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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

No. 2.

Published every three weeks during the college year.

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L. L. LEONARD, '96, *Business Manager.*

W. W. PARSONS, '96, *Literary Editor.*

P. J. MCCOOK, '95.

F. M. GODDARD, '96.

J. C. UNDERWOOD, '96.

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EDITORIALS.

THE foot-ball season is almost past and the other forms of undergraduate activity will soon be freed from the necessity of competing with that engrossing topic of thought and conversation. Already the rehearsals of the musical organizations are in full swing, and two concerts have been given. In Dramatics also a successful season is expected, and Prof. Johnson's new play is being learned. Before long the track and baseball teams will begin training. There is perhaps no better time than now to speak on the well worn subject of the student's duty to college organizations. Although this is not so true of Trinity as of most colleges, there are comparatively few who take an active part in undergraduate enterprises, and those few usually belong to a number of organizations and are consequently overworked. Now it is far from THE TABLET'S intention to undervalue a man's regular study, which is of course the

chief object of his coming to college. But no student can realize too strongly how rare a chance for refinement he holds within his grasp. There are certainly not many who are not capable of helping some organization, whether literary, athletic or musical. And general participation in all branches of college life will not only strengthen all our organizations beyond measure, but will also lead to a general increase in ambition among the participants.

* * * * *

THE October *Arena* contains a very interesting article by Carl Voorman on "College Debating." The advantages of a debating club are many. It accustoms men to public speaking, and it puts them in touch with the problems and thought of the day. It stimulates an interest in the important questions of our time which are before the world of thinkers, and is of great educational and practical value. In the article above referred to, many of the profitable results arising from a series of public debates are well set forth. THE TABLET desires to call the attention of the students to this article, with the hope that some interest in this direction may be manifested. Now that the reading room has been opened again there is, we have reason to hope, some desire for literary pursuits among us. A good debating club would be a very pleasant and profitable acquisition, and would prove of great benefit to the College at large, and to the students individually.

* * * * *

THIS obstinate visit of the early snow has been most unfortunate for foot-ball. If the weather had continued respectable, the home game with Wesleyan would already have been played and the return contest at hand. But as affairs stand now we are eminently unlikely to meet Wesleyan in foot-ball this season. The Hartford game was to have been played on Wednesday, November 7. Two days before that date Wesleyan's manager met Trinity's

captain and manager and expressed a desire to have the game postponed on the grounds that a number of the Middletown men were ill and the team altogether in poor condition to play us. Under the circumstances the Trinity management consented to postpone the game, although in no way bound so to do. But the depth of snow on Saturday made playing then impossible. On the following Monday Trinity's captain and manager went to Middletown to attempt to make some understanding about the game. By previous agreement Trinity was entitled to the first game on the home grounds. But the Wesleyan management insisted that the first meeting must take place on their grounds on the 17th, while they would be willing to return the game the next Wednesday or Thursday, but not later! Then the Trinity manager proposed one game instead of two, that one to be played on neutral territory. But not even was this proposal satisfactory to the Wesleyan manager, although their own field is covered with ice and snow. At Tuesday's College meeting the final decision was left to the management, although the sentiment of the meeting was against playing, under these circumstances. THE TABLET has attempted to set forth as clearly as possible the history of the controversy, and leaves the public to form conclusions for itself. The Trinity team has been forced, out of justice to itself, to do without a game which had been anticipated during the whole season, and which it was anxious to play. We understand that Wesleyan has been playing in hard luck this year, and we have no wish to be unjust. But this refusal to make the smallest concession in the interest of an equitable agreement we consider inexcusable.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH it is still rather early to pass judgment on the musical clubs, it would seem from the showing made in the preliminary concerts that the Muse has seldom smiled on Trinity as

she has this year. This is particularly noticeable in the Glee Club, where the voices are pronounced better than they have been in a number of years, while the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, although not so rich in material, give promise of surpassing those of previous years. We learn that the management is planning an extended Southern trip for the Spring vacation, and it is our hope that such work may be done by the clubs as to warrant the venture. In no way is the College brought to the public notice more pleasantly than by good musical organizations, and we wish our clubs every success for the coming season.

* * * * *

THE renewed activity of the Press Club should be a cause of congratulation to all who have the interest of the College at heart. THE TABLET has been trying for a year to make the Club feel the importance of the work which it should perform, and we rejoice to see that our efforts have finally borne fruit in the re-organization recently effected. The careful division of the papers among the members and the interest displayed by all in the work promises well for the future of the Club.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE 'S a pedlar, and upon his back
 Bent by the weight of many years outrun,
 He bears forever an enormous pack
 Stuffed with the means of tempting everyone.
 Diamonds and crowns, he offers, but his price
 For these mere baubles, who could call it great?
 Only a life laid down in sacrifice,
 Only the loss of love, the gain of hate.

