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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. XXVI

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Published every three weeks during the college year.

EDITORS.

W. F. COLLINS, '93, *Managing Editor*.
C. C. BARTON, Jr., '93. R. P. BATES, '93.
J. B. BIRCKHEAD, '94.
W. W. REESE, '95.

R. PEARCE, '93, *Business Manager*.
C. A. HORNE, '93. W. P. NILES, '93.
G. W. ELLIS, '94.
D. WILLARD, '95.

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EDITORIALS.

THE TABLET takes pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Ward Winters Reese and Mr. David Willard, both of the Sophomore class, to the editorial board.

* * *

IT seems a trifle unseasonable for THE TABLET to allude to that ancient custom of hazing just at this time, for at its mention one's thoughts naturally turn to the golden days of autumn when the Freshman proudly conscious of his new dignity is sometimes made—for his own good, of course—the happy recipient of a midnight call from a few thoughtful friends. Just what the effect of such a well disposed visit is on the average Freshman, we do not presume to say. Perhaps he will decide, upon reflection the next day, to remove some objectionable articles of wearing apparel; possibly he may feel, after singing to an appreciative audience, some slight hesitation in familiarly addressing Seniors and bowing condescendingly to dignified members of the Faculty. But be this as it may, it is not with this phase of the question the college has had lately to deal, and we hope THE TABLET will be pardoned if reflections of a more serious nature are suggested by recent events.

* * *

IT goes without saying that a spirit of obedience to law is absolutely essential to the well being of any community and a college is no exception to the rule. It is because THE

TABLET believes that such a spirit has been and is now characteristic of Trinity men that we congratulate the college on the adoption of the resolutions at the college meeting, a week ago last Tuesday; for the right precedent was then established in the right way. There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of the action, for apart from the confidence of the student body in the authorities which the resolutions implied, the grossly exaggerated and malicious accounts of the recent hazing affair in the press required an emphatic and absolute denial from the college as a whole. It is perhaps consoling to think that the very prominence the affair was given in the newspapers presupposed that the public ranked the ethical standard at Trinity as high as the scholarly; but for all that it was necessary for the college to repudiate the charges. The impression given by the articles published was as ridiculous as it was false; but while anyone acquainted with the college would laugh at the mis-statements, the effect of the exaggerations on the public is undoubtedly unfortunate.

* * *

THE TABLET has always endeavored to be careful in regard to making any hasty criticism; and in speaking of the action taken so far by the authorities, in the hazing affair, we wish to treat the matter with the greatest fairness. But believing as we do that the college is ready to obey all just rules and that

the motive which prompted the passage of the resolutions was sincere, we cannot but feel that the Faculty's course in prolonging the decision on this question and apparently misunderstanding the sentiment of the college, is unfortunate in its effect on the student body.

Hazing by a vote of the college has been discontinued—if the men assure the Faculty that they are willing to support authority, ought not some reliance to be put on their word? Surely the Faculty should give the students as much credit for good faith as they themselves expect from the undergraduates. While no one denies the power of the Faculty to question offenders, there is a difference between a chance given to a man to explain his actions and a cross-examination; and it strikes one as rather unfair to a supposed culprit, however strong the evidence may be against him, for his judges to tell him that they consider him guilty before he has a chance to defend himself. THE TABLET sincerely hopes that the whole matter will be settled satisfactorily, and we deprecate the adoption of heroic treatment when there is no need for it.

* * *

FORGETFULNESS of self is an excellent principle but occasionally it is necessary for a paper as well as for a person, to devote a little time to its own affairs. The affair in question is simply the support or rather lack of support given by certain men to their own college paper, as evinced in indirect criticism and failure to contribute. Fair criticism from students is what THE TABLET expects and desires, but remarks intended to hurt the paper rather than help it are deserving of condemnation. Any member of the board will be glad to receive suggestions and advice from any college man regarding THE TABLET and we feel that we have the right to expect the hearty coöperation of the college in conducting the paper. In passing from the subject we wish again most strongly to urge men to contribute and by their interest and support make THE TABLET thoroughly representative of the college.

* * *

THE Athletic Association recently voted to give up the control of the tennis interests of the college and at a recent meeting the College Tennis Club assumed these responsibilities. This means that henceforth

the tournaments will be under the auspices of the Club, the Club will be a member of the National Lawn Tennis Association and will send representatives to the Inter-collegiate tournaments. Now that the Club has taken these steps and has thereby increased its importance men should join it and help it in its enlarged duties and financial responsibilities. At the last meeting of the Club it was voted that the payment of one dollar should entitle a member of the college to the privileges of the courts for one term; this provision is especially for those who are advanced in the college course. The Club is at present in need of money and if a hearty response is made to the suggestions to join, opportunities will be offered for all who desire to play on good courts even if more courts have to be made.

* * *

ALTHOUGH little can be said with definiteness about the base-ball prospects, yet we can gain some ideas from the men now training. There are three candidates for the position of pitcher, and four for that of catcher. The change battery will probably play in the out-field on the trips. Third base and short stop will be the same as last year, and probably second base. The captain will probably cover first. As yet the out-field is doubtful. The earlier the team gets out, the better, for the Easter recess is rather early, and it is the out-door practice which really counts. The team makes a good trip in the recess and hard work must be done before that to get it into shape. A sharp, quick game must be played, and nothing will bring that about like plenty of fielding practice every day. Every way must be tried to improve the batting of the team, which has been very low of late years.

