

The Kenyon Collegian

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Kenyon Collegian - January 1892

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The Kenyon Collegian.

Devoted to the interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XVIII. GAMBIER, O., JANUARY-FEBRUARY, '92. Nos. 8-9.

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Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to C. T. Walkley.

All subscriptions continued until notice of discontinuance is received and all arrearages paid.

Communications and contributions solicited from every one connected with Kenyon College, and especially from the alumni.

The Editor-in-Chief is personally responsible for everything that enters into the columns of this paper.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER YEAR, SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

EDITORIALS.

FEATURES of our present number are the speeches in full which were delivered at the New York Alumni banquet of November 19. "Mon petit voisin" and "Phi Beta Kappa Oration" by our Chaplain, the Rev. Walter Mitchell, author of "Bryan Maurice;" "Kenyon in the Civil War," by

Mr. R. B. Hubbard, of '91, who kindly allows us to publish his paper although he had no opportunity to make some alterations which he desired to make; "Memoria Kenyonensis," by Mr. C. A. Neff, of '88; and Alumni news including an account of the Cleveland dinner of the 23d ult. and several letters. We hope in the future the Alumni and all the "old boys" will endeavor to help us in the way of sending in Alumni personals, and trust that those found in the present number may prove interesting.

We have devoted one leaf, two pages, to college songs, printing them together in order that they may be found convenient at Alumni meetings and similar occasions. One of our exchanges deplors the fact that its college possesses no college song of its own, saying that "nothing binds a graduate to his alma mater with so strong ties as the words or tune of an old college song." There is much truth in this and we are thankful that Kenyon possesses several from which we have made selections for this number.

No EFFORT should be spared to make the most of the natural advantages of Kenyon's beautiful site. The Kokosing river is not now among the least of these, and yet we believe it could be of still greater worth to the "College on the Wooded Hills" which rise from its banks. We believe there is no reason why we should not have boat racing here in its season. By means of a low dam the water might be raised to a height sufficient to permit

good boating, and in this way a very important feature would be added to our already successful athletics. We have secured approximate estimates from a first-class civil engineer, and if the work can be done for these figures Bishop Leonard has offered to bear half the expense, and he and Dr. D. H. Greer, of New York City, have each promised us a boat. Surely we can take the trouble to ascertain accurately the level of the stream and make the necessary measurements. We have plans and specifications promised us if we give the necessary data. Let the work be begun in time for a boat race next June.

A LARGE number of letters asking for information in regard to the county scholarship have already been received and applications made by students. Full particulars concerning the scholarship can be found in another column.

THE Kenyon Lecture Course for this year will begin on the 24th of February. The committee are determined that no pains shall be spared to make it a success and trust that the people of Mt. Vernon and Gambier may be liberal in their patronage. The proceeds will be devoted to athletics and other college enterprises the success of which contributes to the delight and benefit of all. Full particulars will be furnished at an early date.

THE editors of THE COLLEGIAN take this opportunity to thank Ex-President Bodine, the Regents of the Military Academy and the college, for the use of cuts by which this issue has been illustrated. The foot ball cut was purchased by the students.

MR. ALLAN NAPIER, '62, of New York, who is now engaged in the task of revis-

ing the addresses, not only of New York Alumni, as stated in our last number, but of all Kenyon's graduates, desires through our columns to express his thanks to those who have aided him in this work. He reports success thus far and we hope with the co-operation of all the new catalogue may soon be printed.

IN hearty accord with the plan of the Association of Ohio Colleges of which she is a member, Kenyon is desirous of arranging her requisites for entrance so that the course of study as found in our best High Schools may be sufficient to prepare students for our freshman year. This does not mean that our standard of scholarship is to be lowered, but that all possible aid in the matter of classification will be afforded those who enter on the county scholarship. The scholarship may be obtained by rich as well as poor boys. The kind we desire are the very best in Ohio to associate with those of the same stamp already in college.

AFTER the close of the present collegiate year no student, conditioned in any study, will be permitted to sit with his class in chapel until such condition be removed, but shall occupy the pews of a lower class. Such in substance is a resolution recently passed by our faculty. Kenyon cannot and will not lower her standard of scholarship, for which she has become justly famous in the East as well as in the West, by permitting men to graduate who are conditioned in one or two studies, on the plea that other colleges do the same or perhaps through fear that in this manner we may lose a few graduates at the last moment.

Men leaving Kenyon enter on certificate nearly all the best Eastern colleges and rank in the next higher class. Out of three

A. B.'s of 1891, outside of Harvard and Yale graduates of same class, admitted to the Graduate School of Harvard, Kenyon has one man and he will receive the degree of A. M. next June. The better such facts are known the less need will Kenyon men feel to assume an apologetic tone when speaking of their alma mater. Therefore, since conditions must be removed before graduation, why delay? The sooner that full rank has been attained by every man the better. The measure is a wise one and meets with the hearty approval of the students.

Who shall be the next President of our college? is the question which now demands the thoughtful, prayerful consideration of everyone connected with Kenyon. We need more money; what college does not? But money will do us little good unless we elect as our next President one who is a leader of men, endowed with executive ability, sound judgement and with a personal magnetism which will attract young men. Such a man coming to Gambier with his heart in his work will fulfil the highest expectations of those by whom he is elected. Every Alumnus should be interested in finding a man thus characterized and when he has found him we should hear of it. The matter needs to be discussed fully, and however necessary it be to have the new President on the field as soon as possible let no hasty choice be made. The question naturally arises would such a man accept if we should elect him. We do not see why he should refuse. An elegant residence, ample salary and a field where full play can be given to all his faculties, and where his work will "tell," together with full authority to direct the work in every department are considerations which we

believe will not be underrated nor lost sight of by any man fitted for, and feeling called to such labors. Whom shall we have?

