

11-29-1871

Trinity Tablet, November 1871

Trinity College

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

Recommended Citation

Trinity College, "Trinity Tablet, November 1871" (1871). *Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)*. 43.
<https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets/43>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Trinity Serial Publications (1824 - present) 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.

THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. IV.

HARTFORD, CONN., NOVEMBER 29, 1871.

NO. XI.

A HIDDEN WORLD.

Deep in my soul, unmoved, untouched by aught
Of all the jarring strife around me, lies
Another life—a world of hidden thought,
Unseen of men, unscanned by mortal eyes.

And while above, life's wild volcano burns:
While countless souls are dying in its glow,
Each seeming prize cast up, to ashes turns,
And deeper hides the secret life below.

There in that realm doth perfect quiet reign,
A tranquil rest, but not the sloth of sleep,
Hushed as the calm, which 'neath the restless main,
Broods undisturbed, a hundred fathoms deep.

And there a stately pile my thoughts have reared,
Where all the pleasant paths of fancy meet,
Whose every stone and column is endeared
By toilful years before it stood complete.

Grandly around it stretches fair and far,
The clear horizon of a perfect scene,
Whose peaceful charms this world can never mar,
Or trail one cloud across its blue serene.

All precious things of earth, or sea, or air,
All Nature's gems, and Art's divinest grace,
With lifelong zeal my soul hath gathered there,
To crown the beauty of its resting place.

How then 'mid scenes like these can aught annoy?
Have I not all that life can ever give?
Pain, hunger, toil, disease, can ne'er destroy
That land of dreams in which I fain would live.

So let the rude world fret in endless strife,
I bear with ease the load that bends mankind,
Content to face the seeming ills of life,
And bring to each a calm and tranquil mind.

O hidden life! O dear and happy realm—
O cloud-land where alone the soul finds peace,

Did Faith, on life's dark sea, but guide the helm,
How soon the voyage were o'er, and storms
would cease.

And though, loved land, thy shores I only see,
And feast my eyes upon thee, far away,
Yet but the vision bringeth peace to me,
And I shall press thy strand, perhaps, some day.

GOLD VERSUS GILDING.

The value of the real as opposed to the sham, in mankind, in art, in architecture, in short, in everything, is apparent throughout the world. If there is one sin, more than another descried, in the Bible, it is that of hypocrisy; yet what is this, but a cloaking over of the truth, a concealing of the reality, a sham. One of the popular delusions of the present day is that of imitation. As the world increases in civilization, its mechanical genius, of necessity becomes more acute, but, seemingly, in proportion to the growth of its acuteness, there is a decrease of the real, an increase of the false. The reason why the inventive spirit of the age is imitative, is apparent. It is one of the many evils resulting from the democratic tendency of the present day, and it is a noticeable fact that this spirit is developed much more extensively under a Republican, than under a Monarchical form of government. There are many reasons to be urged why this should be so, but as many of them are foreign to our subject, we shall content ourselves with citing but one. We contend that this imitative disposition derives its existence from a false conception of one of the leading principles of a democracy, viz., that "all men are born free and equal." Allowing this theory to pass without

refutation, as regards our position towards the government, as regards our position towards our fellow men, it is too absurd to need a refutation. Nevertheless, this unfortunately is the sense in which it seems to be generally taken, and to which is attributable this use of imitation. As regards riches, certainly, we are not "born free and equal." Still the emulation of the age is such, that the rich man has a marble-paved vestibule to his stately mansion, and the poor man, not possessing the necessary funds, must have one as near like it as possible, and to this end purchases a poor imitation in oil-cloth. Of course, whatever there is the greatest demand for will be much more generally supplied, therefore the poor, forming the majority, the market is stocked with gilding, while gold is scarce. As one enters St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, he is awe-struck, with the wonderful size, the magnificent proportions, the apparent solidity and reality of this master piece of the master-genius of the world, Michael Angelo. Upon a more minute examination, however, a feeling of disgust and disappointment takes possession of him. The four immense columns supporting the dome are discovered to be composed of stone, plastered and painted in imitation of marble. If they were not painted, if they but represented what they really are, then none could find fault; but to introduce into the House of God a counterfeit, a lie,—it seems to us is showing a disrespect to, nay almost insulting the Divine Power. Let us take, for example, mankind. Every one of us have more or less of imitation in our natures. Hypocrisy is bred in us. It has come down to us from our earliest ancestors as an hereditary disease. It is hardly necessary to state, that some have it to a greater degree than others. It is to this portion of mankind, few we could hope, but many we fear, we refer to, when we propose to take mankind as an example of imitation, opposed to reality. How much more noble is the man who stands before the world as he is, never

attempting to hide his faults, nor ostentatiously parading his virtues, than the one who endeavors to secrete behind the screen held forth by Satan his many bad qualities, and to portray his good ones.

There is the same difference between a thorough and a superficial education that there is between "gold" and "gilding." The former is engrafted upon the mind; the latter is merely the surface, the outside show. The one is seldom at fault; the other rarely right. The one is a reality; the other a sham.

