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Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY, 1873.

No. I.

The Trinity Tablet.

This paper, published monthly, is designed to be an exponent of the views of the

STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

and to furnish subscribers with all the NEWS OF THE COLLEGE WORLD in general. Its editors will endeavor to make it attractive in form and matter, and will spare no pains to render it worthy of the favor with which it has hitherto been received.

The TABLET will be sent to any address upon receipt of the subscription price, \$2.00 per annum.

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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY, 1873.

No. I.

IPHIGENIA.

Bound with the sacrificial cords, she gazed
On those who did not dare from death to save
The lovely form they had so often praised,
For no one would a goddess' anger brave.
To the immortals then the affrighted maid
With suppliant hands and eyes uplifted, prayed:

"Ye gods on blest Olympus height who dwell
Above the reach of mortal pain and woe,
If from the skies one blessing ever fell
To mitigate the ills of men below,
Prolong to me and mine life's fleeting breath
And spare us yet the stern embrace of death."

"Hear thou who never yet denied thy aid
To mortal men, thou cloud encompassed Zeus.
Apollo too, in beauty's form arrayed,
Famed bearer of the silver bow, induce
Thy sister goddess to restrain her wrath,
Or slay me with thy never erring shaft."

"O chaste Diana bend a listening ear
To her who begs of thee her virgin life
Of spotless purity, and calm my fear:
From Argos as Achilles' promised wife
O'erjoyed I hastened here to celebrate
The marriage as beseems my high estate."

"But woe is me! the blest Hymenial rite
Has vanished like a passing blissful dream,
And cast upon my life a withering blight.
No more for me the sunlight's brightening gleam
Shall put to flight the gathering shades that roll
Their dusky forms around my darkening soul."

"Before the sacrificial knife shall stain
Thy altar with my blood, in majesty
Descend, and bear me to thy cherished fane,
Where I a sacred priestess unto thee
In endless worship all my days shall spend
And live a halcyon life without an end."

She ceased, but ere the answering echo died
There shone from out the skies' deep azure blue,
A light that with the sun in radiance vied
And rivalled all the rainbow's tinted hue.
Ambrosial incense all the air exhales,
To greet the huntress of the woodland dales.

The central star amid her beauteous band
Of choral maids, the virgin goddess shone
Resplendent in immortal grace, her hand
Upon her dreaded bow, by which alone
Both gods and mortals to her will are bowed;
She stood, nor heeded the astonished crowd.

But bending low the suppliant maid she raised
And o'er her shed the Future's radiant glow,
While from the altar fled the priests amazed
Nor knelt before the shrine in homage low.
Beneath her gaze each warrior bends afraid
And in the dust each glancing helm is laid.

"O golden purity without alloy
Well has thy sinless soul the blessed prize
Deserved, of never ending bliss and joy
Which flow from those who dwell beyond the
skies.

Henceforth before my temple's inmost shrine,
Shall thou my name adore with hymns divine."

Thus spoke the queen, and haste the choral band
To bear aloft the maid's new hallowed form,
While ever ready at their queen's command
Attendant clouds now thicken as in storm
The pageant veiling from inquiring sight,
With all the blackening canopy of night.

Thus did the chaste Iphigenia gain
The priceless fortune of a goddess love,
And freed from present ills and men's disdain
She found true happiness in things above,
Nor yearned in sorrow for the vanished Past,
Whose woes the Future's blessings shall outlast.

MATERIALISM.

The world has never before seemed more enlightened than at the present day. Science has made the most wonderful progress, bringing to light every day new discoveries and new inventions. It seems as though the earth had reached the summit of her greatness, and the next step must be a decline. Knowledge with a far-reaching hand rules everybody and everything. Questions which our ancestors wisely took for granted, are now delved into and twisted by the so called savants to suit their own mistaken ends. These modern philosophers must know the why and the wherefore of every statement, nothing is to be believed unless capable of tangible or ocular proof; and yet with all their wisdom, they do not see that it is the same old philosopher's stone that they are blindly groping after, and that it will always elude their grasp.

They are not one whit wiser than the ancient alchemist, who, in search of the secret for making gold, withered with care his youth and manhood, and drifted into old age before his time; whose life was poisoned by the drugged atmosphere in which he lived, and his form bent with looking for the gold, which when he would cry "Eureka" would vanish like a bubble into nothing. The question naturally arises: Whither is all this seeming knowledge, but real ignorance tending? Is the world still rising, or has it commenced its downward course? Surely the latter seems to be the case. Materialism rules among the learned, and its echo is caught up and imitated by the ignorant. Civilization with all its advantages has overreached itself here and become a stumbling block, so that it is questionable whether its uses should not be called abuses.

