

Trinity College

Trinity College Digital Repository

Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)

Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks,
Catalogs, etc.)

12-10-1898

Trinity Tablet, December 10, 1898

Trinity College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets>

Recommended Citation

Trinity College, "Trinity Tablet, December 10, 1898" (1898). *Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)*. 455.
<https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets/455>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks, Catalogs, etc.) at Trinity College Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Trinity Tablet (1868-1908) by an authorized administrator of Trinity College Digital Repository.

Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET

ESTABLISHED APRIL 11 1868

TRINITY COLLEGE
VOL. XXXII.

DECEMBER 10 1898
No. 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITORIALS	53	COLLEGE AND CAMPUS	72
LE COLONEL MIRABEAUX	56	THE STROLLER	74
VERSE	61	PERSONALS	75
LETTERS FROM A SOLDIER ALUMNUS	63	BOOK REVIEWS	76
ATHLETICS	68		

HARTFORD
CONN.

TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS College was chartered by the state of Connecticut in 1823, and as this result was chiefly due to the activity and sagacity of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, he may justly be regarded as its founder. This college does only college work. There is no divinity, law, medical or other professional school connected with it, as it is intended to give a liberal Education, adapted to fit young men to enter most advantageously upon the study of the Learned Professions or a business career after graduation. Its course of study is therefore conservative, adhering to that system which long experience has shown to be most effective. In all essential respects its course of study is similar to that of the leading American Colleges, its requirements for admission with those at Harvard and the twelve associated colleges, of which this college is one, according to the schedule adopted by them some years ago. Its situation is elevated, commanding a beautiful view, and very salubrious. Its buildings are new and unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

The college offers four courses of instruction, viz.: I. A COURSE IN ARTS; II. A COURSE IN LETTERS AND SCIENCE; III. A COURSE IN SCIENCE; IV. A COURSE IN LETTERS.

The courses extend over four years, with the exception of the Course in Science, which is completed in three years.

Students completing the Course in Arts receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students completing the Course in Letters and Science, of the Course in Science, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science, those completing the course in Letters receive the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

Students who do not propose to pursue all the studies of any of the regular courses are permitted, under the name of Special Students, to recite with any class in such studies as, upon examination, they are found qualified to pursue.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

There are numerous Scholarships. These differ in value, some remitting the charge for tuition, and others both the charge for tuition and that for room-rent in whole or in part. For holders of Scholarships remitting the entire charges for tuition and room-rent, the Treasurer's bills are reduced to \$42.50; and the necessary expense of such students including board and other personal items will not exceed \$250, or \$300 a year.

For Catalogues apply to the President or Secretary of the Faculty.

THE CHAS. R. HART CO., ——— 894-902 MAIN STREET.

OVER FIFTY YEARS IN BUSINESS.

OUR NEW STORE COMPLETED.

It is the most inviting, best lighted and **LARGEST SHOW ROOM IN CONNECTICUT**, and with our additional five floors, 40 x 90 feet, makes one of the Largest Stores in New England devoted entirely to **Floor Coverings, Window Draperies and Wall Hangings.**

Readers of THE TABLET can save money here.

The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXXII

DECEMBER 10, 1898

No. 3

EDITORS

CRANSTON BRENTON, '99,

Managing Editor

REUEL ALLAN BENSON, '99,

Business Manager

AUBREY DARRELL VIBBERT, '99, *Literary Editor*

DANIEL HUGH VERDER, '99

REGINALD NORTON WILLCOX, '99

Terms, \$2.00 per year ; single copies, 20 cents. For sale at 2 Northam Towers, Trinity College
Address P. O. Box 398 Hartford, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office at Hartford, Conn., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIALS

THE catalogue for 1898-1899 which has recently been issued is in many respects decidedly superior to any that have previously been published, and marks a departure from the conservatism so generally adhered to. Nothing essential has been omitted, and the addition of several new features make this year's number decidedly more interesting to the public at large and much more useful to the student. The brief history of the College is very appropriately placed at the beginning of the catalogue, while the printing in full of the charter of the College as amended and now in force, and the insertion of some few selected statutes cannot fail to be of interest to any one not familiarly acquainted with Trinity. Many less important additions, such as the insertion of the calendar of the months

opposite the College calendar, increases its usefulness so that it will surely be much more in evidence in the rooms of the students than ever before. The changes in the designation of the elective courses will doubtless greatly simplify the arrangement of the schedules of studies. It is interesting also to note that the universities are specified from which degrees have been won by members of the faculty. It certainly is well to have it known that we have men on the faculty of Trinity who have earned degrees from Berlin, Göttingen, Tübingen, and from Harvard, while the students are gratified to see that they have risen to an added dignity also by having their respective names spelled out in full wherever mentioned in the honor lists or elsewhere instead of having them partly represented by initial letters. By these and other changes the catalogue is certainly improved, and the gentlemen of the faculty who are responsible for its production are to be congratulated on their success in giving to us such an acceptable number.