Is it not high time that Kenyon offered the same advantages to women which for more than sixty years she has been offering to men? In saying this we do not wish to be construed for a moment as desiring to detract from the merits of the present girls' school at Gambier. In our estimation there is not a better appointed school in the country nor one in which more thorough instruction is given. Its tone is high and it cannot be recommended too heartily for what it professes to be. It might sustain the same relation to an annex which the Military Academy now sustains to the college proper. It does not pose as a college and for that reason, if for no other, we need an annex to Kenyon by which equal advantages will be offered to women as are now being offered to men by our old college. In this way we shall, in one more particular, be showing ourselves abreast of the times. We do not wish to be understood as advocating co-education. But by the annex plan all the advantages, if there be any, of co-education will be secured without incurring any of its disadvantages.

MORE residences are needed in Gambier in order that families who come here to be educated may find accommodations. At present there is not a house in Gambier to be rented. All have been taken. We need convenient, well appointed houses which will be sure to command a good return from tenants. Have we no wide-awake capitalists in Gambier who will invest in such an enterprise, or will it be necessary for the college to put up some cottages on its own property? We trust

something will be done in order that those families who intend coming here next year may not be disappointed in their desire to find accommodations in our beautiful village.

LAST term it was announced in the columns of this paper that a boarding club had been formed by the students. It gives us pleasure to say that the club has been a success during the past term, and arrangements have been made by which this term's board will be furnished at about two-thirds the price charged by private families. Last November the matter was presented to the Trustees who voted to assist and appointed a committee to report at their next meeting.* Acting President Sterling, Rev. H. D. Aves and the Rev. A. B. Putnam, of Cleveland, were selected as this committee, and it is safe to say that a successful future is assured for the Kenyon Boarding Club at Sunset Cottage. This means that Kenyon is rapidly coming to the front in the matter of furnishing a first-class education at the least possible cost.

SEVERAL plans have been suggested by which the county scholarships now offered by Kenyon may be best presented to High Schools. What appears to us to be the quickest, most effective and cheapest plan yet advanced is to secure the services of a prominent Kenyon Alumnus in every county, or group of three or four adjoining counties, who will present the matter of scholarships to each of the High Schools in the district assigned him and see that interest in the same is aroused.

Applications for the scholarship and for information concerning it have already been made by some of the best High Schools in Northern Ohio, and we cannot

afford to lose time in spreading this news which will prove a God-send to so many young men, who, except for this opportunity, would never reap the advantage gained from a thorough course at a first-class college. Let the work be pushed.

To WIN second place in a State Association and to be scored against in but one game with more than one-fourth of her collegiate department on the foot-ball team is a boast which Kenyon makes as a result of last season's work. We believe no other college in the country can say so much. Though beaten in the game for the championship of the State at Cleveland, we were not disgraced. Adelbert, the victor, has a team by which it is not a shame to be worsted. We take this opportunity to thank Bishop Leonard, one of Kenyon's best and most liberal friends, for his kind letter of sympathy received just after our defeat and for the generous check enclosed which enabled us to finish our season out of debt. Denison's forfeit which, by the way, has not yet been received, will thus prove a good beginning for next season's base-ball fund.

THE COLLEGIAN is the *official organ* of Kenyon College. All news relative to Alumni and Trustees at this period of awakened interest and renewed energy will be found in its columns. The Alumni are especially requested to subscribe, for two reasons; first, to receive a monthly inspiration from the college, and secondly, to aid in the maintainance of the college paper.

One year, \$1.00. Extra copies of this number, 15 cents, of regular numbers 10 cents. Send your subscriptions to the Business Manager.

DEMOCRACY IN COLLEGE LIFE

Man has two great properties — physical and mental. It often happens that an imbecile is a model, physically; even more frequent are the cases of scholars, who, because of bodily infirmities are unable to benefit mankind by use of their knowledge. An ignorant pugilist or wrestler is but half a man; no more so is an infirm scholar. If a student, that he may acquire knowledge, permits his health to be neglected, he enlarges and develops one-half of himself at the expense of the other half.

The American college offers manifold opportunities of developing both sides of man. The lecture room is constructed for one, the athletic field is open for the other; and while time is given to prepare for the test in class room, there is ample time to train for the contest on the field. A healthy body adds greatly to the capacity of the brain, while a quick, active brain is an absolute requisite to the successful athlete.

To make himself then a typical man, to approach the ideal, one must nurture these widely different parts in conjunction, and must take care that neither acts out of accordance with the other.

When seated side by side before the stern and judicious eye of a Professor, every man is on a par with his neighbor; the poor boy and the rich man's son, the son of the chief justice and the son of the laborer, are tried on their merits: — the merits of the son, not of the father.

The rich boy is soon taught that he must work to secure his degree, the poor boy learns that here at least his work will be appreciated. Against the same difficulties they struggle, over the same problems they labor, whether it be a tangled construction of Horace, and odd form of Aristophanes, or a knotty example of Newton, they meet it in the same way and must work equally hard to make it clear.

Four years of this equality will brush off most corners and will polish down most rough spots of every man's character. When they have become Seniors and their class positions have been established, one may hear the heir to an immense fortune say that he is glad the poor

young man, whom he ridiculed as a Freshman, has won the valedictory and that he honors him for the tenacity and perseverance he has exhibited in his struggle for financial assistance.