H. R. R.

WITCHCRAFT.

THE year was 1687. On New Year's Day of that year in the New England Colony, a solitary figure was walking over the hard trodden snow on the road to Salem village. It was Obadiah Loundes, full six feet tall, broad shouldered, and as strong as an ox. Obadiah was the pride of the village and rightly too, for he had a handsome face, a merry eye, and a heart full of good intentions. It was he who made the hearts of the little Puritan maidens flutter as they wended their way to and from singing school, where they had to cross the kissing-bridge, at which, just in the middle, it was the escort's right to collect the toll ; or to the husking. Lucky indeed was she considered who had him for an escort, and many were the little enmities and quarrels that arose over him, but even now Rumor's little messengers, quick and invisible, whispered it abroad that Obadiah had at last been caught in the net, and that shortly only one would occupy his thoughts. He also was the standby of the choir which on Sunday, vainly endeavored to sing the Psalms, after their recital by the grey haired dominie.

But now as he plods slowly along the road everything appears to him as if touched by the hand of Death. The New Year seems to bring no happy thoughts and no good resolutions. He passes along with his eyes on the ground and in them is a far-away look ; the traces of care and sorrow plainly show themselves on his face, and his gait is that of an old man.

The crusade against witches was still in progress in the Massachusetts colony. Not only were the old hags and the weak-minded branded with the name and executed, but the young and old suffered alike. A slight personal ill-will was sufficient cause for accusation. The morbid desires of the people must be satisfied regardless of the means or manner.

Times were hard with the colonists ; the winter was severe, provisions scarce, and the Indians troublesome and treacherous. The

ship which they daily expected with supplies did not arrive, and a spirit of despondency and faint-heartedness seemed to take possession of all.

While Obadiah was on his way to the village, a crowd gradually collected around the door of the building where the provincial court held session. There was an air of bustle and excitement in the crowd, as this was to be the first witchcraft trial of the new year. The court room was small and bare. At the upper end the three judges entered from a side room and took their seats, then the prisoner was conducted into the pen, and there, leaning against the rough-hewn railing, sobbed and moaned piteously, Jane Grey, a simple name, but one with a history. The girl was of slight build but graceful figure; her finely cut features and her dark complexion made a fine setting to her lustrous black eyes. She was descended from and had been herself a member of one of the wandering Gipsy tribes of England. A future queen of one of them, she had voluntarily quitted her companions and sailed away to the new land with a band of enthusiasts. Her tribe had settled for the winter at a small town, where the civilized manners and customs, of which her people had no knowledge, had attracted and drawn her into a new and, as she thought, a higher mode of life. She had moved to Salem with the family of a well-to-do farmer, in which she occupied a position between that of servitude and relationship.

Jane Grey was by nature unlike the majority of the colonists. Her living with them and her changed life could not obliterate the inborn characteristics of her nature. Everything went smoothly enough at first but later the distrust with which her race was regarded in the mother country was felt even in the colonies. For the amusement of the children and to cure imaginary ills she used to mutter her incantations, to tell the weird stories of her race, and to read fortunes from the hand or the dregs of a tea-cup. Then they began to distrust her. Mothers warned their children to beware

of this really pure and innocent girl. This feeling of distrust grew stronger as time went by and suspicion rested on her, and Jane was accused of being a witch.

But in these afflictions she had one friend, true and noble indeed. Her beauty and cheerful nature had attracted Obadiah Loundes' attraction which speedily developed into love. And the love was warmly returned.

But to return to our story. In the court house the court had been called to order and the trial begun. To describe it would be merely to repeat an old history. Suffice it to say that the trial was short. Within half an hour after it was begun Jane Grey was condemned to be burned at the stake. A long, low groan escaped the prisoner's lips as she heard her sentence. She fell unconscious to the floor. During the interval between the sentence and the time of its execution, from day to day, Obadiah wandered aimlessly about, and at night tossed restlessly on his bed awaiting sleep, which seldom came.

All communication between them had been cut off, and thus the two months before the day of execution wore on.

On Deacon's Hill—which overlooks the ocean—the stake had been erected.

The ship had not yet come with supplies. The long days rolled on and no speck dotted the distant horizon ; the watchers on the hill looked in vain although the wind blew from a favorable direction.