We are disposed to look much more leniently upon the use of false teeth, and to a certain degree can excuse the wearing of false hair. There are imitations to be sure, but generally the need of them is evident, and the use of them too apparent to be concealed. Moreover, we look upon these articles as necessities, in some cases, where nature has failed to make liberal provision, or where circumstances have conspired to destroy her handiwork. We think, however, the use of them, more especially of the hair, is carried to excess, and in consequence becomes a sin; for we are told "to have moderation in all things," and the use of hair at the present day certainly betrays anything but moderation. For the excessive use of this article, fashion is responsible. But we are responsible if we follow fashion. If ever there were a handmaiden of Satan upon earth, in our opinion fashion occupies that position. Fashion orders hair to be worn, and to make up the deficiency which exists, to be in the fashion, false hair must be worn. She commands now flaxen-hair, now red hair, now black hair to be worn, and in accordance with her imperious mandate, an unusual number of flaxen-heads, red-heads, and black-heads make their appearance. To appear your natural age is contrary to her law, so it is necessary that you should have a dye-pot in close proximity to your elbow, must travel with your dye-pot; in fact, better forget your head than this most necessary appendage of the fashionable man

and woman, who, when approaching fifty, desire to appear twenty-five. With fashion nothing is reality, everything is sham; therefore we should not follow in her footsteps, except in as far, as it would be inadmissible to depart from them. In a certain degree, we recognize the necessity of paying due regard to the ruling mistress of the day. We do not advocate the departing so far from her mandates as to appear ridiculous or eccentric; still we do believe that one should maintain his own individuality, and whosoever departs from this is acting the part of the jackdaw in the dress of the peacock, is sham, and not reality, is gilding not gold.

AMATEUR HORSEMANSHIP.

Reader, do not suppose that we are going to give an elaborate description of "fast equines" or of the "Derby Races." We do not by any means intend to turn jockey, and "blow" about the pleasures and fascinations of the turf. Oh! no! but we are going to speak of those galloping "*bobny* horses" which carry students over the rough road of the classics.

For the edification of those who may not be aware of the significance of the word "horse" we would say that it refers to English translations of the Greek and Latin authors.

There are very many amateur horsemen in the colleges of our country. This probably results from that innate disposition of Americans to hurry through every task which they undertake. They shrink from the thought of proceeding at a snail's pace over the path of life. The work, which demands long-continued, persevering, and profound research is in the generality of cases odious, and a thing which had better be avoided. Now this hatred which a large number of students entertain towards working any considerable length of time is, beyond all doubt, the reason why we find that they use translations so frequently. Indeed we think that we are not over-stating the matter when we say, that students use "horses" almost universally.

When a person enters college there is a strong tendency for him to devote as little time as possible to his lessons in the classics. He sees how his next-door neighbor gets his Greek and Latin in a short space of time, and he says to himself "why is it necessary for me to spend my precious hours in 'digging' out Greek or Latin when I can 'horse' them out in a few minutes, and then have plenty of leisure time." These ideas, which are cherished by a great many, are the very ones which produce in the end the worst sort of an effect. "Horsing" may and does make work easy, but it ultimately destroys a person's knowledge of the languages. The man who uses a translation throughout his whole college curriculum becomes finally a complete and perfect know-nothing in Greek and Latin. We of course admit that a person can use a "horse" very beneficially provided he "digs" out his lesson first, and then reads over the translation; but the great trouble and difficulty is that few, if any, will do that. The amateur horseman offers, as his excuse, that it takes too long for him to perform anything of that kind.

The evil results which are consequent on "horsing" are almost too numerous to mention. When a person constantly resorts to a translation his knowledge of the languages fades away. The words are memorized like so many dates, and, leaving but a momentary impression upon the mind, are very soon forgotten. Nothing, in fact, remains save a consciousness that a certain insignificant amount of work has been done. The amateur horseman loses his self-confidence. The ground is cut from under his feet. He never feels secure unless he has his shelf lined with books from Bohn's celebrated Library. If we are not mistaken, the classics were designed to afford us a mental gymnasium. They furnish an excellent drill for the mental faculties. The untying of knotty sentences, the choice of words and the construction of the translation all combine to discipline the mind. The amateur horseman

may however raise an objection against these remarks, and say that his memory is strengthened by learning so many words by heart. Well, even if we suppose that this is the case, yet still the evils counterbalance the good. The generality of those students who keep "horses" never see the pernicious consequences of their course until after they have been graduated. It is then that they commence to speak sincerely, no doubt, of what they would do were they to pass through their curriculum once more. This kind of talk reminds us of the man who purchased a lock for his stable after his horse had been stolen. It may do very well to build castles in the air after one has received his diploma; but it is too late then to remedy the ills which have been incurred. A person should, before entering college, take into due consideration the rich fruits which are to be derived from not using a translation, and act so as to reap them.

WASTED HOURS.

There are many hours in a student's life which are literally wasted,—hours which come and go, leaving no foot-prints to tell of their hasty flight.

And when we are well-nigh through our college life, and look back on the empty, irrevocable, past, we make stern resolves for the future, which we know, alas! in the very making are soon—broken and forgotten—to drift quickly down to the deep, silent ocean of time.

Now when we speak of wasted hours, it is evident that those spent in recreation are not included, for as it is necessary to the success of every man, that the mind should be supported by a healthy, vigorous body, recreation is not only necessary, but obligatory. Beyond this, however; beyond a reasonable amount of time given to sport, and amusements, there are hours, aye! days, frittered away, of which no account can be given, because nothing was accomplished in them to remind us that they were ever spent.

The thief, perhaps, which runs away with most of our time, is procrastination. It is not that we intend to neglect our duty altogether, that it is left unperformed from hour to hour, but we imagine that the illimitable future is all our own, and as long as work can be done to-morrow, it is needless to do it to-day. But to-morrow comes, and instead of one day's work we have two, and thus it accumulates until we realize that it must be performed—performed hastily, and hence imperfectly.

Again we waste our time in vain, visionary, dreams. With no definite conception, we picture the future in brilliant colors. Commerce day comes vividly before our "mind's eye," with its bright, yet sad, moments. Then we are out in the "wide, wide, world," active and prosperous, surrounded with friends and plenty,—but suddenly a clock strikes, our dream vanishes, and we remember that we are still college students, still controlled by college laws.

Thus two, three, years are frittered away, and when our senior course is nearly ended, we wonder why it was we so willingly wasted the golden period of our lives.

THE PARTHENON REORGANIZED.

