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Trinity College

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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

# The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXIII.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

No. VI.

## The Trinity Tablet.

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

TRINITY COLLEGE.

### BOARD OF EDITORS:

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

THE TABLET takes pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. J. B. Burnham, '91, to its board of editors. Mr. Burnham is the first man to be elected under the new competition rule.

IN the recent addition made to the corps of instructors Trinity is to be congratulated both on the necessity which has made such an addition desirable and on the choice of Mr. W. R. Martin, Ph. D., as an assistant in its departments. Dr. Martin is well known

both as an instructor and scholar and has but recently returned to this country from the pursuit of special studies in Oriental philology abroad. At present Dr. Martin's chief work is in the modern language department and the library, but voluntary or elective classes in Sanskrit, Hebrew, and German have also been formed by him. This is the third addition to the teaching force of Trinity since the beginning of the present academic year.

AMID the social gaieties of the winter the I. K. A. ball stands decidedly prominent, not only because of the admirable manner in which every detail of its arrangements was carried out, but also from its uniqueness as a species of college entertainment. Now that the number of undergraduates at Trinity continues to increase so steadily every year, there is no reason why there should not be more evidence on their part of their appreciation of the generous hospitality which the townspeople have invariably tendered them. The I. K. A. men have shown in their recent entertainment how easily and how well this can be done, and they are to be congratulated as well for the idea itself as for the extremely successful way in which it was developed.

THE reading room has at last been opened, and the TABLET wishes to convey its thanks to the authorities and its congratulations to the college. The room in the old gymnasium which has been appropriated to this use is large, and sufficiently comfortable and convenient for the purpose, and the supply of news material is fully as large as last year's. The number of men, who eagerly absorbing their daily bread of information are almost constantly to be seen in the room is evidence enough of the desirability, almost necessity, of this form of expense to the authorities. The question naturally arises, How have we endured so long being without a reading room?



IN one respect Trinity is very deficient, and that is, in college songs. There are, undoubtedly, a number of men in college who are fully able to write a good song and we wish to urge them to make every effort in their power to increase the number of our college songs. There is hardly a college in the country which has not at least four or five good songs, and there is no reason why Trinity should not have a much larger collection.

IT has been the custom for the past few years to publish the *Ivy* very late in the term; and so far as we can learn there has been given no really good and sufficient reason for this delay. The majority of the college annuals make their appearance at some time during this term, March being generally the very latest month of their publication. For very many reasons this is a much better time of the year for the issue of such a college book than the latter part of May or the first part of June. We would therefore strongly urge the '91 *Ivy* board to depart from the usual dilatoriness and present their *Ivy* to the college and its friends at as early a date as possible.

THE notice on the door of the trophy room at the German last Friday evening, requesting that smoking be confined to that room, called the attention of the TABLET to the fact that the authorities are not oblivious to the amount of smoking that is done in the gymnasium. There is a great deal of smoking done there at other times than at the Germans, and the notice referred to above was undoubtedly put up in recognition of this fact as well as the other. There are a number of men who seem to think that a violation of the gymnasium rule against smoking consists solely in being caught, and, as their ingenuity rarely allows this to take place, pursue their course uninterrupted. The rule was made, not because the authorities object to the sight of smoking, as a good many seem to think, but because such a thing is entirely out of place in the gymnasium, which was erected for the purpose of building up health and not of destroying it. A moment's thought will induce any one to recognize this and to act accordingly.

THE present Senior Class have determined to inaugurate what will in future doubtless prove a very interesting custom. The reading of a Class History at the Class Day exercises and the compilation of complete statistics in regard to the graduating class have never yet been attempted at Trinity, and Ninety deserves great credit for her determination to introduce here what have been found to be of such great interest at other colleges. A single class history is always interesting from the many pleasant memories which its reading revives. The statistics will not attract much attention, unless from the novelty of the idea, on the first occasion of their compilation, but every successive year will only serve to increase more and more the interest taken in them. In a few years the careful comparison of the leading features of the various records will be as regular an occurrence as the comparing of successive poems or orations has been hitherto.

THE Captain of the Worcester team has acted very wisely, we think, in beginning at this early date to train his men. Nearly all the men trying for the team this year have been to Worcester before, and consequently know well just what kind of contests they are to enter into next May. This knowledge ought to be a great incentive to them to direct their practice to that which will be most beneficial to them and put them into the best condition for undergoing the harder outside work which comes in the spring. They will further see the great necessity there is in observing implicitly the commands and wishes of their captain, and this fact alone, if heeded, will insure to them a certain degree of success. With the old and experienced men that there are on the team, there is no reason why Trinity should not make a creditable record this year in the Intercollegiate Games. Let the team go ahead, then, in their practice and work, feeling assured that they have the support, confidence and good wishes of the college behind them.