* * * * *

THE poor arrangement of the library hours has long been a source of great annoyance and inconvenience to the students at Trinity. We have a good library but are seldom able to get into it. It is open only two hours a day, except Saturday, and then only during recitation hours. Those who have a full schedule, especially if it contains much laboratory work can seldom get a chance to enter the library at all, to say nothing of being unable to go there for reference at the moment when they most need such information. Scarcely a recitation in metaphysics passes without the President asking some poor unfortunate if he has looked such and such a person or subject up in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and always with the same negative response. Metaphysics like all other studies is of necessity prepared at night, or, at least, after 4 P. M., and the

recitation is held the first hour in the morning. The library is never open after 4 P. M. nor before 8:45 A. M. It is evidently impossible for a student to read up references from a book that is locked up. The library should be open for reference every night in the week, except, perhaps, Sunday, from 7 to 10 or at least to 9. And this would not be difficult of accomplishment. Three men could easily be found in College who would be willing for a small compensation to study in the library for two or three hours a night for two nights a week. The compensation might be a dollar a week for each man; more would not be necessary as there is no work connected with it, only confinement for a few hours in a place where a man could study as well, if not better, than in his own room; so that the cost need not exceed \$120 a year. Surely the Trustees can afford so small a sum for such an object! If they cannot it would be better to take it from the amount appropriated for new books, as new books are of no use locked up. A little consideration ought to convince the faculty of the need of an open library; and, if they are as energetic in this matter as they are in some others, it would not be long before we have one.

A QUATRAIN

I LOVE thy form not for its sake alone,
But for thy spirit which gives it holy light;
As I would treasure a casket where a stone,
A precious brilliant jewel, is kept bright.

Daniel Hugh Verder

LE COLONEL MIRABEAUX

ON one of the many promontories which jut out here and there along the French coast, and on which in bygone days the strongly built, sombre-looking old castles of feudal barons, reared their lofty towers, stood the large and handsome home of Count de Moleville. A man of great literary taste and fond of solitude, he had purchased this place that he might live in peace and quiet far from the corruption and excitement of the capital. As a leading member of the ministry of Louis XVI. and a personal friend of the King, he had always been known as a firm and active royalist. At the fall of the empire and the ascension of the Jacobins he had secretly left Paris with his wife and only son and had come to live in this obscure, quiet and beautiful place, on one side overlooking the broad and restless Atlantic, and on the other, surrounded by the quaint and happy homes of French rustics, still faithful to the King in his misfortune and true to his political convictions. Here, shortly after the execution of the King, we find him with his family regarding with little apprehension the condition of the country, and believing that the rule of the mob would soon be supplanted by the old form of government.

As people of great wealth, the de Molevilles enjoyed every comfort which wealth could secure; and love and harmony characterized the companionship of father, mother and son. All the parents' love centered in this only son, Alex, and their one ambition was that he might become a true and loyal royalist as his father had ever been. Ancestral character, honors and dignities were general topics of conversation, and, likewise, the goodness and nobleness of the ill-fated Louis XVI. Thus the father and mother, blinded by their own passionate adherence, firmly believed that Alex would become an enemy to the Republic and a faithful adherent to the royal party.

Four years passed, and from the 5th of December, 1795, the day of the sections, the name of Napoleon Bonaparte began to be a power among the French people. The glorious conclusion of the Italian campaign brought him greater renown and influence. Youths of all classes began to join his army, and every soldier loved and trusted him, because he endured all the hardships they endured; and spoke to and encouraged them personally, and in battles rode among them, fought with them side by side and urged them on to victory. Under such a leader, who, like the noble Cæsar, knew his men by name, success always attended their arms. Victory followed victory. The whole world became amazed and astounded while the French people were in a delirium of joy. Enthusiasm reached its highest pitch and pervaded the most conservative classes. Alex de Moleville was no exception. He, as nearly every Frenchman of that period, was thrilled with pride. Impatiently and feverishly he read the accounts of each contest, and, as success seemed ever to reward the French, he felt a greater love for his country rising in his heart, and he longed to fight under her standard. Long and earnestly he debated within himself, but the broader and grander nature of the true man at last conquered. The teachings of his father, faithfulness to the now weakened royalists and enmity towards the government were alike forgotten, and now his only thought was for the safety of his country. He knew his parents' feelings but did not falter. He realized that to become a soldier he would sacrifice home, position and fortune. His mind was set and his determination lasting. Join the army of Napoleon he would, at any cost. In the future he gazed but saw only uncertainty. Having made secret preparations for his departure he awaited a convenient opportunity, until at last it came.

One dark, wintry night, when the wind blew in heavy gusts from the sea and the snow lay as a thick white mantle on the earth, a side

door of the de Moleville mansion silently opened and closed. A tall figure strode forth and passed out upon the highway leading inland. As de Moleville trudged along through the snow, for it was he, occasionally he would turn and with saddened eyes gaze on the home where he had known nothing but happiness and love and which, perhaps, he was leaving forever. On the top of a distant hill he turned and uttered a last farewell. Long and earnestly he gazed at the far away lights streaming through the windows. He thought of his dear old father and loving mother, whose hearts would now be broken and his eyes filled with tears. Like a child he wept, and from the depth of his heart came the words: "My country, my country! for thee I sacrifice all." Slowly he turned and again continued his journey.