At length the fated day arrived—a dark, dismal day. Thick banks of fog rested heavily on the air and not a breeze stirred.

In silence, for the gloom oppressed them, the people climbed the hill. Slowly, for all her strength had left her, Jane was led up by the bailiff's men. How changed she is ! How worn and haggard ! Slowly they approached the sacrificial pyre, and a shudder passes over her frame as she sees the stake. With strong arms her fainting form is lifted to the stake and bound with rough cords which lacerate her flesh.

Apart from the eager and curious crowd stands Obadiah Loundes ; through the mist he can just distinguish the outlines of her form ; the muscles of his face work convulsively, and in his hands he clutches with the grip of a madman a slender shining piece of steel. The bailiff is busy attempting to kindle a torch, but the damp air renders the task difficult,—and meanwhile Obadiah's body swings backward and forward, his grasp tightens on his weapon. The torch now burning, is ready to be applied to the fagots. The bailiff advances, Jane turns her head towards Obadiah, and on those features is a heavenly smile. His eyes rest on her for a moment and a seeming convulsion seizes his whole body, his eyes roll, and his muscles swell ; he steps forward, raises the dagger to his arm's length and—Boom ! Boom ! Boom ! Three cannon shots ring out one after another. God be praised ! The ship has come ! The wind now springing up lifts the fog, and lo ! entering the harbor with colors flying and guns saluting, is the good ship Queen Bess.

The torch and the dagger, held meanwhile in suspense, are dropped to the ground, and the people with one accord rush from the scene of intended death and hasten down the hill to the wharf. All thoughts of burning and death are swept away by the advent of the ship.

With tender arms Obadiah lifts her suffering form from the stake.

The ship brought besides provisions and supplies a command from King William, that trial and punishment for witchcraft be abolished from that date forever

* * * * *

Not far from the village of Salem is a pile of stones now partially covered by earth and bushes, which, as the story goes was the home of Jane and Obadiah Loundes.

T.

THE TWO SOULS.

FIRST SOUL.

AY surely 'tis a bitter thing to die
As I died, suddenly, alone ; to be
Asleep at night ; to wake in agony
All stabbed and bloody, and to know not why ;
To feel your life blood ebbing, no help nigh ;
To think it all a dream ; to hear steps flee ;
To try to call ; to swoon—Assuredly,
This is a bitter death ! And so died I.

SECOND SOUL.

But to die slowly, knowingly ; ah me !
To drift like some wrecked mariner, and see
Life's helpless hulk creep on, blown by the breath
Of slow, sure winds ; to see the mists crawl near,
The cold moist mists, and through the white veil peer—
O God !—the gray and haggard face of Death.

L.

PROSE PASTELS.

THE VAGRANT.

A DIRTY youngster he looked, as he stood that day on the street corner, carefully trying to find some sound spot in a crushed banana. There was something picturesque in his ragged clothes, in his smutched face and his large brown eyes, which made me stand, all unobserved, and watch him. Suddenly a man, short and heavily built, with a worn look expressed on his face, stepped out of his shop door. He gazed near-sightedly up and down the street, then, catching a glimpse of my vagrant, came softly behind him, collared him, gave him a resounding slap on the ear, and marched him home, cuffing and scolding him all the way.

Two days later the shop was closed and the blinds down, while above in a little room lay something covered with a white sheet. Stealthily the door opened, and with a soft step my vagrant slipped in. For a moment he stood still, hesitated, and peered in the dim light at the form on the bed. Then, as if fascinated, slowly he crept nearer and nearer, until with a trembling finger he touched the corpse. Evidently reassured by its passiveness, he carefully pulled the sheet from off the face, and as the well-known features showed themselves, he stopped and looked at them for a while in silence. Then coming close to the dead man's ear, he said: "There you've *got* ter lie. Yer can't get up any more *now* ter hit me," then quickly turned and fled from the room.

H. R. R.

THE SAGES' DANCE.

[*After Men-Lik Li.*]

WITH my pen dipped in syrup I wrote soothing lies that were false.

The Sages and Mortals rejoiced together ; they danced on glistening clouds.

Then I took my pen dipped in gall and told true tales of Mortals, and the Mortals writhed and were vexed at the writer.

But the Sages approved.

Again I took the same pen and it wrote true tales of the Sages. The Mortals grinned but the Sages were wroth at the writer and broke the pen.

And now I no longer tell true tales with my pen dipped in gall.

L.

