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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXIII.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

NO. IV.

The Trinity Tablet.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

Managing Editor, - - - *T. A. Conover, '90.*

Literary Editor, - - - *David Van Schaack, '91.*

Business Editor, - - - *E. McP. McCook, '90.*

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THE TRINITY TABLET,

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of Brown & Gross, 79 Asylum St., and J. R. Barlow,
232 Asylum St., and at No. 13 Jarvis Hall, Trinity College.*

THERE is one thing very much needed about college which has apparently escaped the attention of the authorities, and that is a light at the entrance to the dining-room section. During the winter, it is quite dark by the time supper is over and there is great danger of stumbling over the stones which border the approach to the door. To put some sort of a light in this place could be done at slight expense and would prove a great benefit to every one in college who possesses any gastronomical propensities.

DURING the past week an Advent mission has been held in the Episcopal churches throughout Hartford, and the TABLET is glad to announce that the Students of Trinity have not been neglected. Every evening at 5 o'clock largely attended mission services have been held in the college chapel. Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York, whose duty it has been to remind the college men that their connection with the world and its religious obligations does not cease during their four years' course, is a man of unquestioned ability, and aside from the importance of the message which he brings, is entitled to the respectful attention of the students. This he has had and, the TABLET hopes, somewhat more.

THE revival of the old Athenæum Literary Society is a wise move, and one which we hope will meet with success. Trinity is almost the only college where a literary society similar to the old Athenæum does not exist, and we think that a long-felt want has been remedied by the recent reorganization of a society which, during the long and prosperous course of its existence, proved of such great benefit to all its members. A society like the Athenæum not only affords literary talent a chance for development, but also lessens the narrowness and exclusiveness which is the necessary result of the existence of fraternities. Every man in college is thereby afforded an opportunity to develop and increase his literary ability and at the same time is brought into much closer relations with many of his fellow students than he would otherwise enter into. Such a move as the revival of the Athenæum Society, involving as it does not only a higher standard of culture but also a marked increase in college spirit deserves the hearty support of every undergraduate, and we feel confident that no one will regret becoming a member.

The next number of the TABLET will be issued January 18th, 1890.

WE heartily approve of the plan, which has very recently been established, of having the Gymnasium open during the evening. For a long time it has been felt desirable to have such an arrangement. Many men have hitherto found it impossible to take their required exercise during the afternoon, and, in consequence, have been obliged to do without any. Now they have the opportunity to take it in the evening, and we are very glad to learn that quite a number have already availed themselves of the privilege. There is now no reason why every man in college should not find some part of the day in which he may devote himself to vigorous, physical exercise, and we hope to see very soon a powerful young set of athletes walking about Trinity's halls of learning.

AN impartial observer, entirely unacquainted with the true state of affairs would naturally suppose that the success of the foot ball team this year had aroused earnest support as well as enthusiasm among the students, but if he should examine the subscription list his opinion would undergo considerable change. The large number of subscriptions still unpaid proves conclusively that a mild sort of enthusiasm is about all that many undergraduates feel like contributing to the support of athletics. It is unfortunate when a man cannot afford to contribute anything, but it is disgraceful when one refuses to fulfil the obligations which he has incurred by placing his name on the subscription list. It is a very mistaken idea that, now that the foot-ball season is over, the management needs no money. There are many bills yet unpaid which cannot be cancelled unless more money is paid in, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the payment of all outstanding subscriptions will soon relieve the foot-ball management from their present financial embarrassment.

THIS year is apparently more prolific of newspaper correspondents than any of its predecessors and the varied character of the news contributed requires some criticism. The fact of a paper being situated in a city more or less remote from Hartford should not delude its correspondent into sending it any news which tact and delicacy would prevent him from publishing in one of the local journals

Ignorance of, or negligence in regard to, the force of this truth has aroused considerable adverse criticism in many other colleges as well as at Trinity. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon all newspaper correspondents that the greatest care must be taken in the preparation of their notes and that nothing of a personal nature should enter into their correspondence other than that which is guaranteed by good taste. Only carefully selected facts should be published and all fictions and conjectures should be omitted. The New York and Boston papers, as well as the local ones occasionally reach college through the agency of some monied man and all correspondence of an erratic or doubtful nature is soon subjected to the severest comment. We wish to urge upon every newspaper correspondent in college the necessity of making his contributions of as conservative a nature as is possible.

THE foot-ball season just ended is undoubtedly the most successful that Trinity has ever seen. The college has indeed great reason to be proud of it, and the alumni, too, will join hands with her in offering the team their warmest congratulations. By the opening game with Wesleyan the strength of the team was at once demonstrated, and Trinity took a position far above any that she had held in previous years. The victory over Columbia only strengthened that position. The team's work against Yale also deserves nothing but praise. It was a plucky, hard-fought battle against superior weight, Yale playing her strongest team, and playing to score as best she might. The comment upon the game made by an old Yale 'varsity man is certainly worthy of mention. "Trinity," he said, "played the best game against Yale that I have ever seen put up by one of the smaller colleges,"—no small amount of praise from one who knows. The Stevens games proved undoubtedly the team's superiority over Stevens. The first game, it is true, resulted in a defeat; but the goal from the field was a "lucky one," and in other respects Trinity outplayed her opponents. The trip to Burlington added another well-earned victory to the list; while the second game with Wesleyan, as the score indicates, was by no means a disgrace. Their team was very heavy; and although it

evidently showed its superiority throughout the game, much was due to the advantage that a heavy team has over a light one upon muddy ground.