Not many years ago, a violent tornado passed over a tract of country, within the vicinity of New Haven. Large trees, some feet in diameter, were snapped off like reeds, and others were twisted in such a way as to be reduced to splinters, not much thicker than a man's finger.

The occurrence was a matter of interest to many of the scientific men of the times, but especially to two professors, who had directly opposite theories, relative to the origin, and general laws, of tornadoes. They, therefore, with great enthusiasm, observed the passage of the tornado, noting the direction and the violence of the winds, and while one was congratulating himself that the observations confirmed his theory—the other had argued conclu-

sively that they confirmed the opposite theory.

The authority from whom these facts were obtained, place them beyond all doubt. But for the sake of argument, suppose the authority was doubtful. Are the facts improbable? And could the opposite theories be maintained consistently, although deduced from the same occurrence?

We know that there are as many minds in the world as there are men, and as the faces of no two men are exactly alike, so, we apprehend, the minds of no two men are exactly alike. If a story were told to A, and A were to tell it to B, and B to C, and C to D, it is probable, that when the story reached the ear of the originator, D's position would be a more precarious one, than he would have supposed. The interest of the story, we can readily perceive, would vary according to the imagination of the several reporters. The poor imagination not grasping the exact idea, would misrepresent some facts, and omit others, while the more perfect imagination would embellish some facts, and interpolate others. Hence it is that we find different men considering the same questions differently, and what is sometimes unnoticed by one, is deemed of the utmost importance by another. Else, how can we account for the differences among eminent men. Where, under Heaven, can we find greater divisions, and diversity of opinion, than we find among Christians; and yet in every religious "party"—as we *must* use the word (a shame, however, on the Christian world)—and sect, there are, doubtless, many consummate intellects. The two professors then—to return to the tornado—drew their opposite conclusions from the same occurrence, but took their observations from different standpoints.

But, it may be asked, what has all this to do with the Parthenon?

In the June number of the TABLET, reference was made to the little opportunity there was in Trinity, for the cultivation of extempore speaking, stating that the occasional debates of the upper classes did not compensate

for the loss which was experienced from the dissolution of the Literary Societies. We were surprised to find, in looking over one of the last year's number of the TABLET, an article written at the time of the formation of the class-debates, in which it was intimated that such debates *more* than compensated for the dissolution of the Literary Societies. Here there is a parallel case to the tornado. The TABLETS of '71, and of '72 drawing opposite conclusions from the same fact. '71 taking their observations from one stand-point, '72 from another. The former maintaining that all of the advantages afforded by extempore speaking are offered in a class-debate, while at the same time all of the machinery of the societies would be swept away; the latter contending that the class-debates would *not* offer such advantages, and that the so-called machinery was not so complicated as many are wont to imagine.

Now it is evident that the question of the relative value of a class-debate, and a society-debate—like many other important questions—can only be proved problematically. Those on the affirmative are not altogether wrong, and those on the negative are not altogether right. But we are confident that the probabilities on the side of the negative would greatly outweigh those on the affirmative.

In the first place it is natural to suppose that a voluntary debate would be more successful than a compulsory one, and we have good reasons to believe that the time has come when volunteers will not be wanting. Secondly, the good debaters of a college are not all to be found in one class; but they must be looked for as diligently among the lower, as among the upper classes. Lastly, it requires four years or more to develop the art of a free and forcible expression, and how can that expression be more accurately acquired than by allowing a student each week to apply the knowledge, stored away—though with some we admit, this storage "don't amount to much"—during the previous week.

But the most striking proof we could desire, to show the necessity of a literary society, is the one just before our eyes—The Parthenon is Reorganized. For more than a year her doors have been closed, but a few weeks ago they were suddenly thrown open upon the suggestion of her former members. The first regular meeting was held in the cabinet, on Thursday the 9th of Nov. The President, in accordance with a motion carried at a special meeting, delivered an inaugural address.

He spoke of the importance of a free, clear, and forcible expression, especially in this age, and more especially in this country, in which at any time a citizen may be called upon to take an active, and perhaps prominent part, in public affairs. He referred to those colleges which were composed of men whose success in life depended upon their own exertions, and drew a striking contrast between the flourishing condition of literary societies among them, and the languishing condition of similar societies among our wealthier, and older colleges.

Lastly, with a keen insight into human nature, he attributed the death of the old Parthenon Society to the *indolence* of her members.

Yes, the Parthenon is alive again! The night could not last always, the morning must come also. And even now, the sun peers o'er the horizon, but clouds, black clouds, are floating in the distance, which bespeak, we fear, of stormy weather. We have carefully observed the winds, however, and our hopes still persuade us that the sun will soon shine with redoubled splendor.

MINOR MATTERS.

We are very sorry to hear that our gymnasium will not be furnished with a bowling-alley. It will most certainly be incomplete without one. Indeed we may lay it down as an axiom that a gymnasium without a bowling-alley is no gymnasium at all. Exercise on trapezes, single and parallel-bars is no doubt pleasant and beneficial; but we think that it would be much

more conducive to the pleasure of a great number if we were to have a bowling-alley. If there is any thing which tends to develop the muscle of a person it is to play nine-pins with large balls. Of course there are various ways in which a person may exercise his muscular powers equally as well as in bowling; but this is no reason why a gymnasium should not have a bowling-alley. The latter requires very little room, and hence no excuse can be given on the ground that the gymnasium will not be large enough for one. Rumor says that the "powers that be" are going to make exercise in the gymnasium compulsory. We earnestly hope, however, that this is not true; for it will tend to make enjoyable exercise disagreeable and repulsive.