TO ———.

O FRIEND, so false to me ! What can I say ?
O hopes, that once in distant times seemed bright,
Ye prove but phantoms of an unreal day,
And lie deep buried in the black of night.

Must everyone be thus so deeply torn ?
And must our visions clear and free and high,
From inspiration's spirit bred and born,
All pass away with a regret and sigh ?

L. P.

ATHLETICS.

TRINITY 4, WORCESTER TECH 0.

IN the game with Worcester Tech on October 27th, Trinity played well against superior weight and won deservedly. The Worcester backs and tackles got through the Trinity line for steady gains rather too often, but hardly more than was to be expected, in view of the fact that they rarely tried anything else when they had the ball. The line-up was as follows: Trinity, Captain Strawbridge, r. e., Harris, Worcester; T., Penrose, r. t., Leland, W.; T., Merwin, r. g., Davis, W.; T., Lord, c., Riley, W.; T., A. Langford, l. g., Brigham, W.; T., Buell, l. t., Buff, W.; T., McCook, l. e., Cunningham, W.; T., Coggeshall, q., Captain Warren, W.; T., Beecroft, r. h., Mayo, W.; T., Cogswell, l. h., Allen, W.; T., W. Langford, f. b., Morse, W. Worcester kicked off. Trinity got the ball without gain. Fumble lost five yards. Langford gained three yards through center. Kick on fourth down. Trinity's ball on kick. Beecroft made twenty yards around left end. Worcester's ball on fumble. Trinity's ball on downs. Buell and Langford went through center for short gains. Worcester's ball on downs. Kick. Trinity's ball. Beecroft left end, Langford through center for short gains. Buell tackled behind the line, lost five yards. Langford through left tackle, short gain. Worcester's ball on downs. Trinity's ball on downs. Langford went around right end for five yards, Beecroft around left end for twenty yards and touchdown. Langford failed to kick goal. Lord stopped Worcester's kick-off. Trinity got ball and lost it on downs, after short gain by Langford. Kick. Worcester's ball. Here

Worcester began a series of short rushes through the center, rarely making five yards on one down, which, without once losing the ball, carried it to Trinity's twenty-yard line just as time was called for the first half, which had lasted twenty minutes. On Trinity's kick-off, Worcester made five yards, then came another series of short center gains, some of five yards, lasting for several first downs, till Trinity finally got the ball on downs. Beecroft went around left end for short gain. Buell lost. Langford made short gains, left tackle and end. Three downs, kick blocked, Worcester's ball. Worcester made two short center gains. Trinity's ball on downs. Langford, left end, fifteen yards on flying interference. Same play right end, four yards. Buell lost ground.

Three downs. Kick. Worcester, right end, five yards. More short center gains, varied by an occasional end play. Two center gains of five yards. One right end gain of five yards, and a short center gain, left them on Trinity's fifteen-yard line when time was called after a twenty minute half. Trinity was able to work the end interference, both ordinary and flying, for big gains more often than not. It is doubtful if this could be done so successfully against good ends. There is room for improvement. Center gains were few and small. The backs should start quicker and hit the line with greater speed. The line held well, on the whole, but did not break through enough, Buell being the only man to do anything noticeable. Coggeshall and W. Langford tackled well. There is still room for improvement in the latter's kicking. Also fumbles are still too frequent. Beecroft played well for a new man. McCook played a good game. So did Strawbridge, especially in his breaking up flying interference.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE TABLET wishes to increase its subscription list, and to accomplish this end has decided to offer a premium for new subscribers. The premium selected is the Favorite Camera, No. D, manufactured by the Scovill & Adams Co., New York City. It will be given to the first student who obtains *ten new paid up* subscriptions. The names must be obtained outside of the College.

The camera is a tripod camera, capable of producing pictures $6\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size, and furnished with achromatic lens, carrying case, etc. That it is made by the Scovill & Adams Co., is a sufficient guarantee of its real worth.

In case a detective camera is preferred, arrangements have been made with the firm by which any camera or photographic apparatus of the same value, can be selected instead.

All subscriptions, with the exception of those that win the premium, will be paid for at the rate of thirty-five cents each. If any further information is desired, it will be cheerfully furnished by the business manager.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

LIPS are pink and flowers are fair,
And gleams of gold light his sunny hair :
Time is young.

White clouds dally, shadows shrink,
And the grasshopper shrills on the stream's dry brink :
Time is a man.

Grey birds rise and grey leaves fall,
And a milky haze hangs over all :
Time is old.

