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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

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EDITORIALS.

THERE is every prospect that before the beginning of college in September, the electric cars will run up Vernon Street to Summit. It is a matter of congratulation that at last the college is to be placed in so much closer communication with the city, that more people will be enabled to come out to the various college entertainments who have been prevented from doing so hitherto, and possibly the city may wake a little more to the fact that there is a college in their midst.

* * * * *

THE ban of four years' duration has finally been removed, and Farmington girls will be allowed to attend the next Trinity performance. The news is given without advice or comment save Miss Porter in giving them this opportunity to redeem themselves is said to trust that the Hartford collegians will do all their serenading in the Town Hall.

DUE allowance must be made for the crippled condition of the team in the Wesleyan game. The playing of the nine was very poor, and a baker's dozen of errors is not a pleasant thing to see, but as a matter of fact Trinity was without her captain, regular catcher, and second baseman.

* * * * *

IT has been hinted that unless the wholesale destruction of college property in the old gymnasium and elsewhere be discontinued, some penalty will be inflicted upon the undergraduates by the Faculty. Those who delight in such vandalism will probably not be deterred by the knowledge that all the college organizations may be refused permission to leave town on account of this barbarity, but if such a calamity fall it must not be wholly unexpected.

"THE JOURNEY OF JEAN FEUILLANT."

THE sun was within an hour of setting and already the wind which had been flickering up the dust and making the grass-blades quiver and fall was dying out. At the turn of the great, white highway, as it sweeps in from the west and turns to enter Trouves, old Feuillant was sitting with his back against one of the poplars which stand like sentinels on each side of the road as far as the eye can reach. He had unslung his pack, and his sabots worn and covered with dust lay on the grass beside him. He was tired, having tramped long; besides, his feet hurt him, but he thought, as he leaned back against the tree-trunk and filled his black pipe, it would be so pleasant to be rich and give up tramping and just lie that way as long as his heart could desire with plenty of tobacco and things to eat. He was getting old and feeble and past the time when a man should work. He felt it in his legs as he plodded along,

his back bent under the pack when he went a considerable distance without resting ; and there was growing up in his breast a fear undefinable, terrible, the pain of some truth being born in him of what the end would be when he could no longer work and desire should become a burden. Years before—how many he could hardly guess, it must have been seventy—he had been found at the door of the foundling hospital at La Bayreuse, like many another waif who comes unwelcomed into the world and the joy thereof.

Taken in and cared for until able to look out for himself, he had in the course of time been turned adrift to meet in the world whatever might in the nature of things befall him. Then he drifted by chance to Trouves and became a field hand, a driver of cattle, a choreman, and finally a peddler. No one ever questioned him of his parents ; he had long ceased to question himself. They had disappeared, swallowed up in time and tide. No one had ever traced them, as it concerned no one save the child, and they were dead now, had been dead for many years and were beyond search. Humanity has so many pasts, so much below the surface, a past so long, so tangled that one can never know but a single stage, and sufficient was theirs to him that they had existed at all, and there were many times when he wished they never had. To eat, to sleep, to live as long as the good God willed, was the sum total of his philosophy and was sufficient to him as it had been perforce to many generations of the sons of men who seeking for better, as for worse, have found but this. He was withal a dreamer, a builder of fancies which came to naught and never could by any manner of means come to anything else. There are thousands who are content to dream their lives away. The beggar casts aside his rags and becomes a king, a king finds happiness, the wise man dreams he is wise. They have no desire to see the naked truth, they cover it with the veil of their desires and cry out, "We are seekers after truth," and woe unto him who

would rend the veil, better had he never been born. It is not wise to show men a naked truth lest they see each other and blush.

Feuillant was not better than his kind, for years before he had picked up in his travels an outcast girl, perhaps because he found in her a creature more wretched than himself, a large, buxom girl, who without shelter or food was glad enough to look after him and to share his bread for life's sake. She kept the house clean, if the hut with its one room and a loft reached by a heavy ladder could be called such, saw that there was enough to eat for her own sake and was useful generally. And this strapping wench, big in shoulders and hips, red armed, always smiling, ruled him with a rod of iron, preying constantly on his fear of being left alone, and she had her way in all things, for he had built up around her an illusion not less strong for being false. She was handsome. Her limbs heavy like those of a cart horse were to him the ideal of feminine strength and charm and the weak face always simpering to a smile was like, very much like the pictures of the women he had seen adorning the walls of the village chapel which was the one truth in the fabric, seeing that they were the creations of some village priest who had lived his life among the peasants of the province.

Sitting in the one room with its whitewashed walls adorned with colored prints of saints or generals, stuck up like plasters on the wall, he would watch her in the evenings over the glow of his pipe, and sigh, if he could only be young again and marry and live, and love. Then he would close his eyes and make a dream with beautiful fields and a big house and servants, as he remembered having seen them in Rouen, once upon a time. And he would just get to the point of installing himself master, decked in linen and fine raiment, when she would break out with :

"Say you, Feuillant, did you sell anything to-day? where's the francs?" Then he would wake up, startled to find the old room in

all its poverty, and he would show his anger by not speaking. But she had a way to break that. Old Pichaud, or perhaps she would give another name, names came easy to her, had been over and offered her the whole of ten sous a day to look after his rooms, and she hadn't said no, what would he advise her to do? As he was jealous of Pichaud, for his pension and his cross, given him by the Emperor at Leipsic, and jealous of anyone if she but spoke of them familiarly, he would surrender at once, and promise her a ribbon, anything for peace, and she would smile a little and reluctantly promise not to accept what had never been offered her. Thus he had lived, and day after day he had shouldered his pack, piled high with shining tins, and gone out, always down the same road through the same villages, Lagne, Trouves and the farms which lie between, crying out his wares where everyone knew him.