Let us now look at the two on the Foot Ball Field. The Freshman team is being organized. That boy, fresh from the farm, has gained a place on the line, and smiles at the boy who has been reared among the luxuries and dissipations of a fashionable life, and who, standing opposite in the "scrub" line, attempts to block him.

The city boy is one of pluck, however, and is improved by training. They are Sophomores, and he again fails to "make the team." He is discouraged, but not yet conquered, for now, when they have become upper classmen, he has won a place beside his old opponent in the Junior line. They both resolve to try for the "Varsity" next year. Day after day these two *men* (they are now) meet each other in the gymnasium, and later they are together at the "training table." Each is trying for Left Guard — the only vacant place in the line. The contest is close and the outcome doubtful. One day one of them is tried, the next day the other is substituted.

The time has now come when the captain must decide which one of them he wants, for to-morrow the game of the season will be played. The captain thinks he will try the "city boy," for he's quicker than the other. The "country boy" is made a substitute. Does he bully in his strength now? Does he declare that partiality prompted the decision? Look at him and answer. They are returning from the last day's training, and the decision has been announced: he walks manfully and proudly up to his antagonist and congratulates him.

Perhaps you may say that these examples are model ones, and that like angel's visits, they are few and far between, for democracy, like other human attributes, is comparative, and true democracy is an Utopian fancy; but there *are* such examples, and they are met with oftener in college than in the world outside.

Nor is this tendency confined to the students, but it is recognized by our college Faculties. As a proof of this, we point in the ever widening course of

electives which is offered to the "Varsity Man." He now prescribes many of his own studies and is no longer forced to pursue a rigidly constructed course that cannot meet the wants of all alike.

Many colleges too have seen the necessity of referring the question of government to the students themselves, and the project has met with decided success in every case where it has been given a fair trial. Of course, in the institutions where it has been tried, the Faculties have been compelled to suspend a few, but those are the ones who are not capable of governing themselves and are out of their element when in college.

When the privilege of self-government is given to man, he learns to pride himself on doing the honorable thing; under an arbitrary rule he does the prescribed duty because he is forced to do it; personal experience teaches every representative of the human family that he does that which is spontaneous better and with more satisfaction to himself than that which is compulsory.

It then is seen that the most democratic institution is the most successful one.

An intelligent man once cited to me such misdemeanors as statue painting and the discharging of Roman candles into circus parades, as a proof against the success of self-government among college students; these and all such demonstrations are the very strongest arguments for it. "College boys" do not perform in this way, because there is no rule against it, but to show that they do not stand in awe of such rules.

As long as rules are enacted the belligerent spirit of American youth will endeavor to set them aside, but when his ability to act with discretion is recognized and he is made his own governor, then will he show that he is worthy of the confidence placed in him.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS IN KENYON COLLEGE.

The following has recently been mailed to the superintendents and teachers of Public Schools in Ohio:

DEAR SIR—I desire to call your attention to the appended resolution passed June 26, 1890, by the Board of Trustees of Kenyon College.

You will see that it offers each year to a male pupil of a High School in each county of the State, upon easy conditions, a free scholarship in Kenyon College. This scholarship includes both room rent and tuition.

Will you be kind enough to impart this information to the teachers and pupils under your care to whom it may be of interest.

Would it not be proper also, as this may fairly be considered a matter of public concern, to ask the editors of your local papers to publish the facts herein contained.

If you have any suggestions to offer as to the best method of accomplishing the object we have in view, the enabling of bright boys, who could not otherwise afford it, to get a college education, we shall be very glad to hear from you.

It is desirable that those who wish to take advantage of this offer, should inform us of their intention as soon after May 1, 1892, as possible.

Any further information concerning the college may be obtained by addressing the President or Professor Leslie H. Ingham, Secretary of the Faculty.