Icicles point to rigid graves,
And the pine-trees roar like distant waves :
Time is dead.

J. W. C.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

THE Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert at West Hartford on Friday night, November 9. Owing to threatening weather, but a small number were present to hear the well rendered selections of the clubs.

The reading room is now open though the list of papers is not a very long one.

President Smith and Professor Ferguson attended a recent meeting of the New England Association of Colleges, at Amherst.

The Junior class officers for this term are M. H. Coggeshall, President ; W. F. Dyett, Vice-President ; E. Parsons, Secretary, and H. A. Knapp, Treasurer.

The Sophomore officers are G. E. Cogswell, President ; G. S. McCook, Vice-president ; H. A. Allen, Secretary ; and H. W. Heyward, Treasurer.

The Freshman officers are D. C. Graves, President ; Carter, Vice-president ; Travers, Secretary ; P. Cooke, Treasurer.

The Ninety-six *Ivy* board, with commendable promptness, has already begun work. It is composed of Potter, Parsons, Dyett, Olcott, Coggeshall, Street, Custer and Zook.

The new Catalogue is in press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

Dr. Beach lectured on Hygiene to the Freshmen during the week November 5-10.

Some of the recent visitors to the College were Smith, Pelton Dean, and French, '93, and F. C. Edgerton, '94.

ICELAND SPAR.

IN a lecture on Physics, Jags heard,
 "With one glass, two objects you see ;
 While with two you see four ;
 And with three several more,"
 But he thought, "It takes more to queer me."

At a College meeting held on the 13th, resolutions were passed that unless Wesleyan agreed to reasonable terms, the game should be given up. The arrangement of the details were left to a committee composed of Prof. Luther, Assistant Manager Morris and Captain Strawbridge.

The new members of the German Club from '95 are, Burke, Burrage, Leffingwell, Littell, McCook ; from '96, Dyett, W. Gage and Sibley ; from '97, Allen and Cogswell. The officers are, President, Strawbridge ; Vice-president, E. P. Hamlin ; Secretary and Treasurer, Barbour. The first German will be given on Thursday the 22nd, with W. W. Parsons and W. Gage as leaders.

Through the kindness of Prof. Ferguson, the Football Team has had the services of a professional rubber during the season.

Prof. Luther made preparations for a careful observation of the recent transit of Mercury, but was unable to obtain any observations of practical importance because of the unfavorable weather.

The rehearsals of the Dramatic Association are progressing steadily, and the presentation of these plays will probably be sometime during the first or second weeks of December. The cast for "Chums" is :

Mr. Breed, A Vermont Squire,		Mr. Danker.
Harry Breed, A. B., Trinity, His Son, }	} Chums,	{ Mr. Barbour.
Tom Burnham, Leading Lady of the } Trinity College Dramatic Ass'n., }		
Flora Strong, Mr. Breed's Niece,		_____
Mrs. Breed,		Mr. Burrage.

That for "Germs" the new comedy in one act by Prof. Johnson, is :	
Miss Gustasia Lucretia Hope,	Mr. Willard.
Dr. Expectantius Crowley,	Mr. Barbour.
Mr. Promiscus Norwood,	Mr. Dyett.
Miss Geraldine Mandesy,	Mr. Burrage.
Servant,	_____

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert last evening, Nov. 16, at Tariffville, before an appreciative audience.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs are to assist at a concert to be given by the Odd Fellows, on Friday, Nov. 23.

THE REASON WHY.

I'VE never yet been called a dude,
 I scorn to follow fashion's lead,
 I'm very modest in my dress,
 But still I'm willing to concede
 That one good style has been brought out,
 I've followed it these many moons,
 I wear these long-tailed coats to hide
 The patches on my pantaloons.

L. L. L.

THE TABLET has been requested to call the attention of the college to a generous offer recently made by an Alumnus of Trinity to give a liberal subscription to the Football Team as soon as all the subscriptions of the college men have been paid. It is hoped that all those who have promised anything to the support of the team will not delay about paying their subscriptions, and that those who have not subscribed will do so at once and raise the deplorably low average.

The Library is open every day from 10 to 11 and from 3 to 4. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 to 3, and on Saturday from 10 to 1.

The old distilling apparatus in use in the Chemical Laboratory has been supplanted by a new one, and provision has been made for supplying oxygen, hydrogen, and compressed air to the lecture room and laboratory.

The attention of the students is called to THE TABLET'S offer of a valuable camera for only ten new subscribers, as explained on another page. It is a liberal offer and well worth striving for.