A fortnight later a tall young man, with aristocratic bearing enlisted in one of the French regiments and gave his name as Albert Mirabeaux. In the first battle of the Austrian campaign, notwithstanding his inexperience, he proved himself a bold and daring soldier, and was soon known as the bravest man in his company. He fought in the great battle of Rivoli, and was present at the surrender of Mantua by Wurmser. In the spring of the following year, as a lieutenant, he sailed for Egypt. In sight of the walls of Cairo he listened to that deep and stirring address to the troops in which Napoleon exclaimed: "Soldiers! remember that from those pyramids forty centuries contemplate your deeds!" The Mamelukes were defeated and the "battle of the pyramids" was another victory for the French arms. On the 25th of July, 1799, Mirabeaux was severely wounded at Abourkir, considered one of the most complete and brilliant victories ever gained by the great French general. Although weakened by loss of blood, he still fought on, and when the battle ended was commended for his bravery and honored with a captaincy.

In the spring of 1800 we find him crossing the Alps and again fighting in Italian territory, where he fought in the memorable battle of Marengo, and six months later pursued the enemy at Hohenlinden.

When Albert Mirabeaux first entered the army, although he immediately commanded the respect of his fellow-soldiers, they always looked upon him with a secret interest. They felt that some mystery surrounded his life, and about the midnight camp fires a few pickets would gather and talk of their strange captain. In the darkness of the night, when no strange eyes could see him, he would draw a small locket from his breast, press it to his lips and utter the one word, "Mother." Thus the years passed slowly, and gradually as the lines of manhood streaked his brow he became less depressed in spirit and thought less of his parents' sorrow and his disobedience to their wishes.

The year 1805 marked the second entrance of Napoleon into Vienna, and here we find Mirabeaux again, but now as a colonel. After a series of brilliant engagements, and the surrender of a whole army, the French had triumphantly entered Austria's capital; but the struggle did not end here. Napoleon was threatened with a combined attack of two separate forces of the enemy, but with the purpose of first defeating one army and then the other he retreated to Austerlitz. On the 2nd of December the Austro-Russian and French forces met on the plains of Austerlitz. Again did Mirabeaux hear the encouraging words of Napoleon: "Before to-morrow night that army is my own!" And with his accustomed gallantry he responded by leading his regiment into the thickest of the fight. With irresistible force he charged the enemy's line. He hurled his well-trying veterans among the opposing ranks, and mowed them down like grass beneath a scythe. Again, and again, above the roar of the cannons, the fire of musketry, the blast of bugles, the

cries and groans of the dying, the voice of Mirabeaux rang out in sharp command. The soldiers heard and their sabres rose and fell with quickened speed. Backward and forward the contending armies surged, and into the living mass the batteries poured their storm of fire and shot. At noon an orderly sought Mirabeaux's side with orders from Napoleon. "Battery on the left must be taken." One glance at the message, he then regained the head of his troops. With doubled energy they drove back the foe, and with superhuman power cut their way through the lines. "Then with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his men." With the roar of every cannon a great gap was made in the ranks, yet they did not falter. Once more they heard their colonel's voice; the ranks closed up, and over the bodies of the fallen they pushed on. The cry of "forward" swept along the lines, and with terrible charges they advanced to the final attack. Onward and upward the French troops rushed; over the low ramparts he led them and massacred the gunners at their posts. Mirabeaux seized the tricolored banner and planted it upon a broken gun carriage while, from the plain below the eyes of nations rested on that single form. For a moment only he waved the flag on high. A flying bullet pierced his temple. He reeled, tottered, and as he fell across the huge cannon the silken folds enwrapped him, and thus, covered with his country's flag, amid the cheers and shouts of the victorious troops, under the very eyes of Napoleon, the gallant hero died.

Theo. J. M. Syphax.

MEMORY—AN IMPROMPTU

O H treasury of mine heart,
What sights are hiding
Within thy sacred precincts night and day ;
What time-sweet stirrings start,
In pleasant peace abiding,
Till Thought, the master-gleaner, comes their way ?

The sunset's deepest glow,
The fairest flower,
Yes, all that eyes have seen in life's long day ;
The brooks incessant flow,
The sunniest summer hour,
Are garnered safely there from earth's decay.

Who holds that treasury's key ?
Come to my calling,
For I would fain unlock my heart to-day.
Come, guardian memory,
Shadows are falling,
Steal from your hiding place long years away !

Nay, nay, she will not come—
Slave to man's calling—
Though all the world should call, she will not come ;
But when despair is near,
Like an unbidden tear
Silently falling,
Swiftly she opens the portals, swiftly she's here !

Henry Rutgers Remsen

A BALLAD OF THE SONG

HE gave her costly jewels,
And silks both fine and rare,
He bound the fairest flowers
In fillets 'round her hair ;
And then he whispered softly,
" See ! All these gifts are thine.
Dear Heart, a boon I pray thee,
To match these gifts of mine ! "

She sent him no proud jewel,
Nor silks of wond'rous hue ;
She plucked for him no flower
That in her garden grew.
But just a faltering little song
Her dulcimer had sung
When first she met him, in the days
When both their loves were young.

" And for my costly jewels,
And silks so fine and rare ;
My garlands of fair flowers
I bound on your black hair ;
Is *this* the gift you send me,
A song of little skill ?
Ah, love, false love ! I think me
You but requite me ill ! "

" Your jewels," then she answered,
" Some thief may steal away.
Your silks will wear : your flowers
Last hardly one short day ;
But just this faltering, little song,
My dulcimer once sung,
No thief will take, no time decay,
'Twill be forever young."

