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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXVII.

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NO. II.

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EDITORIALS.

IT is a sorry thing to have to write or say a last word, as sad as the closing strains of a waltz or the parting grasp of a hand. Beaconsfield says, "Youth is a blunder ; manhood a struggle ; old age a regret." Thus we may regard our college course. We smile at the crude mistakes of Freshman year ; we look grave as we think of the struggles of the more serious years following ; and now there is only regret for the mistakes, regret for the struggles, but most of all regret that all is over, that we must leave THE TABLET and the college in other hands than ours. But "life is short and art is long," and the truth is forced upon us that a college paper has never a future—only a present, and that our little transitory present is already a past. Perhaps a few words from the retiring veterans to the young recruits would not be amiss. THE TABLET should always be a *college* paper, broad-minded and catholic in its opinions, representative of the College as a whole and not of any clique or party. And it should be more—it should be an inter-collegiate paper, taking part in all matters of inter-collegiate life, doing its best to make Trinity stand prominent among the many, not alone by itself. Every collegian

who has any reason to suspect that he can court the muses with success, should contribute to the support and improvement of THE TABLET. It has been hard this year, if not impossible, to keep the paper up to its old-time excellence, and, perhaps, in the horizon of the future, there is a still darker prospect. But we actors who are leaving the stage think this cannot be so, and that we may safely entrust the TABLET to the talent and loyalty of Trinity men.

* * * * *

THE TABLET wishes to call attention to the steps now being taken toward the erection of a flag staff and American flag upon the campus. According to the present plans of the committee who have it in charge, the date of the event is fixed for Alumni Day, the Wednesday before Commencement. As the committee are using every effort to make the occasion one to be remembered, it is hoped that every student who is able, will stay to assist as best he can in the ceremonies. Then too, since we know that the future of Trinity depends in a great measure upon the Alumni, and also that Commencement has not been attended by as many of them as it should be, it is hoped that this event may help to draw many of them back and renew their enthusiasm for the college and all that concerns it.

* * * * *

ONCE more the Press Club must come before the college—this time as a plaintiff, not a defendant. For the second time the notice was bulletined that an important meeting was to be held, open to members and all desiring membership. As membership costs nothing but good will and an expressed wish to join, a good chance was given all the disaffected to influence the actions of a much disapproved organization. At the meeting, a statement of the objects of the Club was read and accepted, and the only student present beside the members of the executive committee was elected treasurer. Now some of the alumni have lately suggested to the committee that

possibly the lack of life in the Club was due to the failure of the officers to place all the details before the public—in fact, exclusiveness has been a common accusation. But the student body at large has been given two opportunities not only to support the organization but to participate in its government, and how many have accepted? The Press Club is delighted to be criticized, and criticized freely, but it asks in simple justice that active interest supplement friendly investigation.

* * * * *

IT is not pleasant to be continually harping upon one theme. It is much less so when we find that our opinions, whether because they are deemed too juvenile, or hasty and insincere, are held as of no import by those whose position of authority renders it necessary that we should solicit their attention. It is astonishing that no notice is taken of our appeals. It is more wonderful that the college men sit placidly by and fail to do more than voice the convictions of some few, actively interested. How long are we to rail about our College library! How many retorts in the shape of more antiquated volumes is it supposed we can bear! For believe us, it is not one misled individual who speaks, but the entire college, which sentiment must find echo in many of the alumni's hearts. It is useless to enumerate again the needs of our library. Our words and metaphors have been exhausted in past protests. We ask for some live works; we beg for some nineteenth century fiction: we cry against these large expenditures for ancient books, which vie with the Bishop's mitre and old fashioned chairs in collecting literary dust. And what is, what always has been the result? Nothing. The methods continue. It is as though we had not spoken. That those College-loving gentlemen who have charge of this matter have not the kindness (to use that word alone) at least to recognize our appeals is a wrong to us and unworthy of them. Not only the student-body but many of the faculty request that steps should be taken to rejuvenate and improve our library.

AS THE TABLET goes to press, the outcome of the Worcester games is the subject largely occupying the minds of the New England colleges, and THE TABLET, not being endowed with that power of prophecy so often exhibited by our rural contemporaries, is obliged to join the throng of expectants in wishing the association every success in its meet, and in looking to the team to uphold the honor of our Alma Mater. Although the team has suffered severely through the disablement of two of its most promising members, we hope that in our next issue we may be able to publish an account which will reflect credit on them and the college. The spirit shown in the college meeting with regard to the foot-ball assessment is something on which the college, and particularly the foot-ball management, is to be congratulated, and it is hoped that the men will consider it a matter of personal honor to pay the amount voted.