The following statistics of the foot ball team, up to the time of going to press, may prove of interest :

NAME.	AGE.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	NO. OF GAMES PLAYED.
✓ Penrose, '95,	22 yrs.	5 ft. 10 in.	167 lbs.	5
✓ McCook, '95,	21 yrs.	5 ft. 8 in.	135 lbs.	5
✓ Strawbridge, '95,	20 yrs.	6 ft. 0 in.	153 lbs.	5
✓ Langford, '96,	20 yrs.	5 ft. 10 in.	160 lbs.	5
✓ Coggeshall, '96,	21 yrs.	5 ft. 9½ in.	149 lbs.	5
✓ Buell, '96,	19 yrs.	6 ft. 2 in.	160 lbs.	5
✓ Merwin, '97,	19 yrs.	5 ft. 11 in.	175 lbs.	5
✓ Langford, '97,	18 yrs.	6 ft. 2 in.	170 lbs.	5
✓ Cogswell, '97,	17 yrs.	5 ft. 11 in.	175 lbs.	4
✓ Lord, '98,	27 yrs.	5 ft. 11 in.	175 lbs.	4
✓ Travers, '98,	20 yrs.	5 ft. 8½ in.	136 lbs.	3
✓ Dingwell, '95,	21 yrs.	5 ft. 8½ in.	153 lbs.	2
✓ Leffingwell, '95,	19 yrs.	6 ft. 0 in.	155 lbs.	2
✓ Rieland, '98,	23 yrs.	6 ft. 0 in.	173 lbs.	2
✓ Robinson, '96,	21 yrs.	5 ft. 11 in.	153 lbs.	2
✓ Beecroft, '97,	18 yrs.	5 ft. 11¾ in.	159 lbs.	1
Ave. 20 yrs. 5 mos. Ave. 5 ft. 10⅞ in. Ave. 161 lbs.				

PERSONALS.

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

A new edition of "The Oblation and Invocation" by R. H. FAIRBAIN, LL. D., '40, has recently been printed.

Dr. HART, '66, delivered an address before the Church Congress held in Boston, during the past week, on "Christian Education in Preparation for the Ministry."

Two volumes by the Rev. Professor FERGUSON, '68, are soon to be published by JAMES POTT & Co., of New York, one containing lectures on certain periods in the History of the Church, and the other Essays on American History.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. J. B. CHESHIRE, '69, has removed to Raleigh, N. C.

The Rev. J. M. BATES, '72, has contributed to *The American Naturalist* notes on "A Few Shrubs of Northern Nebraska."

A volume of Masterpieces of English Poetry from MILTON to TENNYSON, edited by L. DUPONT SYLE, '79, will soon be published.

DONALD T. WARNER, '72, has been elected to the Connecticut State Senate, from the Nineteenth district.

The address of the Rev. S. M. Holden, '82, is 3122 Campbell street, Kansas City, Mo.

The Rev. E. L. SANFORD, '84, has resigned his position as archdeacon of the South Platte.

The address of Dr. WILLIAM S. HUBBARD, '88, is St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The engagement is announced of MALCOLM C. WARNER, '88, to Mrs. CHARLOTTE J. SHEPARD, of New Brunswick, N. J.

Married in Providence, R. I., November 14th, LOUIS W. DOWNES, 88, and Miss MARY LOIS SEAGRAVE.

The Address of the Rev. ARTHUR CHASE, '89, is 30 Brimmer street, Boston, Mass.

G. A. FRENCH, '89, is practicing law in New York, his office address being 99 Nassau street.

The address of R. C. TUTTLE, '89, is 255 West 55th street, New York.

FREDERICK FITZGERALD, '89, has been appointed United States Consul at Cognac, France.

The Rev. T. A. CONOVER, '90, has entered into residence at the Associate Mission House, Trenton, N. J.

The Rev. L. B. LYNCH, '90, is in charge of a parish in Dalton, Mass.

The address of the Rev. G. W. SARGENT, '90, is 230 East Sixth street, Erie, Pa.

The Rev. JOHN S. LITTELL, '90, is Assistant minister of St. Andrew's church, Wilmington, Del.

The address of the Rev. W. C. HICKS, '91, is Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Married, in the First Presbyterian church, Scranton, Pa., October 25th, WILLIAM G. WRIGHT, '91, and Miss KATE STOWERS DECKER.

Married, in the Asylum Hill Congregational church, Hartford, November 7th, J. HUMPHREY GREENE, '91, and Miss FLORENCE KEENEY BUCK.