“ And when your heart is weary,
And doubts assail you, dear,
And Love seems dead, or dying,
My song will give you cheer.
To faith, bring sweet abiding,
To restlessness, true rest ! ”
She stopped. He kissed her, crying,
“ True Heart ! Your gift is best ! ”

Henry Rutgers Remsen

LETTERS FROM A SOLDIER ALUMNUS*

[CONTINUED]

IN CAMP AT GUANICA, P. R., July 28-29, 1898.

I N the afternoon I went to the hills. At the foot was a guard and all had to stop. They made a strange collection—old men and babies, women and girls, of all classes and in every conceivable costume, from the best Paris styles to practically nothing except a coarse blouse and a loose pair of trousers, both light colored. All were clean looking, and most were honest and open in their looks and actions. They brought peace offerings, the richer ones cigars and cigarettes, the poorer, mangoes. Every now and then some one would raise a cry of “Viva los Americanos!” “Viva Yankee!” and in these cries all joined with a great waving of hats and apparent enthusiasm. I asked a fine looking man of middle age whether he honestly thought they meant it; he shrugged his shoulders and said he thought it didn't make much difference to them whether we

*From Philip J. McCook, '95, Co. A. 6th Mass.

or the Spaniards ran things. I inquired from a great many about the Spanish end of the battle. The conservative estimates seem to place the number of soldiers originally at Yanco at 800—500 regulars and 300 volunteers, of whom 300 took part in the fight. Between ten and sixteen were killed and wounded. I believe altogether five or six have died. The Americans had none killed and only three wounded, none seriously. Captain Gihon is getting along first rate; the ball was extracted at the front of his thigh. After a very slim supper, we were relieved by another company and marched back here. Two miles out the familiar call of a government mule rang upon the evening air, and we met a signal corps wagon laying a telegraph line through towards Yanco. In a few minutes we were back in camp, cheered by those who knew we had come, and soon we were pouring down hot beef stew. My, how good! Yesterday we moved our regiment out beyond the village in a field full of ditches, so our sleep is very uncertain and uncomfortable. But we mind nothing of that sort now, for we have seen our first scrap and had the tin rubbed off. Moreover, we have been feasting on the fat of the land and appreciate the privilege after sixteen days on one transport. Beef, potatoes, onions, all the coffee we want, cocoanuts and cocoanut milk, mangoes, guavas kaynaypa (Aug)—a kind of plum—green bananas fried, boiled or baked, molasses and delicious brown raw sugar; pineapples are not yet ripe. My health continues perfect; I have not had yet the day off which most of the boys had to go through. By the way, there were splendid exhibitions of pluck the first march. Armistead and Mellen were both weak with diarrhoea, the latter having been unable to do guard duty on that account, the former almost fainting at one of the stops; yet both stuck to it and finished the whole thing with us.

It may be my imagination, but I do not think the natives are as

much pleased with us as they were at first. I am told that robbery and worse crimes have already been committed, but a provost guard is organized and will soon stop all that. One thing is certain ; they are learning Yankee ways. At first a hardtack would buy more than a penny, a penny more than a nickel, a nickel more than a dime, while a bill was flatly refused. Now they are nearly all "on" and the prices are still going up. The country, as I said before, is lovely, and the climate matches. Nearly everywhere the soil is dry and the air fresh and cool, with a good breeze. Of course the sun is extremely hot, but I am used to it now. All seems so much better than Cuba: neither the hills, nor the sky, nor the people have such a forbidding look. This is a country worth living in, and if the U. S. keeps anything, worth keeping.

Most of the birds are strange to me, naturally enough. Thickest of all are the boat-tailed grackles, just like our crow black bird in looks except for the peculiar, keel-shaped tail. There are humming birds and fly catchers in plenty, one of the latter resembling our king bird quite closely. Then I have seen a small variety of quail, a longtailed small mocker, and a plover resembling the kildeer, sandpipers, yellow warblers, wild pigeons and small greenish blue herons in large numbers, besides hearing a cuckoo in a mangrove swamp yesterday. The dry edge of the swamp was literally alive with yellow and red land crabs, which scuttled into their holes at my approach.

This morning I was imprudent enough to shave. The rash act brought on a shower, from which I am drying off now. One gets to take everything for granted so soon. Really, we are not having a bad time now. But nobody knows the news; our last paper was dated July 11.

Don't worry about me. My health is remarkable; my officers have proved excellent; the climate is good; the Spaniards are on

the run, having now a wholesome respect for the soft 500 gr. bullets of the American volunteer. You may be interested to know how I felt in the scrap, which I forget to say. The only marked sensation was that of a constant desire to get down low—an instinct rather. Of fear, to my surprise I felt not a particle, not even a quickening of the heart. I suppose the reason for this was the sudden and unexpected nature of the attack, for on a subsequent night on outpost I was rather shaky. The boys of our company to a man acted like veterans, I did not see a sign of funk.

UTUADO, P. R., Aug. 15, 1898.