The Gymnasium exhibition is appointed for Thursday, March 23rd, and before that time much must be done to insure even a respectable meet. Indoor athletics are at low ebb here, and it is difficult to make an interesting programme without "horse play," which really brings the meeting down to the level of a school exhibition. The executive committee has racked its brains to invent some new scheme or introduce some new feature, but the results have been meagre. If there are some latent athletes and acrobats in the college, pray let them show themselves.

NOW that the date of the Prize Oratoricals has been announced, it may not be amiss for THE TABLET to say a few words regarding this most important literary contest of the year. The purse of the student body is of course subject to many and constant calls, but every man should be able to subscribe something to make the prizes worth the competition, and to thus show his interest, if he cannot enter in this particular branch of college work. It is certainly an honor to be chosen a competitor, and we sincerely hope that all who can possibly spare the time and have ability in this line, will do all they can to keep up the standard, set in former years, and make the contest surely as successful as last year, both for the sake of the college, and their individual reputation as competitors.

* * *

TRINITY was one of the most active promoters of the New England Intercollegiate Association, at the time of its formation. The first meet was held in Hartford in May of 'eighty-seven, and Trinity took two first places. In the subsequent field meetings our athletes secured for the college a creditable place among the prize-winners. THE

TABLET rehearses these consoling facts as an inspiration for the present athletic team, to which the college looks for good work, and on which we depend to put Trinity in her old position in track athletics.

We are particularly fortunate this year, in having the services of an excellent trainer, under whose supervision it does not seem probable that the men will be over-trained, as has been the case with the last two teams. A larger number of men than usual are now at work, and as far as can be judged, there seems to be some excellent material among them. Regular work and strict training ought to result in a creditable showing for the college on the twenty-fourth of May, at Worcester. But this cannot be accomplished unless each man feels that he is individually responsible to do his best.

At the convention of the I. C. A. A. A. in New York, Trinity was represented, and it is expected that the men winning a place at Worcester will be sent to the games at Berkeley Oval which occur on the following Saturday. THE TABLET would urge a hearty support of the team by the college in order that the very best results may be attained.

MAN PROPOSETH.

I HAD a friend, and planned with him to lead
 A life withdrawn from strife and toil and care,—
 To stray together through the by-ways where
 The quiet joys are found,—where worldly greed
 Should never chill and trade's accursed breed
 Should never taint the wild and wholesome air
 Blown from the distant hills; and fortune's snare
 Should not be spread for feet from fortune freed.
 A blight is on those hills for he is gone;
 They seem but mounds heaped upon dead men's bones,—
 The moss-grown boulders, ranked funereal stones;
 The shady by-path leads me to his grave.
 Better within some city live a slave
 Than here, though free, but friendless and alone.

X.

JOHN MILTON.

MORE than two hundred years have passed away since the troublous times of England's Restoration. The eloquence of

Halifax, and the shamelessness of Shaftesbury, are now merely expressions associated with the history of that period. Names once

uttered in suppressed whispers and with anxious misgivings for the future, have long since ceased to carry with them any living force. Events memorable in the world's history have taken place during these two centuries. Great battles have been fought, a nation has grown into manhood, and the achievements of science have made monarchs tremble. And yet it seems to be the common sentiment of the best critics, that in point of excellence, Milton is still entitled to the second place in the line of English poets, William Shakespeare alone taking precedence. The fact that Milton has enjoyed this distinction during so long a period of remarkable intellectual progress, is attributed to the spirit of criticism and learned investigation, and the aversion to mysticism which pervades the present age, together with a terrible passion which has seized men blinded as it were, by the brilliant victories of inventive genius, to convert themselves into machines, and devote their whole efforts to material gains. It may also, in some measure, be due to the increased facilities for the education of the masses of the people, whereby a class of readers is created having apparently no literary aspiration beyond the reading of the newspapers, and the "latest novel," which issue in such quantities from the publishers' offices.

A tribute might be paid to the comprehensive genius of the English people, by drawing a parallel between Shakespeare and Milton, England's two greatest poets; if indeed it could rightly be called a parallel between men cast in such widely divergent moulds. In all the great phases of existence, socially, morally, intellectually, and in the world of imagination, we see Milton in marked contrast to Shakespeare. Milton is said to have lived in a realm of his own creation, apart from men; Shakespeare entered into the depths of human nature with all the intensity of his being.

The grand simplicity of Milton's character is as impenetrable a barrier to the searching scrutiny of the critic, as are the more highly complex forms of human nature. Milton's simplicity is that of a mind trained by profound study and deep meditation under the influence of Puritanic thought. The philosophical element in his nature, together with

his superior elevation of mind, tended to make him regardless of the thousand little happenings in every-day life, which make up the sum of natural living for so many men. In this respect, he is entirely different from Shakespeare. We find Shakespeare always spoken of as a real man with the ordinary failings of humanity, as well as its feeble efforts towards virtuous behaviour, now overcome by melancholy and mental depression, and again elated on account of the successful termination of some favorite scheme. His is the hand we can seize in the grasp of jovial friendship, his the eye that will suffuse with tears, when we pour into his ready ear our tale of sorrow. Milton, on the other hand, although his many admirers say that his heart was no less warm, and that he longed for a worthy object on which to bestow his love, was nevertheless separated from his fellowmen. There seemed to be something wanting in the net-work which binds together the hearts of man and man. This is probably one reason for Milton's apparent unhappiness and utter intellectual isolation during the last few years of his life.