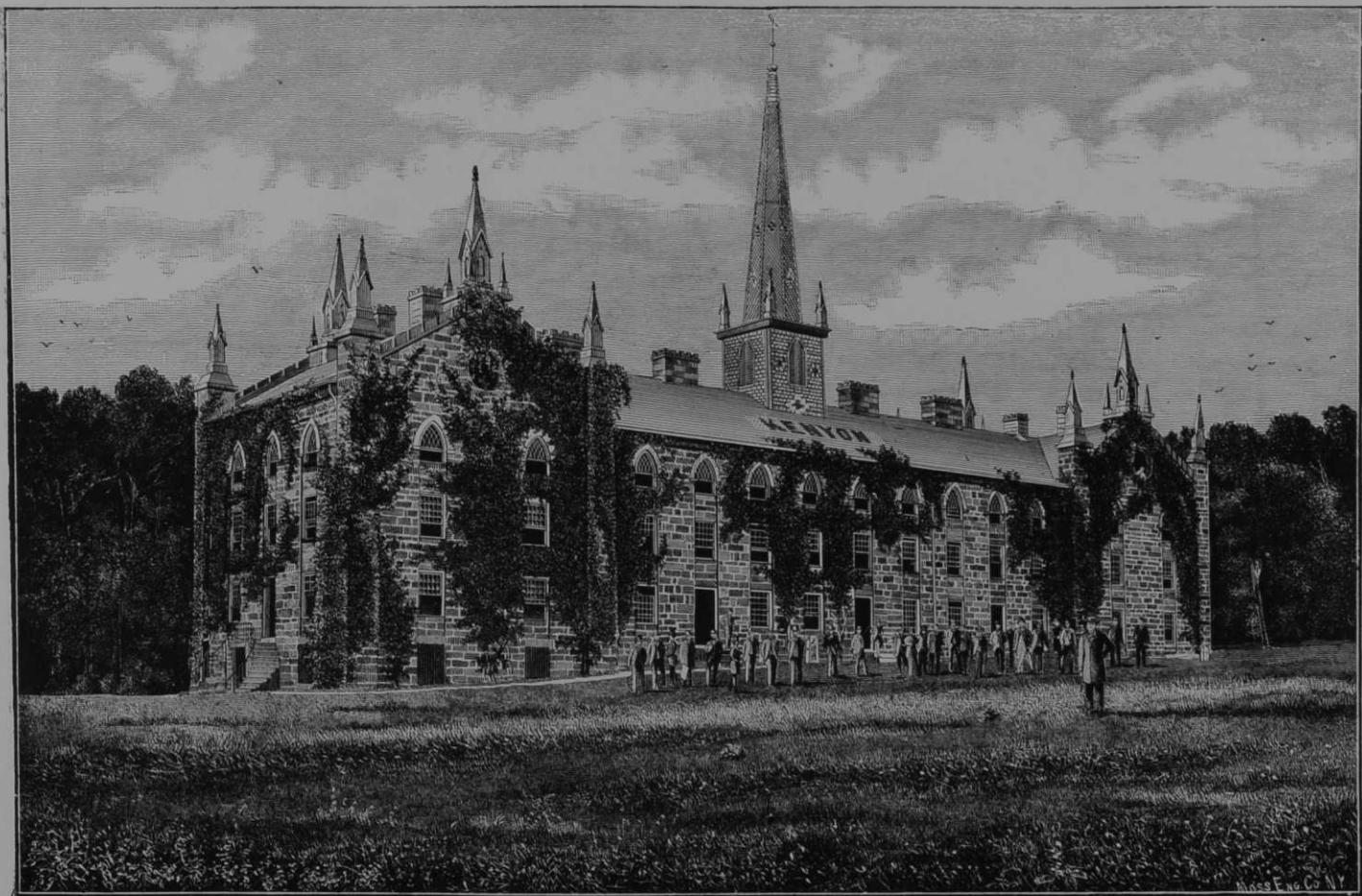
THEODORE STERLING,
President pro tem. of Kenyon College.
GAMBIER, OHIO, November 16, 1891.

Resolution passed June 26, 1890, by the Board of Trustees of Kenyon College:

Resolved. That a free scholarship in Kenyon College be offered each year to a male pupil of a High School in each county of the State. Such scholarship shall be granted upon the certificate of the Principal of the High School, which shall be based upon proficiency in studies, and upon good moral character.

Should there be applicants from more than one High School in the same county, who shall obtain the necessary certificates from their principals, the scholarship shall be given to the pupil passing the best competitive examination, held under the direction of the several principals.

The son of an African prince, who is heir apparent to the throne of an interior domain, has entered the Freshman class at Williams. He has already written a book on Africa.—*Ex.*



OLD KENYON.

LONELY ROUND THE PORTALS.

AIR—"ROSALIE, THE PRAIRIE FLOWER."

Lonely round the portals
Of the College halls,
In the fading twilight
Soft, that falls;
Lonely are the whispers of the summer breeze,
Breathing through the listening trees.
And no manly voices
Mid the jovial throng,
Stay the lingering night-wind
With their song;
For the merry singers all are gathering here,
Crowning friendship ever dear.

CHORUS—Wreath then the ivy, fadeless for aye,
Twined with the myrtle, rose and bay;
Fairy eyes are gleaming bright with
beauty's power,
Ruling now the happy hour.

Vacant are the windows
Where the blue-eyed maid,
Listened to the deep-voiced
Serenade;

While the flute-note swelling on the even'g air,
Lightly stirred her clustering hair.

And no fair hand waving
Through the leafy screen,
Gleaming in the moonlight;
Now is seen;

For the gentle listeners come in beauty's power,
Here to crown the festal hour.

CHORUS—Wreath then the ivy, etc. —YALE.

SHOUT FOR ALMA MATER, O!

AIR—"LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL."

Lift your joyful voices high
To sing of Kenyon measure,
Shout for Alma Mater, O!
Her praise the dearest pleasure.

What care we, with such a theme,
For trouble or for sorrow?
Life is but the present hour—
We know not of to-morrow.
Lift your joyful, etc.

May our only pleasure be
To fright away grim sadness,
And our chiefest study be
To win the soul to gladness.
Lift your joyful, etc.

College law is but a form,
And little to be minded;
Then, jolly comrades, circle round,
To care and study blinded,
Lift your joyful, etc.

Kenyon is our state and guide;
For aye we'll rally round her;
Pleasure is her statute-law,
The student the expounder.
—KENYON. Lift your joyful, etc.

OCTOBER'S LEAVES ARE FALLING.

AIR—"BENNY HEAVENS, O!"

October's leaves are falling, boys,
And o'er each stately tree
Brown Autumn flings her scarlet robe,
That flutters light and free;
The sunset's golden mellow light
Is blushing on each tower,
And tells of summer, past and gone
With each bright, happy hour.

CHORUS—Oh! long may Kenyon's portals
Withstand th' assault of age,
And long live all her numerous throng,
From youth to honored sage.

There is no sorrow in our path,
No cloud obscures the sky,
We need no thought for morrow's wants—
No cause have we to sigh;
The wind that whistles through our hall,
To us no chill can bring;
We watch the curling wreaths of smoke,
While joyously we sing:
—KENYON. Oh! long may Kenyon's, etc.