They tell us that peace is really declared and we are all fairly happy, though of course now the feeling, absent before, arises, that hereafter our stay will be unnecessary. Somehow it has never seemed a real war to me, and never will, I think. Of course our regiment has seen the real thing as far as marching and soaking and starving can go, but our only experience of fighting has been a series of alternate hidings from and rushing towards an enemy whom we could not see and who went back as fast as we went forward. And yet I do not crave any nearer acquaintance with the real thing. Without the fighting it is no joke, even if it does seem more like a badly organized and executed summer excursion than a campaign. We have all, in fact, had enough; I do not hear any more from the men who were saying at first that they wanted to spend the winter. For one thing, the climate is beginning to be more trying. Generally the nights and mornings are fair but for the last week we have had only one perfectly good afternoon and I suppose that is what must be expected in Porto Rico till the end of September. I have seen little of the famous Porto Rican mosquitoes, but the little black flies are very troublesome. Centipedes and

tarantulas are quite plentiful, but none of the boys have been touched by the latter, and the bites of the former are not serious, though painful; they have never tasted me.

I believe that I dropped you a postal from Adjuntas. That was in the morning; in the afternoon we had a deluge of rain lasting from 1:15 to 5 P. M. We had been fairly tired the day before and had failed to ditch our tent and as a result we were flooded out. Miller* and I kept our woolen blankets covered with our bodies, and so had them to keep us warm that night, but everything else was soaked. The ledge where our tents stood was a marsh, the hillside a mud toboggan slide, the cook's quarters below a sea of mud wherein struggled and floundered together teams, mules, horses and men. Before retiring we had to scrape ourselves all over, as we had fallen down climbing the hill in the dark on our way back from supper. And the next morning reveille at 5:30, with roll-call in shoes that could scarcely be forced on, most of the boys with every article of clothing utterly soaked with mud and water. We were started, in spite of the condition of the roads, promptly at 8 A. M., marching at a very rapid pace and in heavy marching order. We had been ordered to throw away all that we could possibly spare, since the teams were not to follow for several days. I looked over my chattels again and again, and could not decide to throw away anything but a dirty handkerchief. I tied up my Spanish grammar and a bottle of ink in a towel and carried the bundle in my hand in hopes that I might strike somebody who would send them home, but none such appeared and I lugged them all the way here. Our feet suffered because the roads were soggy and we were obliged to ford several streams. Also the path wound constantly around the side of the mountains, where the way was frequently so steep that

*Trinity, '92.

we slipped one step down for every one taken in advance. My troubles were greater yet, for I discovered at the very outset that one of my heels was coming off. On reaching this place we were highly complimented by General Henry on our fast and plucky marching. In fact, to march eighteen miles in this latitude and right after a rain in seven hours is far from bad for green volunteer troops.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ATHLETICS

TRINITY, O—UNIVERSITY OF SYRACUSE, O

TRINITY played the University of Syracuse to a standstill on Saturday, November 19th, in Syracuse. The game was by all odds the fastest and best of the year. The weather was exactly the reverse. It drizzled during the entire game, leaving the ground which had already been soaked by a two days' downpour, in anything but a desirable condition. Great pools of water stood all over the field. Syracuse, with their heavy team, had the advantage on such a day, but Trinity's splendid defense offset it. Line-bucking was employed almost entirely by both sides. Trinity kicked more than the local team, a policy which proved most successful. Littell in spite of the wet ball punted admirably, easily distancing Dorr. In offensive work the Syracuse men were slightly better than their opponents, but fumbled at critical moments. The same fault caused Trinity to lose several good chances for scoring.

Woodle kicked off to Syracuse at 3:15. The ball was advanced by short rushes through guards and tackles, with occasional setbacks, to Trinity's six-yard line, where Ingalls and Bacon held like stone walls, and it was Trinity's ball on downs. Littell's attempted punt was blocked and a Syracuse man fell on it on the three-yard line. As the backs came at Ingalls with a rush, he

snatched away the ball. Bellamy was on it quick as a flash and running around back of the goal posts, he carried it out to the three-yard line before being downed. The joy of the Syracusans was short lived. Littell punted from back of the line and the ball went to Syracuse on Trinity's fifteen-yard line.

After failures to gain through Johnson and Bacon, Dorr tried a field goal with no success. Littell punted thirty-five yards from the twenty-five-yard line to Dorr, who ran back ten yards. After Johnson had downed the runner back of the line, and a double pass failed to work, Syracuse punted to Littell who fumbled, and Syracuse got the ball on our thirty-yard line. After a short gain Trinity braced and recovered the leather on downs. Then began a splendid set of short rushes by Littell, Woodle, Ingalls and Syphax who carried the ball to the center of the field. After a fifteen-yard gain by Woodle on a fake kick the home team held for downs on their forty-yard line, but fumbled to Trinity. After no gain Littell punted and Bacon fell on the ball on the twenty-yard line. A touchdown seemed imminent. Sutton and Woodle gained ten yards, but Littell and Woodle failed and the pigskin went to Syracuse on their ten-yard line. It was soon punted out of danger, but Littell muffed and it was their's again. After losses through left tackle and end the ball went to Trinity for holding. Syracuse recovered it on downs but were forced to kick. Littell followed suit gaining fifteen yards. Syracuse tried the quarterback trick in vain and it was Trinity's ball for offside play. Another successful attack was made on the opposing line until finally Syphax broke through left tackle for twenty yards, to the fifteen-yard line where Brown fumbled to Syracuse. Time was called after Dorr had punted out of danger. Woodle's knee was injured but he finished the half pluckily. Sutton took his place and Brinley Sutton's. Rich's work was remarkably good. Out of seven attempts to gain around his end, not one succeeded. Bellamy did well also.