In a great poet we are accustomed to look for human nature intensified and purified. The voice of John Gower was the voice of the people. But in "Paradise Lost" the human element seems, in some degree, to be replaced by a philosophical element. Addison in his analysis of "Paradise Lost," seems to think that Milton's powers as a dramatist were of no mean order, and, in support of his claim, he instances the delineation of character in Satan, Moloch, Belial, Mammon and Beelzebub, as shown by the respective parts assigned to each in the council of rebel spirits in Hell. But if we look a little closer, we shall see that these are merely general types of large classes of men, and not real living individuals, among whom no two have ever been found exactly alike. Furthermore, Milton's characters in "Comus," as well as in "Paradise Lost," are partly supernatural; and in portraying a spiritual being, there is a necessary element of vagueness and immensity, which takes the place of some of the more subtle lines of character in an ordinary man. There is no reason why a man who had never been outside of the four walls of his garden, should not create a good

spirit, but it is not so easy to imagine such a one creating a company of living men.

It is possible to imagine the poet as represented by Milton, but it is not easy to picture the publicist living, as they say Milton did, within himself, in a world beyond the reach of ordinary men. The publicist, in order to direct intelligently his efforts in behalf of the people, and even in order to truly realize that the people are in need of his special exertions, must be acquainted with the people and identify himself with their cause. He who would be a leader of men must not be an isolated man. He must be in sympathy with men outwardly as well as inwardly. Goethe has said that genius is nurtured in solitude, but character formed by contact with the world. And in these few words we read the secret of Milton as a poet and Milton as a publicist. Strength of character, which is not merely a passive force to resist, but an active force to dare, is what bends the minds of men. While a man is alive, his place is determined by the greatness of his character; after he is dead posterity worships his genius.

We see then, that we are not to expect the duties of a publicist to be in accordance with Milton's natural inclinations, nor yet, perhaps, within the range of his abilities. Nevertheless there were causes which inevitably compelled him into public life, and there are circumstances to be mentioned later, which might possibly lead to an over-estimation of the importance of his public career.

He was in Italy when the tidings of the struggle for English liberty reached him. Until now the decision between a public life and a life of comparative seclusion had rested entirely on grounds of a private and personal nature. But liberty and patriotism have always found an answering voice in the breast of a real poet. And Milton's intensified sense of honor and justice compelled him to relinquish his personal ambitions, for a while, and return to England, in order to enlist as a fierce antagonist of arbitrary tyranny. Moreover, there were forces which could not but have influenced men far more self-seeking and mean-spirited than Milton. It was a crisis such as that at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and at the be-

ginning of our own civil war, when avowed neutrality was almost inconsistent with soundness of mind, and certainly was not the part of prudence. Perhaps if Milton had pursued his European travels in self-satisfied security, while his own countrymen were pouring their blood upon the ground as a peace offering to outraged Liberty, the clear sky of his undying fame might have been dimmed by a dark cloud, similar to that which overshadows the Lord-chancellorship of Francis Bacon.

Milton's services to the commonwealth were confined to the publishing of a number of political pamphlets, and to his official duties as Cromwell's Latin secretary.

The vigor and energy of Milton's political writings would seem to argue a corresponding political enthusiasm on the part of the author. But we must remember that enthusiasm is an attribute of a poet; and to this Milton added a seriousness of conviction and a fixedness of purpose which made him unwilling to leave unfinished any work he had ever undertaken.

Again, if the interests of the commonwealth had possessed Milton in a very remarkable degree, he would not have been content with his part in the conflict. Whenever a great national crisis enters deeply into the life of a man of great intellect, that man somehow becomes an organic part of the history of that time, just as the name of Dante is associated with the unhappy struggles of his native Florence. Whereas we are accustomed to think of Milton as contemporary with, rather than involved in the establishment of the Protectorate. However much Milton's indignation may have been roused against the Stuart tyranny and the corruption of the Church, and notwithstanding the fact that Milton is frequently cited as a perfect type of Puritanism, it is quite possible there may have been, and we trust there was, deep down in his heart, an aversion to the narrowness of Puritanic thought, and a vain striving after a wider sympathy with the beautiful things that God has created.