ALUMNI SONG.

AIR—"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Old Kenyon, Mother dear,
We come to hail thee here—
Old sons of thine;
We come with reverent feet,
Thy sacred walls to greet,
The dear, dear friends to meet,
Of Auld Lang Syne.

Dear mother, at thy knee,
Right loyal children, we
Bow as of yore;
Accept the songs we sing,
Trust the true hearts we bring;
Under thy sheltering wing
Take us once more.

Ah! while we lowly bow
Here, close beside thee now,
Hark! the old bell!
Old forms before us rise,
Old memories fill our eyes,
Fond fancy, sobbing, tries
Old tales to tell.

Yes! Yes! we know them well,
Those hours the deep-toned bell
Pealed swift away;
Yes, yes, we know them yet,
Forms we shall ne'er forget,
Faces that once we met,
Missed here to-day.

Long as our life shall last
Thoughts of the buried past
Shall dearer grow.
Far pilgrims though we be,
Our hearts shall cling to thee,
Our lives look back to see
That long ago.

With thee our wishes dwell,
 For thee our love we'll tell
 With voice and pen;
 And still our prayers we'll pray—
 God keep thee every way—
 And all thy sons shall say:
 Amen! Amen!

Take, then, the songs we sing,
 Trust the true hearts we bring—
 Trust as of yore;
 God bless and keep thee here,
 God bless thee year by year,
 God bless thee, mother dear,
 Now, evermore. —KENYON.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Lauriger Horatius
 Quam dixisti verum
 Fugit Euro citius
 Tempus edax rerum!

CHORUS — Ubi sunt O pocula,
 Dalciora melle,
 Rixae, pax, et oscula
 Rubentis puellae?

Crescit uva molliter,
 Et puella crescit,
 Sed poeta turpiter
 Sitiens canescit.
 Ubi sunt O pocula, etc.

Quid iuvat aeternitas
 Nominis; amare
 Nisi terrae filias
 Licet, et potare!
 Ubi sunt O pocula, etc.

MATHEMATICAL JORDON.

Matthew Matics was a pest, it must be confessed,
 He used to like to plague us accordin';
 Could he only make us grieve, he would laugh in
 his sleeve,
 But he's gone to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

Away with your *cards*, boys, down with your
 sleeve;
 There's no more danger of flunking, I believe.

He used to have a wife—the plague of our life—
 Her name was *Anna Lytical*, accordin';
 She used to like to bore us, and try to come it
 o'er us,

But she's gone to the other side of Jordan.

He'd a son—so they say—whose name was *Alger*
Bray,

But the last time we saw him, accordin',
 In Charon's boat he sat, with a ticket in his hat,
 Marked "Through to the other side of Jordan."

Now Charon had knowledge—for he'd been thro'
 college,

And studied Navigation, accordin';
 So he struck a PLUMB-LINE in double quick time,
 And took him to the other side of Jordan.

He'd a short-lived relation, with a big appella-
 tion—

Sir Veying was his title, accordin';
 He took a short airing, *but soon reversed his bearing*,
 And started for the other side of Jordan.

One night Matthew Matics was attacked with
 rheumatics,
 And the doctor was sent for, accordin';
 But he gave up the case, for Mat had run his race,
 And was bound for the other side of Jordan.

But he traveled very slow, for he didn't want
 to go,
 And he didn't want to leave us, accordin';
 At the very last station, he cried "Examination,"
 Then left for the other side of Jordan.

But now they have gone, let us all take a *horn*,
 And all have a good time, accordin';
 Drink peace to their ashes in good brandy
 smashes,
 For they've gone to the other side of Jordan.

—DARTMOUTH.

PARTING ODE.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

The parting hour has come at last
 That hour expected long;
 Yet, brothers, let us linger still,
 To sing one farewell song.

CHORUS.

Kenyonian day, farewell! farewell!
 We speak it with a sigh.
 To college life, with all its joys,
 We bid a sad good-by.

Like some bright dream our college days
 Have glided swiftly by;
 And o'er each scene, forever gone,
 Fond memory wakes a sigh.

But from those voices of the past—
 The sweetest ever heard—
 In sadness, now, we turn away,
 And speak the parting word.

Farewell, a fond farewell to thee!
 Our Alma Mater dear.
 So long as life itself shall last,
 Thy name we'll still revere.

Whate'er our lot in days to come,
 Full oft we'll call to mind
 Thy gentle teachings and reproofs,
 So motherly and kind.

Thy consecrated college walls
 Shall still be pictured o'er
 With visions of the olden time—
 The happy days of yore.

And when, some forty years from now,
 Our locks are turned to gray,
 We'll joy in living o'er again
 The scenes so loved to-day.

So now farewell, a fond farewell!
 O ALMA MATER dear!

As long as life itself shall last,
 Thy name we'll still revere. —KENYON.

KENYON IN THE CIVIL WAR.

It is now more than thirty years since the opening of the great civil conflict which was to cement more closely than ever the two opposing sections of our country.

Little then did people realize the nature or magnitude of the struggle, each section felt sure of success almost without opposition, and only time has shown how greatly each under-rated the power of the other.

In this conflict, whose importance and bearing, not only upon the history of this country, but of all civilized society, and in fact the whole world, careful study and unprejudiced investigation show more clearly every day, the sons of Kenyon held a place and wielded an influence doubtless realized by few, and by them very imperfectly.