But let us look at those whose opinions, whether right or wrong, have such a vast influence over the multitude. Enter first the philosopher's study, and there you will find him reasoning out and assigning causes for

all natural phenomena, and even for the existence of life itself, too narrow minded and self-opinionated to acknowledge Him who has given what little knowledge he possesses, and who rules everything by His own unchangeable laws. Look at the astronomer scanning the heavens with his telescope to discover new qualities in the heavenly bodies, and though his glass is as perfect as human skill can make it, yet it is too dark to see Him who made and directs the courses of the stars; it cannot pierce beyond the ether into that immensity of space where He sits enthroned in awful majesty. Surely these men who see His wondrous works and the rulings of His providence ought to believe in Him, but they look at them in a material, and not a spiritual light, their knowledge instead of being a blessing to themselves and others, becomes a lasting curse. There is no calling in life which has not had its abuses. Some make gold, others reputation, their material god; many are worshippers of fashion, and like it are changeable and unstable. The age seems to be pervaded with the idea that a supreme ruler is unnecessary, that everything can be done by the power of the human will and intellect, and that we are only accountable to ourselves for our actions.

Such is the state of the times. Warnings are heeded only for the moment and then forgotten and cast aside as unpleasant things, which have no place among worldly gaities and pleasures. Two of the fairest countries of Europe have been lately devastated by war with its attendant evils; one has reaped the just punishment of her internal as well as external corruptions, and should be a warning to the nations; the other, who was the instrument of punishment employed, unless she profit by the lesson taught her, will in her turn be humbled. But a short year ago, fire almost entirely destroyed one of the most flourishing cities in the world, the metropolis of the great Western tide of immigration.

How utterly useless were all her material accumulations for her safety. Will she heed the warning as little as London did at the time of her great fire, and will she become more corrupt than before? Was it a momentary impulse that united the Eastern and Western hemispheres in a common brotherhood with the sufferers of Chicago, or will it last?

These are questions hard to answer favorably in an age where every one is looking out for his own perishable interest, and no one for the signs of the times. May the rottenness of the foundation we are resting upon be discovered, ere it sink and involve us in its ruin. The world is in its autumn, and its good impulses like the leaves are fast falling, leaving its sins and crimes to stand, like the gaunt trees, in utter nakedness. It depends upon us to keep fresh their autumnal beauties, and no vain regrets for unimproved opportunities will avail, when its winter tide, with its white dreary pall comes to wither and bury them forever.

TAKEN IN.

Three years! Can it really be that long ago since we, for the first time, saw the ivy-clad walls of old "Trinity"? And yet how much has happened in that time! Old ties have been broken and new ones formed, old faces forgotten and new ones put in their place. How nice it is to sit before the stove this cold winter night and to think over those days of Freshman ignorance, when our faces, now adorned with hair enough to set off our Junior dignity, were smooth and fresh, just like our minds at that time. Then our life was quiet and retired; true, envy did sometimes trouble us a little when we saw a long coveted sign, which had stood over a gun shop, in the possession of a fellow Fresh, but what is that compared with the troubles we now have.

Perhaps, gentle reader, you cannot boast of being a Junior—perhaps you are not even a

student—but just to give you an idea of what a horrid time we upper-classmen have—we lords of the college world—I propose to lay before you a few of my personal troubles.

You must know that I am tall and slender, that is just slender enough to be elegant, and that I have dark hair and eyes. Now I suppose that I could not be called handsome, on account of a somewhat elongated nasal protuberance, but notwithstanding this, I flatter myself that I am not totally devoid of admirers among the female sex, and to prove this to you I will copy *verbatim* a note written in a delicate female hand; this scented "billet-doux" arrived by yesterday's mail:—

DEAREST W—: I am a boarder at Miss Blank's Female Seminary. I have fallen deeply in love with you, and think you return the feeling, from your numerous glances in church last Sunday, which the female heart so readily interpret. If you will be on the Terrace to-morrow at dusk, you will find one there who will lead you to

Your ever loving MARY."

Now there is a specimen of what I have to endure! Of course I shall have to go down on the Terrace this evening and meet the one there who will lead me to my "ever loving Mary." What a deal of trouble, and besides it will be a wretched night, and what a cold I have! But if I disappoint her, there will be another case of suicide, or something similar! If I ever pay a girl another attention I am not the wise man my friends take me for.