The day had been murky and close, everyone being in bad temper had refused to buy, and being in bad temper himself, hot and dusty, he had sat down to smoke and rest awhile. Things had not gone well with Lissa Lizz the last few days, and that morning there had been no onion to rub on the bread, and her temper having been particularly nasty, she had not hesitated to make remarks neither flattering nor in good taste, which made him feel a little heartsick during the day.

Sitting there by the side of the road in the soft twilight, the sound of voices mingled with laughter reached him, coming down the road, the high laughter of women and girls, and the deep bass of the men in a ceaseless babble, with now and then a tinkle of steel as the scythes touched each other. It was the crowd of reapers coming home from the fields after the day's work, and he remembered with just a little sigh, the days when he had done likewise, and had had a share of such things, and he began to count mechanically those who were left of the old reapers. Mahomet, who kept

the inn, Pichaud, half crazy from the wars, Jeanette and Lagore and others who had come over the same road, in the same joy and spirit, in the same glad sunshine in those old days long, long ago.

Then the voices were upon him as the crowd turned the road, and he looked up. They were in a bunch laughing, casting their jokes at each other, a blending of blue and red dresses, dusty trousers mingled with bare legs and arms, stained with the rich earth, brown with the sun. Some one saw him as they passed and spoke, and they turned their faces, some silently, others calling out, asking of his health and success, telling him it was time to get home, without stopping to be answered, and he waved his old stick at them, calling out his old cry "Bon Sang, Bon Sang." And after them a boy and a girl marching blythly, his arm around her waist, and his head lowered on her breast which showed white between her partly unbuttoned jacket, and her sun-kissed neck, listening with smiling lips and eyes to his words, and they did not see him, thinking only of themselves. Then after an interval, came another group talking in loud voices and laughing, a creature gay in faded ribbons and crimson dress and brown unsoiled hands which knew no toil. Her face was cold, and her mouth hard set with tight drawn lines. There were three youngsters tramping beside her, striving to gain favor, talking, laughing, casting eyes at the woman in their midst who held her red skirt up to show the well turned ankles, and they cast their glances at each other, angry, jealous, full of hatred which comes of sharing a favor in common. As they came opposite, the woman caught sight of old Feuillant beneath the tree, and she turned her head toward him, and they followed looking back over their shoulders. "Who is that?" said the girl, and seized with the same thought they answered together, "Oh, Old Feuillant," and one added, "That's what we all come to some day," and they all laughed out again and the laughter came to him as they turned and the trees hid them.

"That's what we all come to," the words echoed in his heart and made him miserable. He was not angry; he would have liked to cry. They are sad, such truths as that, and so he sat for an hour or more, while the sun crept beneath the hedge and the shadows of the bushes grew indistinct and blended together. Then he knocked the ashes from his pipe and stowed it away in his pocket for future use, put on his sabots, thrust his shoulders through the straps of the pack and hobbled on. Lights began to glitter in the houses as he entered Trouves, and the figures of the men and women along the street and upon the door sills were indistinct so that he could not recognize faces, but he knew the place, house by house. In one they were boiling cabbage, and the odor wafted to his nostrils, made him hungry and he wondered instinctively what there was at home to eat, and whether it was warm or cold. He smelt the odor of the new mown hay lying out in the meadows in long windrows, and along the road there arose the lowing of cattle, calling to be fed, while the calm which comes with the evening was settling down over all, and the mist rising from the river swallowed up the landscape and tinged the dusk with white. Here and there a cry rose up, the call of some herder answered faintly as if choked in the mist at some long distance. At the tavern there was a group on the door steps, some old, some young, but all puffing away on their pipes, showing tiny sparks of red as they glowed and died between the puffs, and he knew from long habit who they were. Old Pichaud on the right, and Mahomet the inn keeper, on the right of him, and Duval, the village fool, curled up against the side of the step with his head leaning back against the wall, and the low murmur of their voices, interrupted now and then by false notes or the break of a laugh, came monotonously to his ears. A group of lads were playing "find" across the road, and the broken laugh of a girl submitting not unwillingly to being kissed by some conquering hero

of a village youth, arose from the kitchen, through whose open door a ray of light fell faintly aslant the road. Suddenly some one called out, "Ho, Jean, Jean Feuillant, I say, where's —" then the cracked voice of the innkeeper broke in, "Shut up, you fool, let the man be," and some one laughed, but the voice came out again. "Give Lissa Lizz my love, pinchback, she'll—" There was the sound of a slap and the voice of the innkeeper, "Thunder of God, you fool, did I tell you!"