No doubt the return of Royalty was attended with considerable danger to Milton. We are told by Dr. Johnson, that his friends contrived to have a funeral in Milton's honor about this time, hoping, by this means, to

divert the public gaze from the blind poet, who a few years before had come forward as a justifier of regicide. He was, however, not regarded as a very potent factor in public life; for after a short confinement and the burning of his books, he was eventually allowed to end his days in peace. And now, having passed through the troublous times of civil war, and suffered the pains of domestic discord, and having borne bravely and manfully the heavy burdens that rest on the shoulders of humanity, already counting his years from the end instead of from the beginning, he turned himself to the task that had been on his mind all his life, the building

of his literary monument. As earthly forms faded gradually from his sight, the inner light seemed to shine more brightly. And Milton strove to redeem the loss of the most vigorous period of his life, by honest devotion in his old age to his one cherished object. Thus was produced "Paradise Lost," inimitable in its stately grandeur, glowing with the warmth of deep poetic fervor, portraying supernatural beings with a bold hand indeed, but at the same time with the mysterious indistinctness which is begotten of awe and reverence for the name of Deity.

M. C. M.

TO W. H.

WHAT was the name behind those capitals?
 Speak, shade of "W. H." Did Thomas Thorpe,
 That sly and subtle printer, make thee up
 To puzzle future ages? Answer me;
 If you "begot" the Sonnets Shakespeare wrote,
 Did you "inspire" or merely "gather" them?
 And while you are about it, tell me please,
 Who was the "other poet," and who, O who,
 The lady was? I "pause for a reply."

And while I pause, I hear a mocking laugh,
 A dry and crackling chuckle, "he, he-he"—
 It is the tinkling sneer of Thomas Thorpe
 From out the malebolge where jesters dwell
 Who set conundrums which the world can't guess,
 Then die and leave no key. Laugh on, "T. T."
 Some day I'll visit thee, and grip thy throat,
 And squeeze thy withered weazand; then ease up
 Until you gasp the truth about those manuscripts.

X.

IN AUGUST.

THE sun draws up the morning dew; in the blackberry tangle along the wall the dark berries hang thick among the leaves. Phyllis stays to pick them, staining her slender finger tips with the ripe fruit. She wears no hat for it is warm, and we but wander down the road in the early morning.

The sound of a bell comes to us from the pasture back of the pines—from time to time only, and now and again we miss it while we might count a hundred. The cows have just been driven out from the barn; the day is before them and they browse only on the grass that is tenderest in the morning dew.

We turn to gaze idly at the farmer's wagon that rolls down the road, Phyllis and I; it is loaded with yellow squashes, and we surmise in turn what the farmer's character may be—why should we not? There is nothing to hurry us; 't is early, and we will not go far down the road.

Three hay makers are swinging their long scythes in the field beyond. By the wall lie their coats. But a little space has been mowed, for the day's work is just begun. We stop to watch the grass falling over the swinging scythes, and now and then a flower nods and drops among the fallen blades.

They do not speak with each other as they work on, for a day of labor is before them; but Phyllis laughs merrily at my chance jest, and we stroll on again. At the oak tree where the road bends to the left and is lost among the low bushes, we will turn and come back.

The grass by the oak is dotted with acorns; Phyllis, sitting on the bank leans against the tree and her golden hair presses its gray bark. But why should we turn back? The long sunlit day is before us.

'Twere best just to stroll on so—forever.
H.

PARTED LOVE.

ARE thoughts of parted love the slaves of Misery
That ever prick us to unrest;
Or flowers of ease divine that gleam in Memory
Like lilies on the Styx's breast?

Conestogo.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN OLD PIPE.

I AM a gray haired physician sitting in my study after a long night ride, smoking an old pipe of mine. The room has the old bachelor aspect, with deep set, red curtained windows and a professional-looking desk in one corner. Strewn everywhere is a motley library, arranged in a wondrous disorder that no hand but mine can unravel. There is an open fire-place, some rare engravings, and Father Time in the shape of an old clock ticks softly from the mantle-piece. My pipe turned up just now from a heap of old rubbish. It is short, made of some dark wood, with the bowl carved into a human face with a hooked nose. What a rush of memories came over me as I looked at the worn out object. It has carried me back to a reverie of thirty years ago, yes to the very day when it struck my fancy and I bought it. My thoughts flew back even to the days of childhood, its little disappointments, its doubts and fears and hopes that seemed so large. It is idle to think of them now; rather I will recall from the past my college days over a quarter of a century ago. Then I was an enthusiast, more intense than most of my class, eager for the fray with the world, and looking forward in a vague sort of way to its end. I had plotted it all out in my busy college life, and it read like a romance, with trial in the beginning, but soon, very soon, the last chapter with its happy end. I saw very little desert with a great deal of mirage in my future, though then I did not know it was mirage.

I had a burning ambition to be great. I remember it well, as I smoke my pipe. It has gone where this smoke is going, and where my youth has gone. The pretty story of the historic heroes I was to rival proved but a fable. I remember well the day that the cruel fact was thrust upon me that I was but one of the common crowd. It seemed a stifling of my individuality to be let down among them from an aerial platform of my own making. There is nothing so bright as the quick play of the young imagination. When one is lowered to the miserable level of mediocrity, it can never sparkle again.

