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The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

NO. 8.

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VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

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VOL. XV.

GAMBIER, O., FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 8.

EDITORS:

HENRY J. EBERTH, '89, - - Editor in Chief.
DAVID F. KRONACHER, '89, - Business Manager.
C. H. ARNDT, '89, - - - Exchange Editor.
H. A. LOZIER, JR., '90, - - Local Editor.
S. M. GRANGER, '90, - - Literary Editor.
R. B. HUBBARD, '91, - - Personal Editor.

All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication should be sent to H. J. Eberth, Editor in Chief.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to D. F. Kronacher, Business Manager.

TERMS, \$1.00 PER YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Editorials.

WE are again constrained to call the attention of our readers to the proposed concert of the Glee Club for the benefit of our Reading Room. There are quite a number of periodicals and dailies which would add considerable interest to the room and which could be supplied very easily were it not for the lack of superfluous funds; we say superfluous because the size of the fund is such as to preclude any indiscriminate selection of papers and periodicals, but judicious care must be exercised in selection. So it is proposed to give a concert well worth the entrance fee, the proceeds of which will go to add greater variety to our files. The Club is rehearsing very diligently and excellent progress is reported. If the weather were only such as to favor safety from colds, better progress even, might be made. The natives of Gambier and the dwellers on the road to Mt. Vernon will be charmed to hear some bran new songs.

THE work (?) of the present board of editors is nearly over. They find it extremely hard to give up any labor which they loved so well; much harder do they find it, to express in words their grief at parting; they can arrive at no better way of signifying their pain, than by respectfully referring the reader to any girl graduate's valedictory effusion. There, perhaps, he can get some adequate idea of the despair which fills the editors' aching breasts. They have had so many things to be thankful for. So many of the students have kindly withheld their subscriptions, and so few have given the editor a chance to fill the waste basket. Such sympathetic treatment is appreciated, and especially are the editors grateful to those who have criticised the paper so rudely; they have been so considerate in avoiding any undue encouragement; they have been so charitable and manly, and have told us our faults, though it cost them an effort; they have told us how to run the paper, and have nearly made the paper a tremendous success, by expressing their opposing views. Again we wish to thank them kindly and beg their opposition in the future, so as to make success absolutely certain.

Our next number will start the labors of the new board, and we predict for them the same course of treatment which former ones had to pass through; but we can assure them that the only necessary quality will be courage, and they will need plenty of that virtue, which is so often sought in things artificial.

* * *

ANNUAL publications of the various colleges are beginning to make their appear-

ance already. To keep up the Kenyon record in this respect would be to banish all thoughts of our annual until about the middle of next term; and to break the Kenyon record would be to put off thoughts of an annual publication for some very indefinite period of time, say about a century; or, at least until enough surplus energy had been stored up so that work could be started in the fall, and be somewhere near completion by Commencement. This would be the best plan to adopt. We have heard it said with feeling, and there is some reason in it. As things have been going for the last few years the order of events has been somewhat as follows: About a month after the annual should have been printed, the editors begin to hint darkly to each other, about a "certain meeting you know," in order "to get to work on the *Reveille*." In the meantime, procrastination seriously shortens men's lives and deals extensively in "futures." The editors finally have a meeting, manage to divide the offices; assign the work to each other, and then the fun begins. The succeeding few weeks are too harrowing to be set down in print. They are full of despair and unutterable woe; of impotent rage and ghastly horror. * * * * * The end and final act is a benefit concert or a play. The printer's suspicion and anxiety are allayed for a time and one more crime has been committed. Why wouldn't it be a good plan to omit the publication, say for one year, as an experiment?