—

"The Faculty have voted that the returns of marks shall be open to the inspection of the students at the end of the first month of each term, and at the end of each term. If the monthly marks of a student in any department be below five, the fact will be communicated to him within one week after the marks are returned." This notice posted upon the bulletin on Wednesday the fifteenth was, we venture to say, a surprise to all. It seems that the Faculty have taken this action in order to prevent what they consider a serious evil, namely, studying for marks. Experience and observation have clearly shown that a great number of students will and do learn their lessons with no other aim in view than to get a high mark. But since they are now hindered from seeing their marks at the end of each month, the "powers that be" think that they will study not merely for the purpose of making a "ten-strike," but for the higher and better purpose of studying to learn, and amass knowledge. We do not pretend to be blessed with a prophetic spirit; but we must say, that that this measure looks very much as if it were a step towards abolishing the marking system against which many strong and forcible argu-

ments might be urged. We hope, however, that this system will not fall out of use; for it is, beyond all doubt, the only true criterion by which we can form any judgment in regard to the diligence of students.

During the absence of the President at the General Convention, Judge Shipman, our newly-elected Professor of Law, regaled us with a series of lectures upon Constitutional Law. These excellent lectures are of inestimable value. Containing, as they do, the broad-minded views of a distinguished jurist, they may be considered as of paramount importance. The Judge took up the Constitution of the United States, and brought out the full meaning of the various articles and sections in a very lucid, instructive, and entertaining manner. The fine legal points which are involved in the Constitution were presented with all that force, power, vivacity and interest which characterize the lectures of the Judge. His remarks upon John Chinaman and the "poor Indian" were listened to with extreme pleasure. Indeed, all his digressions, which were seasoned with wit, possessed that magnetic power which attracts even the most listless. The Judge intends to resume his lectures next term. He will then give us an elaborate description of the rise and influence of the two great political parties of our Country. Most of the text-books on the Constitution of the United States do not afford much satisfaction. Very few of them ever give an exhaustive exposition of their subject. It is on this account that we consider it quite a treat to have heard an eminent jurist expound the Constitution.

"The student who abstracted from the Reading Room a letter addressed to the Δ. K. E. Fraternity, is hereby requested to return the same to members of said Fraternity, herein resident." A notice couched somewhat in these terms attracted our attention to a fact, which has long been patent, viz., that there are some members, or perhaps we should say mem-

ber, of the college who is lacking not only in the common courtesy of life, but in that most necessary element of a well-ordered community, honor. In reply to the above request an anonymous answer was received, the author of which evidently intended to disguise his handwriting, but "murder will out" and certain peculiarities cropped forth, which will probably lead to the detection of the criminal. The substance of this anonymous epistle, was precisely what one might have expected, coming from such a source; brassy, and impudent. The reason alleged for the abstraction and *opening* of the letter was, that there was no Δ. K. E. Fraternity in college, and consequently, this *most honorable gentleman* saw fit to consign it to the flames; after perusal, mind you. We were not aware, that government had established a branch of the dead letter office at Trinity; if one exists, may we not know the name of the distinguished Postmaster, who conducts its business with so much executive ability? or does *modesty* forbid his making himself known.

The above is dictated in no malignant spirit; but simply through a desire to put a stop to evils, which we hope and almost believe, proceed from a single individual. Still, whomsoever the shoe fits, let them wear it; and beware of the creaking of said shoes. Before we close, we wish to call attention to another little breach of courtesy, that has happened quite frequently of late, and which we trust is the result of ignorance rather than of willfulness; we refer to the violation of an established rule, which perhaps is not generally known to the new comers, viz., that all notices should remain on the College Bulletin a College Day, that is, over three recitations and two chapels. These notices are posted for the students generally, not for the sake of giving to individual students interesting items for their scrap-books. We have heard several complain of the non-conformance with this regulation, and trust that it is only necessary to call the law to the minds of the students, to have it duly observed.

THE TRINITY TABLET,

Published monthly throughout the collegiate year
by the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE TABLET is for sale at Geer & Pond's Bookstore, Hartford, and at Hoadley's, New Haven, Ct.

Terms \$2.00 per volume, (twelve numbers), in advance. Single copies, 20 cts.

Subscriptions and Communications should be addressed to "THE TRINITY TABLET," DRAWER, 20, Hartford, Conn.

CONTENTS.

VOL. IV., No. XI.—Nov. 29, 1871.

	PAGE.
A Hidden World,	161
Gold versus Gilding,	161
Amateur Horsemanship,	163
Wasted Hours,	164
The Parthenon Reorganization,	164
Minor Matters,	166
College and Campus,	168
The Past,	169
Gymnasium,	170
Personals,	171
Particles,	171
Book Notices,	172
College Clippings,	172
Advertisements,	173, 174, 155, 176

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Time has flown on rapid wing since we edited the last number of the TABLET, and in its progress but few changes have been wrought. The cold bleak winds, and chilly, drizzling rains of dreary November have caused the Campus to put off its bright green dress, and to don its winter garment of dull brown. The trees, deprived of their foliage, stand sharply-defined against a dull leaden sky, and the creaking of their branches in response to the wind seems

to find an echoing wail in the breast of almost every student, as it brings vividly before his mind the fact, that the season is advancing, continually bringing into closer proximity long reviews, and the semi-annual. We take pleasure in announcing to our readers the completion of the long-promised and long-deferred Gymnasium. There is no mistake about it this time, as tickets are about to be issued for the inaugural hop, which, nothing preventing, is to take place on the evening of Monday, the 3d of December. The introduction of gas into the building, in order that those students desiring may exercise in the evening, is, we believe, a new feature in college gymnasiums, and one greatly to be desired. We confess ourselves somewhat disappointed as regards the apparatus, or rather, portions of the apparatus. There is no fault to find with the variety, but as regards the manufacture of certain parts of it, sufficient care seems not to have been taken. The rounds of the upright ladder are too far apart and too large round. These, however, are minor defects, and will, doubtless, be remedied in time.