In this, Kenyon is to be understood in that broader sense of the term in which from now on we are proud to say she will be known. Two hundred and eighteen is the number of her volunteers; of these, twenty-one were from Milnor Hall, and eleven from Bexley, the remainder, one hundred and eighty-six in number, were of the College proper. This is the number in the Union Army alone. It is known that there were a number of Kenyon men in the Confederate Army also, as before this time the Southern element in the College had been an important one, but data and statistics are lacking, so this side of the question must be left untouched.

These numbers are of men in the army alone, but the influence of these old Halls was not confined to the camp or march, or battle, but in the council chambers of the Nation and in the halls of Congress we find champions of the Union cause who were Kenyon men.

Henry Winter Davis, that young man who, though a Marylander and at one time a slave owner, became a champion of the negro's rights and almost the leading Union man in the State, was in Congress both before and during the war, and that prince of Parliamentary orators as he was called, labored with might and main for the cause of liberty.

David Davis also used his influence for right, but greatest of all the names of

Kenyon men either in or out of the army, is that of Lincoln's great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton.

Before proceeding with the account of the record of Kenyon men in the war it will be interesting to note how some of them looked upon the prospect of conflict, how clear or how defective was their vision, and how their conjectures agree with what really happened.

We find that Ex-President Hayes was a keen observer, his ante-bellum conjectures and fears have been preserved for us, and we shall see what he thought of the prospect. On January 4, 1861, he said, "Disunion and civil war are at hand, and yet I fear disunion and war less than compromise. We can recover from them." On January 27th, he said, "Six States have seceded. Let them go. If the Union is now dissolved it does not prove that the experiment of popular government is a failure. The experiment of uniting free States and slave-holding States in one nation is perhaps a failure. Freedom and slavery can perhaps not exist side by side under the same popular government."

On May 15 he said, "Judge Matthews and I have agreed to go into the service for the war, if possible, into the same regiment. I spoke my feelings to him, which he said were his own, that this was a just and necessary war, and that it demanded the whole power of the country: that I would prefer to go into it if I knew I was to be killed in the course of it, rather than to live through and after it without taking any part in it."

Stanley Matthews we find held much the same views as Hayes, and his after course showed that he more than felt, he acted.

We have already made reference to Henry Winter Davis, and his oratory will not soon be forgotten; young man as he was he saw the lowering clouds and knew the storm was coming; he did all possible to avert it, but seeing that useless, he bent all efforts toward the aid of the Union, and his influence was felt especially in his native State.

Stanton, by his out-spoken language and decided action as Attorney General in the latter part of Buchanan's administration, made himself felt; he also knew that war was inevitable, and his attacks

on the traitors in the cabinet show clearly enough his opinions.

We have seen this side of the question, let us now look at some of the men in the army.

John J. McCook left college at the opening of the war to offer his services to his country; he was barely 18 years old at the time, but his rise was rapid, and before the end of the war he was a colonel, though only 20: as one of his comrades said of him, 'He showed the splendid dash of an enthusiast and the iron courage of a veteran.'

He was not the only member of that celebrated family of fighting McCooks whom Kenyon sent to the war, for his brother, Chas. M. McCook, was killed in the first disheartening battle of Bull Run.

There is one man in Kenyon's roll of honor whose name has special interest for us; in life he was loved, and though sleeping, who will say his influence is not felt even now? I refer to Lorin Andrews.

The proud title of the first volunteer in Ohio is his. He heard the call of his country and his response was prompt; he offered himself, was accepted, and the sacrifice was complete when his body was interred in the cemetery behind us. His life was one of love and action; he was the president of a prospering college, but left all for his country.

His career in the army was short, but full of promise, when the reaper came; his body is gone, but his deeds live after him, and shall ever be a shining light, an example for Kenyon's sons to follow.

Lorin Andrews was the first man in Ohio to offer his services, but the first man to enlist was also a Kenyon man, J. Kilbourne Jones, who waited for hours the President's call for volunteers in the Governor's office at Columbus, and when it came, stepped forward and put down his name, the first enlisted man in the State of Ohio.

Stanley Matthews was also an early volunteer, and served with distinction, but his great work was not done here.

Ex-President Hayes entered the army as a Major in June, 1861, was made Colonel in 1862, Brigadier General in 1864, Major General for distinguished and gallant services in the campaign of 1864 in March, 1865. He gained the respect and

admiration of all by his soldierly qualities and upright character; as we have seen he went into the army because he believed the war to be a righteous one and that it was his duty; he kept that in mind and you know the result.

The greatest name in all the roll is undoubtedly that of Edwin M. Stanton, to whom, according to Piatt, more than any other man, the republic owes its life. His influence and ability have been discussed freely; no man had firmer friends or more implacable enemies, but as time shows more completely the work done, and we view the record with unprejudiced eye, we see that the power and influence of this man have never been overrated. He was indeed the backbone of the Union, and without his strengthening power to give it rigor when most needed, the Nation must probably have fallen. The story of his administration, his intense earnestness, excellent organizing ability, and scrupulous honesty, has been told many times, but never with too much praise. When Stanton took the War office, everything was in confusion; during the preceding administration the War department had been shamefully perverted, the munitions and men had largely been put on Southern soil, but so scattered that they could be easily captured; dishonesty and treason had been the order of the hour. Accordingly, when he took the office, he found himself handicapped; he had few subordinates on whom he could rely; the affairs of the office were in the utmost confusion, and the men and materials of the department captured or scattered. His energy, ability, and time were now pressed to the utmost; he worked by night as well as day, and often his light could be seen burning at midnight while he was working much harder than any clerk in his office ever did. His vigorous and honest methods soon made a change, and the affairs of his department began to emerge from the confusion and disorder into which they had been cast during the preceding administration. Now operations began in earnest, and Stanton's work increased, but his arder and ability grew apace also. Clerk after clerk left, unable to endure the strain; three private secretaries were disposed of, but still the iron man worked on. At his

first reception he showed his spirit and designs much, perhaps, to the surprise of the officers assembled. "Now, gentle men," said he, "we will, if you please, have some fighting. It is my business to furnish you the means, it is yours to use them. I leave the fighting to you, but fighting we must have."