* * * * *

IT doesn't seem possible that the four years have come to an end; and the Senior viciously knocks the ashes out of his pipe, as the reality looms up before him. You will smoke precious few more of those on that divan of yours, my fine fellow. And he lies back on his cushion and falls to thinking what there is in college life that makes it so hard to tear one's self away. Perhaps the charm lies in its picturesque variedness. There is no life so free, so much under the play of impulse and imagination. The scenes about one change and shift unceasingly. Now Mr. Adams passes by with his feather duster under his arm. Now a janitor comes along. They are old landmarks that never seem to be washed away. And yet you see some of them on the tar-walk no longer. No more will you hear the welcome cry of "Pop-corn, gintlemin, pop-corn!" Indeed you won't be here very long even to join in the College yell. How you would like to go over those four years again and correct a few of the many mistakes you made! Well, you must look the truth in the face and learn to say the end. And the Senior goes out to get Dick

and a few others to join in singing " 'Neath the elms " once more, and take a lingering look at the dear familiar objects, the long halls, the campus, the statue of the Bishop, and the sunset beyond the cliff. Ah, that we should ever have to say good-bye!

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

THE family was taking its summer vacation at the sea-shore— Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, and the small boy, They owned a cottage on the outskirts of the village, and were looked upon with some awe as " city folks " and the only cottagers in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Jones had long been acquainted with the wife of a longshore fisherman, a kind-hearted old soul with a sharp gossiping tongue, and it was probably to her that the Jones family owed the honor of an invitation to the Haynes wedding anniversary.

Mr. Haynes was perhaps the most imposing figure in the village, and carried himself with the air of a man who had a reputation to sustain. He had served in the War and had brought back a limp in his right leg. To this limp was attached a war story the details of which are beyond the limits of this modest chronicle, but no one who had ever heard the size of the story could possibly object to the corresponding dimensions of the pension he drew. He was easily recognized from a great distance by the glitter of a huge metal badge on his breast that threw back the rays of the sun like a mirror. As he approached the following inscription might be read ; " William Haynes, Chief of Police, First Constable, and Collector of the Town of East Beach, Ct.

The afore-mentioned invitation was delivered in a most impressive manner by Mr. Haynes in person. He was in a particularly genial mood on this occasion, and condescended to let the small boy

examine the engraving on his badge. Before the visit was ended Mr. Haynes and the small boy were warm friends, for the Chief of Police told stories to anyone who was willing to listen, and the small boy was eager to hear anything that the Chief of Police had to say. Nobody will ever know exactly what of his public or private history Mr. Haynes unfolded, but his youthful auditor said to his mother that night as he climbed into bed : “ Mamma, that must be a very brave man.” From which remark it may be gathered that Mr. Haynes had failed to relate a little story current in the village, to the effect that his injured leg had completely given way one evening when a young tough stole from the grocery before his eyes.

It was merely an accident that saved the Jones family from a terrible humiliation. Mrs. Jones happened to speak to her friend about the importance of the occasion, when the old lady exclaimed with some show of scorn ; “ Land sakes ! no ma’am ; they hev them anniversaries every year.” And, incidentally, the fact came out that each guest was expected to contribute something to the solid part of the festivities.

At seven o’clock on the evening of the given day the city guests started out on the long road that leads by the cemetery. For a mile ahead the wagons of the invited neighbors could be seen, raising clouds of dust that looked like gold in the evening sunlight. A heavy dew was falling, and Mrs. Jones’ dress was none the better for alternately trailing in the dust and being soaked in the grass.

A line of country vehicles was drawn up in front of a small two-story house with green blinds. It was evident that the Joneses were the last to arrive. In the garden, which overlooked a frog-pond, sat all the men in their Sunday best. Most of them were on chairs which they had tilted against the wall of the house, but those that had none were perched side by side on the fence like disconsolate crows. There was not a word uttered as the family passed through, only the chairs were brought down into place with embar-

assing haste. They opened the door and were met by Mrs. Haynes with an effusive "Let me take your things." At this point Mr. Haynes appeared, somewhat flustered by the weight of his responsibility, and Mr. Jones and the small boy were given to understand that the garden was for them.