Old Feuillant had turned, his neck swelling with wrath, his face convulsed; someone had opened the door and the light from within fell full upon him as he strode forward, his uplifted stick trembling with the passion that flamed within him. "Mother of God, was that you, Duval, you—you—!" the words came out harshly, as if his throat was choked, and he struck out blindly with his stick, but Mahomet grasped it, pushing him back.

"Let be" said he, "I'll teach him;" and he turned, but Duval had disappeared in the darkness, frightened, and only Pichaud who had arisen and was regarding the peddler with mouth agape, and Giroux, standing in the open doorway, remained. They stood looking at each other a few moments.

"Come," said Mahomet, "at least take a glass with me and Pichaud; something good and strong;" and he placed his hand on Feuillant's shoulder kindly. But the peddler hesitated: the anger had died from his face, but in its place was a look of unrest, of vague trouble. He drew his sleeve across his face: "No," said he, drawing a long breath, "I'll get myself home." To tell the truth he desired to avoid Pichaud who had been joking him past endurance about Lissa Lizz lately, calling him old fox, old rogue, which remarks he always accompanied with head held to one side, left eye closed, and an ironical smile; and although old Feuillant pretended not to notice them, they nevertheless bit deep and cruelly and made

his old heart sick and miserable for many and many a long hour at a time, and filled him with hate and fury and desire to pay back in bitter kind whenever the chance came to him. It came very often, for Pichaud loved nothing better than to sit in the inn with a crowd around him and the wine warming the cockles of his heart. The light dazzled him ; the murmurs of the crowd led him on ; the wine loosed his tongue ; and over and over, his excitement gathering strength and coloring his thoughts and memories, he would tell the old tales of blood and victory, the old legends of the Grand army, of Jena, Austerlitz, his eyes blazing, his voice passionate, his whole nature stirred to its depths by the remembrance of old joys and glories ; then he would call to mind Russia, with its snows and awful horrors of defeat, disaster and deaths ; his voice breaking into sobs, his form quivering with sorrow, his eyes brimming with tears, and all the while he would pour out great volumes of smoke from his pipe as if he were a battery vomiting forth death and destruction upon the enemy.

Then in the midst of it all old Feuillant would break in with a laugh : "Bah, that Corsican, what did he ever do for us but to slaughter us !" and then there would be a wordy war.

Pichaud would spring to his feet, his face swelling with rage, his hands clinched, and swear and shake his pipe in old Feuillant's face until Mahomet would be compelled to step in between them to keep the peace. And yet there were times when the sun smiled upon their friendship, for down in their hearts there lingered something of respect, of kindness for each other, born of the days when they had been boys together. Then over their wine and pipes they would lay aside their jealousies. The old soldier would praise Feuillant for his strength, and laugh loudly over his jokes as the wine warmed him ; and Feuillant would listen as Pichaud went over his campaigns, and laugh and cry out and drink the Emperor's

health in many a glass, and they would embrace each other when they arose to depart homeward.

Sometimes Mahomet would set up a bottle and call them dear old fools, and they would all start out together to see each other home.

But that is another story seeing this is but the history of a day, and Jean Feuillant trudged down the road without stopping to give thanks. First he was perplexed, then mad ; and he swore like a trooper of Flanders. What did that fool, Duval, mean ? It must be something ; and his heart began to grow heavy with dread. And that fool, Pichaud ; did he smile ? He could almost fancy he saw him ; and he grew angry, lashing himself into fury and terror. Then to add to his discomfort it began to rain, little drops falling upon his face ; and then he could hear them come faster and faster, with a dull clatter on the pots and pans, which caused him to hurry on faster and faster, his sabots crunching up and down and the tins rattling on his back. Now and again the noise of laughter would reach his ears from the open doors of the houses, and the damp air filled with the smell of the rich, dank earth and the hay, would come to him. And always, as he hobbled on, his fears took new and strange shapes, and he felt the conviction being born in him that Lissa Lizz had run away. It was a terrible thought, that, and he shook all over as if with ague, and pressed on feverishly. The rain came drizzling down like a thick mist, rivulets running off the brim of his hat and down his body. At last he came to the turn of the road and he leaned his head forward, looking intently for a light. Then he stopped short ; one might have heard the beating of his heart above the patter of the rain ; his face white, his knees trembling ; choked with a terrible fear ; there was no light in the window ; the house lay dark, silent, an indistinct mass in the darkness, without sign of life. He started forward like a thief, pushing in the door ; but it was dark within ; not a sight, not a sound. And the

desolation of it went to his heart ; he could hardly swallow ; once he drew his sleeve across his eyes as if he could not see. It had all come true, his forebodings ; and he turned suddenly, forgetful of his tins, of the rain, of the darkness, out of the door, into the blackness, and called out twice, thrice, waiting for an answer ; but his voice seemed swallowed up by the mist and the noise of the rain beating down. Then he went down the road, calling out every few steps. Once he thought there was an answer, and he shouted again harshly with all his strength.