It is now time for me to go and see what this mystery means. I promise to give a full account of what happens, when I return. So till then, gentle reader, *au revoir!*

10 P. M. It appears after all that I made a little mistake about that note, but since I promised to give you an account of what happened, here goes.

I repaired, at the appointed time to the Terrace and met there a very tall old woman who said nothing, but commanding silence by putting her finger on her lips, blindfolded me

and led me away. Why this was I could not at the time determine, but I supposed that the fair Mary did not wish me to know the place of our rendezvous, and took this means of concealing it. Well, it did appear to me, that the old hag led me an awful long distance, and I never knew the streets to be so full of stones since I was born. "What muscle this woman must have," thought I, as she hauled me along at a tearing rate of speed. At last we stopped, but only for a moment however, then up two flights of stairs, then turning to the right, we stopped before what appeared to me to be a door, as I groped in this Plutonic darkness with my right hand. My muscular conductress knocked; the door was opened; after a whispered conversation I was led in, the blindfold taken from my eyes, and where do you suppose I found myself? In my own room, which I had left an hour before! Nor was the room by any means empty; a dozen voices joined in a perfect yell! Taking the situation in at a glance, I rushed in haste from the room, and literally "retired for the evening."

CREMONA VIOLINS.

For more than one hundred years the Amatis, father and son, had plied their tasks, in their quaint old workshop, sending forth from year to year, those marvels of sweetness which have rendered Cremona celebrated.

With zealous care they had kept to themselves those secrets of shaping and coloring, which have now been lost so many years, until about the year 1660, when they received as a pupil Antoine Stradivarius, whose desire had always been to devote himself to this art.

But such was the zeal and skill which he brought to his labors, that he soon excelled his masters, and after following, for a dozen years, with strict fidelity, the model of the Amatis, he changed the shape of his violins, gaining thereby a rich and powerful tone, without the loss of that pure sweetness of

sound which the work of his masters possessed.

There is a vast difference between the trifling cost then, and the large sums which are now paid for these instruments, for the possession of one of these rare old violins is a fortune to any musician, as even a thousand guineas has been refused for a genuine Stradivarius.

The most fabulous price which was ever paid for a Cremona instrument was given many years ago, by a person, who, charmed by the sparkling, flute-like quality of tone of a Steiner violin, gave in exchange for it fifteen hundred acres of land, situated where Pittsburg now stands. It was left, however, for Guarnerius, a pupil of Stradivarius to make the greatest triumphs in this line, for it was upon an instrument of his manufacture, that the great Paganini used to play, and of another, Spohr has said that it was the finest violin in the world. We cannot equal the work of those simple men, whose pure faith found expression in the care and love with which they labored. There is something grand in the patience with which these old masters worked. It was in the spirit of another age.

A BIT OF A PROVERB.

"Where Ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," so runs the tale. Here is a statement that is universally taken for a fact; that there is folly in wisdom, when there is bliss in ignorance.

We are called a progressive generation, an enlightened community, and yet we allow such statements as these to pass unchallenged. Let us instance a circumstance or two. A foolish maid of a score and ten years, pets a crooked-backed cat, or a one-eyed canary, and sighs over her childhood so far gone by. Her present life is bliss; she is as happy as old maids run, but she is ignorant of the blessings which surround her, and she shrivels and withers like a forsaken apple in a dry cellar. This is folly for want of wisdom, and who can

deny but that a wise thought or two would drive away the folly. The proverb is falsified. The old bachelor is a worse case yet; he is perpetually blissful (?) in his lonely chamber, darning his heelless stockings, and threading a cambric needle with his clumsy fingers. Ignorant of the pleasures of a home, and a pretty wife to do his sewing. Oh! for a magic wand to bring him to his senses. Ignorance here is called bliss, but who will dare to say that wisdom would be folly? Instances multiply, and the fact of an erroneous maxim becomes evident; though Ignorance may be bliss, the conclusion cannot follow.

If an unfortunate person finds himself on the horns of a dilemma, or any other animal, would not his bliss have been augmented if wisdom had taught him to clear some fence, or to mount a tree, before the catastrophe was upon him? Unconscious of his danger he might have been happy before the blow came, but it were a greater folly to scorn wisdom, and be the butt of spectators, rather than to take wisdom as his guide and save himself. Further commendation is unnecessary, the pith of the argument *pro* is extracted by the argument *con*, and my task is accomplished.

This summing up is after the manner of some of our ablest debaters, and therefore presumed to be correct.

MIXED EDUCATION.