* * *

THE man is a compound of many qualities; some are graces, some are dis-graces; some sit as lightly as a summer cloud, seemingly hung in space, and make him appear beautiful and lovable, suggesting faintly his kinship to the sky; some hang over him darkly like the shadow of a besetting sin, making him an object of pity, a thing to be loathed; unworthy even of an angel's compassion. Most men are composed largely of good qualities; none are totally bad, but they vary between the

widest limits. Some men good and noble at heart, are made to appear bad by some single predominant weakness, and the poor eyes of other men see only the weakness, and refuse to discern the good. Such are many unfortunate, but frequently they can well afford the scorn of their inferior fellows who vainly fancy themselves not so afflicted. Every man's eyes are blind to his own faults first, and secondly, to the faults of those he loves; and so we find that all our own near friends are models of propriety, while others have no legitimate claim to virtue. There are some men however, who appear to long after righteousness, and cast their eyes devoutly upward, while their thoughts wallow in the deepest mire and their feet tread the paths of sin. There are some whose failings are rendered doubly contemptible by their resemblance of the good; by their rank injustice while pretending to exercise the fairest judgment; by their selfishness while pretending to a generous act; by their vindictiveness while pretending to exercise the Christian grace of charity. Such men there are in this world, and their presence is contaminating. They leave a sore wherever they go, and they succeed in making whole communities diseased. A deplorable thing is the fact that these men can never be moved to behold themselves except in the mirror of their own conceit. Involved in wonder at their own loveliness, they *imagine* the adoration of men, and lo! for them it exists. And thus their whole lives are visionary, are but dreams; not the airy creations of a poet's inventive mind; not the floating raptures of a wizard musician; not the vivid phantasy of an untutored savage, nor even the aimless wanderings of an idiot's poor brain, but such dreams as men have when they have partaken largely of pickles ice cream and beer. They are such dreams as make us weary, as make us extremely tired and forgetful of our old religion. Such men ought to be transported to the unnumbered throng on the other shore.

FORGIVENESS.

 MARK LEVY.

We sit and think in bitter pain
 Of thoughtless words and deeds,
 And conscience weaves a gloomy chain
 As on them memory feeds.

Forgetting quite the caustic taste
 And with no wrong intent,
 We write and speak in reckless haste,
 And kindest hearts are rent.

Reflection may reveal the fault
 And quickly bid explain;
 The Christian mind in full revolt
 Denies the wish to pain.

We know full well such words and deeds
 Must wound the firmest friend,
 And sow a crop of wrathful seeds
 That will all friendship end.

Yet still, when we contrition show,
 True friendship should respond,
 And should forgiveness quick bestow
 And stronger forge the bond.

And when forgiveness is withheld,
 We seal a manly part;
 When we contrition have upheld,
 We bid our pain depart.

We must not let grief's gloomy chain
 Entwine the Christian mind.
 For sin and sorrow Christ was slain,
 Forgiving all mankind.

Each Christian has to pardon much
 To be forgiven more,
 Before he has the Christlike touch
 Sent from the golden shore.

February 14th was St. Valentine's Day, or at least the number of sweet missives in the post office on that day would lead one to imagine as much. Dame Rumor saith that "Fair Harcourt" rained upon the Hall-ites showers of sweet and pretty messages, and it is natural to suppose that the boys returned the compliment. And by the way some of the college students did not escape the attack of the enemy. Several were seen to receive suspiciously sweet looking envelopes. Wonder who sent Ir——ne that sweet message of love.

"A CENTURY OF AUSTRALIAN
SONG."

 GREENOUGH WHITE.

A COLLECTION of one hundred and fifty poems upon Australian life and scenery, by half as many authors, was published a few weeks ago in London and New York, under the title given above. The poems, with an introductory essay, a bibliography of Australian poetry, and some meagre notes, make up a volume of five hundred and eighty-three pages of entertaining reading, printed in clear, bourgeois type on good paper, and bound (as would that all books were) so that one need not break its back to make it stay open.

An obvious defect in the compilation is, that no information is given as to the lives of the prominent authors, prefatory to the selections from their works. One would willingly exchange many of the verses for a few details of this sort. A short paragraph, giving parentage, place and day of birth, education, profession, travels, date of marriage, of publication, and of death, with any other significant facts or events, would have helped the reader to understand the writer's personality, and would have greatly enhanced the value of the volume. Every poem should have been dated. Without such information, a sound hermeneutic is impossible.