Mrs. Jones was ushered into the parlor, where solemnity and silence reigned. Seated with their backs against the wall on three sides of the room sat the ladies, every one in the blackest of black silk dresses, with no sound but the steady "flap flap" of the fans. Mrs. Haynes came to the rescue. "Mrs. Jones, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Howard." A deep bow, a sombre smile. Mrs. Jones, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Bolles." And so Mrs. Jones was passed around the room, but nowhere a word, never a variation in the bowing, the smiling and the flapping. Mrs. Jones was a brave person, and started an enthusiastic conversation with the woman next her. "Beautiful weather, Mrs. Howard." "Yes, but dreadful dry." Flap, flap, flap, flap. "I hear there has been a storm up the river that has done a great deal of damage." "Dew tell?" Flap, flap, flap, flap. Once in a while a woman at the opposite end of the room would lean forward and whisper something to her neighbor behind the fan, giving poor Mrs. Jones the impression that her manners and words were being criticized. The fans were decidedly necessary, for all the windows had been shut tight to keep out the mosquitoes and flies.

Meanwhile, with the other unholy things excluded from the sanctity of the parlor, the men were having a decidedly uncomfortable time outside. They talked about the crops a little, though all were slightly cautious in the presence of Mr. Jones, and relaxed more and more under the influence of the gathering darkness and the croaking of the frogs below.

It must have been an hour before supper was announced. In the parlor Mrs. Jones talked steadily for fifteen minutes, and then be-

came suddenly silent. Mrs. Haynes walked in after another agonizing silence, and seating herself at the melodeon began to play hymn tunes, choosing the most doleful words and music. At this the men came straggling in, with all the appearance of having been forced to the step by the stern Mr. Haynes in the rear. Some of them joined in the singing—all kept their hands behind their backs and wished they were back again in the garden.

Finally came the summons, "Supper is ready." The guests were to dine in two detachments. With great tact the hosts had arranged that every man should sit beside his own wife. The dining-room was small, and completely blocked up by tables placed end to end. These had been borrowed from different neighbors, and Mrs. Haynes, with her symmetrical eye, had set them in order of height, so that the eatables appeared as if grouped for effect on a flight of stairs. There were dishes of light biscuit with hunks of butter, huge piles of dried beef, and cake of all varieties, shapes and sizes. The preserves were not in such large quantities, and were carefully doled out in small portions at the place of each guest.

Once seated, everyone was too ill at ease to pass a dish to anyone else. The men especially, with their sheepish, sunburned faces, and their great horny hands that were never comfortable in any position, were a pitiable sight. Mr. Jones renewed the talk on agriculture—about which he knew nothing—but soon got hopelessly mired and gave up. Mrs. Jones sat at the lower end of the graduated board, and embarrassed a tall rustic by her side to such an extent by speaking to him, that he came within an ace of tipping all the dishes out of the window by a startled movement of the knees. In time, however, the party overcame its stiffness enough to be able to consume huge quantities of food.

But little talking was done now—by the men in particular. The women gossiped a little, possibly forced by Mrs. Jones' silence to say something, though not in the same confident, vicious way that

characterized them in the security of their own "settin'-rooms. It was indeed a curious sight—these long lines of uncomfortable country people, the men restless and ashamed, the women erect and severe.

For the sake of politeness the Joneses had to wait in the parlor until the second squad had also eaten and left. The hosts were plainly convinced of the success of the banquet, and received their congratulations with modest satisfaction. There was, no doubt, enough cake left to keep the Haynes family in luxury for the next month.

The walk home was through pitchy darkness. Mrs. Jones' dress was like a coat of mail again in five minutes. The small boy, who was full of cake and very sleepy, stumbled in every rut and fell into all the available ditches. It was ten o'clock when they reached the cottage. The experience was an interesting one to have gone through with, but the small boy voiced the sentiments of the family when he murmured in a sleepy tone; "Once a year is often enough for an anniversary."

P. J. McC.

THE PATIENT YEARS.

THEY come and pass with quick, soft tread,
They light our smiles, they dry our tears,
Servants of time are the patient years.

Though our hearts may break and hope may fail,
As the leaves which fade, so our joys and fears,
Servants of time are the patient years.

As well to the foolish as to the wise,
Careless of death as it appears,
Servants of time are the patient years.

Merry or sad, one thing we know,
Blind are they to all the seers,
Servants of time are the patient years.

J. S.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

THE thriving town of Big Horn City was already a few months old at the opening of our story. Rapidly the bran-new looking buildings had sprung up, not excepting the one tall brick structure, which was a veritable Tower of Babel to the enterprising inhabitants. There were even a few ex-tempore missions and the traditional "hotel." The little cluster of houses formed a railroad center for a number of ranches that were scattered about the surrounding country.