It has been our duty to assume the shears and glue-pot for this number of the TABLET, and with an external smile, but an internal shudder, did we skim over exchange after exchange—here getting an idea and there a clipping—here skipping six papers as containing nothing worthy to be transcribed—and there poring over a single one which we thought might be very “newsy,” until our editorial noddle fairly began to swim. We feel however that we derived much benefit from the laborious task: we thereby gained an invaluable knowledge of what was transpiring in

all the Educational Institutions of this country, and of the general feelings of all American students, a knowledge which it would be impossible for us to gain in any other way than through exchanges. We notice, among other things, a growing desire of many of the colleges to mix the two sexes. Concerning this we propose making a few remarks.

We do not advocate mixed education: not because we believe there is any difference between the male and female mind; for we feel assured that both sexes are endowed alike in this respect. It is also very pleasing to meet a well educated woman, and even a *bas-bleu* can be endured for a short space of time; but well educated women and *bas-bleus* can be produced at Vassar as well as anywhere else. There ought to be, and we believe in time there will be, very many female colleges, with a standard as high as Yale, Harvard, or Trinity; and when this time comes the female mind in America will be better educated. What produced so many strong-minded women but mixed education?

At these mixed colleges girls and boys develop into men and women with the same rights and privileges, and often after graduation, follow the same vocations. Now would it not be strange if women, educated thus, should not claim the right of suffrage and a thousand and one other rights, which constitute strong-minded women, sisters of Victoria Woodhull, Tennie Claffin, and others of the same stamp?

We always did agree with the man who said he should like every one's sister to come to college except his own. The race of Zantippes has always been great in size, and fellow collegians, unless you want broomsticks to rise 50 per cent. in the market, and several feet over your devoted heads, refuse to admit women to your colleges. Ladies of America, remember that if any of you play Katharina, you will find many a man ready to take the part of Petruccio!

The Trinity Tablet.

Published monthly throughout the collegiate year by
the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN W. GRAY, '72.

EDITORS, CLASS OF '74.

J. E. BRANDEGEE,
G. J. COE,

R. G. ERWIN,
J. D. HURD.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. VI., No. I.—JANUARY, 1873.

	PAGE
Iphigenia,	3
Materialism,	4
Taken In,	5
Cremona Violins,	6
A Bit of a Proverb,	6
Mixed Education,	7
College and Campus,	8
Mistaken Idea,	9
Minor Matters,	10
Personals,	12
Particles,	12
College Clippings,	13
Themes, Orations, Discussions, &c.	15

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Among the changes of the New Year, the usual change has taken place in the management of the TABLET. It may be a very serious one, and one for the worse, but we hope it will prove not to be. The Editors of '73, after

having worked faithfully for a year on it, have retired amid thunders of applause, and have left us, their unworthy successors, to become acquainted with the mysteries of the sanctum. When we consider the able manner in which it has been conducted in former years, it gives us no little uneasiness to think that with us rests the responsibility of keeping for it the place which it has won through the commendable efforts of its former Editors; but we promise that neither pains nor diligence shall be wanting on our part, and we must leave our readers to judge whether our labors are crowned with success. We only ask them to remember that this is our first attempt at journalism, and beg them to bear with us, and not criticise us too sharply at first. If our first number does not come up to the expectations of our fellow-students, we hope it will serve as an inducement to them to assist us in our editorial labors, and do no more than their duty towards their college paper. We think that it has been a great mistake that the students have not contributed more generally to its columns heretofore, and hope that a change will be effected in that direction soon. The literary merit of the college cannot possibly be represented to outsiders by the four Editors of the TABLET, and the TABLET cannot be a clear exponent of the feelings of the students, unless they contribute to its columns to a certain extent. The labors of an Editor, even of the TABLET, are by no means light, and students would be doing a great kindness to us by giving us a little help occasionally. We hope they will not be at all backward with their contributions, for we are always ready to receive them with thanks.

We think also that the TABLET should receive more support from students than it does. Every student should take at least one copy, and it should not be obliged to depend in the least on the Alumni, and people unconnected with the college for support. Its low price certainly will not stop any one from having it,

and it should be taken by all, at least for the sake of the college if nothing else.

Christmas vacation has at last passed, and it was so short that it almost seems as though we had not been gone at all. We cannot say that we were glad to leave home and all its dear associations, and return to our books, but now that we are once more settled down we would be loth to leave. If we were to judge from the countenances of the students as they return, we should say without hesitation that the abolition of Christmas examinations was a perfect success; and, of course, we think so any way. It is far pleasanter to be able to welcome our friends back, happy, and perhaps even contented, than to see them return looking tired and worn out with hard study over some condition caused by an unfortunate slip of the memory, or some slight mistake, accidentally made to some exacting professor. We always did think that examinations were the innocent (?) cause of a great amount of iniquity, and if professors could fully appreciate their (the examinations) bad effect on the morals of students, it would undoubtedly cause an immediate change in their character. We hope this matter will be laid before the Faculty before annual.