On the whole, Trinity's reputation in foot-ball has been won; no college of her own size can compare with her, and she stands on a level with colleges twice and three times as large. Justly, then, can every student and alumnus be proud of his *alma mater* and her foot-ball team. The three defeats we gracefully acknowledge, for it is surely no disgrace to lose a well-fought game. The five victories, also, we acknowledge, and will treasure them as the records of a most successful season. To the captain and to each member of the team individually the college owes a debt of gratitude for their persistent and conscientious training. Perhaps the year's record is their best reward.

Among those, however, who in particular deserve the thanks of the college for the lively interest they have shown in the team are the Messrs. Robinson, Yale '85 and '89. Their kindness in coaching the team cannot be too highly appreciated, and undoubtedly much of the success of the season is due to their generous efforts in its behalf.

ICELAND.

O rugged land with hidden heart of fire,
Girt by the northern sea, home of that race
To which thy rocks were pleasant as the place
Of feasting is to lesser men, higher
And higher, while Heckla lights thy funeral pyre,
The shroud is drawn by inches o'er thy face,
The ice sheet slowly crawls with chill embrace
And homes and fields are whelmed in ruin dire.

Oh, what a living death! Happier far
To burn in clash of some onrushing star,
To know glad life in one mad moment lost,
Than this dull close of chilling eld and frost.
But thus they say the world will meet her doom,
Creeping, half conscious, to an icy tomb.

"ETERNAL SUMMER GILDS THEM YET."

One afternoon, a short time ago, as I was leisurely beginning to ascend the broad steps of one of those massive, old-fashioned houses which bear such solid, incontrovertible testimony to the eminent respectability of Insane avenue as a place of residence, my mind dwelling with great pleasure on the prospect

of a delightful chat with one of old Fairfield's prettiest girls, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of an envelope with its inclosed missive lying on the lowest step. I naturally stooped down to pick it up, and, on examining it, found that the envelope had been so mutilated when the letter had been opened that it was impossible to decipher the name of the person to whom it was addressed. My thoughts being very much occupied with another subject at the time, I carelessly thrust the letter into my overcoat pocket, with the passing surmise that it might possibly belong to Miss ———, or that, at any rate, she could without doubt inform me by whom it had most probably been lost. But when, upon entering the drawing-room, she greeted me with one of those sweet smiles of which every college man who calls upon her thinks he is the sole recipient and interpreter,—although they all, unknown to each other, interpret them in the same manner, that is to say, that she is perfectly delighted to see him and has been eagerly looking forward to seeing him again ever since she saw him last, day before yesterday,—all thoughts of the letter vanished from my mind, and it was not until last night that, on mechanically going through my pockets with the vain hope of finding a stray quarter with which to pay my laundry bill, I accidentally found the letter safely ensconced in a remote corner. After some hesitation I finally determined to read it, expecting in that way to ascertain the name of its owner. I drew a chair near the fire and filled my pipe, and, after establishing myself in a position of luxurious ease, took the letter from its torn and soiled envelope, and read as follows:

THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
MOUNTAINVILLE, N. H. }
Sunday, Aug. 29, 188— }

MY DEAR EDITH.—Ever since we arrived at this well-known mountain resort day before yesterday, I have been anxiously awaiting the time when I could settle down and write you a good, long letter, not because I promised you faithfully before I left Fairfield that I would write to you once a week to keep you posted in regard to the effect that my new Felix gowns and my latest imported glances were producing on the affections of the most eligible *partis*, but for the simple reason that something has happened. I am

sure that the little piece of news which I am about to tell you will prove of the deepest interest to you and the other girls, waiting patiently for the summer to elapse so that the college men may return and renew their love-making. And now to my adventure. As I said before, we, that is, papa, mamma and myself, arrived here on Friday evening. Dear papa, thoughtful as ever, had telegraphed ahead for rooms at the Elite House, and, as we had received a reply to the effect that the best rooms in the hotel were at our disposal, mamma and I were looking forward to a few weeks' delightful sojourn at the without doubt most fashionable hotel in the mountains, with our names among the prominent arrivals in the Sunday papers. Imagine, then, our feelings of disgust when, upon leaving the train at the station, we were met by the landlord himself with the unpleasant information that one of the persons who were that day to vacate the rooms for which we had telegraphed had been suddenly taken ill, and that, owing to the crowded condition of the house, we would for a few days be compelled to occupy rooms in a recently built hotel on the outskirts of the village. We were in a perfect rage, and, as I heard a bystander poetically express it, I shed a few sad tears in the darkness of the musty stage coach. Upon arriving at the hotel, however, we found it not half so bad as we had expected, and my drooping spirits were almost raised to a high pitch of enthusiasm when I learned that an informal dance was to be given that evening. I could not, however, repress a sigh when I thought of the swell hop which was to take place that night at the Elite House where I should have made my debut. After the usual amount of parleying about the trunks we went up to our rooms to dress for dinner. As I stood before the glass putting the last finishing touches to a really superb toilette, I could not help rebelling against the cruelty of the fates and hoping that they would relent a little and permit some nice young man to make the evening agreeable to me, so that I should receive some slight recompense for the disappointments of the day. While waiting for mamma to appear I walked to the window and took in the surroundings. The view was magnificent and I was in raptures as my eyes swept the neighboring mountains. But a much more charming sight met my view a