The belle of this region was universally acknowledged to be Roberta Allen, a young person belonging to the *ménage* of Mrs. Chipés, the wife of a prosperous ranch-owner. Roberta had been an incorrigible flirt among the horse-breakers and cow-boys of the prairie, and many a horse-breaker had had his own heart broken by the fickle damsel. But she had at last yielded to the solicitations of one brawny giant, and the bans of James Hennessey and Roberta Allen were publicly announced in town and country.

The aforesaid Mrs. Chipés interested herself matron-like in this romance and arranged that the wedding should take place at St. Luke's Mission with all the pomp and regalia of such occasions. But when the fateful day arrived, the lady of the house, who seemed almost indispensable to the success of the festivities, was detained at home by the sudden illness of her youngest born, and dispatched her eldest, Mr. Peter Chipés, to see that everything went off with flying colors.

Mr. Peter Chipés was an undergraduate of an eastern college. He always liked it to be distinctly understood that he was no longer a freshman; he appeared sensitive on the subject. Be that as it may, he was now spending the balmy months of the long vacation on his father's well-to-do ranch. A timid young gentleman, he had not yet become quite acclimated to the West, and though doubtless per-

fectly well-informed as to the manners and customs of an eastern university, he might be called a trifle unsophisticated and perhaps "fresh" regarding certain unconventionalities of western life.

Mr. Chipes set off with some misgivings in company with his part of the bridal train. This consisted of the bride, the fair Roberta, and her bridesmaid, a Miss Smith, who had been abstracted for the occasion from a neighboring ranch, thirty miles distant. It is not the purpose of this narrative to enter into details too minutely and the description of the ladies' magnificent costumes may safely be left to the local newspaper, "The Big Horn Blast."

In due time the carriage stopped at the door of St. Luke's, where it was met by the groom and his best man, an old flame of Miss Allen's, familiarly known as "Jake" Wiggins. Mr. Peter Chipes, who was a great stickler in the matter of etiquette, thought it proper that the bride-groom should meet the bride at the chancel and arranged that he himself should give her away. Accordingly the bewildered Mr. Hennessey, who didn't know exactly what to do with himself was shut up temporarily in the vestry-room.

And now all was ready for the ceremony. The bridal party were waiting and the small congregation was getting impatient. Mr. Chipes, with a huge white satin rosette pinned to his frock coat, was rushing about giving a few preliminary directions to the sexton, when inopportunately the rector, the Rev. Julius Waters, appeared fully robed in the chancel. Miss Smith, the bridesmaid, mistaking this as a signal to begin, started up the aisle at a break-neck pace, leaving the bride and the best man to follow as well as they could. Never had a bridal procession shown such indecorous haste. It might have been called a runaway match. The Rev. Julius Waters, a benevolent old man, who couldn't see very well even through his spectacles, thought all was right and proceeded to marry Roberta Allen to Jacob Wiggins in due form. It is hardly necessary to say that the lady and gentleman were not conversant with the service and were

too much awed to remonstrate. Nevertheless they keenly felt the embarrassment of the situation.

It had all happened before Mr. Peter Chipès could interpose a word. He darted up the aisle, but there his timidity overcame him and he stopped short. He had the deepest respect for the Church service and felt quite unable to interrupt it. Poor Peter! A thousand alternatives rushed through his mind. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow. In a few moments the knot would be irrevocably tied. The service went on, until the Rev Mr. Waters said in solemn, slow tones, "James Hennessey, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?"—whereupon Peter, unable to control himself further, stumbled forward and stammered a few words in the clergyman's ear. Mr. Waters stopped in perplexity, and Peter, having cut the Gordian knot, strode rapidly to the vestry-room and pulled out the poor bride-groom who had been waiting patiently all this time. After a few moments the ceremony proceeded in the usual, common-place fashion.

Any one can find further particulars in the "Big Horn Blast," in which an exhaustive account of the affair was published. Suffice it to say that Mr. Peter Chipès never again took the position of Master of Ceremonies at a wedding, but the marriage was so notable an event, that even to-day, when it has become ancient history, it is still talked of and remembered by the enterprising inhabitants of Big Horn City.

J, B. B.

HOW "CRAB" JOHNSON GAINED AN EDUCATION.

CRABAPPLE JOHNSON was a colored youth. He came of a long line of dusky-skinned but illustrious ancestors. For in the old plantation days before the war there was a sort of aristocracy even of the negro slaves. The body servants and certain house servants with lengthy pedigrees, regular "blue bloods" as they loved to

style themselves, looked down upon their less fortunate brethren, the field laborers. The poverty-stricken whites they would eye askance and they characterized them as "poh' white trash."