And now at least we lay down our quill, and with a great deal of hesitation send our first attempts to the printer. Again we ask you to be lenient, at least the first time, and reserve your disheartening criticisms until we are older in our newly acquired art, and until we can bear it more calmly.

MISTAKEN IDEAS.

Some mistaken ideas entertained by people seem very absurd indeed when the truth is known, and although they may appear natural and plausible enough as long as they are held in ignorance, yet when the error is discovered, people wonder how they could ever have been so deluded. Our attention was called to this fact while reading Prof. DeVere's

able work entitled "Studies in English." In showing how a whole story can arise from the twisting-about or "ill-treatment" of a single word he gives an explanation of the wonderful tale of "Whittington and his Cat," which, although it is rather, we believe, extravagant, is generally accepted as true. For the sake of some of our readers, who may not have been so fortunate as to have read this book we will give his explanation, which he says "was established by Mr. Riley in his learned work on The Guildhall in London." He tells us that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, *trade* was called in England *a chat*, from the French *a chaler*, (from which by the way, *cheat* is derived), and that it was by means of this that Whittington acquired his immense wealth. The word was commonly pronounced *acat*, and after a time came to be written so, but when the word had ceased to be used, and had been entirely forgotten, the desire of some explanation led to the absurd story of his having gained his immense wealth by *a cat*. No doubt numerous other equally absurd errors, but perhaps of a very different kind, could be discovered in people's minds, and probably they arise from equally trivial mistakes in the beginning. Probably most of us, who only know of the Tiber, from reading of the gallant exploit of Horatius at the Bridge, or some similar production, would be disgusted on seeing it, to think that we had, all our lives been thinking it a mighty and rapid river, instead of the small, dirty stream which it is at most times of the year. It is only distance, and the exaggerated accounts of writers, probably arising from their conceit, that makes it large to us.

It is not strange however, that mistaken ideas do gain ground: a story when repeated, is seldom told correctly, and when we consider the world's history and remember how many things, received from "hear-say" evidence, are related as facts, we wonder that more errors do not creep in.

MINOR MATTERS.

CLASS CANES.

We were favored recently with a glimpse of the sample-cane designed for '76. It is neat and very tastily gotten up, and we congratulate the class upon the success of their committee; it will be the handsomest cane that has yet appeared in college, since the custom of class-canes was organized. We do not attempt a description, supposing that the class prefer to wait till class-day shall reveal its beauties to the expectant Sophomores.

" PROF. JIM."

Our venerable Janitor met with quite a serious accident a day or two since. While crossing the chapel porch he slipped on the ice, and sprained a limb so badly that he will probably be detained from his accustomed duties for some time to come. The condition of the walks about the college has not been favorable for rapid locomotion for some time past, and a judicious sprinkling of ashes would do no harm. Even if the wicked do stand in slippery places, we at present prefer to run the risk of an evil name, to a seat with the righteous on the icy ground.

DIGNITY.

It is an unsafe thing at all times to trespass upon an established dignity. It makes no difference who is the venturesome person to break the formal ice, an inglorious defeat must follow. Especially if an attempt is made in the class room when an expectant class, devouring the scene, is anxiously fearing the result. Sad experience tells us that the longest harangue may be brought to an ignominious close, and the wordy speech be interrupted with a beaming suavity, and the commanding tones, "I will not detain the class." Take me to a water cure for a wet blanket!

SENIORS.

The unfortunate Seniors groan under multiplied labors in the way of chemical lectures, Vol. II of the "Little Manual" not having

yet made its appearance. What a happy thing to add to the programme of the festivities celebrating the semi-centennial of the college, would be the proof-sheets of the anxiously expected work. We respectfully present the suggestion to the mind of the proper authorities. It is hoped that the anniversary will be a day of rejoicing, and everything conducing to that effect will be valued accordingly.

CHANGES.

Several changes have been made in the order of recitations for the present term, but as a schedule of recitations was published in the last TABLET, it will not be necessary for us to repeat it. The Juniors have Latin three times a week, instead of twice as heretofore, thus being deprived of the pleasure of hearing the President's lectures on Logic, which will probably come in next year. The President has also introduced Paley's Evidence of Christianity, for the Juniors' Monday morning recitation, and has decided to stop his lectures, at least for the present. Prof. Holbrooke hears the Sophomores in the Satires of Horace.

