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Trinity Tablet, September 1871

Trinity College

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021

THE

TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. IV.

HARTFORD, CONN., SEPTEMBER 28, 1871.

No. IX.

VACATION.

Bright weeks that weary not with recollection,
That linger by our side,
And with the fondest whispers of affection,
Tell us they still abide.

Sweet, joyous days, that launched from leisure's
shore,
Freighted with hope, full blown,
That sailed the sea of pleasure o'er and o'er—
Once they were all our own.

Starred hours studding the broad firmament,
Of this cold, clouded life,
Flashing the truth that they were sent
To cheer us in our strife.

Minutes that tinkled o'er the stones of time,
Like rivulets at play,
Giving their liquid music to each rhyme
That made the song of day.

Seconds that listened to each gentle breeze,
Of murmurings of love,
Wafted from leafy groves and summer seas—
Echoes of Him above.

Weeks that were music, days that in dreaming,
Reclined on velvet hours,
Minutes that brightened with the seconds' gleaming.
Memory's choicest flowers.

AFTER THE FAIR.

Halloo! By Jove! old fellow,
I didn't think you'd come,
What have you been about? Fred,
And how 's your health, my chum?
So you're back again to study,
Is it medicine or law?
Perhaps it's dull theology—
But tell us what you saw?

Well, Will I've been idling
By mountain and by sea,
Met charming girls and gay ones,
But there's no chance for me;
I don't take with the fairies
So it's no use to try,
Perhaps a good time's coming
But mine is bye and bye.

I am sorry you are blue, Fred,
Sit down in that arm-chair,
I'll tell you something stunning
About a maiden fair;
I know you'll think me foolish,
That I'm an awful spoon,
For the story that I tell you,
Began way back in June.

Of course you well remember,
The girl in grenadine—
You introduced me to her,
Out on the college green;
The girl with jetty locks, Fred,
The frolicsome winsome way,
With whom you came from town, Fred,
That joyous gay Class Day.

Oh! Yes Will, I remember,
And it's reported too,
That you'r far gone old fellow,
I don't know what to do;
Time for congratulations?
Or don't you choose to tell?
And do you write her often,
Or have you said farewell?

Wait, Fred, hold on a minute,
One at a time, you know,
Pray don't pile on the questions,
It isn't quite the go;
Be quiet, and take it slowly,
There's time enough to tell,

I'll give you the whole story,
About this summer belle.

You see that on your Class-Day,
She asked me down to call,
And I of course responded—
Couldn't refuse at all.
Each *tête à tête* was charming
We did have jolly times,
She played some pretty pieces,
I sang some college rhymes.

Examinations bored me,
I could n't be with Mollie—
There! Chum it's out, old fellow,
But you'll forgive the folly;
And yet I'm not so sure, that
It's folly after all,
These little things are great things,
Although they seem so small.

Cramming for the annuals,
Kept me up at college,
I longed for human nature,
Put up with classic knowledge.
And when the bore was over,
I let the chapel go—
The way I traveled down there,
Was anything but slow.

I asked her to Commencement,
She thought she wouldn't go,
But then I knew she would, Fred,—
Girls can't resist a show—
So I took it all for granted,
Just ordered a *coupé*,
And when I went to get her,
She came without delay.

And when the show was over,
We took a drive round town,—
We saw you on the park, Chum,
In Oxford cap and gown—
We had a jolly time, too,
As jolly as could be,
Completed our arrangements,
To go to the *levée*.

I called for her that evening,
Went with her to the jam,
Enjoyed the dress and chatter,
And saw the freshmen cram;

We left about eleven,
Drove slowly up the hill,
And when I came away, Chum,
'Twas "Good Night, dearest Will."

Of course such fond affection,
To me was perfect bliss,
I made it more enchanting,
By sealing with a kiss;
And then I took her glove, Fred,
And gave her one of mine,
I asked her when she left me,
"To-morrow night at nine."

The next day I was over,
And made a farewell call,
She promised she would write me,
Perhaps come back this fall.
I went down to the depot,
And saw her on the train,
Her good-bye words to me were,
"I hope we'll meet again."

Well, Fred, she kept her promise,
And sent me this short note—
I'm sure you did not know it—
But read just what she wrote;
"Dear Will: you must forgive me,
I know you'll be enraged,
I really meant to tell you,
The fact is—I'm engaged."

COLLEGE CUSTOMS.

"For that weakness, which weeps for a fallen race, is the tenderness not of women, but of angels."