On Saturday, the 25th instant, the elections for Orator and Poet on Washington's Birthday, were held in Parthenon Hall, according to custom, and Mr. Robert Barnwell, and Mr. G. W. West were nominated and elected to the respective positions, *nem. con.*, no other nominations being made. We take this opportunity to congratulate them upon their appointments, and trust that we shall wound nobody's feelings by expressing a hope, that they may succeed better than the Orator and Poet of last year, in fact, better than those of several past years.

The Trinity Chapter of the Φ.B.K. Society have instituted a course of lectures, which promise to be very interesting. President Jackson delivered the first of the series on the English language, on Thursday, the 23d instant. We were unable to be present, but understand that it gave general satisfaction. We learn

from an authoritative source, that the K. B. Φ. (Probability is the guide of life,) impelled, doubtless, by an emulative spirit, intend to institute an opposition course of lectures, the first to be delivered by Prof. James Williams, on College Experiences. The time has not yet been appointed. He is to be followed by other lecturers of first talent.

The Society of Domestic Missions, commonly known as the *Πο Πα Πατρ*, held their annual revival a few days since. The good that has been done by the society during the past year is almost incalculable, *i. e.*, infinitesimally small. Quite a number of converts were present.

THE PAST.

What is the Past? it is the couch of Time,
Where countless ages in their rest sublime,
Sleep undisturbed their everlasting sleep.
What is the Past? it is the lethe deep
Of withered power! 'tis the vast domain,
Where princely grandeur grovels 'neath the chain
Of foul corruption, humbled and forlorn,
Whelmed in Oblivion's night though glorious in
its morn.

The Past! it is the treasury of decay,
Who garners there her earth-gleaned gems away;
Grave of the Present, and, the final goal,
Where, avalanche-like, doth the future roll
Its headlong tide, careering on amain,
With desolation scattering hill and plain;
But with the Past to mingle, and, to die
From Earth as melts the soul into Eternity.

The Past! there age on age, since first in dawn,
The new-created light woke embryo morn
From slumbering chaos, bidding earth arise,
And back respond the peans of the skies,
Have passed like tributary streams, that pour
Into the Ocean to return no more,
Sweeping the generations in their trust,
Down to the tomb to blend with their primeval
dust.

And, thither shall the Future, from its source
Yet unexhausted, onward speed its course
Bearing to life its progenies unborn,

'Till death's dominion from his grasp is torn;
And, with its pride and beauteousness this world,
Back to its nonentity is hurled,
And man redeemed to an Elysian clime,
Shouts an immortal, o'er the sepulchre of Time.

Thou faded Past! a holy shrine art thou,
Sacred to Mem'ry, who doth love to bow,
In retrospection o'er thy shadowy verge,
And bid each loved and by-gone scene emerge
To phantom life; and, like the stars of eve,
Whose radiance playing on a wave, doth leave
Their mirror'd brightness there, those scenes the
while,

By her reflected, seem once more in truth to
smile.

And, many a relic hast thou left, O Past!
Which, like the glow departed day doth cast
The west horizon o'er, though but a faint
And shattered trace of former sheen, doth paint
A bright conception to the curious mind,
Of that magnificence which hath declined,
Leaving behind one wreck of noontide bloom,
To wreath a halo round the threshold of its tomb.

And yet, the river floweth proudly by
Thy ruins, e'en as when in majesty
Unshorn, thou reigned'st on earth; the stars
which ranged

The dark infinitude above, unchanged
Still wandered there; the mountains frown
From their sublimities uncompassed, down,
As in thy pristine prime, but thou art fled,
And thy decaying walls resound the brigand's tread.

Thou mighty Past! how loves the wind t' explore,
Thy midnight domination; while, before,
Swift Fancy with her touch, doth pioneer
Its path obscure, lighting thy mansions, drear
In black profundity; lifting the palls
Of buried cent'ries which thy gulf enthralls,
That there, the mind may meditate and weep
As Friendship o'er her lost, beside their coffin'd
sleep.

But, in thy wasteful desolation may be seen
O Past, the dawn of Time; we pierce the screen
Which veils the pregnant Future, as we view
Thy course in retrospection, which, anew,
Successive years must tread, 'till Time doth blend
Its latest vestige in one common end.—

'Till, drained unto its fountain-head, at last
It sleeps an unreplenished and eternal past.

Ah! many a scene as thine have smiled, must smile,
A moment's brief allotment to beguile;
Equipped at birth with pinions plumed for flight,
Unto thy realms of never-waning night,
Like some bright meteor glancing 'thwart the sky,
Its brilliancy will dazzle, but to die;
And, oft will Mem'ry scan thy dear demesne,
To catch some shadowy glimpse of its departed
sheen.

And Hope shall rear as she has reared of yore,
Her fairy fabric on the Future's shore;
And many a garland for its glorious shrine,
Will fond Anticipation gaily twine,
But, Time's next billow with a whelming sweep,
Shall speed it down in ruins to thy deep;
And sad regrets from grieving hearts shall swell,
As thy resounding voids reverberate its knell.

Insatiate Past! what though thy fun'ral pall,
O'er Earth's magnificence is doomed to fall?
What though within thy rayless portals lie,
A prostrate wreck, its power and Majesty?
What though its glory find in thee a grave,
O'er which despair's dark cypress aye shall wave?
Born but for Time, with Time they must decay,
And yield submissive to thy unredeeming sway.

But man alone, he of the deathless soul
Fears not thy bonds, nor bows 'neath thy control;
And, though the despot Death consigns his frame
Unto that dust, from whence, in birth, it came,
'Tis but the purge of his mortality,
And leaves th' immortal, unsubdued and free,
From forth its ashes, Phœnix-like to rise,
And gain an endless Present 'mid celestial skies.

Universalist and Ladies' Repository, 1835.

GYMNASIUM.