Many will be amazed, no doubt, to learn that Australia can boast of seventy-five good versifiers. This does not surprise however, that American who is acquainted with his country's literature. Sixty years ago an anthology was published containing poems by one hundred and eighty-seven literary people of the Eastern and Southern States. Few realize the fact that the Australian colonies are more populous than were the United States at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

Others may suppose that the poetry of that strange continent, settled by convicts and adventurers, must be abrupt, uncouth, and licentious in spirit and form; may say contemptuously: "What might have been

expected," as they glance at such doggerel as this:

"Kangaroo, kangaroo!
Thou spirit of Australia,
That redeems from utter failure;
From perfect desolation,
And warrants the creation
Of this fifth part of the earth;
Sphinx or mermaid realized,
Or centaur unfabulous,
Would scarce be more prodigious,
Or labyrinthine minotaur
With which great Theseus did war;
Or Pegasus poetical,
Or hippogriff—chimeras all!
Thy fore-half, it would appear
Had belonged to "Some small deer,"
By thy hinder, thou should'st be
A large animal of chase—
Thou yet art not incongruous;
Repugnant or preposterous;
Thou can'st not be amended, no;
Be as thou art—thou best art so."

These lines, surely cannot be amended. But indeed, most of the pieces in this book put to shame anything of the kind produced in the American colonies during a century and a half; and many are as limpid, as musical, as melancholy as the songs of Shelley or of Poe. Those will be disappointed who look for lyrics sounding of the "long wash of Australasian seas;" capacious as Sydney harbor; towering as the Victorian Alps; expansive as the central desert; voluminous as the Murray; gloomy as the eucalyptus; nervous as the kangaroo. The poets of New South Wales have not been tempted by any morbid self-consciousness or longing for notoriety to interrupt the historical continuity of beautiful forms, or to sever themselves from English literature.

It may still be plausibly argued that poesy cannot prosper in that young country, where there is none of the glamour of romance or the aerial perspective of history. The black shadow of the Witchcraft Delusion (it may be said) falls athwart our early, indeed our medieval annals; and behind it stretches an inviting field for the poet, romancer, or novelist. It is already a quarter of a century since we waded through the waters of deep experience. But in Australia, so lately a wilderness, and "the only nation from the womb of Peace," where there is none of "that contrast of glare and gloom which is akin to the sublime;" where every detail stands out in photographic distinctness; can the imagination give birth to works of permanent worth?

The thin atmosphere and lack of background, it must be admitted, seem to

oppress a poetess or two. One calls her work, "Attempts to sing in a strange land; another complains that "Everything is bald and prosaic; cold and new, too new to foster poesy. No quaint wild tower, nor ancient hall, add poetic touch; no old legend softens the beauty of ranges with barbarous names." Something of the spirit of Emerson and Very is needed here. Under the silver wattles or drooping she-oaks; in coppices of myrtle and mimosa knit together with clematis and bignonia, and fragrant with jessamine; where the wonga pigeon and lyre-tailed pheasant brood; or in dells filled with feathery asplenium, and echoing now and again the silvery note of the olive-hued, purple-throated bell-bird; one might meditate, surely, to some effect, upon infancy, childhood and youth, manhood and womanhood, old age and death. What more does poetry require?

The complaint is effeminate, and arises from ignorance or weakness. Poetry is not a fungus to spring from the mould of the past; nor is Mnemosyne a ghoul that feeds upon dead men's bones. Yet surely, Australia has a past. Her wild native race, with its dark religion, is fading away. Lonely explorers have perished upon her deserts; the traveler passes abandoned shafts and ruined huts; "the fallen gate, the grass-grown path, the deserted hearth." Moreover, such a thought as this has virtue in it:

"For ages, wild and restless waves had cast
Their burden on a low, untrodden shore; ***
Here, 'neath the scorching heat of summer days
The shimmering waves stole up to kiss the sands,
And the fair moon with peerless silver rays
Lent beauty luminous to Southern lands,
Whose lonely, wild, yet not unlovely strands
Had never echoed to the steps of men
Who dreamed of unknown worlds beyond their ken.

From out the shrub that fringed the river's brink,
What dusky, strange and uncouth forms emerge.

Sons of the forest wild, whose plaintive dirge—
The mournful wail of hapless destiny—

The sad winds carry to the waning sea.

Here, fifty winters since, by Yarra's stream,

A scattered hamlet found its modest place;

***** upon those grass-grown streets,

Has risen up a city vast and fair,

In whose thronged thoroughfares the stranger
meets

With signs of all the world can send most rare

And costly to her mart, and everywhere

Ascends the hum of nervous, bustling strife—

The splendid evidence of healthy life.