The noise came again but it was only the long lowing of cattle in some distant fold, and he pushed on. A dreadful fear was upon him, he would find her if he had to tramp to Rouen, he would find her anywhere, everywhere. He was no longer himself, mad with fear, his knees no longer shook beneath him. He was strong with sudden madness, jealousy, every emotion which spur men on, and he began to run blindly. The tins clattered and tinkled on his back, his breath came hard and there arose the splashing of water as his shoes ploughed through some pool or rivulet, but always on. A stick caught his feet, and he stumbled, falling on his knees in the mud. When he arose he saw far off the glimmer of a light that seemed to glance toward him from a long distance, now bright, now dim, and then the muffled roll of wagon wheels. It was the village doctor coming back from a night visit, and Jean turned aside. As he went on, the ground grew rougher, bushes tore at him as he passed, and in the darkness he ran against trees, He had lost the road. The darkness, the silence so deep as to be fraught with strange whisperings terrified him and he began to run again. He stopped at last, tired out, like a stricken deer run to earth, and sat down. He was in the midst of a swamp, his legs sinking into the slime, and the wind and rain had chilled him through and through, and taken the terror and the madness from him. What

had he to live for? Always bad luck from the first to the last, better to end it. Old Thoreau had hung himself when they sent him to the poor farm, and was he not as brave a man as Thoreau? He certainly was, and being a dreamer, he began to think what they would all say when they found him dangling from the beam in the loft at the end of a rope. It was settled. That girl whom he had picked up from wretchedness, whom he had done so much for, was that not like a woman? At any rate she would feel bad when she learned that he had killed himself. Then he arose slowly, stiff with the cold, and began to feel his way. It was only a little swamp, and he came out in a field and knew where he was, and started for home. It was very long, he began to count his steps one by one, and ever he repeated to himself, "So much nearer, Feuillant, you'll never pass over that step again. A thousand, two, three thousand more and you'll never travel more. They'll all be sorry though." Twice he had to stop and rest, and the journey seemed miles in length. He came to the end of it at last and leaned against the side of the house to draw a breath and take a last look around. Far down the road he could see the glimmer of a light in the tavern, for the mist had broken for a minute, and he laughed grimly, "No more wine down there, Feuillant." Then he went in closing the door and latching it, and finding his tinder, made a light. There was a rope in the loft, and grimly smiling the while, he began to climb step by step the heavy ladder placed against the wall, holding a blazing fagot above his head to see by. One by one he grimly pushed himself up the rounds with firm determination. The last step up was taken and standing at the top he waved the fagot into a brighter flame and looked about him. The fagot blazed up, illuminating the darkness, casting its light in every nook and corner, and then it almost fell from his hand. Twice he rubbed his hand over his eyes and he cried out. "Thunder of God, what a fool," for there curled

up on her pallet of hay, lay Lissa Lizz, who had gone to bed early. Quietly he descended the ladder, trembling as if with ague, and setting the torch in its socket, sat down. When Lissa Lizz who had been awakened by the glare of the torch looked over the edge of the flooring a moment later, with eyes heavy with sleep, she saw Feuillant on his knees beside his bed of straw, praying, and she wondered what the matter was, and went back to finish her nap, remarking to herself, "The old fool, what will he be up to next! He must have been drinking to pray like that."

G. W. E.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I HAVE heard you when the day, Nightingale,
Sleeps in crimson covers gay, Nightingale,
Pouring fourth your rapturous song
By the brook which lisps along,
As it wends its laughing way, Nightingale.

Tell me where you learnt that strain, Nightingale,
Full of notes to soothe my pain, Nightingale,
Full of joy and sunny pleasure
Sparkling, rippling through each measure
Till my heart lies still again, Nightingale.

Art thou sent to heal men's sorrow, Nightingale?
Bringing hope for each to-morrow, Nightingale,
Bringing from the God of song
Comfort for each suffered wrong
And the quiet none can borrow, Nightingale?

H. R. R.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

A TEAM from college defeated Company K, in a game of indoor baseball, at the First Regiment Armory, May 13.

J. Strawbridge, '95, who was injured in the game with the Hartfords, has been obliged to leave college, and will not return this year. The doctors do not think that he will lose the sight of his injured eye.

P. J. McCook, '95, attended the annual meeting of the N. E. I. P. A., at Worcester, on May 18th. The constitution was changed so that only three officers will be elected hereafter. It was also decided that each paper should hereafter pay \$3, in order that the success of the meetings may be assured. The executive committee was authorized to draw up a new constitution in case the old one can not be found, and the association in every way seemed to be imbued with new enthusiasm.

It is expected that the *Ivy* will be placed on sale next week.

The classes of '88, '90 and '92, will hold reunions this June, and every effort is being made to get back all the members.

The 'Ninety-seven Squeezer supper committee is Allen, Beecroft and Cogswell.

The city has re-commenced work on removing the ledge of rock back of the college, and the ground will probably be all levelled down even with Summit street, before September.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Dudley, Bishop of Kentucky, is to preach the Baccalaureate sermon.

The reception committee for Alumni day is: Rt. Rev. Dr. J. Williams, '35, Rev. F. D. Harriman, '45, Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, '55, J. H. Brocklesby, '65, R. F. Bixby, '70, W. M. Stark, '75, E. D. Appleton, '80, R. Thorne, '85, John Sabine Smith, '63, Prof. Samuel Hart, '66.