A. C. GRAVES, '91, was elected Justice of the Peace, at the last election in New Haven.

The address of FREDERICK B. FULLER, '92, is care of WINSTON & MEAGHER, Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

R. H. HUTCHINS, '90, E. R. LAMPSON, '91, H. H. PELTON, '93, W. S. SCHUTZ, '94, and F. C. EDGERTON, '94, have formed a "Trinity Colony" at 147 West 61st street, New York City.

L. D. PEUGNET, ex-'93, is reported to have taken an active part in some recent revolutionary troubles in Nicaragua.

S. H. JOBE, '93, after a year's study abroad, has entered the General Theological Seminary in New York.

SOLOMON STODDARD, '94, is with the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis R. R. Co. His address is 729 Ohio street, Terre Haute, Ind.

C. F. WEED, '94, is reading law in an office at Claremont, N. H.

J. M. MCGANN, ex-'95, is captain of the football team at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass.

BRYAN ROBERTS, ex-'95, was recently ordained to the diaconate.

NECROLOGY.

Colonel WILLIAM GILPIN a graduate of the class of 1829, and senior alumnus, died at his home in Newport, R. I., on Aug. 25th, at the age of 88 years.

The Rev. JAMES AARON BOLLES, D. D., of the class of 1830, and senior alum-

nus after Colonel GILPIN, died at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 29, at the age of 84 years.

HORACE INGERSOLL, whose name while in College was HORACE LORENZO CONNELLY, a graduate in the class of 1832, died at his home in Salem, Mass., September 12th, in the 86th year of his age. Mr. INGERSOLL studied theology and was ordained; he afterwards studied law and entered upon legal practice; and at a later time he took a degree in medicine. He was in the Salem custom-house with Mr. Hawthorne, and was an intimate friend of many distinguished men of letters, but he could rarely be persuaded to talk of them. He told the story of *Evangeline* to Mr. Longfellow, and at one time he owned the "House of Seven Gables."

The Rev. GEORGE THOMAS RIDER, a graduate of the class of 1850, died in Brooklyn on Aug. 4, at the age of 65 years.

The Hon. CHARLES MURRAY POND, of the class of 1858, died at his home in Hartford, Aug. 30, at the age of 58 years.

Major CHARLES MINER CUNNINGHAM a graduate of the class of 1859, died at his home in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 6, at the age of 54 years.

EDWARD GRAHAM DAVIES, M. A., LL. B., Professor of the Greek language and literature from 1856 to 1862, recently died at Boston, Mass., at the age of 62 years.

ERNEST DAVIS RANDELL, a graduate of the class of 1892, died at his home in Essex, Conn., July 21, at the age of 25 years.

ON THE WALK.

ON the walk the soothing sound of the snow shovel, even at this early day, greets the ear of the STROLLER with ominous forebodings of future walks—ankle deep in snow and water. As the STROLLER shakes the thickly gathering snow-flakes from his eyes and beard, he can no longer see the "Happy Autumn Fields" but the football field, on which are twenty or more Freshmen shoveling snow with might and main, claims his attention. Romance retreats before this stern reality. He is startled by an avalanche of snow from the roof of Jarvis, and retreats in trepidation from the walk, indoors.

THE SONG OF CERES.

THE stones have wounded sore my feet,
My hair is damp with morning dew,
But still I seek you, O my Sweet,
And still I call and call for you
Proserpina! Proserpina!

Through woods untrodden I have passed,
Through ways unknown and places wild.
Ah! Shall I find you, Sweet, at last?
My own, my dear, my long-lost child,—
Proserpina? Proserpina?

And often when a bright star shines,
And often when a soft breeze shakes
The needles of the fragrant pines,
An echo answers from the lakes
Proserpina! Proserpina!

And then your eyes look into mine,
I almost know that you are near,
I almost see your form divine,
My own, my child, long-lost, still dear—
Proserpina! Proserpina!

H. R. R.

LITERARY NOTES AND BOOK REVIEWS.

The development of the short story in English has been very great during the past few years. In no branch of our literature has improvement been more marked than in that of the short story. Stevenson, Kipling, Richard Harding, Davis, Thomas Nelson Page, Conan Doyle and many other writers seem to have reached a more perfect form, and to have produced more pleasing results than many, if not all, of their predecessors in this province of the short story.