In this short speech we see revealed the man, bold, fearless, relentless, energetic, and active. In his presence no one could be idle. Work, work was his motto, and he set an example with which few were able to vie. Fighting was done, and he furnished the means; to us, all seems to be done by the army, all the glory and honor are given to the men actively engaged, but let us not forget the power behind all this; the ability and energy which are required to furnish the means for the existence and subsistence of immense armies, to direct their main movements and keep all in order, are surely worthy of our attention. The more we reflect upon this the greater we see the work was, and the closer the subject is investigated the greater are shown to be the ability and character of Edwin M. Stanton.

He assumed the office of Secretary of War with the solemn resolve to execute its duties without fear or favor. How well he succeeded a grateful people can testify. He deserves all the praise heaped upon him; he made for himself a name the people will not soon let die, and if Kenyon had no other name in all the roll of the great rebellion she could proudly point to this one, say "See what I have produced," and be honored.

There are others whose work was important and who are of more or less interest to us, but time forbids that I should but mention a few, such as Generals Buckland, Mitchell, Griffith, Mason, Parrish, and Ludlow.

Of the Kenyon men in the army four attained the rank of Major General, three of Brigadier General, and ten of Colonel. Other officers were numerous, three were surgeons and chaplains also, for the health of the men, both bodily and spiritual.

In view of the numbers and of all the distinguished men in the roll, Kenyon has a right to be proud of her record in the War.

With honor and without boasting, she can point to her achievements and ask where is one that did better?

ROLLIN B. HUBBARD, II.

June 15th, 1891.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew under a new inspiration and leadership has been doing a good work amongst its members. The desire to raise themselves to the highest moral life has led them to desire the same for others. The genuineness of this desire is undoubted; the earnestness which characterizes their enthusiasm is very evident, and its work deserves the hearty support and co-operation of every student.

The young men of Bedell Mission and of Quarry Chapel are to become workers, and some meetings of interest and others of devotion have already been planned.

The Brotherhood has been addressed by several members in a very commendable way, but especially was it favored by Dr. Hodges Thursday evening, the 29th, with an address showing the practicable side of the work from the fact that it is a *brotherhood*, and attesting the happy naming of it as *St. Andrew's Brotherhood*.

Surely none heard this learned man without feeling the extent, the possibilities of further extension of the helpful results of its purpose — the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men.

The editors of the COLLEGIAN have kindly consented to give the Brotherhood a column, and we accept the privilege most gladly, for several reasons. First, that our work may be perhaps extended, and second, that those interested in Kenyon College may know that such a work is being carried on by *her students*. We do not purpose to use this column to satisfy personal vanity or make it a sentimentally religious column. We wish it to be, as we ourselves are trying to be, manly and christian in its character, filled, not with mere enthusiasm, but with triple extract of earnestness.

Andover has more students than any of the New England colleges except Yale, Harvard, and Wellesley.—*Evo.*

WHEN FALLS THE SNOW ON GAMBIER
HILL.

*When falls the snow on Gambier Hill,
O wonderfully still and cold!
I think, of all things cold and still
The still, cold earth doth hold,
The stillest thing is not the snow,
The coldest thing is not the snow.*

*Drift deep, O snow! on Gambier Hill,—
It is a heart I once did know,
A heart whose wine and fire could fill
A world not long ago;
But now it is an urn of snow,
A chill and silent urn of snow.*

*When falls the snow on Gambier Hill,
O passionately thick and fast!
I think, of all things volatile,
And things that will not last,
The lightest thing is not the snow,
The briefest thing is not the snow.*

*Fall fast, O snow! on Gambier Hill,—
It is a love I once did know,
Which spread white wings and brightened till
I stood alone below,
And saw only a sky of snow,
The whole sky filled with wings of snow.*

*When falls the snow on Gambier Hill,
O marvellously pure and white!
I think, of all white things that thrill
The light with kindred light,
The whitest thing is not the snow,
The purest thing is not the snow.*

*Fall white, O snow! on Gambier Hill,—
It is a soul I fain would know,
Whose one soft look on me would fill
The heaven to which I go;
So that I smile to see the snow,
I only smile to see the snow.*

—O. E. W.

KENYON ALUMNI

OF NORTHERN OHIO, HOLD THEIR FIRST AN-
NUAL BANQUET—AN UNUSUALLY
SUCCESSFUL MEETING.

As announced in our December number, the Alumni Association of Northern Ohio, held their first annual banquet at the Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio, on the evening of December 23d. It happened that Yale Alumni held a banquet at the same time and place, which added to the pleasure of both parties.

At fifteen minutes past eight o'clock a short business meeting was held in one of the parlors of the hotel, with President W. J. Scott, '48, in the Chair. The roll call was dispensed with, and after the reading of the minutes, the constitution

was read and so amended as to admit Trustees and Faculty to membership.