The work on the college Quinquennial catalogue has been so delayed that it will be impossible to have it ready for distribution before September, but a printed list of the graduates with their addresses will be ready at Commencement.

The following men have received an election to the Senior Honorary Society from the class of '96: W. S. Langford, M. H. Coggeshall, E. Parsons, H. G. Barbour, O. T. Paine, A. J. Williams, W. T. Olcott.

THE "JESTERS" AT WATERBURY.

ANOTHER time our Dramatic Association has met with pronounced success, and helped to spread in an unconscious way happy impressions of Trinity. On May 14, at Leavenworth hall, Waterbury, "Chums" and "Germs" were performed with even better action than when given in Alumni hall, last December. The affair was made a social event, and the programme contained as patronesses, the most prominent ladies in Waterbury. The plays being over, the hall was cleared and a most enjoyable hour was spent in dancing. It was all that could be desired socially and financially.

PRIZE VERSION DECLAMATIONS.

The annual Prize Version contest was held in the Moral Philosophy room on the evening of May 16. The selections were all from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and the English of the translations was excellent. Following is the order of exercises :

Oratio Ajacis de Armis Achilleis, Paul Tyler Custer, of Iowa ; Oratio Ulixis de Eisdem, Philip James McCook, of Connecticut ; Solis et Phæthontis Fabula, William Curtis White, of New York ; Galatææ et Cyclopis Fabula, David Willard, of Massachusetts ; Orphei Dies Novissimus, John Robert Benton, of Pennsylvania.

After retiring, the judges, Mr. Warner and Mr. Gardner Green of the State legislature, and Mr. Gay of the Hartford Library, awarded the prize, a handsome set of Shakespeare, to David Willard, '95.

THE GRAVEDIGGER—

A MAN who leads a sorry life,
Whose heart must e'er be brave,
For in his occupation he
Has both feet in the grave.

ATHLETICS.

TRINITY was represented in the Worcester meet by Captain Leffingwell in the 100-yards and 220-yards, Sparks and Lecour in the 440-yards, Underwood in the half-mile, and Quick in the two mile. Leffingwell took third in the 100-yards and Sparks second in the 440-yards, in a beautiful race. Leffingwell won two trial heats in 220-yards, but did not secure a place in the finals. The summary of points was Dartmouth, 33; Brown, 22; Amherst, 19½; M. I. T., 17; Williams, 16½; Bowdoin, 10; Wesleyan, 8; W. P. I., 5; Trinity, 4.

THE COLLEGE FIELD DAY.

The fourteenth annual field games were held at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Wednesday, May 8th. The track was bad and the time slow. The field events were not much better. Only one record was broken, that for the low hurdles. Leffingwell, '95, made the distance in 27 1-5 seconds. '98 with fifteen points won the right to have their numerals engraved on the class cup given by Leffingwell, to be competed for annually. '96 was second with twelve points, '95 and '97 scoring nine points each. In this score only firsts and seconds counted, firsts counting two and seconds one. Leffingwell made all '95's points, getting four firsts and one second. In the sprints he should have made much better time had he been at all pressed. The time in the distance runs also suffered from lack of competition, and this was the way with most of the events. The attendance was only fair, very few outsiders being present, and no large number of the undergraduates. On the whole, though considerable of an advance has been made on previous years, without going into the question of records, much possible improvement remains to be accomplished. Following are the officials and the summary: Referee, Colonel Burdett; timers, Prof. Luther, J. H. Parker, J. M. Wainwright, '95; track judges, Percy S. Bryant, '76, E. W. Allen, Y. M. C. A., Prof. J. J. McCook; field judges, F. C. Davis, Prof. Riggs, Everett Lake; announcer, John Strawbridge, '95; clerk of course, C. D. Broughton, '95; scorer, J. H. Smart, '95; marshal, E. F. Burke, '95.

100-yard dash—Won by Leffingwell, '95. Second, Sparks, '97. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Leffingwell, '95. Second, Sparks, '97. Time, 23 4-5 seconds.

440-yard run—Won by Sparks, '97. Second, Hicks, '96. Time 54 4-5 seconds.

880 yard run—Won by Underwood, '96. Second, Lecour, '98. Time, 2 minutes 22 4-5 seconds.

One-mile run—Won by Underwood, '96. Second, Quick, '98. Time, 5 minutes 29 2-5 seconds.

Two-mile run—Won by Remsen, '98. Second, Underwood, '96. Time, 12 minutes 45 4-5 seconds.

One-mile bicycle—Won by Beach, '96. Second, White, '97. Time, 3 minutes 3 1-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdle—Won by Waterman, '98. Second, W. Gage, '96. Time, 19 3-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Leffingwell, '95. Second, W. Gage, '96. Time, 27 1-5 seconds.

One-mile walk—Won by Woodward, '98. Second, Cook, '98. Time, 10 minutes 1 1-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Won by Sturtevant, '98, 7 ft. 4 in. Second, Danker, '97, 7 ft. 4 in.

Running high jump—Won by Flynn, '97, 5 ft. 2 in. Second, Sturtevant, '98, 5 ft.