Now Crabapple's ancestors had been body servants; his great grandfather had served as the valet of the Randolphys, his grandfather had been the trusted old servant of the Lees, and his own father had been a body servant of a Confederate colonel. After the war Crab's father had moved North. His old master was dead. He had fallen bravely fighting at Gettysburg under the stars and bars of the Confederacy, when Pickett's long gray line of twenty thousand Southerners charged so gallantly up Cemetery Ridge. It happened that Mr. Johnson senior, after various peregrinations through Northern states settled in Cambridge, in the old "Bay State," a state which had sent out many regiments during the war to make him and his black brethren free.

Here, therefore, at a tender age the youthful Johnson was cast out from the home nest and forced to earn his own daily bread. So in his tenth year we find Crab a jack-of-all-trades, or errand boy, page, scullion, and what not in the family of some Cambridge aristocrats who traced their ancestry back to that fountain spring of New England gentility, the "May Flower." Blue-blooded Puritans they were, a little formal to casual acquaintances, ardent enthusiasts for Browning, thoroughly conversant with the Baconian theory, and lovers of the works of Emerson and Carlyle. And what is more the two young ladies of the family wore eye-glasses and were regular attendants at the Symphony concerts in Boston.

Nevertheless Crab's lot was not a hard one, although his duties were multifarious. For the Alden family were rich enough to have fitted out a score of Mayflower expeditions, and they kept a small army of servants, all of whom they treated with kindness.

Existing in such an atmosphere of learning and culture is it any wonder that Crab became embued with an intense desire for learn-

ing. An education became his one aim and ideal, He would often soliloquize something as follows; "To think a blueblooded colored boy like Crab Johnson don't know nothin' 'bout readin' or writin'; am a shame fo' shuah. But you jest wait honey, fo' dis yere chile am gwine to hab learning yet." The Alden mansion was directly opposite the splendid campus of "fair Harvard" and the sight of the college youth passing and repassing all day long to lectures and recitations, fanned the burning desire for knowledge in the little darkey's heart. Indeed this thirst for learning became so strong that it led him into various scrapes. On one particular afternoon when he had reason to believe the Browning club were to meet in the stately parlors of the mansion, he ensconced himself snugly beneath a great divan. But Crab had made a miscalculation, for on that afternoon the younger Miss Alden's admirer made a prolonged call and the two lovers spent hours on that identical divan. At first their conversation hugely interested Crab. He rolled his eyes in ecstasy at the honeyed words of the lovers upon the divan above him. But as minutes lengthened into hours, Crab became fatigued. Just as the young man was about to "pop the question," the two lovers were startled by a tremendous yawn. Nature and the flesh had overcome Crab's will. The yawn led to his discovery and Crabapple was severely censured and fell into disgrace. For a time following this episode the darkey's ardor for knowledge was dampened, but only to break out more fiercely than ever.

On an afternoon some weeks later, he made himself thoroughly at home in the vacant library of the Aldens. He examined eagerly the pages of many a choice volume, and left sundry marks and impresses of a dusky thumb upon the heavy paper of the borders that did not add additional beauty to the pages. Once again poor Crab fell into disgrace. Sore from the effects of a hard caning, bitterly bewailing the misfortunes received in the pursuit of knowlege, and ready to relinquish his fond and cherished hopes, the youngster

sought his cot that evening, little imagining that the truth of the old adage "the darkest hour is just before the dawn," was soon to be proved in his case.

It happened that Crab slept in a little room right off the butler's pantry which communicated with the spacious Alden dining-room, resplendent in polished native woods, oaken table, and antique side-board fairly ablaze with brass knobs and rows of sparkling glass and silver plate. The youthful Crab was soon in blissful oblivion of sore spots and sorrowful meditation, dreaming he was existing in another sphere where, a beaming-faced school-boy no longer of dusky hue, with satchel and books he was trudging along merrily to an ideal palace of learning.

Suddenly he perceived he was wide-awake; all was inky black about him. What had awakened him. A faint rattle of a window-frame, then a low thud was audible. Now a darkey small or darkey big is always of an inquisitive turn of mind and after a few minutes of meditation, thinking what it could be, Crab threw the bed clothes aside and in "robe de nuit," glided through the buttery towards the dining-room. A metallic clank, and rattle of glass again was heard. On went Crab, and he was just about to enter the dining room when his wide-open eyes perceived, by the feeble rays of a dark lantern on the oak table, a kneeling figure on the floor. The figure was thick-set, shabbily clothed, with slouch hat, and a piece of black cloth concealing the features. He was earnestly engaged in transferring various articles of silver-plate from the side-board to a large bag by his side. Crab took in the situation.