few moments later when I chanced to look down upon a broad piazza which ran along one of the wings of the hotel. There, under a large hanging lantern, stood a young man whose figure (I could not see his features, for his back was turned to me,) seemed very familiar. As I stood gazing at him and wondering who he could be, he suddenly turned around, and as the light fell on his face, I to my utter astonishment recognized Mr. Wason, Kodac, 'oo, who had informed me at the class day reception that he expected to spend the summer in Europe. I was delighted to see him, however, and my feelings became positively ecstatic when I thought of his wide reputation as a brilliant conversationalist, of the elegance and grace with which he waltzed, and, especially, of the prominent position which he occupied in Fairfield society. Visions of a delightful evening, of dances innumerable, of several interesting tete-a-tetes chased themselves in quick succession across my heated and happy imagination. I was in an agony of expectancy as Mamma and I walked down stairs and entered the dining-room. We sat down and as I vainly scanned the room for Mr. Wason, I noticed the great preponderance of my own sex and also the unattractiveness of the small male delegation present. I was just congratulating myself on being acquainted with the most interesting young man I had yet seen there, when a door near us opened and Mr. Wason entered the room. He came straight up to me with that blasé air which has captivated so many Fairfield hearts, and bending low over the back of my chair, murmured gently with that bewitching English accent of his: "Mock Turtle, or Consommé." Oh, Edith * * *

F.

A WANDERER'S REVERIE.

I.

The star of evening is shining
Over the waves of the bay ;
I walk by the side of the incoming tide,
Dreaming of one far away.

II.

While I look out o'er the ocean,
Comes a fair vision to me :
No longer I stand in a far distant land,
But in my home past the sea.

III.

Peaceful the old town is sleeping,
Softly the summer breeze blows,
Ripples the river as murmuring ever,
Through the fair meadows it flows.

IV.

Over the hills to the eastward
Faint lines of tremulous light,
Foretelling the rise of the moon to the skies,
Herald the goddess of night.

V.

Naught breaks the summer eve's stillness
Save when the wind passes by ;
Or plaintive and shrill from a far away hill,
One hears the whip-poor-will's cry.

VI.

Once more I list to the river
Flowing incessantly on,
And lo ! now I see my love coming to me,
As in the years long ago.

VII.

Can it be she who approaches ?
Swift to her side I have flown.
We meet then at last.—Ah ! the vision is past,
I gaze on the ocean alone.

VIII.

The star of evening is shining
Over the waves of the bay.
I walk by the side of the incoming tide,
Dreaming of one far away.

B.

THE SKULL.

I had read long and continuously ; the hour had grown late, and I began to feel exhausted. My eyes traveled more and more slowly over the lines of the book, which became blurred and dim and meaningless. Again and again I made a violent effort to rouse myself ; but the effect lasted only for a moment, and again my energies became torpid. At last my head began to droop ; my eyes closed, and a drowsy feeling came over me. The book slipped from my relaxing fingers to the floor. Wakened by the noise of its fall, I straightened up with a start and tried to gather my wandering senses. I got up slowly from the chair and stretched myself. For a moment I stood looking in the fire and thinking ; then turning down the light until the objects about the room were scarcely visible, I groped my way to the window seat and drawing the curtains close

after me, threw myself upon it and lay there looking out. Behind me, in the room, everything was quiet except that the wood in the fire gave forth a faint snapping sound now and then as it settled down, while outside all noises had long since ceased. Over in the east the moon was rising behind a distant line of trees, the tops of which stood out black and sharp against the reddish disk. As I watched, it mounted higher and higher and soon appeared clear, above the trees, where for a moment it seemed to hang suspended. Gradually it lost its reddish tinge and became pure and silvery. The sky grew bright and the stars becoming dim one by one faded out in the soft glow, while below the earth lay bathed in light.

The moon had mounted but half way up the heavens when a great black cloud came drifting across its face and hid its light. Immediately earth and sky became dark ; and again the dimmed stars came into view. Slowly the cloud moved along like a great ship, faintly outlined against the dark sky. The darkness and stillness seemed to increase. But suddenly along the upper edge of the cloud a rim of light appeared. It grew brighter and brighter and at length the moon itself emerged swiftly cutting through the last shreds of vapor. Again it filled earth and sky with light, and, as it did so, a broad beam entering the window at my side, filled the narrow space about me with its pale radiance. I blinked my eyes like an owl in the darkness. I could almost feel the cold gentle touch of the moonlight on my face. I stirred uneasily, and by my movement the curtains were parted a little. Through the opening a single thin ray stole, and stretching across the room like a long ghostly finger, rested upon an object which stood upon a low cabinet—a human skull.