Running broad jump—Won by Leffingwell, '95, 19 ft. 9 ½ in. Second, Flynn, '97, 17 ft 8 in.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Johnson, '98, 31 ft. 1¾ in. Second, Leffingwell '95, 30 ft 9¾ in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by Gunning, '96, 87 ft. 4½ in. Second, Foote, '98, 79 ft. 5 in.

The hundred yard dash was accidentally run over a course of one hundred and twelve yards, making the actual time 11 1-5 seconds, ten seconds flat for the correct distance.

THE DUAL GAMES WITH WESLEYAN.

The result of the joint meeting with Wesleyan, at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Monday, May 13th, was not unexpected, and need not cause discouragement. Trinity managed to keep them guessing till the very last event, and had it not been for the injury of Penrose, '95, the result might have been different. The day was cold and windy, and the clay track sticky from recent rain. All the track events therefore were made in slow time. The field events were some-

what better, but no records were broken. The attendance from the two colleges was fair, but there were few outsiders present. The result shows the same things as the College Field Day, that more men and enthusiasm are needed. In most of the events, we had far fewer men entered than Wesleyan, and in several we did not start the three allowed us by the conditions of the games. Moreover Wesleyan should never have been allowed three places in both the pole vault and the mile walk, without more competition than there was on this occasion. It is noticeable in the latter event that as a result of the regular judge's absence, a Wesleyan substitute officiated as judge of walking whose qualification to act as such is questioned. In justice to both colleges it is to be hoped that such a blunder of the management will not occur in the future. Nineteen of Trinity's points were won by Captain Leffingwell, and his failure to approach his previous form in the broad jump shows that he had too much to do. It is to be hoped, now that some interest in track athletics has been aroused, that next year we shall be able to turn out an all around team. In the meantime, the thanks of the college are due to those who arranged this meet, and to the men who have worked long and faithfully to make our showing creditable. The summary is as follows :

100-yard dash—Leffingwell, Trinity, first ; Beeman, Wesleyan, second ; Anderson, Wesleyan third ; time, 11 seconds.

Half-mile run—Tower, Wesleyan, first ; Underwood, Trinity, second ; Sutton, Wesleyan, third ; time, 2 m., 12 sec.

Two-mile bicycle—White, Trinity, first ; Beach, Trinity, second ; Meredith, Wesleyan, third ; time, 6 m. 46 4-5 sec.

120-yard hurdle—Anderson, Wesleyan, first ; A. Gage, Trinity, second ; Leo, Wesleyan, third ; time, 20 4-5 sec.

One-mile run—Tower, Wesleyan, first ; Sutton, Wesleyan, second ; Quick, Trinity, third ; time, 5 m. 15 1-5 sec.

440-yard dash—Sparks, Trinity, first ; Bennett, Wesleyan, second ; Hicks, Trinity, third ; time, 57 2-5 sec.

One-mile walk—Chase, Wesleyan, first ; Britten, Wesleyan, second ; Chandler, Wesleyan, third ; time, 8 m. 26 4-5 sec.

220-yard hurdle—Leffingwell, Trinity, first ; North, Wesleyan, second ; W. Gage, Trinity, third ; time, 27 2-5 sec.

220-yard dash—Leffingwell, Trinity, first ; Sparks, Trinity, second ; Anderson, Wesleyan, third ; time, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

Two-mile run—Sutton, Wesleyan, first ; Quick, Trinity, second ; Rich, Wesleyan, third ; time, 11 m. 56 4-5 sec.

Pole vault—Wyatt, Wesleyan, first ; Noyes, Wesleyan, second ; Atherton, Wesleyan, third ; 8 ft. 1 in.

Putting 16-pound shot—Noyes, Wesleyan, first ; Leffingwell, Trinity, second ; Johnson, Trinity, third ; 33 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running high jump—Tie between Flynn, Trinity, and Anderson, Wesleyan, 5 ft., 1 in ; tie between Sturtevant, Trinity, and Stevens, Wesleyan, for third ; each college given 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ points.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Gunning, Trinity, first ; Johnson, Trinity, second ; Noyes, Wesleyan, third ; 87 ft., 11 in.

Running broad jump—Beeman, Wesleyan, first ; Yaw, Wesleyan, second ; Leffingwell, Trinity, third ; 20 ft., $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Total, Wesleyan, 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ points ; Trinity, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ points.

TRINITY, 14—HAMILTON, 2.

We append the synopsis of the Hamilton game which had been mislaid at our last issue :

TRINITY.				HAMILTON.			
	R.	IB.	E.		R.	IB.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	2	2	3	Burke, 3b.,	0	0	1
Coggeshall, r. f.,	2	1	0	Rodgers, c.,	0	0	0
A. Gage, l. f.,	2	0	0	Dewey, s. s.,	0	0	2
Penrose, 3b.,	1	2	0	Stevens, c. f.,	0	0	0
Williams, c.,	2	2	1	Geer, p.,	0	0	1
Young, c. f.,	3	2	1	Peterson, l. f.,	1	0	1
Graves, p.,	0	0	0	Aiken, 1b.,	1	0	1
Strawbridge, 2b.,	1	3	0	Weber, 2b.,	0	0	1
Langford, 1b.,	1	1	0	Franc, r. f.,	0	0	1
Total,	14	13	5	Total,	2	0	8

Struck out—by Graves, 8 ; by Geer, and Burke, 2. Two-base hits—Coggeshall, Williams, Young, Langford. Umpire—Buell, ex-Trinity, '96.