THE New York Association of Alumni give their annual dinner next Monday evening in New York. These dinners have always been very successful and have been the means of bringing a number of the alumni together for a most enjoyable evening. More-



over such occasions cannot fail to make the alumni feel a greater interest in their Alma Mater. To talk of its history, to hear of its welfare, and to build air castles for its future must indeed bring Trinity most vividly before them. And then, too, it must also make them realize what a strong power they—the alumni of Trinity College—possess for its good, and what an important part they have to play in maintaining and supporting its rights and advantages on every occasion and under every circumstance. The college needs their help and enthusiasm, and it rightfully demands it. But why should not that help take a material and substantial form? It is true the alumni have done much for the college, but surely not too much. Innumerable ways still present themselves by which they can repay her for the many benefits they have here received at her hands. But it is not for the TABLET to make suggestions. It merely wishes to speak for the college, and ask her alumni to revisit her on every possible occasion. No matter whether they are old or young, she will most gladly welcome them all "neath her elms" again, and the TABLET joins the college in the sincere hope that her opportunities for so doing will be increased not ten but an hundred-fold.

#### FRENCH.

What care I for the words the modern Gaul  
 Uses to make his double meanings clear!  
 Que voulez-vous,—que l'on apprehend á lire  
 Monsieur de Maupassant, or loudly call  
 "Garçon, du vin?" 'Tis better form to bawl  
 In honest Saxon speech, "Alpouse, one beer!"  
 And as for novels, Guy's are beaucoup pire  
 Que Thackeray's, et beaucoup moins morale.

One tongue is quite enough—one mother tongue—  
 For all that can be thought or "said or sung."  
 If some don't understand, so much the worse  
 For them. They should have had an English nurse,  
 And learned to use our "grand old Saxon words"  
 When small,—not screech and chirrup like mad birds.

#### ON THE RANCH.

The heat was intolerable. Crinkled air arose from the new shingles of the Fernandez ranch roof; the stiff blades of alfalfa seemed to be turned into tempered bronze by the fiery furnace of the sky; the dust of the road which passed the door looked like the white ashes of a fire long burned out;

only in the little valley to the south where a stream from the mountains brought its coolness with it did the fringe of green trees express the possibility of refreshment, while far away in the west to where the road wound away in gentle undulations to the village among the greener foot-hills and where the great peaks of the Rockies reared their heads glistening and shining in their helmets of snow against the storming heat of the sky, one received the freshness of a vision as of fairy-land. The buildings of the great Fernandez ranch rested in the quiet of the afternoon. There was a lazy *craw-craw* from the chickens of a hennery near the house, an occasional snort or stamp of uneasiness from the four or five horses tied under the open sheds; but otherwise the silence of death reigned, a silence which seemed to include all that southern Colorado. Save for the animals no other living thing moved. No residence was visible looking in all directions from the rise of ground on which the ranch stood; the village some miles distant embraced by the foot-hills did not even indicate its presence by the sign of smoke, and to look at the majestic silence of the mountains was to look at the stillness of the mountains of the moon.

No sign of smoke came from the little town among the foot-hills at the end of the road, and there was good reason. The excitement was too great over there to allow even the Chinese washerman time to spend in lighting his laundry fire; the very saloons which composed a large portion of the place were empty for the nonce. Every man, woman and child had gathered in eager curiosity about a certain drug store in the village and the agitation especially of the men was apparent. One might have thought a gold mine had been discovered.

"How did it happen? Who could have done it?" A hundred similar questions were being asked.

In reality the cause of all this was the mutilated corpse of a woman stretched supinely on the rough boards of the store floor which had seemed most suited to the purposes of a morgue. A coffin was being constructed. Early that morning she had been found just outside the village lying in the road, torn and bloody, stabbed in many places. Some one had recognized her as a woman who some days before had come to the town and lodged



at the inn. It was whispered that she was from the east and had come to Goldentown expecting to join her husband who, she said, worked on a ranch in the vicinity. Western courtesy had not questioned further. Goldentown had experienced many a murder where the victims were men, but a woman, that was a different matter. The miners and cowboys who mainly compose a western town may permit you to take liberties in your discussion of their intellect, to mention in mockery their physical peculiarities or even to criticise their dress, but name with disrespect, be it ever so lightly, a woman in their presence and you may order your coffin. The idea of a woman's being murdered in their vicinity outraged public virtue. The excitement was greater than at an election. A posse of men with Deputy-Sheriff Marshall at their head started at once to gather a clew to the criminal. Traces were soon discovered. It was found that one of the ranchmen of the Fernandez ranch had called at the hotel for the woman the evening before and the two had been seen later walking together towards the place which had proved the scene of the tragedy. The name of the ranchmen was not known; the person who had seen the man and woman together knew the supposed murderer as Fernandez's man only by the branded horse which he was leading and the people at the hotel were unable to describe and threatened to be unable to identify the man even if he were brought before them. It was afternoon before the posse started for the Fernandez ranch.

The broad fields about the cattle merchant's house baked in the afternoon sun. Within four men sat in attitudes of extremest laziness enjoying a postprandial siesta. Three who had been playing at cards were tilted back from a table which no longer had interest in various contortions of sleeping legs and arms. The other lay in a hammock. This one did not sleep but stared with open and rolling eyes up at the boards of the ceiling. Now and again he twisted restlessly. Was Jack Burke thinking of a former time in the east when with happiness and prosperity about him he had married the bride of his affections? Was this sleepless, staring man thinking of the career of vice and crime which had made the brightness of these years fade away? Was he thinking of the

haste and hatred of a murder done in the night?