But we forget, and the second act of our lives is soon upon us. How quickly the fire glows and then dies away in dull, gray ashes! Really, my pipe is a work of art. The hand that fashioned it must have had the true artist's inspiration. The cynical face of that old man is the artist's conception of the man of the world or what the world had made of a man. He has been through it all, and his dim eyes see where mine are blind. For everything, he has that wicked, knowing, sneering look. He has seen scape-graces dodge the bailiff, and has smiled at them; unmoved he has seen young prodigals casting their pearls before swine. He has seen fair maidens sell themselves for gold, and has shut his eyes. I can imagine the poor sculptor after devoting his life to molding Madonnas, Angels, Minervas, and forms of all kinds of beauty and being unrequited by a selfish

world, to have carved this old man in despite as an image of moral perversion and satiety. Before, I have always repulsed this view of life. Perhaps it would have been better if I had not. But something impelled me. In after life, I have often wondered what that was; and it seemed to me that it was better to fail than to believe the world a mockery as the old man does, and that there was a certain love that covered up all disappointments and sorrows.

I remember well, as I sit smoking here, the time when I threw myself into work. I could not be a world-wide hero but there was still much for me to gain. The prize could not be far off, and if I were willing to work it would come soon. I could see the glittering objects of my fancy not far ahead, and I knew they would be easy to reach. I pressed on feverishly for a while, but the glitter of those prizes grew no brighter. I am fifty years old, and the prizes are little nearer now.

But I would have cared nothing for material things could I have had my one ideal desire. The ethereal fancies of life are most powerful with us. In the fairy tale, Prince Beaufort first slays the dragon and then kneels at the feet of the Princess Beauxyeux. I had not slain the mythical dragon, but

there was still the Princess Beauxyeux. The Princess of my fancy seemed to me a true woman. But let me not recall the long story of my love and disappointment. It is too painful even now.

These memories and many more are drawn out by the smoke of this historic pipe. The ghosts of broken faiths, lost hopes, and buried loves come crowding around me. To think that a pipe should have such potency! "Ah! who of us is happy in this world?" Thackeray says. There is always something left undone that might have been done. We can never quite reach the shore of a Paradise on Earth.

But the light of the hearth is dying, the dawn is breaking, and my pipe has gone out. And after all when the smoke-wreaths of our fancies here have vanished, who knows what dawn will break? It is so unreal, so unsatisfying, this life of ours. We long to see things as they are, to grasp the eternal truths and see the eternal beauty. And when discouraged by our failures, disheartened by our weakness, is it wholly wrong to hope, however unreasonably, that the future will be bright and to trust however blindly, in honor and virtue and right conquering in the end?

Proteus.

VERSE.

TO ——— ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SWEET lady, an it seem not over bold
Like minstrel song of eld I fain would smite
Upon sweet memory's strings of burnished gold,
Until they smitten ring, and bring delight
Arouse remembrance of a festal night
When all made merry; rippling laughter grew
To bursts of merriment; the bright jest flew
About the board. Recurrence of the day
For you, their queen, invoked your retinue
That sunshine be upon you all the way.

A wondrous privilege to thus behold.
So splendid and so brilliant was the sight,
But ah! the pity it can ne'er be told
As there it was. It baffles language quite—
The merry song, the brightest colors, light
That slender tapers shed, the dainty hue
Of flowers, ribbons, shimmering silks, a view
Of grace and beauty rare. A proud array
Of dainty gifts bespeak the hopes for you
That sunshine be upon you all the way.

A traveller taking leave of scenes of old,
From lofty look-out on a hill-top's height
A moment lingers to look back, enfold
The landscape in his yearning heart aright
Ere he depart. May this poor rhyme incite
To backward gaze, in fancy to renew
At times past scenes, and never bid adieu
To fond remembrance; still hear voices say
May joys attend your path, your friends be true,
That sunshine be upon you all the way.

O princess, other better bards shall write
And sweeter singer to you songs indite,
The verse to grace another natal day
Will smoother be, but truer wish ne'er might
That sunshine be upon you all the way.
R. P. B.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

"OH! go to the ant thou sluggard."
That's a proverb I never could see.
Indeed I've no time to go hunting up ants,
Let the creatures come to me. *S.*

AND A LITTLE CHILD.

A PRETTY childish voice entreated me—

The pleading eyes one could not well withstand—
 "Please draw a picture of a church so high
 The pointed tower shall reach the very sky."
 He thrust the pencil in my willing hand.

The would-be architect and eager child,
 Intent, a grand cathedral quickly planned.
 The outline of the tower I first did trace,
 A look of wonder crossed the child's sweet face
 "No, no, a church upon the ground should stand."

Rebuked I left my castle in the air
 And drew the church upon the solid ground,
 Hoping when tempted of great deeds to dream,
 That if the doing mean and irksome seem,
 A friend with wisdom like this child be found.
M. E. H.

A LACK OF CONFIDENCE.

"You trust me not?" When Bess or May
 Upon some luckless, ill-starred day,
 Returns your letters or your ring,
 With words which, mayhap, have their sting,
 Ah! then the world seems cold and gray.

Small wonder that your words convey
 Your grief that she should thus betray,
 Your love—that you say faltering,
 "You trust me not?"

But when with a request to pay
 Some grasping tradesman may display,
 Such poor taste as a bill to bring,
 A bill—for some poor, paltry thing,
 'Tis harder then to have to say:
 "You trust me not?"

B.

TRINITY COLORS.