It is seldom that we find a noble mind rejoicing over the misfortunes of a conquered nation. He may regard a principle as sacred, and being ever ready to sacrifice his life and property for it, would congratulate his countrymen were they victorious in a cause which he believed a true one; but to stoop to anything lower than this, to crave, from sheer revenge, for the blood of brave and heroic men, to be despotic from a hate, founded upon prejudice, and preconceived opinions, is to leave the god-like, and cling solely to the animal part of man's

nature. Indeed, we may go even further than this. A noble mind not only does not rejoice over, but feels for the fallen. Hence we find poems, which are supposed in sentiment to represent the thoughts of the ideal man, bewailing the fall of one noble aristocracy, or of a mighty king, or of a vast empire.

There is then something in man, whether it arises from his affections, or from his ideas of justice, which puts him in sympathy with that, which was once great, popular, or customary, but which, from causes incomprehensible to us, has lost its hold upon the public mind. Now whether it is that "distance lends enchantment to the view," or that the students of the latter portion of the nineteenth century, are really more staid than those who have preceded them, it is nevertheless a fact, that the student of to-day is often heard to say with a long, long, sigh: "Ah! times ain't now, as they use to was been." Those good old days when Sub-Freshmen were put in coffins, as a sort of preparatory department to their lives in college, or when as mock "beheadals" they were struck around the neck with a wet towel, which sometimes answered all of the purposes of a real "beheadal," those good old days are passed and gone; and as substitutes for such preparatory courses, a freshman has only to shave his whiskers and moustaches—for though you may think it impossible, yet freshmen *have* been known to have such things—to leave his cane at home, and to tell his mother not to buy him a beaver until his Sophomore year. But putting aside the ironical, let us return to the natural. Though we look with the "mind's creative eye" back into the past, and picture to ourselves in glowing colors the pleasures of the days of yore, yet to a candid observer it must be evident, that the customs left behind us are of the lowest cast, and that the practising of them, never elevate, but always degrade, the man. Far better is it with those of to-day. Our colleges have taken more of a literary turn, and seldom is there a celebration of an

event, either connected with our institutions, or our country, unaccompanied by an oration and poem.

The old idea that students must be the devils of a town is also gradually changing, and notwithstanding the fact, that "sign-boards" are occasionally seen in college rooms, and that benches are occasionally turned over in the city park, notwithstanding all this, the general tone of our colleges is improving, and the student of to-day is certainly a better citizen than the student of a half century ago.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I am not about to proclaim, with several of the sensationalists of the day, a speedy dissolution of all things earthly, nor on the contrary is it my intention to prophesy to the world, a future existence of three or four millions of years. No, I leave all such abstruse calculations to deeper heads than mine. Still, it is upon subjects which to judge from appearances, matters are of little less importance to the welfare of mankind, that I wish to address you. Throughout the United States, in whatever direction you turn your steps, north, south, east, west, the "Signs of the Times" are always apparent. Whether from the lonely height of some secluded mountain, you look down upon an apparently untrodden wilderness, or promenade the crowded marts of the most populous cities, still "Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children," "Hembold's Buchu" and "Plantation Bitters" meet your view. And what a history they call before you. The former seems to be the connecting link between your present self and your infancy. In a minute, the memory of intermediate years fades away, and again you are a tiny child crowing in your cradle. Through careless handling in removing you from your downy couch, the nurse, misplaces a pin, and without any compunction, it punctures your delicate skin. A howl is the result. In quick succession follow, second, third, and fourth unabridged editions. 'T was

not the nurse's fault. When was a nurse ever to blame? No, it is reasoned in this way. All babies cry when they are cutting teeth; this baby cries; therefore this baby is cutting a tooth. The confusion which prevails throughout the family, veils the fallacy of this argument, and that infallible remedy, "Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is immediately sent for, and poured down your tender gullet. That's all you remember for awhile, but you distinctly remember some fifteen hours after, the nurse's extracting the *troublesome tooth* from your limb, and you begin to have some realization of "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 'to have'" a pin imbedded in the flesh. Time rolls on. You become a mischievous little urchin. In the performance of some rascally prank, you are thwarted. Immediately your rage knows no bounds. Scissors, and inkstands fly like meteors through the air, causing nurse and other inhabitants of the room to discover several new constellations hitherto unknown. Loud explosions in various parts of the room, where the numerous articles come in contact with the wall, proclaim that the meteors have burst, and quiet being restored, which it finally is from lack of ammunition, the room presents a Pompeian aspect, the floor being scattered with the ashes of the projectiles cast forth from Mount Vesuvius, who stands, still smoking and fuming, though deprived of power to injure. "The dear boy needs soothing. Nurse, why did you provoke him?" mamma says, and instead of Father Winslow's slipper being sent for and applied to—, as a remedy, a large dose of "Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is administered, and soon stupefied for a time, you remain in a quiescent state. In the course of years you increase in stature, and strength, and become a man. Having had recourse to the bottle so much in your infancy, you cannot overcome the habit in your manhood. It having been distinctly stated that "Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is for children, you imagine it too juvenile for you, and supply its