MOVING.

Judging from the amount of building material of every description, which has been brought during the vacation and is now disfiguring the back campus, the work on the new State House will begin as soon as the weather permits, and will go on rapidly. This reminds us that we must soon leave our present buildings, and seek shelter somewhere else; but can anyone say where it will be? Various rumors have been floating around lately, but we have heard nothing which can be stated as coming from head quarters. Some say that Prof. Johnson is going to vacate his rooms, and that the gymnasium is to be partitioned off, and others that the college block on Trinity street is to be used, but what provision will be made remains to be seen. Brownell Hall has to be vacated before April 15th,

and so we can not be kept in suspense very long. Jarvis Hall cannot hold all the students, and some other building will have to be provided.

—
BISHOP WHIPPLE.

We were favored on Friday the 17th, with a visit from Bishop Whipple, who gave us a very interesting address in Chapel. It gave us great pleasure to hear him speak with so much regard and affection of one of the graduates of our beloved *Alma Mater*, who is helping him in his missionary work in the far west, and also to hear him express so great an interest in Trinity and her students. In the evening he gave a longer address in St. John's Church to a large audience, among whom were a good number of students, in the course of which he gave a very interesting account of his work, and spoke considerably on the wrongs of the Indians, for whom he has done a great deal of good. Every one enjoyed his brief visit greatly, and we hope soon to have him with us again for a longer time.

—
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

As this is the last time that the present college buildings will be illuminated, we believe that extended preparations are being made for observing the occasion properly. A committee of professors and students was appointed by the college at a meeting held last term, for making arrangements with the city authorities, to whom the buildings now belong, and also to oversee the matter. There will also be a dance as usual.

—
THEMES.

We publish in our present number a schedule of Themes, Orations, Translations, etc., as it has been posted by the Professor of English. We think that the subjects are very well chosen, and that no one will find any trouble in getting up the required amount on

each, and if anyone is so ambitious as to go beyond the requirements, he will probably find but little trouble. We will publish separate lists of subjects of Themes which we distribute to subscribers with this issue, and which can be had by calling on any of the editors, or the managing editor.

—
GYMNASIUM.

One of our subscribers writes that he has heard nothing about the Gymnasium for some time. We will simply say at present, that the Gymnasium still continues to be a favorite retreat for the students at nearly all times of the day, though we think it is not quite as popular as it was when first erected. This is perhaps owing to the amount of snow which continually lies between Jarvis Hall and the Gymnasium. If the Faculty are friends to physical, as well as to mental training, why do they not see that proper care is taken of the walks leading to our only place of exercise during this stormy weather? We also hear, but trust it is merely an idle rumor, that the Gymnasium is to be so remodeled as to become a proper habitation for the inmates of Brownell Hall, which must soon be vacated, as we have stated in another place. We hope that no one will be so cruel as to deprive us of such a useful and popular institution as our Gymnasium has proved to be during its first year.

—
THE NEW SITE.

A committee of five has been appointed by the Trustees, for the purpose of choosing a new site for the college. We believe they are fully empowered to take any measure, and make any arrangements in the matter, that they shall see fit. It is said that one is in favor of Rocky Hill, another of the Babcock Farm, and the rest undecided. It is also said that the one in favor of the Babcock Farm, owns large shares in it, and is not altogether uninterested in his choice.

PERSONALS.

HOPSON, '27. Rev. Oliver Hopson's address is Waverly, N. Y.

JOHNSON, '29. As the death of the Rev. Richard Johnson has never been noticed in the TABLET, we insert it here. He died in Atlanta, Georgia, on the 7th of January, 1872.

GARDNER, '43. Rev. H. V. Gardner's address is Guilford, Chenango Co., N. Y.

SLUTTERY, '48. Died on the 22d of September 1872, Rev. George Sluttery, of Greengburg, Penn.

WHEATON, '53. Died November 15th, 1872, Isaac S. Wheaton.

EDSON, '55. Rev. Samuel Edson's address is Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

LOCKWOOD, '55. Luke A. Lockwood, Grand Master of Connecticut, lectured before the Masons of Hartford, on January the 17th.

MORRIS, '64. The marriage of Mr. Fordham Morris and Miss Annie Westcott, was solemnized on Thursday evening, December 19, at the Church of the Incarnation, corner Madison Avenue and Thirty-fifth street. Eight hundred cards were sent out for the ceremony at the church, which was performed by Rev. Henry S. Montgomery, D. D.