OLD gold and blue,
 Old gold and blue,
 I must wear my colors
 But what can I do?
 When the gold I possess
 The blues I soon loose
 But minus the gold
 I'm overwhelmed with the blues!

J.

IN LENT.

THE cigarette, it always makes me ill,
 A pipe, it brings on nausea or a cramp,
 So I've forsworn the weed, but still I smoke
 That is—the chimney of my study lamp.

S.

AN UNMATCHED SAMPLE.

A TOME I took from the public shelves—
 I vow the one who reads such delves
 Mid words whose length defy.

But there a piece of filmy "stuff,"
 Of dainty blue, and just enough
 To "match" a color by.

Between page forty-two and three,
 That treat of Dutch Theology,
 In innocence did lie.

Now how a maid who read this book
 In such a dainty gown would look
 Does quite my fancy try.

Do you, fair "sample," be my guide,
 We'll find her, trust, whate'er betide.
 And worship her for aye.

H.

RONDEAU.

THAT other night was Love's, the wight,
 That other moon whose gentle light
 Came creeping o'er the fields of snow
 To meet us in the hearth's red glow,
 Now witch and mock my dreamy sight.

I seem to see those eyes so bright,
 Those truant locks of gold that plight
 Their power to call from long ago,
 That other night.

If dreams my heart can ease then might
 I dream kind lies for aye—her white
 Fair face, I see—her lips in low,
 Sweet words now move—ah, well I know—
 'Tis memory's delusive sprite,
 That other night.

Conestogo.

PURE GAIN.

THE poet said, "I've sold a song,
 And got a check so clean and bright,
 We'll have the spending of it."
 "Dear boy," replied his friends, "you're right
 Not to retain that money long,
 Because it's all clear profit."

Jerry Simpson.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

A MEETING of the Tennis Association was held in the Latin room last Saturday, for the election of officers. Dr. W. L. Robb was re-elected president; E. P. Hamlin, '95, secretary, and N. T. Pratt, '94, treasurer. Two amendments to the constitution were made whereby the association takes from the Athletic Association the management of the tennis affairs in college and whereby any one not a member may use the courts by the payment of one dollar a term. From the candidates for the Athletic Team

C. A. Lewis, '93, has been chosen captain and will have charge of the men together with Trainer Foster. Following is a list of the candidates: A. Gage, '96; W. Gage, '96; Gunning, '96; Williams, '96; Leffingwell, '96; Horne, '93; Carter, '94; Belden, '94; Monaghan, '93; Zook, '96; Underwood, '96; Stoddard, '94; Penrose, '95; Reese, '95; Allen, '94; Macauley, '95; Judd, '93; Jobe, '93; Briscoe, '95; Hicks, '95; and Forward, '96. Several of the men will enter the Columbia Cycle Club games.

The annual indoor meeting of the Athletic Association will be held in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, March 23rd. The Inter-class Cup which was first competed for last year will be competed for again this year, first prizes counting two points and second prizes one point. The McCrackan Cup for the best all-round athlete will count three points for the class a member of which wins it. The following events will be on the programme subject to change and addition: Running high jump, standing high jump, running high kick, vaulting, twenty yards' dash, ring jump, putting shot and rope climbing.

The Oratoricals will be held in Alumni Hall on Tuesday evening, April 11th. Horne, Wilson and Niles, have been appointed on the committee of arrangements.

The fourth German will be held on Thursday evening, April 6th, the leaders being W. P. Niles and H. H. Pelton. A novelty is promised in the line of favors.

L. V. Lockwood, '93, has resigned the chairmanship of the Finance committee of the senior class and J. W. Lewis has taken the position. The chairmen of the other committees are: Reception, J. C. Bulkeley; Class-Day, C. C. Barton, Jr.; Invitations, B. P. Parker; Music, W. C. D. Willson; and Photographs, W. E. Conklin. Estimates of expenses should be sent to the Finance committee by the various committees as soon as possible.

It is proposed in place of the regular college field meeting to have joint games with Wesleyan at Charter Oak Park. Two dates have been suggested but neither one decided upon.

Charles Judd, '93, has charge of the boy-choir at St. James' Church.

L. L. Leonard, '96, has taken control of the college store.

C. A. Horne, '93, represented Trinity at the recent meeting of the I. A. A., held in New York.

Prof. F. S. Luther is conducting a Sunday afternoon Bible-class at St. John's Church, under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Dr. Hart is delivering his usual Friday evening Lenten lectures in his rooms, besides a course on the prayer-book on Wednesday afternoons at Christ Church.

THE TABLET and Ivy boards sat for their pictures on Wednesday of last week.

The Ivy will probably be out just before the spring vacation. A new feature will be pictures of several rooms in college.

GLEE CLUB SPRING TRIP.

The first trip ever taken by the Trinity musical clubs will occur this year during the spring recess, when the three clubs will spend a week on the road. Satisfactory arrangements have been made, and the trip is sure to be a success

as the clubs were never in better condition than now. In Poughkeepsie the concert will be in Vassar Hall, and in New York at the Lenox Lyceum. Following is the schedule:

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| Waterbury, | April 14. |
| New Milford, | " 15. |
| Chatham, | " 17. |
| Troy, | " 18. |
| Albany, | " 19. |
| Poughkeepsie, | " 20. |
| New York, | " 21. |

The clubs leave Hartford on Friday and disband in New York on the following Friday.