Instantly, at the silent touch there came a startling change. A phosphorescent cloud spread around the skull ; dull fires burned in the depths of the sockets of the eyes ; the whole mass of dry bone seemed to quiver and stir as under the influence of some mighty will. Half rising in astonishment I pushed the curtains aside with my hand and admitted a flood of light, but I remained fixed, as forth from the fleshless jaws, in sonorous tones, came the words :

"My friend, I, too, have studied and thought ; I, too, have sought for knowledge

with insatiable zeal. In ages past, when as a youth I stood upon the threshold of life, I swore that to study it should be devoted, that knowledge, infinite knowledge, should be my sole thought, my only purpose. My abode I took up without a great city, free from its turmoil and confusion. None came near me. I knew no one. When at rare times I entered the city, the people looked at me askance and avoided me. They feared me. But I cared not. About me I gathered the wisdom of all the sages of former times, in every tongue. I studied their recorded thoughts slowly; over them I pondered long; and in time their meaning became clear. I sounded the depths of their philosophy; I penetrated into the secret arts of their magic; I became master of their learning and their discoveries.

By night I stood beneath the open heavens and looked up at those bright stars which to my childish mind had been but twinkling lights, but which now I saw as vast bodies sweeping through space. I traced their courses and studied their movements. I saw our own earth as one of the least and a thought of man's insignificance came to me. I gazed at those stars which by reason of their remoteness seem fixed, and when the ideas of distance and time which they inspired entered my mind, I was appalled. I studied nature in the forms at hand and became acquainted with her infinite wonders and perfections. With every thought and idea my mind expanded. I felt a mighty power growing within me. But time was slipping by. Over me, absorbed in my work, years had passed as days. Once I stopped and looked at myself. My hand was wrinkled; my hair and beard were white; I saw that I had become old. But on I went with greater eagerness that I might gain as much as possible in the time that remained. I might even learn to defy death.

One day I sat before a window, bending over a ponderous tome containing a dim and mystic philosophy, from which patiently I sought to wrest the secret of endless life. I was deeply absorbed, when from without I heard a slight noise and looked up. There before the window stood a woman whose beauty was beyond that of all whom I had ever seen. It was not earthly. The great volume fell to the floor with a crash, forgot-

ten, as I gazed at her, spell-bound; while a strange unfamiliar feeling came surging through my hitherto tranquil heart and stirred it strangely. For a moment she regarded me and then passed on. Forgetful of my life-long vow, thoughtless of every thing but this strange being, I sprang to my feet and rushed from the room to seek her. She looked back and beheld me, a gaunt, wild old man pursuing her. Terrified she fled away and entered the city; while I hastened breathlessly after her through the gates and through the streets, unmindful of the curious crowds which stared at my strange figure, until at last she disappeared within a large building. Before it I stood clasping my head with my hands, for my brain was ready to burst. My mind was leaving me. I beat upon the great door with my hands and shouted for admittance long, but no one came.

At last I turned away and went wandering through the city at random. I cast aside my scholar's garb and donned a worldly dress. Spurs rattled at my heels and a sword hung at my side. My old life was utterly gone. I thought not of my years. I longed only to find the woman whom I so wildly loved, under whose influence I had fallen so completely. Day after day I sought her everywhere but nowhere did she appear. Sometimes I approached the house, and one night as I stood before it, motionless, in the shadow of a buttress, a low door opened noiselessly near me and two figures came out. Instantly I recognized one by the light of the torch which flared above the great central doorway. It was she whom I loved with all my heart and soul. At the sight of the other, a man, the thought of a rival entered my mind and made me tremble. I became insane when, before my feverish, burning eyes, he bent over her and tenderly embraced her, almost within my reach. For a few moments she lingered in his arms, and then, murmuring a few soft words, she slipped away and reentered. The door had scarcely closed behind her when with a cry of rage I drew my sword from its sheath and sprang from the shadow toward him.

He recoiled a step in surprise and drew his own weapon. Our blades crossed and flashed in the light. Blind with passion and jealousy I drove my point straight at his breast; but

it was turned aside and a sharp pain shot through my heart. A weakness came over me and I sank to the ground. I heard a scream and as I looked up I beheld her again in my enemy's arms fainting with joy that he was safe. And then my eyes became dim; I fell back prostrate, and consciousness passed away. I had broken my vow; my love had been vain, and my life was at an end. * * *

The last sad words still lingered and re-echoed through the room; but the skull was no longer visible and the moonlight had gone. I tried to rise; but deep drowsiness overwhelmed me and I sank back asleep. In the early morning I awoke stiff and chilled. I went to the cabinet, and there where the skull had been I found a little heap of gray dust.

KHERMAN.

THE ATHENÆUM REVIVED.

The history of the Athenæum Literary Society dates from the earliest days of Trinity College.

In the fall of 1824, the first movement was made for its organization, and at a meeting of the students of Trinity (then Washington) College, a committee was appointed to form a constitution. The first regular meeting was held on the 4th of June, 1825, and from that time weekly meetings were held. The Society continued in active operation until 1870, when it was disbanded.

In the early part of this term several students who were anxious for advancement in a literary line banded together and reorganized the Society above mentioned. A Constitution was drawn up by the present members, and the Society is well on foot.

The special direction to which the Society at present turns its attention is oratory, declamation, and debate. The meetings are held weekly on Friday evenings. The debate is the prominent exercise of the evening, and attempts have been made to take up subjects which refer especially to the things that are happening in the world of to-day.

In order to make the evening interesting to all, a programme is prepared consisting of two parts: first, elocution, orations and theses; secondly, debate, a certain number taking part in it, and a limited time being given to each speaker. After the debate is

finished a decision is rendered by a judge appointed for the evening. Criticisms are made by the Censor, also appointed for the evening, who gives his opinion as to the merits of the literary work as a whole, and also that of each member. A fair idea from this of the workings of this society may be gained, and there will also be seen on comparing the minutes of the existing society with those of the original Athenæum that the old society is virtually restored.