BROCKLESBY, '65. The friends of Mr. J. H. Brocklesby will be glad to learn that he has returned to this city, and resumed the practice of Law. We wish him every success.

JARDINE, '68. J. D. Jardine is a candidate for Holy Orders in New York city.

WOOD, '71. Henry S. Wood's address is No. 16, Waverly Place, New York.

PERRY, '72. J. B. Perry is studying law at the Columbia Law School, South Carolina.

READ, '72. J. W. Read is teaching school in Charleston, S. C.

PARTICLES.

The Freshmen have become poetical! and have found in themselves a fitting subject for their effusions. Here is a selection from a lament:

"Alas for Seventy-six
They got in an awful fix,
They got in a row
O'er somebody's cow,
That class of Seventy-six."

The green Freshman has again turned up, this time he was overheard asking a Professor, whether he received zero or nothing for a certain recitation.—That Sophomore who has been absent so long, was only away on *courting* business—Gentlemen of the Faculty,—I ask to have my late absences excused, as they were occasioned by sickness, said sickness being occasioned by eating ice cream for the benefit of St. Thomas Church Fair.—A Recent conversation.—Young lady.—What makes your neck so stiff, Mr.—?—Student.—Well, if you had on as stiff a shirt collar as I have, you would have a stiff neck yourself.—About 300 pounds of tobacco are smoked annually by Trinity students,—this does not include cigars, or the amount used in chewing. What a waste!—Particles has a decided aversion to the stone pits.—Sliding parties are getting fashionable. Double Rippers accommodating (?) ten to twelve persons are the sleds used.—Particles would like to know where the Pencoek Babfield Farm is.—An elegant party at Seminary Hall for the benefit of the Union for Home Work, is promised for next Friday night, Jan. 31st. We'll go. Tickets \$1.00, including supper and all.—Trinity Church of this city was elegantly dressed for Christmas. The total length of very heavy festoons was a trifle over four hundred feet. The combined length of festoons, wreaths, &c., about seven hundred feet.—Vacation extending so far into January and change in types, caused the tardiness of this number of the TABLET.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

HARVARD.

The *Advocate* contains a letter from an undergraduate of Blank College, in which the following little peculiarity of a Professor is mentioned thus:

"Professor: 'You did very well in the examination. I was very much pleased with your book. . . . How were you conditioned? Let me see, your name is Tooke. We'll look over your book together. On the first question you did very well,—excellently. The maximum was sixteen: I gave you two. Second question. On that you excelled yourself. I gave you a very high mark. The maximum fourteen. What did I give you? One.' At that point the aforesaid student expressed his entire satisfaction, and intimated that he was willing to take the rest on faith." . . .

Does not that sound familiar?

The Editors are in favor of the "Emission Theory of Light," as they think that *atoms* would then be more plenty, and some light might be thrown on how to get out an *Advocate*. Molecule says he *Ca-not* see it.—*Advocate*.

Atom is in favor of the *marking* system since he read in the Bible, "*Mark* the perfect man; and behold the upright."

There is a part of the river Hudson called *Tappan See*. Atom thinks in all probability the name was suggested by the biblical passage, "*Knock and it shall be opened*."—*Advocate*.

We are glad to welcome among our Exchanges the *Magenta*, a new paper started by the students of Harvard College. Its plan is not to run opposition to the *Advocate*, but to live in unity and good will with its elder brother. Whether this plan succeeds or not remains to be seen. The first number of the *Magenta* is certainly very readable; may its successors be likewise.

Scene: The College Yard.—1st Soph. "I say, Bill! What divinity do you think presides over the weather this week?"

2d Soph. (from a puddle). Give it up!

1st Soph. (who elects Icelandic and Gothic). Why, the Great Northern God, Thor!

(The two Sophs. float pensively away).

Magenta.

MADISON.

We have been told that in the Female College,

strips of oil cloth have been laid upon the floor, from the looking-glasses in many directions. It is well to save the carpet.

The milk wagons have been lately drawn by oxen on account of the epizootic. The Democrat hopes we won't have to depend on oxen for milk all winter.—*University Press*.

The *Madisonensis* comes out in a long article advocating "Mixed Education."

Prof.—Mr.—was that microscope binocular?

Student.—I didn't notice, sir, who was it by.—

Madisonensis.

RACINE.

The Glee Club of Racine College going on a late tour to Chicago, were hospitably entertained by a friend and imbibed a whole bottle of Cough-Mixture before they discovered it was not wine. They had evidently seen several friends before they came to this one.