place with "Plantation Bitters." By an inordinate use of these, you bring on (we'll commence at the head and creep down gradually) Head-ache, Brain Fever, Congestion of the Brain, Softening of the Brain, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, Congestion of the Lungs, Consumption in its many forms, Heart Complaints, Rheumatism, Scarlet Fever, Stomach Ache, Corns and Bunions. (Do not let it be understood, from the leap I have taken, that I mean to imply that the stomach and feet are immediately contiguous.) You bethink yourself of some way to cure your numerous ailments, and walking one day with your eyes *shut*, you see "Hembold's Buchu" painted in startling letters upon a rocky cliff. You have found the Philosopher's Stone (or at least Helmbold found it so) and start off to apply it. But alas upon application it has failed, and you see yourself again set adrift to try the other remedies suggested by our numerous barns and precipices.

It has been said that "all *signs* fail in dry weather," but the aforementioned ones must be exceptions to this rule, for in drought or wet-weather, they stand forth alike prominent. Readers, be at rest. This subject will *not* be continued, in our next.

THE CLASSICS.

We do not in this short article propose to discuss the necessity of the study of the Greek and Latin languages for a sound liberal education; but taking this for granted, we do wish to say a few words as to the best manner of conducting our studies in these languages. Now without any circumlocution, we say that in our humble opinion, two recitations per week, each in Latin and Greek, and between fifty and a hundred lines a lesson, is not the way to study the classics. We do not say (mind you) that this is not the way to study the structure of those languages, for we think it is the best way. But to read a Greek Play

and appreciate it, we must not only be thoroughly acquainted with the practical structure of that language, but we must also be interested in the play itself. When a student has studied the structure of Greek and Latin three or four years in his preparation for college, and then for two years after he has entered college, he ought to know enough about those languages to read them with facility. For there are very few who study the structure of their own language as closely and as long as any student that of the Latin and Greek, and even though students generally were to pay as much attention in this way to their mother tongue as to the classics, we doubt very much whether they would enjoy reading an English poem much better than now. We of course, acknowledge the necessity of knowing thoroughly the structure of the classical languages, but at the same time we think there is a higher object to be attained, and that after five or six years study on their structure, a student may be expected to be able to read and appreciate their literature. But can this object be accomplished by reading a very little at a time and with intervals of three or four days? Emphatically no. We speak from experience in this matter. We know that when a student sits down to read fifty lines of a Greek play, and that after he has not looked at it in three or four days, it is rather dry work. And why this almost proverbial lack of interest in these great masterpieces? We think it is to be attributed almost wholly to the manner in which the study in this department is conducted. And what remedy is there for this evil—for an evil we will call it—what can be done to make the student take a lively interest in the study of the classics? The old Scotch way of taking up a book and not putting it down till it is finished, is not a bad one. For when we are engaged on one study and are interested in it we can do far more work in the same length of time. In this way one better keeps the connection between the different parts, and

when he has finished a book he knows what is in it. Now it seems feasible that one recitation a day each might be devoted to the classics till they were finished up, and the amount of ground at present occupying the whole year, be completed in two or three months, thus giving more time for the other studies of the year.

We know that this plan is liable to serious objections. Perhaps this jumping from one study to another, to which we have objected, is a good gymnastic for the mind; but we must remember that to be of much service, the exercise must be spontaneous. Perhaps there are many objections which have not occurred to us, but one thing is certain, and that is, with the present system, the student can take but very little interest in his classical studies.

SKINNING.