The success of the society greatly depends on those who will actively engage in it, and therefore, those who would take up the work in such a spirit, are requested to take the matter into consideration.

It is now nearly twenty years since the old society went out of existence. It has great men among its members, who would delight in seeing that which was beneficial to them, also a benefit to those who are numbered as members of the same College as they were.

THE SHAKESPEARE WATER CURE.

"The Shakespeare Water Cure" was presented for the second time by the College Dramatic Association, Monday evening, November 25th. The suitability of the play to amateurs, its bright lines and clever arrangement have made it a great favorite among non-professional players, and the large audience of students and people from the town present Monday evening proved its acceptability to the public.

There was manifest improvement over the performance of last year, both in general effect and the individual work of the actors. The plan employed by which the parts are assigned by competition made it a reasonable conclusion that the best dramatic talent of the college was represented, and also showed the possibilities of the new men. To these last must be given especial praise.

H. S. Candee, '93, as *Juliet*, looked his part to perfection and acted with considerable grace.

R. C. Hayden, '93, as *Ophelia*, was all that could be desired in the rôle, carrying through the watery character of *Hamlet's* wife with the greatest skill.

H. H. Porter, '93, acted *Othello* with much life and humor. He gave, however, too much prominence to his somewhat shady part.

I. W. Hughes, '91, enacted the part of *Romeo* satisfactorily, but was rather too "stagey" to give the part the dash and grace it should have had.

Macbeth, by E. Pressey, '91, was well taken, and Mr. Pressey's singing voice added much to the performance.

G. N. Hamlin, '91, who played *Romeo* at the former production, made a hit by his imitation as *Hamlet* of Henry Irving in that part. Both the make-up and action were very cleverly done.

W. Pressey, '90, as *Portia*, P. Smith, '90, as *Shylock*, and H. Parrish, '90, as *Lady Macbeth*, repeated their successes of last year in those parts.

T. A. Conover, '90, was all that could be desired as the *ghost*.

H. Parrish, '91, was stage manager, and G. P. Coleman, '90, directed the music.

It is possible that "The Shakespeare Water Cure" will be presented by the Dramatic Club in several towns of the State for the benefit of the college athletics, and arrangements have already been begun with that end in view. The performance will certainly be creditable to the college.

FOOT BALL.

Wesleyan 6, Trinity 0.

The second game with Wesleyan was played on Ward Street grounds, Thursday, Nov. 14th, Wesleyan having the south goal. Time was called at 3.05 P. M. Norton was injured almost immediately and was replaced by Moore. Trinity starts the ball, but is forced to kick; Hall returns and Graves is downed. Wesleyan kicks the leather and Brady is downed. Graves makes a good gain but is again obliged to punt. The ball is soon on Trinity's twenty-five yard line. No gain, and Trinity gets the ball. By offside play, the leather changes hands; and Hall secures first touch down and goal. Time 20 minutes. Here Bulkeley makes good gain from centre of field. A kicking match ensues between Hall and Graves till the ball is downed on Trinity's 10 yard line. Ball is kicked out of bounds and goes to Wesleyan. Trinity soon secures it and kicks. On Wesleyan's 3rd down, ball is kicked, returned, and Griswold downs Hall. Trinity secures the leather, but soon loses it, and by good rushing prevents

Wesleyan from scoring another touch-down. Again Trinity has the ball on 4th down. Ball is kicked and returned, and Brady makes a good gain, but Trinity loses on 4th down. Hubbard '92, rushes through center and secures the ball, which is again kicked and Griswold falls on it. Graves kicks the ball and Griswold again downs Hall. Ball is kicked and by a foul play Wesleyan gets 25 yards, which brings the ball three yards from Trinity's goal line. Graves kicks out, and before Wesleyan has advanced, time is called.

By mutual consent the last half is but 15 minutes. Play is resumed at 4:15. Wesleyan gains 15 yards on V trick, but loses by off side play. Trinity loses on 4 downs and Wesleyan gains through center. Slayback gains 10 yards by a pretty run, but loses on next down. Graves kicks and Slayback again gains. Wesleyan now uses her superior weight in the rush line, but time is called with the leather still in the center of the field. Time of game one hour.

Referee, Mr. Coffin, Wesleyan '90; Umpire, Mr. Robinson, Yale, '89.

The teams lined up as follows:

WESLEYAN.		TRINITY.
Crane,	Left end,	Griswold.
Brown,	Left tackle,	Thurston.
Bickford,	Left Guard,	Hubbard '93.
Fogg,	Center,	Hubbard '92.
Heath,	Right guard,	Hoisington.
Norton (Moore),	Right tackle,	Allen.
Cleaver,	Right end,	McCook (Capt.)
Peck,	Quarter-back,	Lynch.
Slayback (Capt.)	Right half-back,	Bulkeley.
Alexander,	Left half-back,	Graves.
Hall,	Full-back.	Brady.

Trinity 12, Stevens 0.

The second game with Stevens was played on the Ward street grounds, Saturday, November 16th.