Begging our readers' pardon for mentioning such a well-worn subject, we should like to say a few words more about the internal arrangements of the new gymnasium. We hear many complaints that this part of the construction is not proceeding as satisfactorily as might be wished. The Wesleyan University and Amherst College have been visited, and their gymnasium carefully noticed with a view to

combining the excellencies of each, but instead of this result, it seems as if most of their imperfections have found an abiding place here. Those who know best, say that if matters go on as at present, the result will be anything but a first-class gymnasium "with all the modern improvements." If the authorities would only be willing to take suggestions from students who have spent, we may almost say, years among the parallel bars and ladders, who, as the building is for their benefit, might be expected to know best what they need and wish, all might yet be well. As it is, however, the end will probably be very unsatisfactory to the majority of the college. Shakespeare had, very likely, some such thoughts as these in his mind, when he wrote those well-known lines about him, who

"Clothed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the 'students' weep."

We are glad to find that all the apparatus is so arranged by means of screws, that by a little labor the floor can be entirely cleared, and left free for dancing, or other purposes. The area thus given is much larger than the cabinet, and on account of its hard oak floor, firm foundation, and the absence of posts, well fitted for all College exercises. The Senior class will, probably, have their Class-Day dance here, and so obviate all need of a temporary platform on the Campus, a measure which was contemplated last year, but finally given up. The idea has also been suggested of giving the class spreads there. The Gymnasium, in fact, bids fair to become the most useful of buildings. It is called "a temporary structure," but, as it is hardly necessary to say, the students need not be surprised if the year 1900 find it still occupying its present position, if spared by the fire-fiend. When the new chapel—that gorgeous phantom, whose foundations our grand-children shall lay—shall stand in all its glory on the back campus, *then*, perhaps, a new gymnasium shall arise, but not till *then*.

PERSONALS.

POLK, '53. Alexander Polk has been in town lately.

HALL, '54. Rev. Samuel Hall was in town a few days ago.

GORDON, '71. T. H. Gordon visited his Alma Mater a few days ago.

COOK, '70. G. L. Cook is studying at Harvard Law School.

CURTIS, '68. R. H. Curtis was in town a few days ago.

NORFLEET, '73. R. Norfleet is studying Law at Tarboro', North Carolina.

HUBBARD, '71. W. F. Hubbard is teaching at Trinity School, Camden, Maine.

BREVOORT, '68. E. R. Brevoort will receive the silver cup of the class of '68.

GWINN, '72. F. W. Gwinn's address at present is No. 35 W. 47th street, N. Y.

BUTLER, '58. W. Butler is now practicing law in this city. His address is 274 Main st.

BARTON, '69. C. C. Barton is the principal of the High School at Great Barrington.

LEWIS, '71. T. C. Lewis has returned from his western tour, and is now at New London.

HARRADEN, '67. F. S. Harraden is now teaching at Ury-House School, near Philadelphia.

LUTHER, '79. F. S. Luther was married to Miss Belle Ely at the Church of the Incarnation.

KENNETT, '70. S. M. Kennett has returned from Europe and is at present studying at Columbia Law School.

WIGGIN, '68. Augustus H. Wiggin has removed from Canada to New York. His address is now 30 Pine street, N. Y.

STRONG, '64. C. M. Strong has left New Orleans, and is now residing on his plantation in Benton county, Mississippi.

PARTICLES.

The Oratorical Declamation contest, for several good reasons, which we have no space to mention, has been postponed until the first Thursday after the Christmas recess.—The Powers that be, in order to show their cordial feelings towards the students, and the total absence of that annoying *hauteur* which the authorities of *other* colleges sometimes exhibit, have requested the students to pay for putting gas in the Gymnasium.—A new Society, devoted to wild and awful dissipation, judging from a specimen brick, has made its appearance, by name S. T.—1860-X, with a Freshman sign board.—“The so-called, self-styled” olive-oil at Particle's boarding-house, reminds him of Joaquin Miller; the latter makes a sad ballad, the former a bad salad.—The Sophomore Class (with the aid of the Faculty) are determined to stop the disagreeable custom of hazing. They also think of adopting Oxford caps with long *white feathers* for college use.—Several students have applied for board at the “Young Ladies Seminaries.” As there will probably be a strong competition for places, we suggest as a motto for applicants, “He who runs may Reade.”—Prof. Jim has made his annual Thanksgiving tour with the usual result. He proposes, on the festive day to adorn his table with a huge turkey, bounded by a beautiful coast of Black Sea-nery.—Seventy-one's ivy has entirely disappeared from the college walls: gone, we presume; “where the woodbine-twineth.”—The Boat Club, being discouraged by the recent victory of the Ward Brothers, is at present dormant.—The Senior class are firm believers in the doctrine of Conceptualism; they profess to have only a “general notion” of the lesson.—The reading-room is in a disgraceful condition. There has been no fire through all the cold weather, and many of the papers and magazines are habitually mutilated or removed by careless students. We call the attention of the committee to this matter, which should be attended to at once.

BOOK NOTICES.

LESSONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—New York, Dew, C. Lent & Co., 1870.

We commend this to any Sunday School teacher in College who feel in the need of such a manual in their teaching. Price, \$8.00 per hundred.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

ALBION.

The ladies seem to run things, except money matters, as witness the following:—

At a meeting of the Senior Class the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Miss Grace Wallace; Rec. Sec., Miss Lou Hoag; Treasurer, Mr. Samuel Dickie.—*Annalist*.

AMHERST.

This is what the religious society at Amherst thinks about compulsory chapels.

A striking proof of the attitude of the religious sentiment in College on the subject of compulsory attendance on religious exercises was evinced in a vote at an unusually full meeting of the Society of Inquiry, when the society decided by a vote of three to one, that such compulsion did not coincide with the teaching of the New Testament.—*Student*.

BOWDOIN.

The Freshmen having elected officers and published their names, chose to reconsider their action and elected a new set. Is there authority for this in Cushing? However, Bowdoin always was a queer College.