How natural this word must sound to the ears of every student! It is like the calling up of old memories. Without doubt it reminds many an alumnus as well as undergraduate of his happy escapes from that terrible monster—a flunk. We have no hesitation in asserting that a great number, if not the majority of students, are of the opinion that skinning is a capital benefactor. We think we hear one accomplished in the art of manipulating the "skin" say, how often would a student be compelled to "sing out" those sad and heart-rending words "not prepared" had he no means of rescuing himself, and of seeking the salvation of his mark. We, of course, coincide with his views in regard to the deliverance brought about by skinning, but yet we believe that personal honor should be taken into consideration. Skinning is decidedly antagonistic to honor, and for this reason, if for no other, should be spurned. That there are very, very few persons, who pass through the college curriculum without skinning is now-a-days a truism. Indeed a large proportion of students commence the arduous duties of college life with the firm and fixed determination of getting a diploma with

the least possible work; and in order to carry out their decision they resort to skinning. We may for the sake of convenience divide skinners into the Professional and the Occasional. The professional skinner always has an easy, jog-along, dont-care appearance. Nothing can trouble or annoy the sereneness of his disposition. You may often see him walking about the college grounds during study hours. He usually brandishes a huge meershaum (?) and looks as if he bade defiance to text-books, fizzes and flunks. When the old bell rings out its unwelcome summons to recitation the professional proceeds to the recitation-room with the air of one who is eagerly desirous to be "called up" on the hardest part of the lesson. By a superior excellence in skinning he often makes a very good mark. But it may be asked how in the world does the professional skinner get through the much detested Annual at which there is always a sharp eye to watch unfair proceedings. Well, I will tell you. On the night preceding that "bore" he busily engages himself in copying the contents of a text-book on to a memorandum (just to assist the memory you know.) The latter carefully concealed in a pocket is produced at the examination; but only when the Professor kindly turns his back. On examination or at recitation the professional skinner had a thousand times rather gaze on his instructor *a tergo*, than look him in the face. It seems to be a natural peculiarity of the genus to which he belongs. However, it is one of those idiosyncrasies which, though remarkable and strange, are by no means inexplicable. So much for the professional skinner.

The occasional skinner is of an entirely different character from the professional. It requires considerable time for him to learn the art of skinning with skill and facility. When still a tyro (we may always call him such) he is quite timid. All through his college course he appears to be afraid to open his book for "vile purposes" and when he does commit such a

"heinous crime" there is always a trembling in his limbs lest he should be detected. The occasional skinner, as a general thing, learns his lesson; and it is only on account of his inability to call to mind certain paragraphs that he resorts *contra naturam* to skinning. Various means have been devised by many of the colleges of our country to put an end to skinning. A superabundance of work has been imposed upon students who have been caught "in the act." Many have enjoyed the "sweets" (?) of suspension for having made use of those "nice little books." Indeed at one college the students, before entering examination, are required to take an oath that they will not use any unfair means in getting through the fiery ordeal. The latter is a most effective measure. It strikes a mighty death-blow on skinning. It appears strange that more of our collegiate institutions have not adopted the same plan. It would most assuredly make those who are in the habit of skinning on examination devote themselves assiduously to the prescribed studies, and also force them to learn those things which they, trusting to their faithful skin, never intend to learn.

MINOR MATTERS.

We are glad to hear that the elocutionary department of our college, will not be at all neglected during the coming year. We understand that Prof. Russell will give instruction to each class twice every collegiate month, and that they will continue to meet him according to the above arrangement during the whole of their course.

There is one thing which is most certainly essential to a college, and that is, a gymnasium. It is absolutely necessary that a person, who leads a sedentary life, should have physical exercise. If the mind must be trained in an intellectual gymnasium, so must the body be exercised in a physical one. We are glad to chronicle the fact that we are to have a gymnasium. The trustees, at the last Commence-

ment, decided that a capacious gymnasium should be built immediately. Several circumstances, however, concurred in hindering it's being put up during vacation. It is now, we are happy to say, in process of construction. We have not yet been informed as to the dimensions of the building which will cost about four thousand dollars. It makes one's heart pulsate with joy to anticipate good, sound, substantial, and pleasant exercise. It is something which the majority of the students will enjoy, and which they, beyond all doubt, need. From present prospects we conjecture that the building will be completed and furnished with all the gymnastic apparatus in about five weeks.

What is a reading room without the daily papers? We ask this question because we have been in the reading-room a great many times since term opened, and have found none of the daily papers. We would throw out a suggestion that the newly elected Curators should put themselves at once to the work of collecting money and furnishing the room with all the necessary journals. There was a habit in vogue among the students last term of carrying off the college papers to their rooms, and not returning them. It was solely on this account that we deemed it our duty to remove the TABLET Exchanges. We will, however, place them in the reading-room this term, and shall continue to do so as long as none are abstracted. Another remark which we have to make is this, that the students should consider that it is incumbent upon them not to tear any of the papers, nor to deal roughly with the furniture belonging to the reading-room. We sincerely wish that these things will be taken into due consideration, and that hereafter more care will be exercised in preventing any further damages.