Dorr kicked off to Sutton who ran back ten yards. Littell punted forty yards. Syracuse started on hard offensive work gaining through the tackles, but not the ends. Trinity braced and forced a punt, the ball going to Littell on our thirty-five-yard line. Rich made fifteen yards and Littell and Woodle also gained, but Brown fumbled so Littell punted. Syracuse failed twice around Rich and punted. Littell soon returned. Syracuse by mass formations through the tackles advanced to our ten-yard line. Sutton picked up the ball on a fumble and started down the field with no one in front. His heavy, water-

soaked trousers pulled him down, however, and after a dash of thirty-five yards he was downed. Littell punted thirty-five more and Parrish got the ball. Brinley and Ingalls held and Trinity had the leather on downs. Brown fumbled to Syracuse on their forty-yard-line. After gains through tackles amounting to forty more they fumbled. Littell kicked. Syracuse then resumed their magnificent rushing, advancing the ball largely through the tackles to our twenty-yard-line, where the team made a stand and got the ball. Littell punted out of danger and after we had got it on a fumble, again punted. The remaining five minutes were spent around the center of the field.

Patten, Dorr and Smallwood did well for Syracuse, and Rich, Sutton, Littell and Woodle for Trinity. Syphax was hurt the last few minutes and Weed substituted. The line-up:

TRINITY		SYRACUSE
Bellamy	left-end	Halsey
Bacon	left-tackle	Patten
Ingalls	left-guard	Cregg
Henderson	center	Wikoff
Johnson	right-guard	Glass
Sutton-Brinley	right-tackle	Smallwood
Rich	right-end	Goodwin-Dillon
Brown	quarter-back	Cummings
Syphax-Weed	right-half-back	Dorr
Woodle-Sutton	left half-back	Smith-Willcox
Littell	full-back	Parrish

Referee—Wright, of Williams. Umpire—Tracey, of Cornell. Linesmen—Murray, Syracuse; Nichols, Trinity. Timers—Fritcher and Clapp. Time of Halves—Thirty minutes. Attendance—500.

TRINITY, 18—HAMILTON, 5

TRINITY defeated Hamilton on Monday, November 21st, at Utica Park, in a hard, well contested game. It was a perfect day for football, and the field was fairly dry after all the rain. Trinity won by superior all around work, outclassing their opponents behind the line and on the ends. Trinity's goal was threatened twice, but each time the Hartford men braced up and held for downs.

Robertson kicked off to Sutton who ran back twenty yards. After twenty yards gain by Syphax and Bellamy the ball went to Hamilton on Trinity's forty-yard line. A fumble soon gave it to the visitors again and Trinity rushed the leather twenty yards, when it went to Hamilton on downs. They advanced to

our twenty-yard line, where we held, and Littell punted to the center of the field. Hamilton made twenty-five yards around the ends in four plays, but Johnson held and Trinity took the ball on downs. An exchange of punts followed. Trinity finally got the ball on downs, and the signal was given for Rich around the end. Aided by excellent interference he cleared the end and had only two men between him and the goal sixty yards away, but he succeeded in knocking them out of the way and fell across the line. Time, fifteen minutes. Bacon kicked a most difficult goal almost from the side line. Score, Trinity 6, Hamilton 0.

Robertson kicked off to Ingalls who ran back ten yards. Littell punted forty-five. Hamilton after short gains returned to the center of the field. Littell again punted thirty-five yards. Hamilton losing at both ends returned the kick. Trinity by short rushes carried the leather to the fifteen-yard line, where a fumble gave it to Hamilton. Time was then called.

Bacon opened the second half by kicking off to Hamilton's twenty-five-yard line. Here the local team received fifteen yards for Bacon's over eagerness to tackle. Hamilton hammered our guards and ends for short gains until the ball was on the twenty-yard line, where Trinity held. Littell punted to the center of the field. Hamilton again rushed us down by short gains through the guards and tackles to the fifteen-yard line, where we held our ground. Littell tried to punt, but the ball bounced against a Hamilton man and rolled over the goal line, where Gilbert fell on it. Stowell missed the goal. Score, Trinity 6, Hamilton 5.

Bacon kicked off to the forty-yard line. Hamilton punted after no gains through Ingalls. Bellamy made fifteen yards and then followed shorter gains by Syphax, Brinley and Ingalls until Rich got the ball and ran twenty-five yards for the second touchdown. Bacon kicked the goal. Score, Trinity 12, Hamilton 5.

Stowell kicked off to Johnson. After no gain Littell punted forty yards. Bellamy knocked the ball out of the full back's hands and Johnson fell on it. Ingalls, Littell, Syphax and Bellamy circled the ends for gains, Brinley making the last touchdown and Bacon kicking the goal. The rest of the play was in Hamilton's territory, and when time was called the ball was on the twenty-yard line.