Stevens starts the ball and gains 15 yards on 3 downs, kicks, and Brady makes a good run. Trinity's ball: good runs advance it 15 yards and then it is kicked. Downed on Stevens' 30 yard line, and kicked; returned and downed on 10 yard line. Kicked again and Bulkeley runs, but Trinity loses the ball on the next down. Stevens gains 5 yards on offside play. A good tackle by Hill and Stevens loses the ball. Runs by Hill and Griswold again advance the leather, when a kick by Graves and good following by Gris-

would, secures a touch-down; no goal. Stevens kicks the ball, and Bulkeley runs. Trinity loses the ball on 4 downs. Stevens kicks; return by Trinity. Stevens loses the ball and Graves tries for goal from field, but fails. Again Stevens kicks out; a run by Bulkeley, and Graves again tries for goal but fails, hitting the post, and Hill drops on ball. Brady gains and Bulkeley carries it over the line. No goal. Stevens kicks the leather, Graves returns it, and when Stevens has advanced about 15 yards time is called. Score, Stevens 0, Trinity 8.

In the second half runs by Graves, Bulkeley, McCook and Hill, advance the ball, and Graves kicks. Stevens has the ball two yards from her goal, and is forced to a safety. Stevens kicks and Trinity gains some distance but loses the ball. On 3rd down Stevens kicks again and Griswold drops on the leather. The ball is then kicked and returned, when Graves gains by a run. Stevens' ball on 4 downs. They kick the ball, which is advanced by runs of Graves, Brady and Hoisington, when it is lost, but Stevens is forced to another safety. DeHart makes two very brilliant runs, but Stevens kicks on 3rd down. Graves returns the leather, and Stevens loses the ball on 4th down. Stevens gains the ball again and advances it to Trinity's 2 yard line and there loses it. Graves makes a long, high kick, and Thurston drops on the ball. Again Trinity kicks and Stevens returns, and the ball is in the center of the field when time is called.

Time of game, one hour. Referee, Mr. Robinson. Umpire, Mr. Crane.

STEVENS.

Griswold,
Wreaks,
Mackenzie,
Hall,
Load,
Wildman,
Phelps,
DeHart (Capt.)
Hake,
P. Mackensie,
Nettlaffer,

TRINITY.

Left end,
Left tackle,
Left guard,
Center,
Right guard,
Right tackle,
Right end,
Quarter-back,
Right half-back,
Left half-back,
Full-back,

Griswold.
Thurston.
Hubbard, '93.
Hubbard, '92.
Hoisington.
Hill.
McCook (Capt.)
Conover.
Bulkeley,
Graves.
Brady.

Decisive steps have at last been taken in regard to the reading room. A part of the old gymnasium has been set apart and fitted up for the purpose, and it is now almost ready for use. It will be opened at the beginning of next term.

ROCHESTER 0, TRINITY 72.

On Monday, November 18th, the eleven played its last game of the season with Rochester University. The game was so one-sided that any interest in it was impossible. Comfort, of the Rochester eleven, did some very fine kicking for his side.

The following were the teams:

Rochester: (Rushers): Bostwick, Eaton, Van Hoorhis, Kinzie, Slight, Justice, Perrin. (Quarter-back): Love (Capt). (Half-backs): Bramley, Toaz. (Full-back): Comfort.

Trinity: (Rushers): McCook (Capt.). Hill, Hoisington, Hubbard, '92, Hubbard, '93, Thurston, Griswold. (Quarter-back): Lynch. (Half-backs): Graves, Bulkeley. (Full-back): Brady.

Mr. Hooker, of Rochester University, acted as umpire, Mr. Blake, ex-'90, of Columbia Law School, as referee.

PERSONALS.

HOFFMAN, '51. C. F. Hoffman has given \$100,000 to the Church of All Angels, New York city, to build a new church.

COOKSON, '61. The Rev. F. M. Cookson has been elected a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Albany.

BOWEN, '63. Arthur Bowen is a wine merchant and brewer at Rochdale, Mass.

GOODSPEED, '66. J. H. Goodspeed is treasurer of the West End Street R. R. Co. in Boston.

HART, '66. The *Independent*, in a notice of the General Convention held lately in New York, speaks of Dr. Hart as follows: "Professor Hart, of Trinity College, Hartford, is one of the most respected members in the Convention. When he smiles his face lights up beautifully, and he often smiles. There is a suggestion of purity and goodness about him that makes it pleasant just to sit and look at him. He is one of the most accomplished liturgical scholars in the United States, and withal, a singularly modest, almost diffident man."

WANZER, '66. Charles Wanzer is a civil engineer and contractor at St. Paul, Minn.

CURTIS, '68. Robert H. Curtis is secretary and treasurer of the Meriden Silver Plate Co.

TOTTEN, '69. C. A. L. Totten, 1st Lieut. of 4th Artillery, has been detached as instructor in military tactics at Yale Sheffield Scientific School.

PARSONS, '71. Rev. A. T. Parsons has accepted the rectorship of a parish in Thomaston, Conn.

PLATT, '75. Wm. A. Platt has recently purchased a cottage at Penllyn.

MOORE, '76. Chas. D. Moore, M. D., has his office at 315 W. 46th street, New York city.

COLEMAN, '77. Robert H. Coleman has generously promised to provide for the families of those of his employees who were lately killed in an accident at one of his foundries.

HALL, '78. F. DeP. Hall has gone into the wine business.

