mr. Charles Clarence Barton, Jr., '93.
Robert, a page, Mr. John Williams Lewis, '93.
Sibil Amberly, Mr. Thomas McKean, Jr., '92.
(Daughter of Sir George Amberly.)

Laura, } her friends, } Mr. Henry Hubbard Pelton, '93.
Rose, } } Mr. David Willard, '95.

Time—Present. Place—The Amberly Mansion.

PERSONALS.

The address of the Rev. W. H. MUNROE, '52, is 132 Bellingham St., Chelsea, Mass.

The Rev. HENRY SWIFT, U. S. A., '69, is stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The Rev. THOMAS WHITE, '69, has removed to Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

F. W. WHITLOCK, '70, has removed to Great Barrington, Mass.

The address of WILLIAM C. FLOWER, '72, is 379 Camp St., New Orleans, La.

The address of R. H. BOWLES, Jr., '73, is 77 Mariner St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Rev. JOHN PROUT, '77, is rector at East Springfield, N. Y.

The Rev. W. S. BARROWS, '84, should be addressed at Shoenberger Hall, Asheville, N. C.

L. W. DOWNES, '88, is working in the C. & C. Electric Motor Co. Address 404 Greenwich St., New York, City.

A. McCONIHE, '88, is in the lumber business at 53 River St., Troy, N. Y.

L. H. PADDOCK, '88, is engaged in the study of Law at 80 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

A. R. STUART, Jr., '88, is studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

NECROLOGY.

OLIVER ALCOTT SMITH, of the class of '94, died at his home in Chicopee, Mass., Dec. 4th, of typhoid fever, after an illness of three weeks. The deceased was of strong character and marked ability and was esteemed by all. He was identified with many college organizations at the time of his death, and leaves many friends to mourn their loss.

At a meeting of the class of '94, held December 4, 1891, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to call from this earthly school to the rest of Paradise, our friend and class-mate, OLIVER ALCOTT SMITH,

Resolved, That while we mourn our loss we do fondly cherish his memory as one who was a faithful friend and who by the purity of his character and integrity of purpose was an honor to the class and became a general favorite in the college.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family the assurance of our warmest sympathy in their deep distress.

Resolved, That we transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions as a testimonial of our appreciation of his worth as a friend and class-mate, and that they be preserved by publication in THE TRINITY TABLET.

For the class of '94,

FRANCIS C. EDGERTON, *Pres.*

WILLIAM W. VIBBERT, *Sec'y*

AMONG THE EXCHANGES.

THE Christmas season is here again, with its crowds. Did you ever think that this was the distinctive feature of this festival? Crowds on the streets, crowds at the theater, crowds at the church, crowds in the trains. Everywhere we go we are sure to be in a crowd. Where do so many people come from, and are there no places in city or country deserted at this time? And what good-natured crowds they are! The faces of all are as full of good spirits as their arms are with bundles. It is impossible to provoke a Christmas crowd to anything but laughter. You might sing the Marseillaise to them by the hour, and then deliver an anarchical oration in your most impassioned style, and they would consider it all a very good joke. You could never turn one of these crowds into a mob.

The finest experience of the year is to be a passenger on one of the long trains that draw out of the city on Christmas Eve. Every seat is taken, and the car is fairly bristling with bundles. There are not, then, so many separate individuals, but rather one glad crowd of human beings all moved by the same impulses. If we were suddenly taken from the remotest corner of interplanetary space and placed on such a train, we should know at once that the inhabitants of the earth were about to celebrate the twenty-fifth of December, such an unmistakable feeling of unity is abroad at this altruistic season.

At this time each year man wakes up to the fact that he is a gregarious animal. With one concerted action he throws off all sad thoughts and in glad crowds seeks enjoyment. And this enjoyment is no selfish pleasure of acquiring, completing and perpetuating, but rich bounty rather, and open-handed liberality, in which all thoughts of self are lost.

Nor is the distinctive Christmas crowd confined to humanity alone. Such floods of exchanges, each one overflowing with enjoyable matter. The "yule-log" and "mistletoe" begin to be the theme of the poet's song, and already the "Christmas Waif" has put in an appearance in the numerous stories that adorn the pages of our college publications.

In fact, to such proportions is our exchange list increasing, that with each succeeding issue the economical business manager groans and vows that he is on the brink of assignment.