COLGATE, 4—TRINITY, 2.

The return game with Colgate University on the home grounds, May 4th, was a great disappointment to all who witnessed it. Trinity played a good game everywhere except at the bat, but her weakness there was fatal. But two hits

were made off Hudson, Colgate's substitute pitcher, and it is not to be wondered at if the men in college grumble because the team is hitting so poorly. The score :

TRINITY.				COLGATE.			
	R.	IB.	E.		R.	IB.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	0	0	1	Briggs, c. f.,	0	1	1
A. Gage, l. f.,	1	0	0	Newland, 2b.,	1	1	1
Dingwall, 2b.,	0	1	1	F. Munro, l. f.,	1	2	0
Coggeshall, p.,	1	0	0	P. Munro, c.,	0	0	0
Williams, c.,	0	1	0	Sheldon, s. s.,	0	2	0
Graves, r. f.,	0	0	0	Applegate, 3b.,	1	0	0
W. Gage, 3b.,	0	0	1	Hudson, p.,	0	0	0
Young, c. f.,	0	0	1	Potter, 1b.,	1	0	1
Langford, 1b.,	0	0	0	Wood, r. f.,	0	1	0
Total,	2	2	4	Total,	4	7	3

Struck out—by Hudson, 5 ; by Coggeshall, 8. Umpire—Mr. Brady.

TRINITY, 5—UNION, 15.

The Union game on May 7th, was one of those which are painful in the extreme. Although Trinity made more hits than Union, she also kept the scorer busy with the error column, no less than fourteen errors being made by her in the nine innings. It seems almost inexcusable that a team which on one day can play an errorless game, should only a week later do so poorly. In the fifth inning Williams received a compound fracture of his thumb and was forced to leave the game ; he will not be able to join the team again for several weeks. Graves went to third, and Coggeshall and W. Gage, respectively, pitched and caught the remainder of the game. The score :

TRINITY.				UNION.			
	R.	IB.	E.		R.	IB.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	0	0	2	Cregan, l. f.,	2	0	0
Coggeshall, r. f.,	0	1	0	Enders, 1b.,	3	2	1
Dingwall, 2b.,	1	1	5	Sullivan, 3b.,	2	0	2
A. Gage, l. f.,	1	0	0	Howard, 2b.,	0	1	2
Williams, c.,	0	1	1	Quinlan, c.,	0	0	0
Graves, p.,	0	0	1	Beattie, s. s.,	0	0	1
W. Gage, 3b.,	1	1	3	Klein, c. f.,	2	0	0
Young, c. f.,	1	0	0	Lipe, r. f.,	4	1	0
Strawbridge, 1b.,	1	1	2	Parsons, p.,	2	0	0
Total,	5	5	14	Total,	15	4	6

Struck out—by Parsons, 1, by Graves, 4, by Coggeshall, 3.

TRINITY, 8—HARTFORD, 7.

On Thursday, May 9th, notwithstanding her crippled condition, Trinity won from the Hartfords in a close and exciting game. It was the first time that defeat had ever been administered to this team on the Trinity grounds. With Penrose, Williams, and Strawbridge laid off by injuries, and Langford unable to play, it is not surprising that five errors were made; the only surprising thing was that so few bad ones should be made at critical moments. Strawbridge while at bat received a foul hit, which glanced from his bat, in the eye, and he will be unable to play again this year. Trinity luck, if there be such a thing, is unusually bad this year. Hartford, had she possessed better pitchers, would have made things even livelier than she did, but as it was, batted harder than Trinity. The score :

TRINITY.				HARTFORD.			
	R.	IB.	E.		R.	IB.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	2	3	0	Beecher, 1b.,	1	2	0
Coggeshall, 3b.,	1	1	1	Henry, 2b.,	1	1	1
Dingwall, 2b.,	0	2	1	O'Brien, s. s.,	0	0	0
A. Gage, l. f.,	0	0	1	Gunshannon, l. f.,	1	2	1
Graves, p.,	2	2	0	Redfield r. f.,	1	1	0
Young, c. f.,	2	2	1	Butler, c. f.,	1	1	0
W. Gage, c.,	0	0	0	Sullivan, p.,	1	1	1
Strawbridge, 1b.,	0	0	1	Moran, c.,	0	1	0
Smithe, r. f.,	1	0	0	Bowers, 3b.,	1	0	2
Total,	8	10	5	Total,	7	9	5

Struck out—by Sullivan, 4; by Graves, 2. Two-base hits—Henry, Gunshannon, Broughton, Graves, Dingwall. Home run—Beecher. Umpire—Mr. Riel.

TRINITY, 0—WESLEYAN, 18.