In the cooler darkness of the rear room sat the owner of the ranch Fernandez himself at a desk which had books and pens on it. The four in the outer room were his ranchmen whose duties permitted the luxury of this nap. There were four others of them somewhere over the plain watching the herds which were making Fernandez wealthy. The cattle merchant himself was a man to arrest attention. Half American, half Spanish, he had qualities of both nations. Imposing mostachios, long black hair, a hard heavy chin, the shoulders of a gladiator and the stature of a giant, he was a remarkable man to look at. His eyes were as black as coals, and were of the kind that look right through you, searching the inmost secrets of the soul. They possessed, it was said, the magnetic quality of a serpent's. With the shrewdness of a New Englander he had acquired a fortune at the cattle trade and with the eight ranchmen he employed to aid him he had given to the Fernandez ranch a reputation for skilful manipulation that was known of in eastern markets. No one cheated him in business, and he ruled these men of his with a rod of steel—the best of that manufactured. Twice in his career had he executed judgment by shooting men working for his bread when they had been found guilty of predatory crime or intention to commit the same, a fact which in a country where to steal a horse is hanging and to mention a woman with disrespect death, a country where though the men may ruin themselves with drunken debaucheries, mix tobacco with their rum to make it strong, shoot a man for wearing a stiff hat, yet never cast two glances at a purse bursting with bank notes left on an inn table over night, among such people the shooting of robbing cow-boys added rather distinction and credit than caused possible legal investigation. Fernandez was admitted a terrible man to offend.

"Don't begin shootin', pard, without you're dead sure it's on me," was a common stipulation he was accustomed to acquies to when taking a new man. "Don't let it get on you," he would answer. And his men took pains not to do so.

It was about the second hour of the afternoon's rest that the man in the hammock raised himself on his elbow and looked rapid-



ly and stealthily at Fernandez as he sat at his accounts. There was a look of hunted terror in his expression. From down the road was coming a rumble of galloping horses. One of the mustangs in the shed without sounded a note of recognition of the noise and caused Fernandez to look up. As he did so Jack Burke settled down in his hammock again and to all appearances was asleep.

"What's up now?" remarked Fernandez. And rising from his place at the desk he awakened his men as he walked through the room to the outer door.

The cavalcade thundered up to the door, men in big sombreros and leathern breeches dismounted from their horses and crowded into the room. A hasty explanation of their presence was made to Fernandez by the Deputy Sheriff, while the other men stood silent at the door.

"We picked up your four men down the ranch and brought them with us," said Marshall pointing to the group of Fernandez's eight ranchmen who now stood questioning each other in one corner of the room.

"One of my men kill a woman!" Fernandez had exclaimed when the tale of the murder had been told him and the proofs that the murderer was on his ranch had been brought forth. "Sheriff, just you and your men wait outside a minute and I'll find him for you." The Sheriff and his men withdrew.

"Do you hear what he says boys?" began Fernandez as the door of the house closed after them. "Who did it?"

There was silence in the room for the space of a minute. The men stood grouped around Fernandez, some with the appearance of affected carelessness, some with attitudes as though seeking to find the guilty man among the other seven, accusing each with their glance. Outside was the stamping of horses but the hum of the deputy's men had abated into the silence of expectancy.

"Come, he is here. I will find him," said Fernandez, and taking up the long six shooter which lay for his convenience on the table he began to level it at each man in turn. Slowly his eyes fastened themselves on the eyes of each man and as his scrutiny passed from one to the other the opportunity was given to the man being studied to look down the barrel of the glistening weapon. The fourth man was Jack Burke. Fernandez had

passed swiftly by the others in his examination. He paused before Burke. For an instant his eyes glowed like a mad man's. Burke whose face up to this point had flaunted carelessness had made a tremor. A twitching of the lip, a drooping of the eye, a change of color had betrayed his secret, and as he met the fascination of Fernandez's eyes the hue of his face grew ashen, his heart choked in his throat, his jaw dropped.

"You are the man," said Fernandez coolly, and at the same instant that Burke made a convulsive movement in the direction of his weapon the posse of men outside were startled by the report of a pistol. The next moment the room was crowded and the man's lifeless corpse was removed.

"I congratulate you on the fulfilment of your duties," said the proprietor of the ranch to the Sheriff. Half an hour later Fernandez again sat at his accounts.

G. CHARTREUSE.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"I SEE MY LOVE AT THE WINDOW."—

The recent teas given at college are having a surprisingly good effect on athletics. During the last gay week, while beauty looked through the college windows of an afternoon, we noticed how often and how zealously our prospective batteries and second basemen were working on the campus. Let the good work go on!

A PAIR, THREE OF A KIND, OR FOUR QUEENS?—

Four of a Trinity man's friends, chaperoned by two mothers, recently came from a far country, and after seeing New York and enjoying the Junior Promenade at Yale, proposed to complete their trip by a day in Hartford. A Yale man and the Trinity man in question were to show the beauties of our city to the southerners, making the tour in two carriages. Now, this problem arose:—how were the eight to be grouped in two carriages? You know that according to algebra there might be  $n(n-1)(n-2) \dots (n-r+1)$  divided by  $r(r-1)(r-2) \dots$  &c. combinations, equalling 70. Only few of the seventy possible arrangements were desirable, but these few were perplexing, and Trinity worried himself to a shadow over it. Should one mamma, two girls and one student go into each carriage? Or could he put Yale into No. 1, with two mammas



and one daughter, and himself occupy No. 2 with three girls? Or should he and Yale take No. 1 with the two mammas, leaving four girls in carriage No. 2?