"Shuah ernuf dis yere chile done fo' now, specs as though I'se run agin a buglar. Serve massa good ernuf have dis man take ebberyting away, den he not hab Crab hit wid de cane agin," the darkey muttered to himself. Just then the burglar stood up and reached far up upon a shelf for a little silver and gold ornament. A sudden idea seized Crab. He would prevent the burglary after

all. Like a cat he glided unobserved up to the burglar's bag. The man seized the ornament and turned to place it in his bag. It was no longer there. But in the far end of the room, as he turned, he saw a flash of white surmounted by a wooly head, staggering along beneath the heavy load of the well-filled bag. With muttered curse, the burglar grasped the lantern and rushed after the spectre. Well was it for Crab that he knew so well the ins and outs of the mansion, and that he had obtained a good start. Even then in ten quick strides his pursuer was almost upon him, when he came in violent contact with the protruding leg of a chair which Crab had skillfully avoided.

It was indeed a strange contradiction. The burglar himself robbed of his plunder, not only what he had gathered in that house but from houses he had visited earlier in that same night, by a bit of a darkey boy. But the ridiculous side did not appear to the burglar. It seemed to him a serious matter, especially when he and the chair came crashing to the floor, making noise enough to alarm the entire house. The rascal knew he must make one great effort to obtain his booty and beat a hasty retreat. So leaping to his feet, with imprecations and threats that he would shoot the darkey if he did not stop, he rushed on headlong after Crab. From drawing-room to hall, and from hall up the great stair-way darted the dusky descendant of Southern body-servants, and with great plunges four feet to Crab's one, came the thick-set pursuer. The colored boy exerted all his energy to get up the stairs. It was hard work tugging up the heavy bag. The burglar was again almost upon him. Already everyone in the house was stirring. The Alden young ladies shrieked frantically; old Alden himself, wrapped in a blanket, rushed from his room to the head of the stairs, brandishing a revolver. The burglar realized he must bring down Crab or the game would be up with him. He pulled out a pistol and fired. The bullet pinged through the air and little Crab with the bag fell in a heap on the stairs.

Little good did it do the daring knave that his shot took effect, for a flying cane knocked the weapon from his hand, and the butler and coachman came out upon him from the parlor. Vigorously pursued by the two servants the burglar gains the window at which he entered, only to fall plump into the arms of a burly policeman, drawn thither by the noise.

To return to Crab: his star must have been in the ascendant that night. The shot of the burglar did no serious injury to him. Alas for one of the silver heirlooms of the Aldens! for it was pierced through and through by the bullet. The shot had struck the bag and knocked Crab over, but its force was spent upon the silver. Mr. Alden was delighted with the quick wit and pluck of his little colored servant. The adventure of the night was a turning point in Crabapple Johnson's career. An education became a reality and he did not stop with a school preparation, but one day became one of the few dark-skinned graduates of Harvard. Now he has gone to the South to aid in the education of his brethren, and is one of the most faithful workers in solving the "Negro Question" of the South, in the only possible manner in which it can be solved: by trying to raise up and elevate the unfortunate blacks by education.

W. D.

TRIOLET.

MAUD cried in despair
 She would send me away,
 I was mussing her hair,
 Maud cried in despair,
 For she knew I would ne'er
 Such an order obey;
 Maud cried in despair
 She would send me away.

L. L. L.

THE BETTER GUIDE.

AS one seeing some fair landscape
Lit by the sun's bright burning glare,
Filled with that inspiring beauty
Plans his life in brightness there ;
But when storm-clouds gather o'er him,
And the darkness hides the sun,
Thinks that henceforth all is useless,
That his life and work are done.

So I dreamed of high endeavors,
Nobler aims, a mind above
The petty world—a life inspired
By thy ceaseless passionate love.
And that when thou didst deny me
Blackness gathered o'er my sight,
But the storm has passed ; now guide me
By thy friendship's clearer light.

C. J. D.

SUMMER DREAMS.

PRONE on the orchard turf I lie,
Lightly whispers the summer breeze,
Swaying the branches of the trees
That frame with green, blue rifts of sky.

Drowsily hum the passing bees,
Flying straight to the hives near by,
Prone on the orchard turf I lie,
Lightly whispers the summer breeze.

Apples of gold, mid the leaves on high
Lure me in fancy o'er the seas
To the garden of Hesperides,
And I dream of the stories that never die,
As prone on the orchard turf I lie.