Two regular concerts will be given before that time: South Hadley, March 21st, and West Hartford, March 24th, besides several charity concerts.

The Mandolin Club is becoming quite the rage in town and is in great demand for concerts, lectures and sociables.

A new song written by G. S. Waters, '87, entitled "The Summer Man," has just been taken up by the Glee Club.

EASTER DRAMATICS.

On Tuesday in Easter week the three act comedy, "A Widow Hunt," will be given in Alumni Hall by members of the Dramatic Association, assisted by the young ladies who took part in "Engaged" last year. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of a new curtain and new scenery. There will be dancing after the play. Following is the cast.

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Felix Featherly, who neglects his wife to oblige his friends | W. S. Schutz. |
| Frank Icebrook, an ardent admirer of widows, | H. G. Barbour. |
| Major Wellington de Boots, a blasted, blustering militiaman | J. M. McGann. |
| Trap, a servant | W. F. Dyett. |
| Mrs. Featherly, who regains the attentions of her husband, | Miss Helen Webb. |
| Mrs. Major de Boots, a scheming better half, | Miss Eliza McCook. |
| Mrs. Swandown, a widow with many admirers, | Miss Florence Buck. |
| Fanny, a maid | Not filled. |

BASE BALL GAMES.

The base-ball management has already arranged the following schedule of games, subject to changes and additions:

| |
|--|
| April 8, Wesleyan, at Middletown. |
| April 15, Columbia, at New York. |
| April 17, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. |
| April 29, Amherst, at Amherst. |
| May 3, Wesleyan, at Hartford. |
| May 6, Amherst "Aggies," at Hartford. |
| May 11, Fordham, at New York. |
| May 13, Orange Athletic Club, at East Orange. |
| May 25, Fordham, at Hartford. |
| May 27, Amherst "Aggies," at Amherst. |

Arrangements are also being made for games with Yale Law School, Lehigh, Lafayette, College City of New York, Johns Hopkins, Georgetown University, and others. If the finances of the association warrant, it is proposed to take a southern trip during the spring recess which will include the games with Columbia, U. of P., Lehigh, Lafayette, Johns Hopkins, and Georgetown University. Such a trip will be of inestimable value to the college, awakening a fresh interest among the alumni in these places, and giving the team hard practice for games later in the season. It is hoped that the subscriptions will be generous enough to allow this trip.

DISCONTINUANCE OF HAZING.

At a college meeting held in the Latin room on Tuesday, March 7th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the statement in Monday's papers concerning the recent hazing in the college was greatly exaggerated, and the unknown author of the false account is heartily condemned.

Resolved, That the four classes of the college in joint session as a united body, hereby determine and agree that they shall discontinue, disapprove, and discourage all hazing in this college so long as they remain in it, and that they hereby give assurance to the faculty of their belief that hazing is here and now discontinued.

These resolutions, which explain themselves, were sent to the faculty and an acknowledgment received on the next day. The whole trouble arose from an article which appeared in the *Hartford Courant* of March 6th, concerning hazing at Trinity, and by this paper put on the United Press wires. The report was grossly exaggerated in many particulars. Feeling that such reports only injure the name of the college and that there should be not even any grounds

for them, these resolutions were brought before the college and adopted.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES, TRINITY TERM, '93.

No. 2, Due April 14th.

- Freshmen* *a*—Thackeray's "Barry Lindon," or "The Newcomes." (Note the character drawing.)
 b—Mary, Queen of Scots.
 c—Parallel between William the Silent and Washington.
- Sophomores*, *a*—Webster's Speech in Reply to Hayne. (Outline argument.)
 b—Shelley's "Sensitive Plant." Has it any spiritual significance?
 c—The Development of Character from "Prince Hal" to King Henry V., as shown by Shakespeare.
- Juniors*, *a*—Browning's "Pippa Passes," or "Stratford."
 b—Thomas Hood—(Man and Poet.)
 c—The Development of Character from "Prince Hal" to King Henry V., as shown by Shakespeare.

NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

WHEREAS God in His infinite wisdom during the past year has deemed it best to remove from earth our true and well beloved ex-President, Charles Otis Wells, and

WHEREAS, We feel that the Association has lost by his death, a tried and loyal friend, and one ever interested in her welfare and progress, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his relatives and to all who are bereaved by his death.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the records of the Association, and that a copy of the same be printed in the various papers of the associate colleges.

HENRY T. NOVES, JR, } Committee
 CLARENCE W. MCKAY, } for the
 LEON B. BACON, } Convention.

Boston, February 11, '93.

Subscribers are urged to pay their bills at once. All subscriptions should have been paid in September or October and payments not yet made are over six months overdue.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. W. W. WEBB, '82, and the Rev. M. L. COWL, '83, are among the lecturers announced for the Westminster Summer School for Priests in July next.

The Rev. H. B. HITCHINGS, '54, has lately made a visit to the Hawaiian Islands, arriving there just after the revolution.

The Rev. GEORGE W. WEST, '72, has become assistant at the Church of the Messiah, Providence, R. I.; his post-office address is Olneyville, R. I.