RIPON.

The class in Logic have been trying to find out where the fallacy lies in the following:

Necessity is the mother of invention. Bread is a necessity, and a steam engine an invention.

Therefore, bread is the mother of the steam engine.—*College Days*.

RUTGERS.

The *Targum* devotes two columns to "Beauty of women." Ladies, look out for those Editors.

A young lady who is studying French, lately wrote to her parents that she was "invited out to a *déjeuner* the day before, and was going to a *fête champêtre* the next day." The professor of the College was surprised to receive a dispatch from the "old man" a day or two after, saying, "If you can't keep my daughter away from these blasted side-shows and menageries, I will come down and see what ails her.—*Targum*."

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

The *Irving Union* has an admirable article on the subject of "Secret Societies," in which the want of them is deplored. This is the first fox we ever saw without a tail, who really acknowledged the want of one.

Specimen of poetry at Washington University:—

Mary's lamb was v hite,
With a tendency to fight,
She sent a man to shoot it
Who found it had the Zootic.

WILLIAMS.

The complaint is raised by the *Review*, as by every other college paper, that the Epizootic has attacked all the "ponies."

The *Vidette* talks about rowing in a manner which would lead us to believe that the students of "Williams" mean business at the next regatta.

"You are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of Young America to his mother. "Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broomstick, "if I am an old sheep, I lam'd you once, and I'll lam you again"

A man named John, when in a state of "unstable equilibrium," was told that he "was but half a man." "Oh, I suppose you mean I'm a demi-John," he hiccupped back.

Brigham Young says, "if our enemies were to come here in a proper spirit, they would in one month embrace our religion." Brisko thinks "more likely your wives, old fellow."—*Review*.

YALE.

The University crew for 1873 has been announced. It is as follows: R. J. Cook, '76, Cookstown, Penn., captain and stroke; H. Meyer, '73, Pittsburg, Penn.; C. D. Waterman, '74, Detroit, Mich.; W. O. Henderson, '74, Marysville, Ohio; G. M. Gunn, '74, Milford, Conn.; H. G. Fowler, '74, Stoneham, Mass., bow. Hard work and strict training will be the order of the day hereafter.—*College Courant*.

A sophomore astonished his division by translating *inmolet æquis hic porcum Laribus*—Let him emulate a pork for his favorable household goods.—*Yale Courant*.

The *Record* laments the "dying out of all interest in college singing."

The Theologue who was heard to exclaim "no gal" in a sad, pathetic tone, we are glad to learn he was but conjugating a Hebrew verb. Strange stuff, that Hebrew.

One of the Seniors was recently asked by a young lady what the rowing costume of the University crew was. He saved the lady's modesty and his own veracity by replying that "it was not much of a costume."—*Record*.

Young Lady: "Whom are you rooming with now?"

Senior: "Mr. C——. Are you acquainted with him?"

Y. L.: "What! that fellow with the long nose?"

Senior: "Yes."

Y. L. (indignantly): "Why, I wouldn't room with him."

Senior: "Why not?"

Abrupt silence all around.

THEMES, ORATIONS, DISCUSSIONS, & C.,
FOR TRINITY TERM, 1873.

SENIORS.

THEMES.	ORATIONS.	DISCUSSIONS.
Feb. 15.	Mar. 21.	Feb. 1.
Mar. 15.	Mar. 29.	May 24.
April 12.	May 10.	June 7.

JUNIORS.

Feb. 13.	Jan. 30.	Feb. 27.
Mar. 27.	Mar. 13.	April 10.
May 30.	May 8.	June 5.

SOPHOMORES.

THEMES.	TRANSLATIONS.
Feb. 14.	Jan. 31.
Mar. 14.	Feb. 28.
April 9.	Mar. 28.
May 27.	May 9.
June 6.	

FRESHMEN.

TRANSLATIONS.

Jan. 29.	Mar. 12.	May 7.
Feb. 12.	Mar. 26.	May 8.
Mar. 5.	April 9.	

SUBJECTS OF THEMES.

SENIORS. Poem—St. Paul at Athens, or Death of Napoleon III. Critique: Ueberweg's History of Philosophy, Vol. I., or Taine's English Literature—Graduating Oration.

JUNIORS. Inequalities of Life—Good and evil results of curiosity—Poetry of Wordsworth.

SOPHOMORES. Description of a Great Fire—Life of Columbus—Battle of Waterloo—The Ingratitude of Republics—The benefits received through Alchemists.

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