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RONDEAU—"I DRINK MY BEER."

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I drink my beer though thunders sound  
And earth-quake rend and tear the ground :—  
Perchance one dallies with a maid  
In some retired cooling shade  
With flecks of sunlight all around ;

Another's head with smoke is crowned  
While fresh tobacco by the pound  
Unceasing for his pipe is weighed,  
I drink my beer.

No joy in an embrace I've found,  
None in a meerschaum darkly browned,  
But when my ten-cent piece is paid,  
The frothing stein before me laid  
With leaping heart and pulses' bound  
I drink my beer.

KUON.

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AS THROUGH A LORGNETTE.

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Jack Atherton was fond of the play. There was no doubt about it, and he had always indulged his fancy in this direction to a degree that made it almost a fanaticism. Atherton had always been considered a lucky fellow; tall, handsome, an English mould of countenance and of that florid type which wears so well. He was moreover deservedly popular and he had the satisfaction of knowing that *his* taste always influenced styles to a considerable extent; and consequently when he took up his abode in a very swell suite of rooms in Unity College there was, so to speak, quite a revolution in theatre going. Atherton's love of the drama was not at all limited to the part of a spectator for he constantly acted himself and always took a prominent part in amateur theatricals, reflecting continual credit upon the college; and when he went so far as to render Macbeth or the Gladiator in the rôle of the soldiery or mob, with such support as Mr. Booth or Signor Salvini, the house was always crowded.

Although he had spent three years at college, never yet had he met his compeer in attendance upon the little second class theatre, of which Deerford, the seat of Unity College, was so proud. Now in his senior year he

chanced to have for a room-mate a freshman, so utterly different from himself that the unusual contrast between the two chums was the talk of the entire college. Ogden Bethune, hailing from Mississippi, was a typical southerner, from a good old family of fighting stock, who boasted that they had never turned a stranger from their doors, who possessed tempers like dynamite, and whose guns had echoed from Valley Forge to Brandywine and whose swords had flashed red from Sumter to Appomatox. As can be imagined the placid and *blasé* air of Atherton was decidedly different from the fiery temperament of the freshman who had been "put through" eight times before he recognized the little social technicalities which Unity is inclined to preserve in traditional reverence. So were all of their tastes strangely dissimilar. In but one instance only their ideas were identical. There was one tie which had held them together, stopped their quarrels and kept them friends. Ogden Bethune worshipped the stage. And so it was that, night after night, the two men, so totally unlike, yet united in common, sat and listened in the dingy little theatre to the light talk of the comedy man, the ranting of the tragedian, and the terrible efforts of the German opera singers.

One evening just after the Christmas holidays, Ogden Bethune burst suddenly into the room with a pink play bill in his hand.

"See," he exclaimed "an opera, and to night."

"And the opera?" interrogated his less demonstrative but equally interested chum.

"Is Bowlowiski's new creation, *La Opa*."

"Enough—I will match you for the tickets."

"Ah, yes, as a jest. I lose. Then let us start, we have but slightly over an hour."

Arriving at the opera house, their cheap tickets allowed them to secure the best seats. They entered while Mr. D. J. Hooley's orchestra was rendering "Heart's Delight." The classic curtain—what a work of art it is!—Richard the Third enjoining Cleopatra to move to a nunnery to the great surprise of Richelieu—was just rising upon a scene of unusual magnificence, modern Corsica with a glorious *vendetta* in full blast. The chorus sang "It isn't on that we rely," and not having very much about them to rely upon either, and then, turning, cried in astonishment, "Lo! here



comes Margorine, La Opa," and then she of the title rôle entered, and what a dream of loveliness she was! what a vision of beauty! Her full oval face, the clear profile and faultless complexion with a suggestion of roses on her dimpled cheeks, that fair brow beneath the masses of wavy brown hair, the bewitching blue eyes! And when she sang, in a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, "I am perfect, simply perfect,"—the audience acquiesced so heartily as to render the breaking of the straps which held up the gallery extremely liable and produced comparative quiet in that part of the house enabling the remainder of the audience to hear the opera.

At her first entrance, Margorine had charmed the susceptible senior, and his eyes followed her every movement until the graceful curtain fell with a thud. "Encore! Encore!!" from an hundred throats, and again the fair vision appeared and cast a smile of exquisite tenderness straight at the eager blue eyes in A. 22, and Jack Atherton's brain was on fire.

"I must have a drink of water to quench my thirst," he murmured as he led the way to the subterranean recesses beneath the opera house, where a struggling mob of Unity students were yelling all sorts of epithets at two men clad in immaculate linen who were performing marvelously with streams of liquid, bottles and tumblers, and vainly endeavoring to look self-possessed and important in the midst of pandemonium, while the air was filled with exclamations and orders of every description—"Seltzer!" "Rhine wine!" "Yes, hurry up those beers." "Just a little syrup." "Three shandy gaffs," and the like, until you forget any little discrimination between beast and man, and yell with the loudest. At last when the crowd had partially melted away, Ogden Bethune methodically elevated two of the fingers of his right hand and calmly said "B. and S." Whatever that meant, the dispenser of beverages evidently understood; for in the twinkling of an eye four glasses, two of dark, two of light composite stood invitingly before them. But Atherton's thoughts were not with the fiery liquid which he tossed off "neat," disdaining the antidote of soda.