Mansions embowered in ash, and elm, and oak,

Churches where worshipers heaven's aid invoke,

And towers and steeples, monuments and domes

Rise amidst crowded haunts and peaceful homes."

Already we are told of "the old colonial

days;" and Charles Harpur is called "the grey forefather of Australian poets."

Let us see, then, what flowers the hardy Saxon stock will bear, when planted under ficilian skies; where "roses and tiger-lilies Saunt on Christmas Day," and the orange spray does duty for the mistletoe. And first we notice three salient characteristics: patriotism, independence, and love of nature. A few quotations will make this manifest.

"Australia, my home, I cling to thee,
Like moss upon some storm-worn rugged stone.
Australia, my spirit cleaves to thee
Like branches from the vine, when leaves have
grown;
My heart is bleeding for its parent tree.
Still shall my hope be, oh to die in thee! ***
With thy blue sky and guardian star o'erhead.

Adieu, my native land, mine eyes are dim,
The thought *will* come, I ne'er shall see thee more;
Oh, for the sea-bird's power the waves to skim,
And rest its weary wing upon thy shore!"

"We see as in a dream,
The cities raised on high;
The gathering millions where we stragglers are
Fate in their word;
Their navies floating on our waters wide;
The potency of control hanging on their sword,
Beneath the Australian star."

"Oh Australia, fair and lovely, empress of the
Southern sea,
What a glorious fame awaits thee in the future's
history!"

***** "A state
We'll erect, where never the free
If wealthy, oppressors can be;
Or, if poor, can be slaves to the great.
Where liberty monarch shall reign;
But her minister, justice, shall rule,
Where no tyrants can lord o'er the fool;
Nor men inflict wrongs upon men."

"Where the morning re-illuminates
Gullies full of ferny plumes,
And the roof of radiance weaves
Through high-hanging vault of leaves;
There, I love to wander lonely
With my dog companion only;
There, indulge unworldly moods
In the mountain solitudes—
Leave behind the bats and balls,
Leave the racers in the stalls;
Leave the haunts of pampered ease;
Leave your dull festivities—
Better far the savage glen,
Fitter school for earnest men."

***** "I long
To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song."
"Oh, father of the stately peaks *** thy storm
Strikes through my spirit—fills it with a life
Of startling beauty! thou my Bible art;
With holy leaves of rock and flower and tree,
And moss and shining runnel."

Such are the contemporaries whose verdict upon our literary productions may be

equivalent to that of an "intelligent posterity."

Upon a thoughtful perusal of the entire volume its contents are seen to fall into two grand divisions, corresponding to the antithetical Aristotelian categories, to Paschein and to Poiein. The first is the school of reflection, sentiment and pathos; it may be called the Blue Mountain School, for its votaries haunt the dells and mountain-sides of New South Wales. The second is the school of action, enterprise and humor; its members are worshippers of fortune, hence doomed to frequent disappointment, and tinged with scepticism; it may be called the Ballarat School, for its chief interest centres in the great gold-fields of that city.

As regards form, the elder writers of New South Wales make much use of the heroic couplet of Goldsmith, and of somewhat inorganic blank-verse; the younger borrow the melodious measures of Shelley, Poe, Tennyson and Swinburne. They are fascinated by the lilt of "Locksley Hall," the leonine rhymes of "The Cloud;" their pensive spirit delights in the refrain, and often finds the sonnet roomy enough. The inevitable reaction, however, occurred three or four years ago, and resulted in one really striking narrative, "The Hut on the Flat," written in Whitmanian or Kangaroo hexameters. The versifiers of Victoria and South Australia have adopted a rough-and-ready ballad stanza, in perfect accord with the sentiment, having from four to seven iambic and anapaestic feet to the line. Bret Harte's influence seems to prevail at Ballarat; while the colloquial and satirical verse of Melbourne has echoes of W. S. Gilbert and Frederick Locker.

A few significant utterances of the chiefs of the rival schools may serve to bring into more prominent relief the distinctions just pointed out. The following lines explain the aims of the Blue Mountain School.