J. C. U.

THEY LAUGH WHO WIN.

THEY laugh who win, by bards was sung
When lists with clang of steel had rung,
And beauty's smiles the victor hailed,
While he smiled back who had not failed
To bear him well the lists among.

My love you frown, aside you've flung
The chessmen, while our game is young,
Chiding my triumph barely veiled ;
They laugh who win.

Yet think whenever, baffled, stung
By thy dear, sharp, tormenting tongue,
Against thy coquetry I've railed,
Thy smile of triumph ne'er has paled ;
My heart is on thy baldric strung
They laugh who win.

J. C. U.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

IT was his heavy class-cane
And it stuck deep in the ground ;
The night was dark, and he, ah well,
He blankly gazed around.

It was an elm of Trinity
Uprooted and forlorn,
Full plain for everyone to see
Upon the next day's morn.

It was a college athlete,
When called up to explain—
“Somehow sir, I mistook it
For my lost, my valued cane !”

VILANNELLE TO THE VILANNELLE.

MY ears are ringing with thy strain
That wave-like seems to sink and swell,
First faint, then clear, then soft again.

My heart's in tune with thy refrain,
O, silv'ry tinkling Vilannelle,
My ears are ringing with thy strain.

Thou'rt often cast in joyous vein,
And dost a liting rapture tell,
First faint, then clear, then soft again.

At times thy measures throb with pain
And thy refrain becomes a knell,
My ears are ringing with thy strain.

Life's harmony of bliss and bane
Thy changing music echoes well.
First faint, then clear, then soft again.

Would that I might the art attain
Truly to sound thy silver bell.
My ears are ringing with thy strain,
First faint, then clear, then soft again.

J. C. U.

REMINISCENCE.

FAME, rank, and fortune I have acquired
And I am with all elated,
But really I don't feel half so big
As when I graduated.

J. S.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

A LARGE number of men in College took 'part in the "Marriage Dramas" given for the benefit of the Hartford Y. M. C. A.

At a College meeting held on Saturday, May 12th, a committee from the Alumni consisting of Professors Luther and McCook and Mr. Perry S. Bryant, explained the arrangements which had been made for the ceremonies connected with the placing of a flag-staff on the Campus. It is intended to raise the flag for the first time on Alumni Day, the 27th of June. If possible the Governor and his staff, Bishop Williams, the local posts of the G. A. R., by whom the flag is given, and an escort from the C. N. G. will be present. Senator Hawley will deliver the address and Richard Burton, '83, will read a poem.

The College buildings are to be decorated and the undergraduates were urged to stay to the exercises if they could. The primary objects of calling the College meeting, were to show what had already been done and to appoint committees to attend to the furnishing of music and other details. After some discussion, it was voted to leave the matter in the hands of the President of the Senior Class.

The Fifth German will be given on Monday evening, May 28. It will be led by W. W. Vibbert, '94, with Miss Allen, and J. Strawbridge, '95, with Miss Ingraham.

On Monday, May 7th, the Senior Class awarded the "Lemon Squeezer" to the class of '95.

At a College meeting on Saturday, May 19th, the manager of next year's football team gave a detailed statement of the financial standing of the Association, showing liabilities of about \$240 and assets of \$75. He stated that the Undergraduate Advisory Committee had considered the matter and had thought the best plan was to order an assessment \$1.50 on each member of the College, so that the Association might start free from debt in the fall. If this was done there would be no doubt that next season would see the Association with a balance in its treasury at the end of the year, owing to the unusually good guarantee obtained. The assessment was voted unanimously.

G. W. Ellis, '94, gave a pleasant tea in his rooms on Friday.

The Prize Version Declamations were held in the Moral Philosophy room on Thursday, May 24th.

The *Ivy* is expected to be ready by the first of June. The editors have tried to make this issue of a more literary character than former ones, and the College may therefore look for an unusually good number.

This is the last issue of THE TABLET by the old board. The elections for next year's board will be held on Tuesday, May 29th.

At a meeting of the German Club, May 19, G. W. Ellis, '94, was elected a member.

The base-ball team disbands on June 2d. The season has been successful financially but not otherwise.

Owing to the rain, the Spring Meet of the Athletic Association was postponed from Saturday, May 19th to Wednesday, June 6th.

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ATHLETICS.

COLGATE 9—TRINITY 8.

THE ball game between Trinity and Colgate was one of the most exciting ever seen on the Trinity grounds. Trinity played a good game and deserved to win but two costly errors in the fourth inning let in five runs. Colgate played a steady game and bunched her hits well at critical times. For Trinity, Dingwall played a beautiful game and Buell pitched well. The fielding of both teams was erratic at times, but their batting was good.