Trinity's tackling was superb all through the game. The ends, Sutton and Bacon, were Trinity's brighter stars, and Stowell, Naylor and Stone Hamilton's. The line-up:

TRINITY

Bellamy
Bacon
Ingalls
Henderson
Johnson
Sutton
Rich
Brown
Brinley
Syphax
Littell

left-end
left-tackle
left-guard
center
right-guard
right-tackle
right-end
quarter-back
left half-back
right half-back
full-back

HAMILTON

Heyl
Shepard
Ward
Gilbert
Drummond
Stowell
Best
J. Millham
W. Stone
Naylor
Robertson-Castle

Touchdowns—Rich, 2; Brinley, 1; Gilbert, 1; Goals—Bacon, 3. Time of Halves—25 minutes. Referee—Pollard, Dartmouth. Umpire—Broughton, '95. Linesmen—Nichols, '01, Mason. Timers—Williams and Clapp, '02. Attendance—250.

A. D. Vibbert.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

MRS. HENRY FERGUSON gave a reception to the under classes Thursday evening, November 17th, from 8 to 10 P. M. The affair was like the previous ones given by Mrs. Ferguson, informal, and very enjoyable.

The first of the winter series of lectures was given in Alumni Hall, Thursday evening, November 22nd, by Charles Dudley Warner, his subject being "The Solidarity of Literature."

At a college meeting, held for the purpose, the dues of the Trinity Athletic Association were reduced to fifty cents to all who joined before November 20th. By this reduction the athletic interests of the College ought to receive a more substantial support from the student body.

The recent heavy fall of snow interfered with the return of some of those students who extended their Thanksgiving recess to Sunday, some being unable to get back till Tuesday. It will be interesting to hear how the faculty will decide in the case of the men thus snowbound who ask for excuses, there being

two sides to the question ; one being that the recess ended before the snow fell and the other that the men had an undoubted right to take their absences and stay away if they wished to over Friday and Saturday.

The first Trinity german, which was to have been held Monday evening, November 28th, was postponed until Thursday, December 1. Alumni Hall was made unusually attractive, and an extra effort seemed to be made by the club to render the affair a success, as it was the initial event of the year in college society, and consequently an unusually enjoyable evening was spent. The patronesses were: Mrs. George Williamson Smith, Mrs. William Lisenard Robb, Mrs. Edward S. Van Zile and Mrs. Thomas Chapman. The souvenirs consisted of stick-pins, hat-pins and other like trinkets. Messrs. Monroe Gleason Haight, of Pittsfield, and William Cameron Hill, of Sunbury, Pa., led the german.

The Sophomore-Freshman football game has been cancelled on account of the weather.

The Jesters (Dramatic Club) are rehearsing a play which will be presented before the Christmas recess. The officers and members of the club, however, are keeping the name of the piece secret, so it is expected that something unusually excellent and enjoyable will be the outcome of their secrecy and hard work.

The Catalogue for 1898-99 has been issued. It contains some new features.

W. P. Brown, '01, had his arm put out of joint in the Williams game, October 29th, and had it attended to in Williamstown. It was poorly set and he had to undergo an operation and have it reset. He is now improving.

Twice have ballots been cast for football captain and resulted each time in a tie between T. P. Browne, '00, and W. P. Brown, '01. Those alumni who coached the team some of the time this year have been written to for their opinion on the relative qualifications of the two candidates.

Jewett Cole, '01, was taken to the hospital Wednesday afternoon to undergo an operation for appendicitis. He has been operated on before for this trouble and is consequently in delicate health. He has been placed in the special Trinity College room, where every care will be taken of him.

Bryan Killikelly Morse, '99, has been elected president of the German Club in place of Kelso Davis, '99, resigned.

Morse, '99, leader of the Mandolin Club, has chosen the following men : Woodle, '99, L. Benson, '99, Vibbert, '99, Colloque, '99, Schwartz, '00, McIlvain, '00, Clement, '01, Wheeler, '01, Story, '02, Wheeler, '02, and McCook, '02. They had their first rehearsal Thursday evening, December 1.

Compulsory gymnasium work for the under-classmen began Thursday December 1.

Captain Glazebrook of the basket-ball team is beginning to look around for candidates for this year's team. The men are practising daily in the gymnasium and a good team is expected.

THE STROLLER

THERE is too much snow for THE STROLLER to stroll now, not only on the campus but on the walk as well, where a narrow passage between drifts that tower above the shoulders, bears testimony to the unflagging zeal and tireless industry of our faithful, over-worked janitors. So he sits on his window seat staring into the leaden sky, vainly trying to make a cigar draw that the business manager has given him from the tobacco advertiser's box, and also to evolve beautiful ideas. The operation is a trying one, as the cigar calls forth comments on the donor's future existence, which that gentleman would resent did he hear them. These comments materially interfere with the beautiful ideas which come hard enough anyhow. So he gives up the cigar in despair and gazes out on the walk with a vacant stare. Soon the men come out of their recitation rooms, followed by the professors. What a difference there is in the greetings of the latter ! This one hurries along with an important air, nodding to some, passing others by without a glance. Another, tall and stately, follows, bowing ceremoniously to even the meekest freshman. A third

hastens past with a cheery smile and a pleasant "good afternoon." Two others, arm in arm, wend their way through the drifts and are obsequiously addressed as "Doctor" by the underclassmen. Then all is once more still and the college has settled down into the lifeless apathy of a winter's afternoon.