"I purposed once to take my pen and write,
Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
With passion, but a cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,
And lucid colors born of woodland light,
And shining places where the sea-streams lie."

"Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood;
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion—
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughter,
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters.
So I might keep in the city and alleys;
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain
valleys,

Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses."

"Imperial brother of those awful hills
Whose heads are where the gods are *** in the
psalm

Of thy grave winds, and in the liturgy
Of singing waters, lo! my soul has heard
The higher worship; and from thee, indeed,
The broad foundations of a finer hope
Were gathered in, and thou hast lifted up
The blind horizon for a larger faith!

It startles and saddens us to find an old-world weariness and despair, to catch a note of wintry discontent like that of Arthur Hugh Clough, in this nascent literature:

"If universal life
With Godhead and with gods be rife,
Why mock thy man's persistent prayer?
Why find our woes no echo there?
The race of beasts I reckon blest;
They revel in the right possessed;
No spirit-shocks their tranquil moods molest,
Nor phantom feast infest;
Unconscious to their goal they go.
Man is from his birth oppressed
With the inherited unrest,
Which fatally foredooms the world;
The many perish that the few may thrive."

The leaves of the laurel wreaths of most of the Victorian singers are sere and yellow, blighted by the same autumnal breath.

"In the world's unequal fight,
*** He who has wealth is always right;
The poor must stand up in the house of God—
The rich can sit without fear or dread.
Then lay me not 'neath the churchyard sod,
But away in the woods, when I am dead."

"This life is a puzzle, Jack; fight as we will
We're nothing at last but the shadows of men;
*** and as for the soul
Perhaps it may flourish or fade in its deeds."

"Perhaps [death] is a dreaming that ends with repose,

Or, maybe we slumber and never awake."

"All I ask for is deep repose
In dreamless slumber my soul to keep."

"The chances are I go where most men go."

The author of the last line committed suicide, ignorant of the fact that solitary confinement is a highly ethical punishment.

A manlier tone rings in the following lines:

"They can't bottle the sunset up, old boy,
And cart it away to town, ***
Though the rich lie soft, yet we sleep well
On our bed of the fragrant leaves. ***
We can relish bacon and wholesome beans,
The damper and salted horse. ***
Though our meals be made of the coarsest food,
Through hunger we still enjoy, ***
Not all the good things are reserved for one
In this wonderful world of ours. ***
To make the best of the hardest fate
Is a maxim that cannot be wrong;
So, Fred, as for tea, we have got to wait—
Suppose you attempt a song."

(To be Continued.)

CHARLIE BROWN AT KENYON.

All the admirers of Thomas Hughes will be pleased to hear that he has lately produced a new novel, which is pronounced by all critics to be his greatest work, entitled, "Charlie Brown at Kenyon." The title may seem familiar to his readers, Kenyon students excepted. But we hasten to inform the public that this great novel no more resembles "Tom Brown at Oxford" than Oxford resembles Kenyon.

The book is of thrilling interest. The most fascinating we ever remember to have seen, and we feel that we cannot better give our readers an idea of the book than by quoting a few of the headings of the chapters as given in the index:

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Charlie appears at Kenyon—Great festivities.

CHAPTER II.

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CHAPTER V.

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CHAPTER VI.

Thinks of moving up to Bexley Hall—Decides not to out of respect to his furniture.

We regret that we are not able to furnish the closing chapters of this novel, in which Charlie Brown's connection with Kenyon ceased forever, but in our copy they had unfortunately been omitted. If any of our readers should wish to purchase this book, we will be glad to furnish them with a copy as a premium with the next years' subscription to the COLLEGIAN. Terms, Cash in advance.

A NOCTURNAL SEANCE.

"..... All save one."

Alumnus: Who is that gentleman we just met? He seems to be acting in a very strange manner!