We no longer seem to appreciate the long drawn out plot, the introduction of many characters, and the complexity of events, but, imitating the lighter

French writers, our fancy seems to shape itself—perhaps after the fashion of the day—to a short, simple plot,—character cleanly and clearly depicted, incidents simple and, one might almost say, commonplace—but nevertheless requiring truth to nature and humanity, with force and beauty of style. This tendency towards the short story, cannot but prove beneficial, as a short story is more generally read than a book, and the wide circulation of the stories of our best writers of to-day will but prove of great benefit in refining the public taste.

* . . *

Mr. Hardy's new novel, "The Simpletons," will begin in the Christmas *Harper's* and continue through the year 1895. The book differs from "Tess" in that the tale is chiefly confined to the fortunes of the hero. The scene of the story is in Wessex.

Bret Harte is writing a story of American life for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which will publish two new stories by Frank R. Stockton, "Love before Breakfast" and "As One Woman to Another."

"A Collection of Greek Studies," a posthumous volume by Walter Pater, has recently been published by Macmillan & Co.

Teutonic Switzerland: Romance Switzerland. W. D. McCrackan, Boston, Joseph Knight Company.

Mr. McCrackan has turned his serious studies in writing his "Rise of the Swiss Republic," to excellent account in these closing volumes. They are written from the point of view of one thoroughly familiar with the country, both in its history and in its internal aspects. The poetry both of the mountains and of the quaint mediaeval towns appeals strongly to Mr. McCrackan, part of whose childhood was passed in Switzerland, and he has given us detailed pictures of the lakes and summer pastures, and of the quaint architecture of the buildings in the lowland. The style is delightful, avoiding the detestable guide-book flavor of so many modern books of travel and touched with a quiet humor which does not always spare the foibles of the author's countrymen. The book may be heartily commended.

"Citizenship," by Julius H. Seelye, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, has recently been published by Ginn & Co. The book treats of the duty of citizenship on the fundamental principles of society. It embraces both International and National Law, and is obtaining recognition as a text book.

Ginn & Co. have also issued a book on "The Roman Pronunciation of Latin" by Frances E. Lord, Professor of Latin in Wellesley College. The book consists of two parts, answering the questions, Why we use Latin pronunciation, and How to use it. It is a very valuable work and deserves the attention of students interested in the subject.

D. C. Heath & Co. have recently published "A History of the United States," by Allen C. Thomas, A. M., Professor of History in Haverford College. The volume treats of American History from the discovery of America to the second inauguration of Cleveland. Throughout special attention has been given to the political, social and economic development of the nation, and while the details of battles have been omitted, stress has been laid upon their causes and results. The book is very handsomely illustrated and contains many very good maps.

EXCHANGES.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

NOW don't fall in love with the first girl you meet ;
 Think it over.
 I've no doubt that to you she is awfully sweet ;
 Think it over.
 I've been there myself, and know just how you feel ;
 She appears like a dream, but she's horribly real ;
 If you do not look out you will loose in the deal ;
 Think it over.

—*Wrinkle.*

SHE frowned on him and called him Mr.,
 Because in fun he only Kr. ;
 And so in spite,
 The very next night,
 This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

—*Beloit Round Table.*

TO-MORROW.

By W. D. Spencer.

THERE is a day which never comes
To light the morning sky,
But in our thoughts alone it lives
And there may never die ;
It holds our hopes of future bliss
Our aspirations high,
And life itself is but a point
In that eternity—
To-morrow.

Each sunset brings us nearer that
Which earth shall not behold,
Where, far away beyond the hills
And through the clouds of gold,
We see a glimpse of brighter hours
Than tongue of bard has told,
When marks of time will be effaced,
When men will not grow old—
To-morrow.

—*Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

WHEELMAN, when it occurs to thee
To steer thy cycle through the night,
That little lamp of thine should be
A light.

And if before thy journey's end
That little lamp has gone out quite,
Get down—in other words, my friend,
A light.

—*The Columbia Spectator.*

NO MONOPOLY.

WE leaned across the friendly stile,
The gentle moonbeams lit her face ;
The sweet influence of her smile
Annihilated time and space.

Quoth I : " The breezes kiss your cheek ;
O happy, happy breezes they !"
Sighed she, this maiden so petite,
" Who gave them a monopoly ? "

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

OH ! woman is a thoughtless thing,
Her shallowness I fear for,
The only time she can reflect,
Is when before the mirror.

—*The Interlude.*

HER lips were uplifted,
Her cheek on his breast,
Her head touched the button,
And he did the rest.—*Ex*

POPPING the question is all very well,
As a rule an agreeable task !
But when you are forced into questioning Pop,
You don't always get what you ask.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*