MIDDLETOWN ATHLETIC CLUB 2—TRINITY 8.

The game on the home grounds Saturday, May 12th, resulted in a decisive victory for Trinity. Up to the last inning the visitors had been unable to score, but in the ninth a series of errors let in two runs. The Middletown team was captained by E. K. Hubbard, '92, who caught good game. For Trinity, Coggeshall showed greater improved steadiness in the box and pitched very well. Dingwall both at bat and in the field played the game of the afternoon bringing in two men by a home run in the third inning.

BROWN 28—TRINITY 1.

On Thursday, May 17, Trinity met Brown for the first time this year. The result was most discouraging. The team not only failed to hit the ball to any extent, but fielded wretchedly and Brown made runs at will. There is no possible excuse for such an exhibition of ball playing. If the team is satisfied to go into a game and be content with making a run or two and to field listlessly and carelessly, the college which supports it certainly is not satisfied and has cause to complain and withhold its support.

HAREARD 12—TRINITY 4.

The game with Harvard though not as one sided as might have been expected nevertheless reflects but little credit on the team. The batting was weak and the usual errors at critical times prevented the team from keeping down the Harvard score. Buell pitched a good game but received little support.

PERSONALS.

Any one having information concerning Alumni will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Editors.

The Rev. Dr. BENJAMIN WATSON, '28, has been re-elected a member of the Standing Committee, and the Rev. S. F. HOTCHKIN, '56, Registrar of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

Among the members of the "Society of Colonial Wars" are the Rt. Rev. Dr. JOHN WILLIAMS, '35, the HON. WILLIAM HAMERSLEY, '58, B. H. GRISWOLD, '66, the Rev. Dr. B. E. BACKUS, '70, W. F. FRENCH, M. D., '79, T. B. CHAPMAN, '80, H. P. READ, '84, F. C. HAIGHT, '87.

W. J. BOARDMAN, '54, has removed to Washington, D. C., where his address is No. 14 Lafayette Square. He has been elected President of the Washington Alumni Association.

The name of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, D. C., of which Dr. E. M. GALLAUDET, '56, is President, has been changed to "Gallaudet College," in honor of his honored father who began educational work among the deaf mutes in this country.

The office of H. K. SEAVER, '59, is at 1736 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

G. A. COGGESHALL, M. D., '65, is at present living in North Carolina. He may be addressed in care of Charles M. Foulke, 2013 Massachusetts avenue, Washington, D. C.

The Rev. H. H. OBERLY, '65, has been elected a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New Jersey.

The office of F. R. SULLIVAN, '66, is at 25 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

STEPHEN HOLBROOKE, '67, is engaged in business in Tacoma, Wash.

Professor F. S. LUTHER, '70, has been elected Vice President of the Twentieth Century Club of Hartford.

The Rev. C. E. CRAIK, '74, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Louisville, Ky.

The address of E. J. Rinehart, '76, is 78 West Pratt Street. Baltimore, Md.

W. C. SKINNER, '76, has resigned his office as Police Commissioner of the City of Hartford, his business calling him away from the city for several months.

W. G. MATHER, '77, has been chosen a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Ohio.

R. E. BURTON, '83, read a poem at the first banquet of the New England Association of the Johns Hopkins University.

The office of LEONARD E. WELCH, M. D., '86, is at 118 Liberty Street Savannah, Ga.

W. G. SCOTT, '88, has changed his address to 136 Pine Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Rev. W. N. JONES, '88, has become rector of St. Paul's Church, Evansville, Indiana.

E. B. FINCH, '91, has received an appointment to the Bellevue Hospital of New York City, having graduated third in his class at College of Physicians and Surgeons.

On Wednesday, May 23, in the St. Mark's Church of West Orange, New Jersey, diocese of Newark, WILLIAM C. HICKS, JR., '91, was ordained to the diaconate by BISHOP STARKEY.

R. F. HUMPHRIES, '92, has been ordained to the diaconate, and is in charge St. Simon's Church, Concord, Staten Island, N. Y.

WILLIAM BOWIE, '93, is one of the pitchers for the Lehigh University baseball team.

PARIS B. STAUFFER, ex-'93, has been accepted as a candidate for Orders by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania.

“Meet me,” she said, “by the garden wall
 To-morrow as the sun goes down ;”
 And this is to-morrow, and here am I,
 And there's the wall and the sun's gone down.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*