Student: We hope to see him himself again soon. You see it happened in this way: A few days since, we of this hall with one or two others, extended invitations to the members of the faculty in charge of that Seminary, which I just described to you, to join us in a "party" drive to a small village down the river, nine miles or more, Millwood; perhaps you know the town. We were fortunate enough to have all but one of our invitations accepted, and in great glee awaited the approaching night; one disappointed member for some reason failed to find a partner, so concluded to go alone, making our number only seventeen. The night was cold and the roads were rough, but we, nothing daunted, started off to enjoy ourselves despite the weather; eight in one "bus," nine in the other. It seems that those in the party of nine were strongly attracted to one corner of the "bus," and so overloaded the rear axle. The first we of the party in advance heard, was a cry of "break down." After much discussion and numerous suggestions from each and all, we succeeded in getting all the ladies with two of the gentlemen into one vehicle, which gentlemen we had tried in vain to entice from their seats. The remainder concluded to walk in the direction of Millwood; six took the railroad, one preferring to trot beside the wagon, where he could hear sweet voices now and then. What mattered it, though he jeopardized his life from time to time at the horses' heels! What though he frequently found himself in a roadside ditch! was he not near her? What though he perished! were there not strong hands within, only too willing to carry his shattered frame to the nearest farmhouse. "Dulce et decorm est pro Juliete

mori." At length with matted hair and dripping brow he heralded the "bus" at the Empire House.

The party of six reached Howard without much trouble. From there the road was dark, the way was rough. Five were sure-footed and traveled in safety, but one unfortunate, weary and exhausted, sank to the ground; when aid was offered he refused it, muttering "Leave me, I'll be a body. Tell Bishop I forget, but do not forgive him. But stay! my death will be avenged; there is ANOTHER." This thought seemed to revive him, and with the help of friends, Millwood was reached a few minutes after the other party. Then was beauty receiving valor; to see that scene again, willingly, yes, gladly, would I walk that distance ten times over. There in expectant group stood eight ladies with cheeks rosy from the frosty air, all eager to welcome us. I suppose the two gentlemen were present, but I did not see them until some time later. I tell you, my friend, we had a charming party of ladies that night and I never saw their beauty shine so bright as on that occasion. Our good old host bidding us be merry, bowed himself out of the room, and we were exceedingly merry with music and jokes until the supper call. All did justice to the feast.

Then came the toasts. First the Seminary Faculty, absent or present, were toasted. Remarks were few but to the point.

Among other toasts, let me mention one to the gentlemen, answered very ably but too cautiously by one of the ladies.

Then for some strange reason one lady was asked to respond to this very odd toast: "The temperature of a snow-covered evergreen." She told us that by experiment she had learned that such a tree was either 5° or $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. She being uncertain which of these figures were correct, appealed to the acting toast master, but he unfortunately had had no experience of that kind. He promised to test the matter at his earliest

opportunity. I see you seem surprised at our toasting in the presence of ladies, but we feel amply repaid for this departure from the rules of society. We adjourned to the parlors and there continued our mirth, which was interrupted all too soon by the realization of the fact that we had duties on the following day.

Being snugly tucked in we started home prepared for any break, but only one was made and that caused no delay. I might mention however that one of the gentlemen was tacitly furious at the driver because he took the lower road instead of coming over the hills. It seems that gentleman was looking for a certain Hill. If you will call upon him he might explain his reasons to you. Gambier was reached in time for a short nap before breakfast.

Alumnus—That is a very interesting story you have told me; but will you please explain how that applies to the gentleman we spoke of?

Student—Yes, certainly. You see, he is the one who preferred to follow the "bus;" and now he imagines himself a "perambulating Romeo."

Alumnus—What is the matter down at the end of the hall and also up stairs? It seems to me there are numerous strange noises in this building.

Student—The occupant of that room at the end of the hall is now afflicted with noisy melancholy. He complains that he "drew a blank." It seems it was caused by something his partner did. No one noticed it except Joseph, but he is not disposed to tell. And as for that noise up stairs:—At the east end is the gentleman still furious at the driver. The occupant of room no 18 is trying to imitate the rooster's crow. If you will listen you can hear him mutter before each trial, "We rooster crow." Listen!

Alumnus—Did you say the whole party was affected in this way?

Student—I cannot tell you just how it affected the ladies, but all those who escorted ladies are damaged to a greater or less

degree. As for those who do not room here, we have given up all hopes of them. One of them is prepared to fight a duel with the author of the "snow-covered evergreen." The other goes about complaining that his mother is afraid he will catch cold.

Alumnus—How about the one who went alone?

Student—Oh! he is no worse than he always has been.