COLUMBIA.

The *Cap and Gown* tells us how to color meerschauams.

DALHOUSIE.

Until further notice, all beavers and canes are strictly excluded from any part of the University.

HAMILTON.

The *Hamelton Lit*, enters a request for a gymnasium. A gymnasium is a good thing, we hope they will get one.

HARVARD.

They are groaning at Harvard because the Faculty won't let them look through the big telescope, or any other.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

A young lady of Michigan University, who was passing an examination in Greek, after she had read the passage assigned, addressed the Professor in these words: "Do let me read some more; this is such a beautiful passage."—*College Courier*.

Young men never do such things.

MONMOUTH.

The *College Courier* says: Our Chief Executive recently addressed a Sophomore and inquired how he was. The Soph brightened up, and emphatically replied, "Why bully! How are you?"

A precocious Senior, lately, while in the classroom, gave every indication that he was examining his text-book for the next point. The Professor commanded him to close his book. The Senior, gleefully rubbing his knees, immediately exclaimed, "Sold, the book isn't open!"

That's the way they act in Illinois, is it?

SHURTLEFF.

One of our seniors got the blue ribbon at the Jersey County Fair recently, for picking up and depositing in a basket, one at a time, 52 potatoes placed a yard apart. There were twelve competitors. See the advantage of a college education.—*Qui Vive*.

We didn't know before that Shurtleff was an agricultural college.

WESLEYAN.

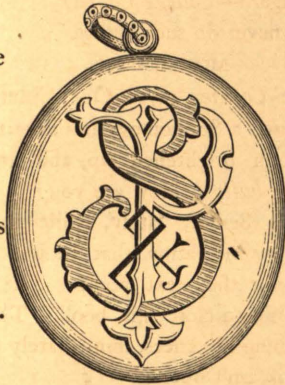
One of our new comers was recently the occasion of quite a little misunderstanding. Inspired with the laudable desire to excel in the noble art of Elocution, he selected the gymnasium as his training school, and betook himself thither to perfect himself in private, ere he burst in full splendor upon an admiring public. Arrived at the chosen arena, "in a voice, in which Alipho might rejoice," he commenced his self-appointed task. Scarcely was he well under way when the door of the gymnasium was burst open and in rushed the workmen employed on the "Memorial Chapel," breathless with haste, fear, and distress depicted on their manly countenances. They had heard his voice, had interpreted it as a call for help, and supposing him to be caught in the "flying trapeze" had run to his assistance.—*Argus*.

YALE.

The *College Courant* has a communication from *Trinity* giving a brief compendium of the late catalogue.

STEVENS & Co., JEWELERS.

One of the
FINEST
assortments
in the City.



Consisting
of
WATCHES,
JEWELRY,
SILVER
and
PLATED
WARE.

CALL AND SEE THE STOCK.

Cor. Main St. & Central Row,
HARTFORD.

1871. FALL. 1871.

A Word to my Friends and Customers.

I have just returned from New York with a
choice selection of

FALL GOODS!

To which I respectfully invite your attention.

*The goods were selected with great care,
and I feel justified in saying that
they are, in every respect,
FIRST CLASS.*

I am prepared to Make Garments at Short
Notice, and guarantee entire satisfaction.

Respectfully,

JOHN J. LEHR,

266 Main Street, (up stairs.)

Steele & Son,

340 Main Street,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Japanese Bamboo Chains,

FOR SUMMER WEAR,
Light and Durable.

FOR TRAVELING,
STERLING AND PLATED DRINKING CUPS,
CANVAS AND RUSSIA LEATHER DRESSING CASFS
SOMETHING NEW.

Also, a varied assortment of

DRESS AND RUSSIA POCKET

FANS.

Store closed at 6½ p m., Saturday evening excepted.

ISAAC C. HAMILTON,

College Hair Dressing and
Shaving Saloon,

CORNER ASYLUM AND FORD STREETS,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Nobby Goods

AT

BROCKETT & CO'S.

Order Shirts of Brockett & Co.

BROCKETT & Co's

MODEL SHIRT is the best made.

DEMING & GUNDLACH,
 Watches, Jewelry,
 SILVER WARE, ETC.,
 NO. 20 STATE STREET,
 HARTFORD, CONN.

Watches of all kinds repaired
 in the best manner and
 warranted to run well.

H. A. DEMING.

L. GUNDLACH.

The College Bootmakers.

BARCHFIELD & ENGEL,
 NO. 3 ASYLUM STREET,

Having purchased the stock in trade of the
 late WM. LINKE, respectfully solicit a continu-
 tion of student patronage.

B. BARCHFIELD.

WM. ENGEL.

F. A. SYKES,

NO. 7 ALLYN HOUSE, HARTFORD, CONN.

FANCY BAKERY & LUNCH ROOMS.

Weddings, Collations, Dinners, Soirees,

Furnished in the most *recherché* style.

WAITERS AND MUSIC FURNISHED.

Particular attention given to getting up
 College "Spreads."

College Book Store.

BROWN & GROSS,
 Booksellers & Stationers,
 NO. 49 ASYLUM STREET,
 HARTFORD, CONN.

F. A. BROWN.

W. H. GROSS.

HENRY S. BRIGGS,

381 MAIN ST., HARTFORD, CT.

ORNAMENTAL

CONFECTIONER,

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ice
 Cream and Dining Room.

WEDDING & OTHER PARTIES

Supplied with every requisite.

REILLY'S

DANCING ACADEMY,

164½ MAIN STREET,

AND FALLON'S HALL,

Springfield, Mass.,

Are without doubt, the finest and best furnished Dancing Academies in the country, improvements having been made during the past year, at an expense of over Fifteen Thousand Dollars. Either of the Academy Halls will seat comfortably one thousand people, and will be let for Festivals, Lectures, Dancing Receptions, &c., on the most reasonable terms.