ALYSOUN.

AFTER THE EARLY ENGLISH.

Her haire is like the redde, redde golde,
Her face is faire to see,
Her brow is bounde in linen folde—
Never she looks at me.

She dwelleth in the gude, greene woode,
An holie nunne is she.

She looketh on the Holie Roode—
Never she looks at me.

Her name, I wotte, is Alysoun,
Dear name of melodie.
Most like a trill in mavis' tune—
Never she looks at me.

Oh, Alysoun, why dost thou weare
That gowne so grey of blee?
It is not fitte for one so faire—
Never she looks at me.

Blow, southern winde, and woode, waxe greene!
I would I were a tree.
To climb and clasp her window-screene—
Then she woulde looke at me.

—Wellesley Prelude.

ONLY ONCE.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train,
The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car
There came a dainty dame;
And looking up and down the place,
She straight unto me came.

"O Jack!" she cried; "O dear old Jack!"
And kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again and frightened cried,
"Oh, what a sad mistake!"

I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair,
That I am not your Jack;
And as regards the kiss you gave
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood
On the platform lighted dim,
But only once in a man's whole life
Do such things come to him.

—The Columbia Spectator.

LOVE'S WAYS.

VILLANELLE.

I little thought that love would go
So soon, or make so short a stay,
But better now his ways I know.

Love came with quiver full and bow
Prepared to shoot so many a day,
I little thought to see him go.

More like a friend he seemed than foe
Who tuned my pipe and penned my lay;
But better now his ways I know.

His face with fun and joy aglow
He seemed to like with me to play
Who little thought he came to go.

But when I'd learned to love him, lo,
The little Parthian ran away
To other hearts that nothing know.

Ah me, he seemed to love me so!
He seemed so very bright and gay,
I little thought that love would go;
But better now his ways I know.

—Courtney Langdon, in Brunonian.



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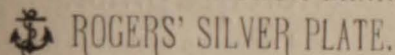
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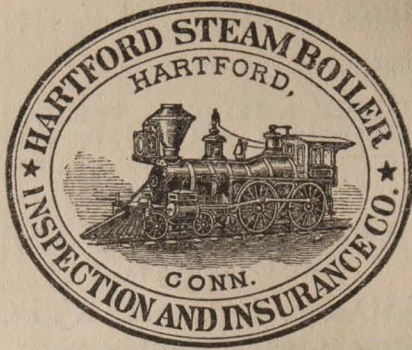
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STATEMENT JAN. 1, 1891 :

Cash Capital, - - - - -	\$2,000,000.00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses, - - - - -	293,831.17
Reserve for Re-Insurance, - - - - -	1,813,903.88
NET SURPLUS, - - - - -	1,517,079.68
TOTAL ASSETS, - - - - -	\$5,624,814.73

Total Losses Paid Since Organization of Company, **\$27,157,044.19**

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GEO. H. BURDICK, Secretary. CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2d Vice-Pres't.

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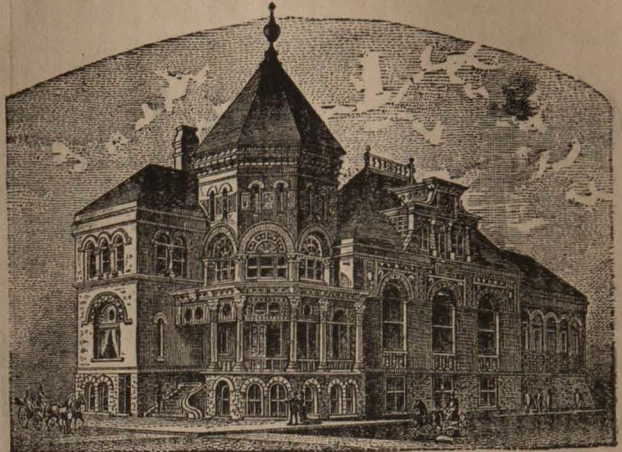
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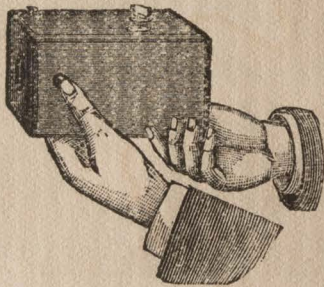
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