Alumnus—Oh! wonderful, wonderful, and much wonderful, wonderful; and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all reason!

Corals.

W. T. Morgan, Jr., Trinity, '88, recently spent several days with friends in college.

The Eng. Prof. and his classes do not seem to dwell together in perfect harmony.

Henry J. Eberth, '89, was called home for a few days by serious illness in the family.

There are many murmurs at the way the janitors perform (?) their duties. Who's to blame?

H. A. Lozier, '90, who had to go home on account of sickness has returned after quite an absence.

The east cistern has been recently thoroughly cleaned and happiness now reigns supreme in the East Wing. No more long tramps for water.

The Art Club shows signs of approaching dissolution. Quite a number have withdrawn from membership and more have signified their intention to do the same. The reason is obvious enough.

The Glee Club Concert so long talked of bids fair soon to be a reality, and we shall be charmed with sweet harmonious sounds preparatory to the Club's descending upon the barbarians in other parts of the state.

The Eng. Prof. has informed his classes that he is a very clever and ingenious instructor; and more than that, that he is in his own estimation, the type of "learning and experience." Everybody is eager for more.

Harcourt has tendered a Reception to a few of the students and to the commissioned officers of the Academy. Pleasant time reported; also a *tele-a-tele* of the gallant Captain. Another reception looked for in the near future.

Friday and Saturday, February 22d and 23d were given to the students as holidays and many took the opportunity for a short trip home. The bulletin board shows that an extension of time on the part of some would be dangerous.

The President has had made and placed near his room a bulletin board upon which the weekly roll of demerits is put. The showing that some students have 25 or 26 demerits accounts for the appearance of certain ones so punctually at prayers.

It is reported that we are soon to have another amateur play by the same company which produced the one last term which was so successful. A permanent stage will be built in Nu Pi Kappa Hall, and consequently the tearing up of Philo on similar occasions hereafter will be done away with.

The Junior Promenade so long expected and so earnestly discussed, has had its day. The invitations were extremely slow in making their appearance, but when they did come they gratified the taste of the most fastidious. There were many complaints, however, over the lavish (?) manner in which the invitations were distributed. The class is open to criticism in this respect at least. However, when Thursday evening February 21st came, everybody was pleased and happy and enjoyed the evening thoroughly. The floors were not overcrowded, the music was excellent, the

refreshments satisfactory. The noticeable diminution in the number of "stags" added still more to the general pleasure. The programs were very neat and handsome and the choice of dances excellent; not till the very last was the printed order disregarded. The faculty seemed to have other cares for the evening and were not all present to add matured dignity to the assemblage. The Reception proper, by the Seniors in their gowns, was a pleasing innovation and is deserving of continuation. Altogether the occasion was one of pleasure and deserves to take its place with the similar ones in the past.

A college orchestra has been lately organized with the following members: Gill, first violin; Williams, second violin; Lanehart, clarinet; G. H. Harris, flute, and Singer, 'cello. They have been practicing for several weeks, and on Thursday evening, February 14th, gave a stag dance in Philo. Hall to which an admittance fee was charged for the purpose of procuring new music. A very enjoyable time was had and the music was excellent. Some of the costumes were beautiful. Miss Thurman looked ravishing in a red dress, which, however, did not quite meet in places, making quite an odd but pleasing effect. Monsieur Reeves with his beautiful coal black (cork black more correctly speaking) moustache, took all the female hearts by storm, while those Knights of the billiard table, Ginn and Anderson, in their dusters and summer hats were suggestive of some warmer place than Gambier, with snow on the ground and the mercury fast hunting a place for itself in the halls.

The dance was very successful, and the only thing which could be criticized at all was the absence of Mr. Charles Brown of Mt. Vernon, who has been such a welcome personage at many of our festivities and was expected to be at the dance. He was slightly indisposed at the time, however, but is expected to be at the next stag dance without fail.

Some of the base ball enthusiasts have been talking over the subject of an Ohio College Base Ball League, but when it was proposed to some of the older men they declared it was an impossibility and the air castles of the enthusiasts were rudely shattered. Such a league would undoubtedly be a fine thing, but the necessary absences from recitations would make it impossible under the present system unless all the nine would consent to take examinations, which is very doubtful.

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