Instructions will be given in Hartford, Fridays and Saturdays, and in Springfield, Mass., Thursdays. All the fashionable parlor dances will be taught in the course of twenty-four lessons.

The college class will be, as heretofore, on Saturday evenings, for further particulars apply at the Academy, or address

P. H. REILLY,

HARTFORD P. O., Box 182.,

OR SPRINGFIELD, Box 912.

Yours, &c.,

P. H. REILLY.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD,
PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS,
CORNER PEARL AND TRUMBULL STS., HARTFORD, CONN

COLLEGE PRINTING
of all descriptions.
PRINTERS OF
THE TRINITY TABLET.

Stone Bridge Drug Store.

E. S. HIGGINS & Co.,
139 MAIN STREET,
DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet and
Fancy Articles.

We have a HAIR TONIC warranted to make the
Hair grow soft and glossy. Please give us a call.
ESTABLISHED 1840.

“BOSTON SHOE STORE,”
375 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD.

ELDRIDGE & CO.,
DEALERS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES.

N. B. We have the exclusive sale of
BANISTER & TICHENOR'S
celebrated hand-made goods, of all kinds, for Gents
and Boys. These goods have no equal!!
ELDRIDGE & CO.

ERNST SCHALL,
DIAMOND SETTER,

AND DEALER IN

DIAMONDS, CHAINS, WATCHES,
AND JEWELRY.

No. 207 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO REPAIRING
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Watch Casing and Diamond Setting done to Order

PRESCOTT & WHITE,
Artist Photographers.

DEALERS IN

Fine Chromos and Frames,
368 Main Street,
HARTFORD, - - - - - CONN.

JOHN KENNEDY,
Merchant Tailor,

NO. 48 STATE STREET,
UNDER U. S. HOTEL,

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Attention, Students!!

HENRY SCHULZE,

The old and original

COLLEGE TAILOR,

253 MAIN STREET.

A Choice Selection of Goods

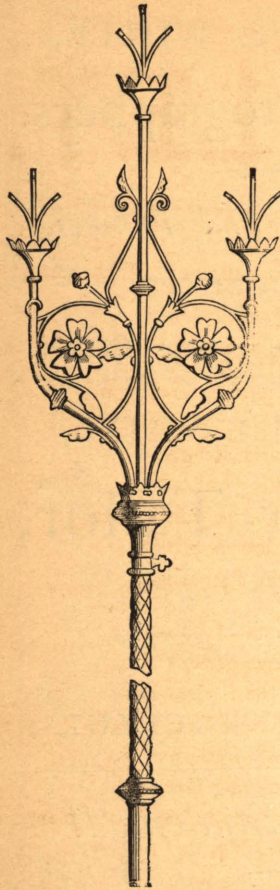
ALWAYS

On hand, from which the “nobbist” suits wil
be made at reasonable prices.

Students' custom solicited.

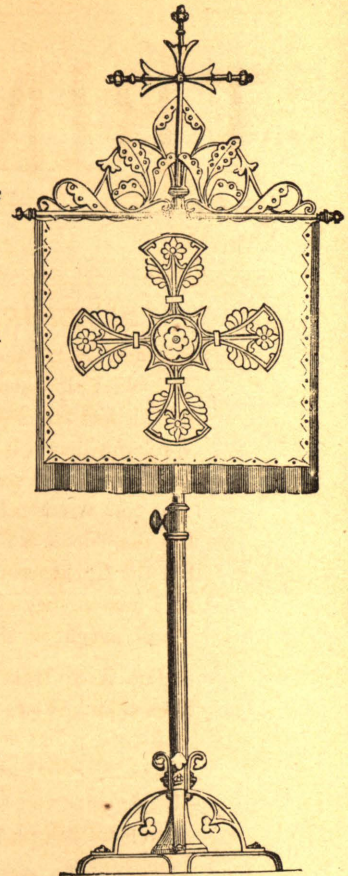
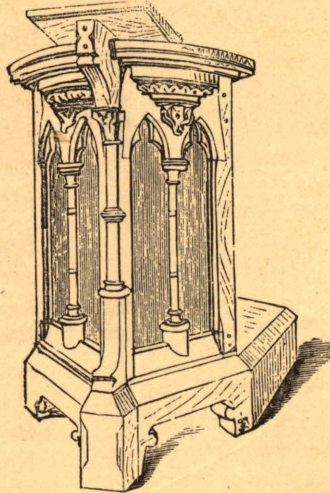
HENRY SCHULZE.

253 Main St. opposite the Post Office.



J. & R. LAMB,
 59 CARMINE STREET, N. Y.
Church Furniture.
 Sixth Av CARS
 Pass the Door.

SPECIALTY.
 EMBROIDERIES, CHURCH METAL WORK, AND COLOR
 DECORATION for Wall surface of both Nave and Chancel



Men's Furnishing Goods

FOR THE MILLION, AT

CONKLIN'S BAZAAR,

264 MAIN STREET.

We would respectfully invite the attention of buyers
 of MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS to our
 well-selected stock, and can assure all that

OUR PRICES ARE MODERATE,

AND

GOODS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

H. W. CONKLIN.

N. B.—SUPERIOR SHIRTS made to order, at
 short notice, and warranted to fit.

The Park Drug Store

*Is open at all hours for the careful dispensing
 of Prescriptions, &c.*

We have also a fine and carefully selected stock of

**TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,
 CHOICE HAVANA SEGARS, WINES
 AND LIQUORS,**

Not to be excelled in variety and at prices much
 reduced.

*Our Kissengen, Vichy, Congress
 and Geyser Waters*

Are always fresh and can be furnished by the bottle or
 glass at our magnificent FROST KING SODA FOUNTAIN.

Please give us a call and then you will "know how
 it is yourself."

GEO. SAUNDERS & CO.,
 159 Asylum Street.