"I must be nearer to her," he muttered as he nibbled a pretzel. "Ah! an inspiration,—it does me credit!" and looking around at the practical Bethune, who was gazing at

the handsome gravures which ornamented the frescoed walls of the *salon*, whispered, "Ogden, come, we will *steal* a box." Ogden objected not. He was only a freshman.

Stealthily, just as the curtain was rising upon the second act, they hurried down the aisle and into the empty box, taking good care to remain well in the rear, the shadows rendering them invisible to the audience. The comedy man appearing sang a typical song, and entertained all with bright remarks he had heard at western minstrel shows, and soon after, Margorine re-entered in a different costume and as radiant as a summer morn's sun. And when a little later she glanced at Box B and seemed to recognize its occupants with a smile, Jack Atherton's cup of bliss was running over. To his companion's more observant eyes, the smile seemed a little ambiguous; however, he said nothing, but gave himself up fully to enjoying the love duet between La Opa and the handsome young tenor of whom poor Atherton was jealous to distraction. Soon Bethune noticed her cueing a man in the flies. The man stopped abusing the supernumeraries, looked at box B, grinned, winked at Margorine and disappeared. Some five minutes after the door of the box opened and quickly shut again; anon it opened more deliberately and a dapper little man in a dress suit and top coat stood before the somewhat nervous pair and said pleasantly, "Check, please."

Now Ogden Bethune had never been non-plused, his family pride wouldn't allow it, so with a courtly "certainly sir," he produced the seat checks.

The man glanced at them. "These are not box checks."

"No?" responded Bethune, there being nothing else to say.

"What are you doing in here without checks?" demanded the little man.

"Enjoying the play, and this gives me the opportunity of compli—"

"I want ten dollars for this box," demanded he of the top coat.

Jack Atherton's glasses fell to the hard wood floor. "We haven't that much with us," truthfully answered Ogden. The manager turned on his heel. The door slammed. The dream was smiling.

"This is a veritable bore," remarked Atherton in an off-hand way.

"Thoroughly beastly," yawned Bethune.



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**OBITUARY.**

The Rev. Henry Winter Syle, a member of the class of 1867, died at Philadelphia, January 6th, aged 43. Mr. Syle was the only deaf-mute ever entered at this college, and the first deaf-mute ever admitted to the Ministry of the Christian Church. After attaining a very high stand in his studies here, he went for a time to St. John's College, Cambridge, England, and returning to this country passed four years examination at Yale College and obtained the bachelor's degree. His ministerial labors were of course among the deaf-mutes, but he earned the respect of all who knew him, as well for his ripe and extensive scholarship as for the goodness and attractiveness of his character.

Mr Thomas Belknap, who died in Hartford on the 22nd day of January, aged 85 years, was from 1836 to 1880 a Trustee of the College, and from 1836 to 1867 its Treasurer.

The Rev. William Byron Buckingham, a graduate in the class of 1869, died on the 20th day of January, aged 42. Mr. Buckingham studied theology at the Berkeley Divinity School, and was rector at Cheshire and afterwards at New London, Conn. A few years ago he accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt., which he resigned about the opening of this year in consequence of ill-health. He died at his former home in Barnwell S. C.

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**PERSONALS.**

(The Editors particularly request contributions to this column.)

BOLLES, '30. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Bolles has published a Memorial Essay on "Connecticut and Bishop Seabury."

BOND, '40. J. Bond is engaged in the real estate business in Kenosha, Wis.

PYNCHON, '41. A volume by the Rev. Dr. T. R. Pynchon on Bishop Butler as a moral philosopher has just been published. It contains a life of the great Bishop of Durham and an essay on the *Analogy*, and is adorned with a photographic reproduction of the portrait in the Moral Philosophy Room.

CAPSON, '45. The Rev. Alexander Capson is residing at 381 Carteret Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

BACON, '46. The Hon. John W. Bacon has been elected Vice-President of the Connecticut State Agricultural Society.

CHAPMAN, '47. The Hon. Charles R. Chapman has retired from the postmastership of this city, after administering the office for four years and eight months.

BAKEWELL, '59. The address of the Rev. John Bakewell, D.D. is 922 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITLOCK, '70. F. W. Whitlock is Secretary and Treasurer of the Connecticut Civil Engineers and Surveyors' Association.

DOUGLASS, '71. The sermon preached in St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., last Thanksgiving-day, by the Rector, the Rev. G. W. Douglass, D. D. has been printed at the request of the vestry.

MACKAY-SMITH, '72. The Baccalaureate Sermon at the last commencement of Hobart College by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith has been published by the graduating class.

MCCOLLOUGH, '73. D. H. McCollough is superintendent of the So. Pacific R. R. His address is Galveston, Texas.

STARK, '75. W. M. Stark has been removed from his position of collector of the port of New London, Ct.

SCOTT, '78. H. B. Scott has left his position as sergeant in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and is now in Denver, Col. for his health.

LANPHER, '80. The Rev. L. A. Lanpher has become Rector of Trinity Church, Wethersfield, Conn.