The engagement is announced of L. W. DOWNES, '88, and Miss SEAGRAVE of Providence.

The engagement is announced of L. F. SENNETT, '89, and Miss BENSON of Auburn.

MARRIED—at the Pearl St. Congregational Church, Hartford, at high noon Wednesday, March 15th, DAVID VAN SCHAACK, '91, and Miss GRACE CHETWOODE BULKELEY. Among the ushers were G. N. HAMLIN, '91, best man; R. H. SCHUTZ, '89; W. E. A. BULKELEY, '90; J. C. BULKELEY, '93; and L. A. CARTER, '93.

NECROLOGY.

The Rev. STEPHEN HENRY BATTIN, a graduate in the class of 1839, died at his home in Jersey City, February 23rd, aged 79 years. Mr. BATTIN studied theology at the General Seminary and held rectorships in New York, Indiana and Ohio; then about 1864 he became first rector of Christ Church, Jersey City, for which, when the congregation increased, he built a handsome church at his own cost. A few years ago he retired with the title of rector emeritus.

SAMUEL BROOM WARREN, valedictorian of the class of 1859, died at his home in Cincinnati, O., on the 28th day of February. Mr. WARREN had devoted himself entirely to mercantile life, and held positions of trust and honor in the community. He was the author of several essays and addresses, and in 1875 he delivered the annual oration before the Alumni at Commencement, his subject being "Religion and Science."

ON THE WALK.

THE days go by and the Stroller strolls up again to deliver his little oration. It is that season of the year when all the college seems to have conceived an insane desire to have their pictures taken. College men go down town by the dozen and photographers are getting rich and prosperous, that is, they will, when they get their money. College rooms teem with groups of uniformly handsome Trinity students, trying to solace their injured vanity with muttered imprecations—not so low but that they reach the Stroller's ear—against the double-dyed villain, Tomkins, who has left our friend's aquiline nose a little out of focus. *Let us hope that no aspiring journalistic artist will try to copy these works of art for his newspaper, for, if so, the college man's vanity will suffer a blow from which it will never recover; and that would be a sad misfortune, indeed.

* * *
SPRING and the *Ivy* are coming out together soon and to this end, all these portraits, good, bad and indifferent, have been taken. The gentlemen of the board are complaining, as usual, of hard times and scanty advertisements. Among other things, the Stroller heard that a prominent furnishing firm of the city declined to advertise, and stated that they did not want the college trade. Now as long as college vanity lasts, (and the Stroller may be excused if he thinks it will survive even newspaper photographs), the college exquisite will continue to array himself in all the styles which this prominent furnishing establishment can heap upon him. It is safe to conclude

that the establishment is profiting largely by this harmless trait of the Trinity youth, and it is rather impolitic as well as ungrateful for that firm and other firms to refuse our annual, an advertisement.

* * *
THE Stroller likes gayety, but there occasionally comes a touch of seriousness to relieve it. He grants that a good deal has happened lately to irritate the public mind. The interesting accounts of our disinterested friends, the newspapers, have made us a trifle indignant. And it is doubtless provoking, as well as laughable, to read that two of the stoutest and sturdiest Freshmen in college shinned up a greased pole and slid down again "with the most serious consequences," and had a little race in pajamas and water-basins across their room, "which was attended with nearly fatal results." All this may have occasioned a great deal of talk and some just indignation. But certain reports have come to the Stroller's sharp ears, accusing some college organizations, THE TABLET among the number, with partiality. Now THE TABLET will be the very last to go back on any part or parcel of the college world. It has always stood up for the student body and has tried to be faithful and fair in every particular. If any one has anything to say against this, the Stroller hopes that he will come forward and speak out, and not slander a loyal college organization behind its back.

The Stroller.

AMONG THE EXCHANGES.

THE Exchange Editor wishes that he had page upon page at his disposal so that THE TABLET readers could see all the excellent verse appearing in our Exchanges. We can only clip:

SONNET ON THE SONNET.

THOU lyre of fourteen strings, whose melody
Comprises all the chords of subtle fate,
That sounds now heights of love, now depths of hate,
And now shrill notes of tensest ecstasy,
Then minor sighs of mournful misery!
The heart that throbs with bounding hope elate,
The solemn soul to study consecrate,
All find thy notes both true enough and free.
When with a sudden ardor half divine,
The soul creates with but a single blow
Thy perfect mould of thought and form; and lo!
A reflex of its mood it can enshrine,
Made from itself, clear cut and crystalline;
A sonnet is a soul's intaglio.

Williams Weekly.

LA VILLANELLE.

O LAUGHING, lilting villanelle,
O song of music and of grace,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell,
Drive to her solitary cell
Pale Sorrow of the mournful face,
O laughing, lilting villanelle;
All sighs and moans and tears dispel,
And let thy music fill their place,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell;
Throw for a moment thy sweet spell
O'er Love in his mad, wayward chase,
O laughing, lilting villanelle,
That he may all his secrets tell
For you to voice with careless grace,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell.
Sweet springtide song, let thy sounds swell
With mirth and love in equal pace,
O laughing, lilting villanelle,
Like rippling chime of sweet-toned bell.

Cornell Era.