If there is any thing in this world which tends to produce a feeling of disgust in a person it is to return to college after vacation and

find his sanctum in a topsy-turvy state. It makes one feel an inclination to "go for the heathen chinee" who has with an abominable indifference and without the least sense of remorse turned order into confusion. Since servants do willfully neglect the injunctions given about "fixing up" a room after it has been cleaned, we think that the "powers that be" should see that the occupied rooms are put in order and that an addition be made to the college bill for it. There is another thing about which we should like to make a few remarks and that is the theft which is perpetuated in college during vacation. We, as well as very many others, have lost a great many articles of household furniture, and we think that some stringent measures should be taken to prevent hereafter any more of these light-fingered acts which have most assuredly been carried on altogether too long.

"All the students are requested to meet in the cabinet at four P. M., to hear a lecture from Dr. Shattuck." This notice posted upon the bulletin on the afternoon of Tuesday the nineteenth, was, we venture to say, read by all with a feeling of joy. It has been some time since the doctor made his last visit to the college. Indeed we had almost despaired of seeing him this year, because there was a report current that he had not yet returned from Europe. The course of excellent lectures, which the Dr. delivered, were principally upon food. He gave us very interesting as well as important information in regard to what we should eat and drink. He analyzed the various articles of food, and in each case told us why such and such an article was absolutely necessary to produce a healthy tone of the body. It is very rarely that we have the extreme pleasure of hearing the instructive lectures of Dr. Shattuck. We earnestly hope, however, that the Doctor may return ere long and regale our intellectual appetites with another course of his enjoyable lectures.

THE TRINITY TABLET,

*Published monthly throughout the collegiate year
by the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

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NOTICE.

Enclosed in the present number the subscribers will find their bills for the ensuing collegiate year, and the Editors request that prompt attention will be paid to them, as all subscriptions for the TABLET are invariably in advance. All mail matter should be addressed to P. O. Drawer 20.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Vacation has come and gone. Again the college halls resound to the never-ending tramp of the students, again that most "unruly member" of the bell, proclaims in peremptory tones, the time for recitations, and for chapels, and no longer does the College Campus present a deserted aspect, but teems with life and activity. We have again resumed the daily routine of our college-life, but under what different auspices. Since we last addressed you upon this subject, the class of '71, except as alumni, have ceased to exist, and '72 have succeeded to the senatorial dignity, so well maintained by their immediate predecessors. Sophomore conceit has given way to Junior self-complacency, Freshmen greenness, to Sophomore wisdom, and everywhere is the accustomed verdancy and timidity (?) of the incoming class. But not among the students alone is change visible. From his customary place in chapel we miss Prof. Stickney. The college halls too, present a new, and it may be said, a much more desirable aspect than formerly. They have been re-whitewashed, and cleansed during the vacation, and glisten with an unparalleled whiteness. So do the garments of the student, who is unfortunate enough in his haste to brush against the walls. Many of the rooms, too, have been newly papered, and otherwise repaired. Thoroughness seems to have been the order of the day and well has it been carried out. The college campus, after its long rest from the marauding footsteps of the students, presents a finer appearance than ever before, and is no longer disfigured by the numerous footpaths crossing its surface. In the back campus the long-promised gymnasium is in process of erection, and will probably be ready for the occupancy of the athletes of Trinity in about four weeks. With the exception of a "rush" nothing worthy of particular notice has occurred since our return to these classic halls, and let this plead for the uninteresting collection of facts here presented. In the rush the Sophomores were routed, leaving the

Freshmen masters of the field. Ere we close, we desire to extend a hearty welcome to the class of '75, and would advise them not to haze the class of '74 too much, lest they should "rouse the sleeping lion." We wish them as pleasant a sojourn in college, as their present condition seems to augur, and a happy issue out of all their difficulties.

"THE RUSH."

There are many events which occur in the course of a student's life which are known to none outside of college walls. Hence to enter into the spirit of such events, one must himself have been a student; for then and there only can he realize what is implied by college honor, and by class pride. It is of the latter that I desire to speak. When a class enters college it goes through certain initiatory steps, which tend to prove the "stuff", out of which its members are formed.

If the class is green and inexperienced, affording us a reason for the belief, that they were but yesterday loosed from their mothers' apron-strings, they will within a week after entering college, bitterly regret, in spite of the loosing of the strings, that they had not clung with an eager grasp to the apron itself. If on the other hand the class presents a bold front, as '75 has done, and its members show fight, in every word, look, and motion, then comes—"The Rush."