PERSONALS

The address of the Rev. Dr. R. B. FAIRBAIRN, '40, is 94 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The triennial sermon before the Board of Missions at the late general convention was preached by Bishop NICHOLS, '70, of California.

The address of the Rev. LUCIUS WATERMAN, D. D., '71, is Tilton, N. H.

The Rev. E. W. WORTHINGTON, '75, has changed his residence to 34 Cheshire street, Cleveland, O.

The Rev. G. HEATHCOATE HILLS, '84, has become assistant minister of Grace Church, Chicago, Ill.

Married, in St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, October 25th, the Rev. GEORGE CALVERT CARTER, '87, and Miss Mary Wray Benson.

The Rev. ABEL MILLARD, '89, has become rector of St. John's Church, Framingham, Mass.

The Rev. R. LEBLANC LYNCH, '90, has become rector of St. James' Church, Amesbury, Mass.

JOHN B. MCCOOK, M. D., '90, has recently read a paper before the Hartford County Medical Society on "Prophylaxis in the Volunteer Medical Service."

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, '92, is a Literary editor on the Hartford *Courant*.

Married, in Hartford, October 19th, THADDEUS WELLES GOODRIDGE, '92, and Miss Elizabeth Chester Matson.

The Rev. CHARLES JUDD, '93, has received an appointment as Fellow in the General Theological Seminary, New York City.

Married, in Topeka, Kansas, October 19th, SOLOMON STODDARD, '94, and Miss Frances Ellen Littlefield.

Married, in New York City, November 3d, SHIRLEY CARTER, '94, and Miss Jessie Murchison.

The address of SOLOMON STODDARD, '94, is 2028 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

J. M. WAINWRIGHT, '95, has resigned his position as adjutant of the First Regiment, C. N. G., and resumed his medical studies in New York.

W. E. A. THOMAS, '96, has left the Philadelphia Theological School and entered the Berkley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn.

Married, in Redwing, Minn., November 8th, EDWIN HAWLEY FOOT, '98, and Miss Evalyn Theresa Lawther.

BOOK REVIEWS

IN *The Dull Miss Archinard* by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, published by Scribners', 1898, the author has given us a most interesting and well-constructed novel, sparkling with life in some parts, in others pathetic and touching, but entertaining and natural at all times. It is a story of to-day, with the scene laid in England and Paris, and portrays in vivid manner many of the foibles and weaknesses, in addition to the finer qualities of human nature. The characters of the three principal persons are depicted in the first chapter in a few brief sentences and give the key-note to the whole story. Perhaps the best work of all is the dialogue, which is short and snappy, with no long drawn-out oratorical harangues. In the drawing of character, however, the author has proved herself extraordinarily expert, giving to the less important persons in the novel as much care and attention as to the more prominent. The selfishness and shallowness of Captain and Mrs. Archinard with their elder daughter, Katherine, throw into strong relief the self-sacrifice of Hilda, the heroine. Altogether *The Dull Miss Archinard* may easily be ranked as the brightest and cleverest story of its kind produced during the past year.

FINE WORK.

MODERATE PRICES.

E. P. CAHILL, Draper and Tailor,

105 Pratt St. near Trumbull St.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

TRY us in our New Studio and obtain
the best results in Photography.
Studio in Sage-Allen Building.
DE LAMATER & SON.
Take elevator.

N. J. Goodwin, M. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS,
753 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Established 1818.

BROOKS BROTHERS, Broadway, cor. 22d St. N. Y. City.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods

READY-MADE AND MADE TO MEASURE.

Referring to the present season's stock we beg to offer in our Custom and Ready-made Departments the usual assortment of fine foreign suitings, standard and fancy patterns, and in addition a considerable variety of less expensive goods for lower priced suits, which we can thoroughly recommend.

We have added to our department of Ready-made Clothing a line of Clerical Garments, subject to the usual discount to Clergymen.

LEADING STYLES. POPULAR PRICES.

P. H. BILLINGS, High Class Tailoring,

11 ASYLUM ST.,

HARTFORD CT.

Clark & Smith, Printers, 49 Pearl St.,
Phoenix Mutual Life Building.

A STRAIGHT TIP FOR ATHLETES EVERYWHERE.

Every Bruise, Cut, Sore Muscle, Stiff Joint or Strain,
flees from Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as from a
wrath to come. Acts promptly. Always ready to use.

TRUST

What Time Has Endorsed

Stops Pain, Cramps, Inflammation in Body or Limb
like magic. Cures Summer Complaints, Colic, Cures
Coughs, Asthma, Colds, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus,
Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lame Back.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment

Was originated and first prescribed by
AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN,
in 1810. Could a remedy without real
merit have survived over eighty years?

THINK OF THAT

Generation after Generation

Have Used It.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use.

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.
It is Soothing, Healing, Penetrating. Once used always
wanted; and dealers say "Can't sell any other kind."
Full particulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists.
Price, 35 cents. Six, \$2.00. If you can't get it send to us.
L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 23 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Students' Printing CLARK



—+&+—
**SMITH
PRINTERS**

Phoenix Mutual Life
Building
Rooms 4 and 5
49 Pearl Street
Hartford