WEBB, '78. Rev. Wm. R. Webb has his address at 150 State street, Albany, N. Y.

MARLINDALE, '79. H. S. Marlindale is now residing at Rochester, N. Y.; he owns a ranch in Iowa.

CHEEVER, '81. J. D. Cheever is in business with the N. Y. Belting and Packing Co.

HOTCHKISS, '82. C. E. Hotchkiss has his law office at 115 Nassau street, New York city.

WOODRUFF, '82. H. F. Woodruff is practicing medicine at Montreal, Canada.

YOUNG, '82. A. M. Young is connected with the N. Y. Security and Trust Co.

BEACH, '83. E. S. Beach is practicing law in Boston at 27 School street.

TROWBRIDGE, '83. S. B. T. Trowbridge is engaged in architecture with Post & Co., New York city.

VAN ZILE, '84. E. S. Van Zile has recently written a series of interesting stories for a newspaper syndicate.

MILLER, '85. Married, in South Church, Hartford, November 20th, Sidney T. Miller and Miss Lucy Trumbull Robinson. The wedding was a remarkably pretty one, and was of especial interest to Trinity men, a large number of alumni and undergraduates being present. Among the ushers were Trowbridge '83; Roosevelt, '83; Elton, '88; E. McCook, '90, and Sibley, '92.

THORNE, '85. Robert Thorne has published a book of reference on divers subjects, under the title of "Fugitive Facts." It is for sale at Brown & Gross.

MCCRACKEN, '85. W. D. McCracken has returned from Switzerland, and is at present in New York. His address, however, is care of M. B. Copeland, Middletown, Conn.

BEERS, '86. G. E. Beers is practicing law at New Haven, Conn. His office is at 157 Church street.

BENEDICT, '87. L. LeG. Benedict has changed his address from Orange, N. J., to 37 Gramercy Place, New York.

WATERS, '87. G. S. Waters received the degree of PhB. from Columbia last year. He is now a designer for Herter Bros., interior deco-

rators, 5th Avenue and 20th Street, New York city.

BECKWITH, '88. C. M. Beckwith has recently returned to Hartford.

MORGAN, '88. Wm. F. Morgan, Jr., has recently made a tour among many of the most important New England colleges. He has presented to the Athletic Association some valuable tabulated records of Trinity's successes in foot ball since the introduction of the game here.

FELL, '89. J. William Fell has resigned his office of college librarian, and has accepted a position as teacher in St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y.

WRIGHT, '89. Boardman Wright is studying law at Colorado Springs.

BLAKE, '90. J. R. Blake is at the Columbia Law School.

MCCOOK, '90. E. McCook played end-rush on the Stevens eleven against Dartmouth on Thanksgiving Day.

GREENE, '91. J. H. Greene is stationed at Jackson, Mich., and not at Detroit, as was stated in the last issue.

WRIGHT, '91. G. H. Wright, who is now absent from college on account of sickness, expects to return for the examinations.

SALTUS, '92. R. S. Saltus has returned to college.

Among the alumni who have recently visited college are the following: C. E. Graves, '50; Scudder, '77; Gallaudet, '80; Mason, '81; Hotchkiss, '82; Beach, '83; Roosevelt, '83; Trowbridge, '83; Child, '85; McCracken, '85; Miller, '85; Mitchell, '85; Birdsall, '86; Thompson, '87; Hamlin, '87; Haight, '87; Hall, '88; Downes, '88; Morgan, '88; Upson, '88; Elton, '88; Wainwright, '88; Chase, '89; Scudder, '89; Vanderpoel, '89; Kramer, '89; Hyde, '90, and Blake, '90.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Prof. R. B. Riggs, Ph. D., has been appointed state chemist by Governor Bulkeley.

The Freshmen have decided to postpone the Junior supper till next term.

Information in regard to the Athenæum Literary Society may be obtained from W. L. French, '92, or Pearce, '93.

'93 have at last decided upon their class colors. They are old rose and cream. Some one suggested, "why not milk?"

It was remarked that the tar walk after its many stages of existence and non-existence has at length developed from an abstract idea to a concrete fact.

College Catalogues out to-day. Copies may be obtained at 22 J. H.

Examinations commence Friday, Dec. 13. Recess begins Thursday, Dec. 19. Recess ends Thursday, Jan. 2.

The next issue of the TABLET will not appear until next term. This affords contributors ample time for writing during the recess.

Photographs of the 'Varsity foot-ball team taken to-day. Orders may be left with the manager, Coleman. As usual, the photographs will be of two sizes.

The *New York Tribune* recently stated that an application had been made from Trinity to the Delta Phi Fraternity for the establishment of a chapter here.

There is very good material for a hockey team in college this year. Could not an impromptu game be arranged with Yale when the fates and the ice favor?

On account of the heavy expenses connected with the dramatic entertainment given on Nov. 15th, the net proceeds amounted finally to not more than forty dollars.

The people of Hartford are complaining greatly of the want of gas in town. There is certainly an abundance in college. Perhaps it is natural. What say ye, '93?

Of the Rochester team which played here Nov. 18th, Justice, one of the rushers, was an important feature; Love, quarter-back, captained with all the attributes of a cupid; and the full-back was the sole Comfort of the whole eleven.