But little can be said of the Wesleyan game, which occurred on the home grounds, Wednesday, May 15th. It was a great disappointment that Trinity was forced to put such a crippled team on the field to meet Wesleyan's strong aggregation. The loss of four of her regular men was too much, and the fielding was very ragged. Wesleyan batted and ran bases in good style, but Trinity could not solve Beeman's delivery, and only five hits were made during the game. The score :

TRINITY.				WESLEYAN.			
	R.	I.B.	E.		R.	I.B.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	0	1	1	Beeman, p.,	2	1	0
Coggeshall, p.,	0	1	1	Lapham, l. f.,	2	0	0
A. Gage, l. f.,	0	1	2	Norton, lb.,	2	3	0
Grinnell, 2b.,	0	0	1	Gurnsey, 2b.,	2	0	0
Graves, 3b.,	0	1	0	Yaw, c.,	3	3	0
W. Gage, c.,	0	0	1	Finell, c. f.,	2	1	0
Young, c. f.,	0	1	3	Rockwell, s. s.,	3	4	2
Langford, lb.,	0	0	2	Davis, 3b.,	2	1	0
Smithe, r. f.,	0	0	0	Robbins, r. f.,	0	2	0
Total,	0	5	11	Total,	18	15	2

Struck out—by Beeman, 8; Meredith, 4; Coggeshall, 4; Graves, 5. Two-base hits—Norton, Robbins. Umpire—Mr. Sullivan.

PERSONALS.

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

Among the delegates to the National Conference of Charities and Correction, appointed by the governor of Connecticut, are Dr. C. A. LINDSLEY, '49, and Prof. J. J. McCook, '63.

The Report of the Connecticut Public Library Committee, of which C. E. GRAVES, '50, is a member, has been recently published and distributed.

The Rev. S. F. HOTCHKIN, '56, has been re-elected registrar of the diocese of Pennsylvania.

The address of the Rev. Dr. W. H. VIBBERT, '58, is changed to 11 East 24th St., New York.

The Rev. Prof. C. L. FISHER, '60, of Kenyon College, has been elected a member of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis.

Prof. HART, '66, is one of the vice-presidents of the Connecticut Historical Society.

The address of the Rev. J. B. MURRAY, D. D., '62, is Moravia, N. Y.

The plans presented in competition for the new High School in New Britain, Conn., by W. C. BROCKLESBY, '69, have been accepted as the unanimous choice of the committee.

The Rev. G. W. DOUGLAS, D. D., '71, has been appointed chancellor of the Cathedral of Washington.

The business address of E. N. DICKERSON, '74, is 253 Broadway New York.

The Rev. B. E. WARNER, '79, preached the sermon at the recent Convention of the Diocese of Louisiana.

The Junior Auxiliary Publishing Company has published a pamphlet on "Diocesan Missions," by the Rev. T. M. PECK, '80.

The address of GEORGE P. SHEARS, M. D., '85, is 202 West 103d Street, New York.

The address of W. J. S. STEWART, M. D., '88, is at the office of the Supervising Surgeon-General, Marine-Hospital Service, Washington, D. C.

The business address of M. C. WARNER, '88, is 84 White street, New York ; his residence is at New Brighton, Staten Island.

THE STROLLER.

THE cold breeze howling around the corner of Jarvis, and blowing fiercely down the walk, filling THE STROLLER's eyes with dust, blowing open his coat, and carrying off his hat, with its mad rush, warns him, and alas ! not prematurely, that the college year is drawing swiftly to a close, and that the rapid rush of the season with its headlong pace will shortly carry off friends, and lay open again that ghastly wound which separation always leaves. The day is shortly coming when the present Senior class will leave their alma mater, never again to renew the present associations, and never again to meet under the same circumstances and in the same relations. The wind, I say, blows these chilling thoughts through the mind of THE STROLLER as he battles the breeze roaring around the first section of Jarvis, and the message it brings is an unwelcome one. These last few days of the year, when all college seems to be more closely united, do but herald the coming estrangement of many dear college relations, and are, for all their sweetness, harbingers of the struggles and strifes which await every man in his battle with the world, if indeed they have not found him out in his college life.

THE warmth and life seems for the time to have disappeared from nature, but THE STROLLER notices with joy, one green thing left, a monument of undying greenness, for it is an effort of the Freshmen, a wish for perpetuity and a desire to leave their mark and the emblem of their existence on a substance worthy the subject, viz.: a large 98 cut on the grass in front of the old gym. THE STROLLER is reminded of the truth of the old saying *similis simile gaudet*, and he wonders when Freshmen will learn wisdom, surely not until they, like the grass, have put aside their greenness and freshness, and have been subdued and cooled by the snows and frosts of their Sophmoric winter, if indeed these have the power to subdue and restrain a Freshman's boldness, which is to be gravely doubted.

EXCHANGES.

SHE *was* a fine girl,
 With hair all a-curl,
 Sweet dimples, a fairy-like foot,—
 But her lovers all fled,
 And when questioned, they said
 That she had a fine father *to boot*.

— *University Herald*.

WHILE in college he was "sporty,"
 As an athlete, beat them all,
 Never found he any equal
 As a pitcher in base-ball.

He became a local preacher,
 Blessed his practice on the nine;
 All the people flocked to hear him
 His delivery was so fine.—*Ex.*