LEAKEN, '80. W. R. Leaken is an Attorney and Counsellor at Law in Savannah, Ga. His address is 119 Bend Street.

RUSSELL, '80. F. G. Russell has severed his connection with Parke Bros., Pittsburg, and is now in the Steel business in New York city.

BURTON, '83. Richard E. Burton was married in London, October 9, to Mrs Agnes R. Parkhurst.

GREENE, '83. George Greene has received the commission of colonel of the 1st Regiment, Iowa National Guards, and has assumed command of the same.

DEMING, '84. W. C. Deming is now a physician at the Emigrant Hospital, Ward's Island, N. Y.

HEYDECKER, '86. H. R. Heydecker's address is 2 West 83rd Street, N. Y. City.

RODGERS, '87. R. E. L. Rodgers is at present studying medicine in the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania.

DOUGLASS, '89. A. E. Douglass is expecting to be sent to Peru on an astronomical investigation to be carried on under the direction of Harvard University.



"Let us adjourn to Blueberry Street."

"Yes, a good idea; I wonder I had not thought of it before, and to expedite matters we will use the back exit. Let us hasten our steps, light opera is unendurable."

At the back exit stood patrolman 46.

"Good evening, my friend; it grows warmer," said Atherton, attempting to pass.

"Thank'ee, sir, an' by the bye the manager would have a word with yees."

"Ah! thanks, my good man, but for you we might have missed him, come with us." The request was hardly necessary, the policeman was at their heels. Out through the crowded house, up the aisle and through the parquet. The sight of a Unity student leaving was nothing new, not even during the act—as has been observed, there was a bar below. But the police looked strange. And the vision, she was laughing now.

Out through the lobby and into the manager's office. The dapper little man was there, another policeman, and various ushers and ticket sellers.

"Have you gentlemen ten dollars for the box you occupied without checks?"

"Unfortunately, no."

The dapper little man put on a silk hat and buttoned his top coat. "Come, officer," he said, "I will go to the station with you to prefer charges."

"Let us spend the night down town," satirically mused Bethune.

"Perhaps the gentlemen will furnish security," spoke up an usher.

"Ah yes, my glasses!" eagerly cried Atherton.

The manager took them, muttering a facetious simile concerning stove lids, and that hope was crushed.

"Then come along now, lively."

"The other gentleman seems to have a watch," mildly suggested the ticket seller.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ogden," casually remarked Miss Sigourton, as a short time after Bethune was making his weekly call, "What a lovely watch guard!"

"Yes, from an old and very dear uncle at Porto Rico, and speaking of uncle —"

"Ah yes! but let me see the watch,—why you're not going so soon?"

"Yes, we never can tell where time flies," sadly answered Mr. Ogden Bethune.

NOILINE BROWNE.

### OF LAST SUMMER.

Outside the cold winds are blowing  
And the snows of winter are deep;  
Within my sea coal fire,  
Like myself, is half asleep.

I sit as the daylight is dying  
And think of last year at the shore.  
And I dream of a maid, hair of gold,  
And of eyes that I learned to adore.

And I can't help dreaming and wondering  
If she ever has given a thought  
To the joy of a fleeting summer,  
To a pleasure so dearly bought.

I can see a summer eve's landscape  
At Long Branch, the night we met,  
And faintly I heard the strains of a waltz—  
Ah! I wonder if she can forget.

Then I followed her down to the Vineyard,  
When we went on that jolly straw ride;  
How I led the cotillion at Newport  
With those dancing blue eyes at my side.

And our yachting trip up to Mount Desert,  
When the nights were all cloudless and fair,  
How she played her guitar in the moonlight  
And sang me that old Spanish air.

And that day in the old white light house  
When the tide cut us off from the land,  
So that over the-break water homeward  
We wandered, hand in hand.

And that storm, when the waters were raging  
And our frail bark was blown by the blast,  
How her smile gave me strength and endurance  
And carried us back safe at last.

And her promise,—But why should I ponder?  
It is broken,—the summer has flown;  
And nothing but ashes remain of the past.  
As I muse o'er my fire alone.

So I sit as the daylight is dying  
And dream of last year at the shore,  
But the golden hair and eyes of blue  
Have left me for evermore.

C. DICK THAW.

Cornell offers voluntary instruction in military drill.

The cost of the buildings at Yale is estimated at nearly two million dollars.

The first game of foot-ball in America was played in 1876 between Harvard and Yale.

Harvard discountenances tug-of-war contests and after this year will not maintain a team.



FRENCH, '89. G. A. French is with the Whiting Manf. Co. of New York City, Cor. 16th St. and Broadway.

WARREN, '90. W. H. Warren of the Amateur Dramatic Club of Troy, N. Y. very recently proved himself to be an actor of great ability. He impersonated the parts of "Singleton Coddle" in the farce "None so Deaf as Those Who Won't Hear," and "Mr. Tittlebat" in the farce, "Trying ti on," given by the St. Paul's Parish at Rand's Opera House.

BULL, '91. W. A. Bull is studying architecture in Tacoma, Washington. His address is 514 North First St.

FRENCH, '92. G. H. French is in the architectural department of the Metropolitan Art School, New York city.