During the mission now going on in Hartford, a special service is held in chapel at 5 P. M. daily, at which the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York, delivers an address. These services are fairly well attended.

The hare and hound runs have been postponed for various reasons. They will undoubtedly be held next week. The first will be a slow race, in which all the hounds keep together until within a given distance of home; the second will be the usual go-as-you-please race from start to finish.

The *Ivy* board have already begun operations. Not only has the board itself been selected, and carefully worked over, but it has succeeded in planting several small "cuts," which it hopes to train up. In time, no doubt, the leaves of the *Ivy* will cover the entire board—with honor.

November 28th was a holiday. It was of course a Thanksgiving Day.

Lemon squeezer "pointers." For the support of foot ball the three classes have subscribed as follows:

'91,	\$107.00,	still unpaid, \$31.00
'92,	99.50.	" " 53.00
'93,	135.00,	" " 45.00

Thanksgiving dinner at commons necessarily involved a foul tackle. The game, after many bones were broken, was called off. The sauce, however, was duly considered, and the players later received their deserts. "Charging" was disallowed, but the general admission was very high—that it was a good dinner. The waiters were employed on the grand stand.

Two most interesting lectures were delivered by Miss Amelia B. Edwards in Armory Hall, on Saturday, Nov. 23d, and Tuesday, Nov. 26th. They were given under the auspices of the College and Hartford Theological Seminary, who generously furnished tickets to all their students. The subject of the lectures was the recent archaeological researches in Egypt. Miss Edwards has been so intimately connected with this work, and her reputation is so wide spread throughout Europe and this country, that her lectures were of particular interest to her hearers.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs opened their season with a concert in Rockville, Conn. on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3. The old Congregational church was well filled with a very appreciative audience. All the most taking songs of last year's programme were rendered with several additions. Both clubs were generously encored, and the Wild West Trio carried off the usual honors. The Rev. C. E. Balls, '82, whose resounding bass often assisted the Mt. Gretna impromptus, was present to welcome his old acquaintances. The thanks of the members of both clubs are due to the Rockville ladies for a most hospitable reception.

Foot ball record for 1889: games played, nine; victories, five: Wesleyan, Stevens, Columbia, Universities of Vermont and Rochester; defeats, three: Yale, Wesleyan and Stevens; one tie game with Boston Athletic Club. Total number of points scored: Trinity 130, opponents 87. Trinity, Yale, Harvard and Princeton are the only colleges that have beaten Wesleyan this year.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Harvard spent \$25,000 last year on athletics.

The total number of students at Princeton is 685.

Twenty-four young women graduated as lawyers in Michigan last year.

One hundred and seventy-one Americans attended the University of Berlin last year.

The Princeton Glee Club will visit Florida during the Christmas vacation.

Rhodes, '91, has been elected captain of the Yale foot-ball team for next year.

Ten out of 110 students of the Harvard Annex are taking the regular academic course.

Swarthmore College is one of the contributors to the fund for the excavations of the site of ancient Delphi.

No class will be graduated from the Columbia Law School this year, as the term of study has been lengthened.

The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and also Italy, have become co-educational.

The University of Michigan is among the number of Western Colleges visited by the Pan-American Congress.

The system of written recitations as a substitute for final examinations is meeting with great favor at Princeton.

Yale students now use the broad granite steps of the new recitation building as a substitute for the historical fence.

There is a movement on foot to start a school of music at Yale which shall be on a par with the great conservatories of Germany.

Realizing the disadvantage of society strife, the students of Williams are endeavoring to raise by subscription two hundred thousand dollars for a general chapter house.—*Cornell Era*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The State: This somewhat large book is even more comprehensive than its title would indicate, for it treats fully yet succinctly of all the important branches of historical and practical politics. In addition to an exhaustive account of the various departments of govern-

ment of all the most prominent modern nations, it devotes considerable space to the Greek and the Roman systems, besides containing several interesting chapters on the origin and development of government and law as well as their nature, form, functions and ends. The entire book is extremely valuable but the chapters devoted to "Roman Dominion and Roman Law" and "Teutonic Policy and Government during the Middle Ages" are especially so, the former on account of the great influence which Roman law has exerted upon all modern law, and the latter from the fact that it was almost the sole representative of government throughout the mediæval period. In addition to containing an enormous amount of invaluable information the book is written in an extremely readable style, remarkably so, considering the dryness of the subject matter. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

The Crusade of Richard I. The compilation of English History by contemporary writers is a novel idea to us, although the same plan has been successfully tried in France by Mme. Zeller, Dorsy, etc. The editor of this series expects to eventually cover the entire period of Mediæval and Renaissance history, devoting a volume made up of extracts from the chronicles, state papers, memoirs, and letters of the time, to each well defined period of English History. The Crusade of Richard I. is a typical volume of the series, and in addition to the statement of many interesting facts hitherto treated with a mere passing mention, presents a vivid picture of the life and manners of the time. The style of the old chronicles is left unchanged, and the work affords some valuable evidence in regard to the literary studies of that time. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BOOKS RECEIVED:

The Ideals of the Republic; *The Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith*; *Parliamentary Procedure*, by George Glover Crocker; *Great Words from Great Americans*; *La Société Française au Dix Septième Siècle*, edited by Thomas Frederick Crane A. M.; *7000 Words often Mispronounced*, by William Henry P. Phylfe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For Sale by Brown and Gross.