As the writer was not on the field on the night of the 18th, the account given below, in many of its particulars may not be accurate.

About eleven o'clock, P. M., on the 18th of Sept., a line of Freshmen were marching slowly down Washington street. Their challenge had been received and accepted by the Sophomores, who were passively awaiting the moment, which would decide the relative strength and ingenuity of the two classes. The ground selected for the Rush was about an half mile from college, it was

"* * * grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air."

'75 on reaching the spot appointed for the struggle, saw '74 a few yards ahead, in a regular line, waiting stubbornly for the enemy. The word was given, the next moment the classes met. The columns moved slowly from side to side. Each man struggled as if honor, age, life itself, were at stake. But this first contest soon ended. The classes not observing the general rules of the Rush, broke up into platoons and tumbled into each others ranks promiscuously. The upper classmen observing this rallied the men to their respective standards, and decided that another rush was necessary to determine the strength of the classes. The lines were again formed and the result of the *first* rush, showing how nearly the combatants were matched, afforded each party enough encouragement to enter with greater vim and confidence into the second. Again the word was given, with the best men in front the columns moved slowly towards each other. In a moment came the collision. The ranks were firm and solid. The night was dark, only a star here and there, peeped out upon the scene, but quickly concealed itself again behind the moving clouds, to avoid the sight of the silent struggle. "Push Sophs!" "This way, you Freshmen!" In the center of the fight above the heads of the combatants was seen a large form. "What's that?" "How did it get there?" Surely the Greek Gods of whom students dream so often have not interfered. "Go it '75!" "Hurrah for '74!" Now's the time Sophs.!" "Your last chance Freshmen, look out for the 'Lemon Squeezer.'"

But stop reader, let us collect our thoughts. Do you know what that form is? It's a Sophomore. Some Freshman with an ingenious nudge of the shoulder put him up there.

The rush is over. The Sophomores gave way and the Freshmen ran Pell Mell over them, being so elated with their victory, that they were with difficulty withdrawn from the vanquished Sophs.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

For convenience of reference, we publish below the Scheme of Exercises in the English Department for this Term.

SCHEDULE OF THEMES, ORATIONS AND EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCUSSIONS.

Christmas Term, A. D. 1871.

SENIORS.

ORIGINAL ORATIONS. EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCUSSIONS.

Oct. 27. Sept. 26. Nov. 28.

JUNIORS.

ORIGINAL ORATIONS. EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCUSSIONS.

Sept. 29. Nov. 24. Sept. 27.

THEMES.

SENIORS.

[Oct. 11.]

Woman in the Past, the Present, and the Future.

[Nov. 15.]

The Philosophy of Recreation.

Dec. 13.

The Prevalence of Slang in Conversation and in Literature.

JUNIORS.

[Oct. 12.]

Honor and Duty.

[Nov. 16.]

The Tyranny of "Rings."

[Dec 14.]

The Office of the Chorus in the Greek Drama.

SOPHOMORES

[Oct. 13.]

The Life of Nehemiah.

[Nov. 17.]

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

[Dec. 15.]

The History of Navigation.

FRESHMEN.

Written Translations from Greek and Latin Alternate. Oct. 11, Nov. 15, Dec. 13.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The latest addition to our facilities for improvement in elocution is the formation of a Dramatic Club, under the supervision of the Professor of English. Its objects are, as stated in its Constitution, "the cultivation of histrionic talent, intellectual improvement, and the entertainment of ourselves and others." The number of its members is limited, more for the purpose of keeping up an interest in the organization than from any desire of "hiding their light under a bushel." Their intention is to hold occasional meetings for the purpose of reading plays, and perhaps to act one before the college at some future date. Its officers are as follows:

President,—F. Thompson, '74,

Vice-President,—L. Waterman, B. A., '71.

Secretary,—J. H. Barbour, '73.

Treasurer,—F. O. Granniss, '73.

We understand that the club has applied to the Faculty for the use of the old Parthenon Hall, that has of late been in a rather dilapidated state, but which is to be elegantly fitted up with a stage, dressing rooms, &c., as a permanent place for its meetings and representations.

We learned the above facts from one of its members, and are glad to have the opportunity to note an organization that shall in one particular at least, fill the place of the old Euterpean Society, which seems to have breathed its last—song. Good singing and good acting are so rarely found combined, that the formation of a club exclusively devoted to the latter, separate from the several small glee clubs, whose members exercise their voices around college, to the discomfort of their neighbors, is a circumstance which bids fair to prove of great advantage, not only to the college but to the city at large, and we hope at some future date to have the pleasure of witnessing a dramatic entertainment by this Society that shall rival in completeness and good acting the renditions of professional artists.