The following alumni have visited college recently:—Goodrich, '60, Lewis, '65, Curtis, '68, Barton, '69, Murray, '71, Harriman, '72, Hall, '78, Russell, '80, Chapman, '80, Roosevelt, '83, Thorne, '85, Beers, '86, Shannon, '87, Thompson, '87, Beckwith, '89, Comfort, '89, Scudder, '89, Vanderpoel, '89, Frye, '89, Smith, '91, and Cary, '93.

#### TRINITY IN FOOT-BALL HISTORY.

The TABLET takes great pleasure in clipping the following from an article on foot-ball by Walter Camp in the January St. Nicholas. It is of interest to both alumni and undergraduates.

"The old-fashioned woolen jersey has given place, in great measure, to the less comfortable but more serviceable canvas jacket. This change was first made by a team of Trinity College, of Hartford. There had been a few rumors afloat to the effect that there was a new foot-ball garment, made of canvas, which rendered it almost impossible to catch or hold the wearer. No one at the other colleges had paid much attention to this report, and it was not until the Trinity Team stepped out of their dressing rooms at Hamilton Park that the Yale men first saw the new canvas jackets. Strange enough they appeared in those early days, too, as the Trinity eleven marched out on the field in their jackets laced up in front. It gave them quite a military air, for the jackets were cut in the bobtail fashion of the cadets. The men in blue looked contemptuously down upon the innovation upon the regulation jersey, and it was not until they had played for nearly half an hour, and had had many Trinity players slip easily through their fingers, that they were ready to admit that there was some

virtue in the jacket. The Trinity men, bound to give the new costumes a fair trial, had brought some grease out with them, and each jacket had been thoroughly besmeared. They were therefore as difficult to grasp as eels, and it was not until the Yale men had counteracted this by grasping great handfuls of sand that they were able to do anything like successful tackling. This, then, was the beginning of the canvas jacket, and although the greasing process was not continued (in fact, it was stopped by the insertion of a rule forbidding it), the jacket itself was a true improvement, and it was not long before all the teams were wearing them."

#### THE I. K. A. BALL.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!

No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

A new feature was introduced into the college social world by the I. K. A. Society on the evening of Jan. 30, though the perfect success of the entertainment would convey the impression that it was by no means an experiment. Alumni Hall was most tastefully decorated for the occasion and presented an appearance which added much to the enjoyment of the guests. The dancing began at nine o'clock, with the "quadrille d'honneur." The following were the honored couples: Gov. Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. G. W. Smith, Mr. G. W. Beach and Mrs. Skinner, Dr. Morgan and Mrs. G. W. Beach, Dr. Ingalls and Miss Baldwin, Mr. John Hall and Miss Lapsley, Mr. W. Scudder and Mrs. Ingalls, Mr. Warren and Miss Whitney, and Mr. McConihe and Miss Scudder.

After supper had been served in the main hall of the gymnasium, the dancing was continued with the cotillon which was led by Mr. Warren and Miss Brown. There were ten very pretty figure rounds and one round of souvenir favors. The patronesses were Mrs. Colt, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Skinner and Mrs. G. W. Beach. In all there were over a hundred guests; those from out of town were: Mrs. Scudder, Miss Scudder, Miss Lapsley, Miss Baldwin and Miss Bulkeley, all of New York; Miss Whitney of New Haven, Miss Wardner of Springfield, and Miss Williams of Baltimore; Mr. Willard Scudder of New York and Messrs. Graves and Bliss of New Haven.



## COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Po Pai Paig initiated nine men, Jan. 27.

Graves, '92, has been elected to the German Club.

Crabtree, '92, has been awarded the Toucey scholarship.

The foot ball directors request all suits to be returned at once.

Burnham, '91, has been elected a member of the TABLET Board.

Dickinson, '93, gave a supper in his room Saturday, February 1.

Jobe, '93, and Pearce, '93, are new members on the Glee Club.

The Senior Class propose to publish class statistics before graduating.

The Rev. W. H. Lewis, '65, preached in chapel, Sunday, January 19.

Plumb has been elected to the *Ivy* board in place of Van Schaack resigned.

The Freshman-Sophomore tug of war teams are daily practicing in the gymnasium. Niles is captain of '93's team.

Dr. W. R. Martin has entered on his duties as assistant professor in the department of modern languages.

Dr. Alex. Crummell, a colored clergyman from Washington, addressed the Missionary Society, Jan. 19.

The Dramatic Association expects to present the "Shakespeare Water Cure" in Middletown, some time before Lent.

The annual dinner of the New York branch of the Alumni Association is to be held next Monday evening in New York.

On the evening of Jan. 28, Rev. F. W. Tomkins gave a reception to the Trinity men who are studying for the ministry.

Teas have been given in college recently by Scudder, Bulkeley, '93, Warren and McKean, E. B. Bulkeley and Hubbard, '92.

The Seniors have decided to have their class photographs taken at Stuart's. The rates may be obtained from the committee.

The library hours have been changed to suit the new schedule of recitations. They are as follows: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 11 to 12 A. M., and in the afternoon, except between 2.30 and 3.30; Friday afternoon and Saturday morning as usual.

The reading room is now in successful operation. Eight daily newspapers, and about twenty standard periodicals are on its racks.