PERSONALS.

McCLORY, '51. Rev. H. C. McClory has removed to Midland, Michigan.

MURRAY, '71. A. S. Murray is about to enter the Columbia Law School, New York.

WOOD, '71. H. S. Wood is going to follow his example.

WILLIAMS, '71. C. C. Williams will enter the Berkely Divinity school in October.

QUICK, '58. J. H. S. Quick was in town a few days since. When at home he is in Chicago.

DRAYTON, '71. William Drayton is principal of Lambeth High School, Kittanning, Penn.

CLEMSON, '56. T. G. Clemson has accepted a call to St. John's Church, Clyde, Wade Co., New York.

GORDON, '71. T. H. Gordon is principal of the High School, North Conway, New Hampshire.

OBERLY, '65. Rev. H. H. Oberly on October 2d, was married to Miss J. H. Laidley, in Trinity Church, New York.

CONYNGHAM, '59. C. M. Conyngham has been visiting here recently, and will probably be in town over Sunday, Oct. 1st.

DYER, '70. A. Dyer is Western manager of the Spectator, an Insurance Journal, published in Chicago and New York.

SCOTT, '59. E. G. Scott has been nominated for Judge of the 1st Judicial District of Pennsylvania, and his present address is at Sunbury, Pa.

COTTON, '71. D. P. Cotton sailed for Barbadoes, on Saturday the 23d instant. He goes to Edinburgh in January to pursue his medical studies at the University.

TREMAINE, '66. Rev. C. H. B. Tremaine is rector of the church of St. Thomas, about to be erected to the memory of Bishop Brownell. The corner-stone was laid on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 27th inst. President Jackson officiating.

PARTICLES.

Court-plaster—Kisses.

How to get a-long well—Have it dug deep.

Parental acres—The old man's corns.

Toilers of the see—Opticians.

Vegetable philosophy—Sage advice.

An attached couple—Oyster shells.

Notes of admiration—Love-letters.

The best read men in the world are Indians.

A Military air—A pla-toon.

Pressed for time—Egyptian mummies.

A noose-paper—A marriage certificate.

A bad place to get out at—The elbow.

A poor place—The alms house.

Town pumps—Local editors.

The poor man's story—The attic.

To get rid of a bore—Let him a loan.

Breaches of trust—Pants got on credit.

A packed convention—Sardines in a box.

Good country butter—An old ram.

Sharp-shooter—Aching tooth.

Waiting maids—Elderly spinsters.

The best thing to run over—A pair of shoes.

That the Tar-tars pitch their tents is a fixed fact.

Some men will pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

Doing a roaring business—Keeping a wild beast show.

A mere matter of form—Cutting out a pair of pants.

How to make a hot-bed—Set the mattresses on fire.

Connecting link between the vegetable and animal kingdom—Hash.

What do great liars do when they die? they ie still.

They have been trying to force a *Bibb* on the Sophomore class, but alas! the Freshmen are obliged to wear it.

BOOK NOTICES.

NEW CENSUS AND PATENT LAWS. New York: Munn & Co., publishers of the *Scientific American*.

This is a very neat little bound volume containing the last year's census for all the States, Territories, Counties, and principal cities of the United States, together with a rare amount of valuable information in regard to the manner of obtaining patents, copyrights &c., giving in full the revised Patent Laws. It also contains many suggestions of practical utility in mechanics, tables, rules, and 175 diagrams of mechanical movements &c., &c. Its convenient size, and compactness of arrangement render it an invaluable hand-book to the inventor, as well as a useful book of reference for all.

THE SONG ECHO.—A collection of vocal music for public schools, juvenile classes, seminaries, and the home circle; by H. S. Perkins, author of the College Hymn and Tune Book. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

Another addition to the already too numerous list of juvenile song books. This, however, presents special claims to public favor in its convenient form, its excellent course of elementary instruction, and in the variety, as well as newness of its contents, including solos, duets, trios, rounds and anthems, serious and comic, sacred and sentimental. We notice nevertheless, but few pieces by distinguished authors.

DIRECTORY in the use of the Book of Common Prayer, for the church of the Testimony of Jesus, St. John Land, L. I., New York. Thos. Whittaker, 2 Bible House, 1871.

This book, as its name implies, is intended as a guide in the use of the Book of Common Prayer, for a single Parish in Long Island. But why the need of a guide in the services of the Church, when the Prayer Book so well explains itself? No person, an habitual attendant on the worship of God as conducted in accordance with the Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is ignorant of the use of that book. And even though there were such persons, the mode might be explained by each rector to his congregation, if not satisfactorily, at least in a better manner than the rector of this parish in Long Island has done. The fact is this pamphlet does not explain the services of the Church, but the author, taking the Prayer Book as a foundation, builds up on it a system of worship to suit his own ideas. Now giv-

ing the author all the credit due to his own ideas, taste, and discretion—for he has shown an unexpected degree of taste in letting the Book of Common Prayer enter at all into his worship—and acknowledging his freedom as not being under Episcopal jurisdiction, we would merely say that he had better publish a book of Prayers of his own, at once, and not mutilate the offices of the Church, and still retain the name of the Book of Common Prayer.

EXCHANGES.

Scribner.—Scribner lies before us, full of its usual good, solid matter, and excellent poetry. Its varied style of reading, suiting all tastes, make it a very desirable periodical for every family and club. The present number is by no means an inferior one, and we have perused it with much satisfaction.

The Spectator.—We have received and examined with much pleasure the September number of the *Spectator*. As far as our knowledge of insurance extends, we should imagine it to be a well-conducted periodical, and admirably fitted to carry out the purposes for which it has been founded. It is the first number that has made its appearance on our table, and we hope to view it often.

Clam Town Gazette.—We glean with much satisfaction, the latest news of the Metropolis from the columns of the *Clam Town Gazette*. We miss from its columns the spicy articles, which we have understood emanated from the quill of a Trinity Student, and deeply regret the loss. Since his graduation however, we have been enabled to apply the paper to a much better use than formerly.

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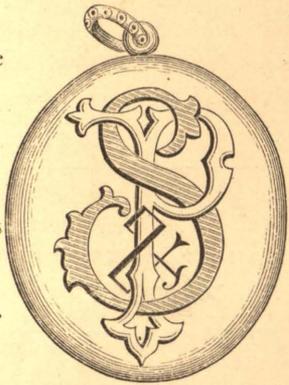
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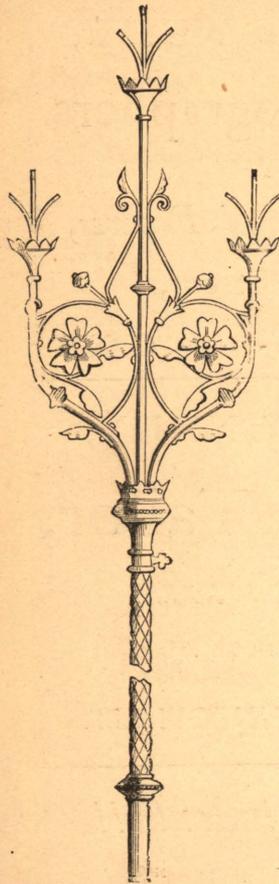
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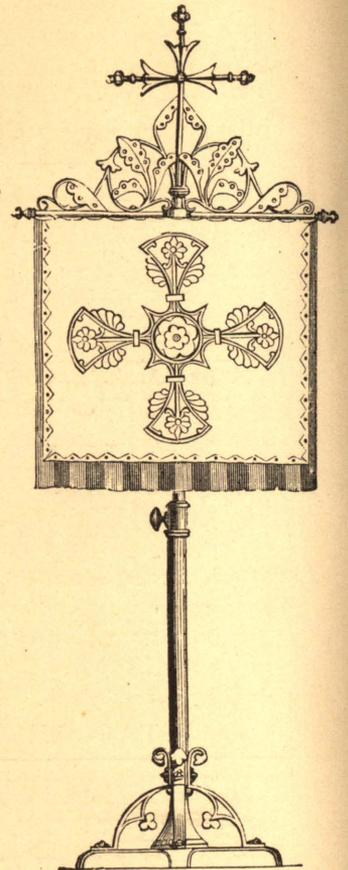
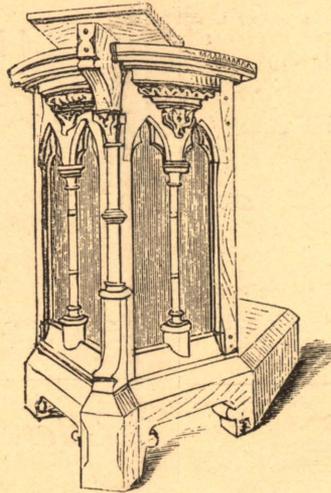
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