The Missionary Society has elected the following officers: President, W. Pressey; Vice-President, Williams; Secretary, Hicks; Treasurer, E. Pressey.

Pedersen, '91, has given up his connection with J. W. Brine; and Kidder, '92, has taken the college agency for J. B. Brine—another dealer in sporting goods.

Ninety-one's class officers are: President, Talcott; 1st Vice-President, Hamlin; 2nd Vice-President, Thurston; Secretary, Hicks; Treasurer, Young; Chronicler, Scudder.

A petition has been presented to the faculty to postpone the holiday usually given on Washington's Birthday to the date of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic meeting.

Conover, '93, has been elected the Freshman member of the executive committee of the Athletic Association; \$15 has been appropriated toward fitting up the Trophy room.

The Sophomore class officers for this term are: President, Graves; 1st Vice-President, Russell; 2nd Vice-President, Almy; Secretary, Crabtree; Treasurer, Hubbard; Chronicler, Miller.

The Freshmen have elected the following officers: President, Barton; 1st Vice-President, Carter; 2nd Vice-President, Bates; Secretary, Niles; Treasurer, Conover; Chronicler, Collins.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave their first concert this term at Bloomfield, February 4. Although the weather was unfavorable, the singing was fair, and the Banjo Club played exceptionally well.

The Seniors have elected the following officers for the term: President, Hutchins; 1st Vice-President, Griswold; 2nd Vice-President, Brady; Secretary, Gesner; Treasurer, McConihe; Chronicler, W. Bulkeley.

Prof. Loissette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

At the last meeting of the Senior Class, it was voted that the chronicler prepare a class history to be read on Class Day. A committee was also appointed to select the usual



class cup to be presented to that boy who first makes a '90 man a father.

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Athletic Association, W. Bulkeley was elected delegate to represent Trinity at the convention of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association held in Boston to-day.

More than twenty men are training for positions on the ball nine. The batteries will be selected from the following:—pitchers, Dingwall, '92, Hamlin, '91, and Pitblado, '91; catchers, Graves, '92, W. Wright, '91, Hubbard, '92, Rouse, '93, and Hill, '93. There has been some out-door practice on the campus already.

The Juniors, at a recent class meeting, voted unanimously to give up the supper which is customarily tendered by the Freshmen, provided that '93 would devote the money to be expended on it toward building a new grand stand on the athletic field. The proposal has been favorably considered by the Freshmen.

Joseph Mayo has presented to the college a steel-engraved portrait of Bishop Philander Chase, handsomely framed. Bishop Chase was at one time Rector of Christ Church in this city. His family has been represented in this college by his son, Dudley Chase, '40; his grandson, Horace Russell Chase, '72, and his great-grandsons Joseph Mayo, Jr., and March Chase Mayo, '91.

The fourth german of the season, led by Messrs. Paine, '92, and McKean, '92, took place January 31. The decorations for the I. K. A. ball, which had been left in the hall, made it unusually attractive. There were six rounds of favors, including a flower round. Mrs. Scudder, of New York, and Mrs. George Beach were the chaperones.

The Trinity branch of St. Paul's School Alumni Association gave their annual dinner at Heublein's, Jan. 20. Professor Ferguson was toast-master, and the following toasts were responded to: St. Paul's School, Conover, '90; Trinity Branch of the Alumni Association, Hubbard, '92; The Masters, Hamlin, '91; "Fresh Twigs," Niles, '93; "Older Brothers," Schütz, '89; St. Paul's to-day, Schütz, '94; Holderness, Fuller, '91.

The Gymnasium Exhibition will be held March 11. Following is a list of the events:

Exhibitions—1. Club Swinging—2. Parallel Bars—3. Horizontal Bar—4. Sparring—5. Wrestling—6. Tumbling. Contests:—1. Standing High Jump—2. Running High Jump—3. High Kick—4. Rope Climbing—5. Vaulting—6. Tug of War between '92, and '93. A challenge cup will be awarded for the best exhibition on the parallel bars, and the new McCrackan cup will be given to the best "all round" athlete.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

*Sept. Grand Auteurs du Dix Neuvième Siècle* is a collection of lectures delivered by Professor Fortier before the students of Tulane University a few years ago. Each of the seven lectures is devoted exclusively to one of the most prominent authors of the century, and together they form quite a complete introduction to nineteenth century French literature. Those devoted to Victor Hugo and Thèophile Gautier are particularly interesting. The style of the work is characterized by the simplicity and ease of good French and presents but few difficulties to the reader. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

*La Métromanie* and *Jeanne d'Arc* are two of the most recent French text books published by D. C. Heath & Co. They are both carefully edited and well provided with notes. Piron and Lamartine are too celebrated for it to be necessary to mention the high qualities of their work, and perhaps the greatest praise that can be given these volumes is to say that they have been edited and published as they deserved to be. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

*State and Federal Governments of the United States.* This volume is merely an extract, the longest chapter, from Mr. Wilson's recently published work on "Historical and Practical Politics," which appeared a short time ago and met with such favor at the hands of the reviewers. In addition to being of great value as a text-book for students of political economy, it cannot fail to prove of great interest to the general reader. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Primer of French Literature, by F. M. Warren, Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.  
The New Arithmetic, by 300 authors, edited by Seymour Eaton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.