Two committees, consisting of three members each, were then appointed; one to nominate officers for the ensuing year, the other to draft resolutions on the death of the late Levi Buttles of the Class of '47.

The Committee on Nomination presented the name of Hon. R. B. Hayes, '42, for President; First Vice-President, Dr. W. J. Scott, '48; Second Vice-President, Dr. D. D. Benedict, '56; Secretary and Treasurer, F. H. Ginn, '90; Executive Committee: J. H. Dempsey, '82; Alonzo M. Snyder, '85; William M. Reynolds, '73; Rev. H. D. Aves, '78, and the Rev. A. B. Putnam, '69. The report of the Committee on Resolutions was read and accepted, and may be found in another column. The Secretary, Mr. C. A. Neff, reported a membership of sixty, and after the addition of a few new names, the meeting adjourned to

THE BANQUET HALL,

Where, around tables decorated with choice flowers, the members took their seats. When they were not yelling "Hika," or singing songs of jolly college days, the air was made melodious by a select orchestra. The following were present and did ample justice to the elegant refreshments: The Rt. Rev. Wm. A. Leonard, Bishop of Ohio; Acting President Theodore Sterling, Gambier, O.; Mr. Samuel Mather, Cleveland, O.; W. P. Elliott, '79, Chicago; Frank H. Ginn, '90, Cleveland; Edmund Eugene Neff, '94, Cleveland; Lewis C. Williams, '92, Monroeville, O.; James Lawrence, '71, Painesville, O.; B. F. Crofoot, '84, Cleveland; William M. Reynolds, '73, Cleveland; H. N. Hills, '77, Gambier, O.; Owen John Davies, '91, Cleveland; Dr. W. J. Scott, '48, Cleveland; Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates, '73, Cleveland; Rev. H. D. Aves, '78, Cleveland; George F. Klock, '78, Cleveland; J. H. Dempsey, '82, Cleveland; E. W. S. Neff, '62, Cleveland; Harry A. Lozier, '90, Cleveland, and Clifford A. Neff, '88, Cleveland. The menu was as follows:

Blue Points on Deep Shell.	Consomme.
Celery.	Roasted Almonds.
	Small Patties of Chicken.
	Broiled Fresh Mackerel, Drawn Butter.
	Parisien Potatoes.

Sweet Breads.	Braized Mushrooms.
Lamb Chops Breaded.	French Peas.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.	Tomato Sauce.
Maraschino Punch.	Roast Quail Stuffed.
Saratoga Chips.	Asparagus Salad.
Toasted Crackers.	Edam Cheese.
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream.	Assorted Cake.
Fruit.	Cake.

Dr. W. J. Scott, '48, presided, and performed his duties of toast master in a happy manner.

Secretary Neff read letters of regret from Ex-President Hayes, '42; Judge M. M. Granger, '50, and others. "Old Kenyon, Mother Dear," was heartily rendered, after which it was moved and unanimously carried that Kenyon send her greeting to Yale, and a waiter accordingly dispatched to the Yale banquet with the message.

Bishop Leonard responded to the first toast. He considered it a hopeful sign for Kenyon's future that the Alumni were so thoroughly aroused, and regretted that such meetings had not characterized the past. Standing shoulder to shoulder he considered a necessary thing in peace as well as in war, and said that such hearty, united effort meant more than money.

Professor Theo. Sterling then spoke of the present conditions of Kenyon; said the work now being done by the students was first-class, but urged the necessity for more courses of study and the consequent need of more money to hire additional professors. In this connection he mapped out the work which is needed to carry out his "prescription," and stated the amount of money which must be raised in order to do so. He condemned the apologetic tone which characterized some of Kenyon's Alumni (none of which class were present), and said that Kenyon needed no such apologies. After his speech, Dr. Sterling read the following:

"Old Yale sends her heartiest greetings to Kenyon to-night," which was loudly cheered. Dr. Bates, in his usually witty manner, next addressed the Alumni. Alluding to the pre-eminently good work being done at Kenyon, he emphasized the benefit of the personal development which is a result of the close contact of students with professors. He expressed himself as strongly in favor of physical culture.

Dr. Scott followed with some reminiscences of college life. Mr. William M. Reynolds then gave physical culture a hearty indorsement and emphasized the influence of the younger graduates over those of their acquaintances of the same age in the matter of inducing them to go to college.

The great benefits accruing from Alumni meetings were then discussed by Mr. W. P. Elliott, of Chicago, Secretary of the

ALUMNI ENDOWMENT COMMITTEE,

who proceeded to distribute sets of notes. Thirty-eight sets had already been signed and only twelve more were needed in order to make the foregoing good. From fifty such sets \$2,500 would be realized each year for three years. We have not learned at this writing how many were signed by those present, but the number needed must have been very nearly reached. Mr. Elliott spoke in the highest terms of what he called

DR. STERLING'S PRESCRIPTION.

Mr. H. N. Hills was called upon and responded in a hopeful spirit, speaking in the highest terms of the wisdom of Dr. Sterling's plan, and urgently advocated a traveling agent who would make personal calls upon people in the interest of Kenyon, pledging himself to contribute liberally to this project.

In response to a call for an address the Rev. H. D. Aves spoke upon the necessity of more variety in the matter of courses of study and during his remarks said, "I have a boy who is four years old. I have taught him to spell but one word and

THAT WORD IS 'KENYON.'"

The speaker closed by insisting upon the necessity of turning the feet of our young men in the direction of Kenyon college.

At this juncture the representative of THE KENYON COLLEGIAN was called upon and spoke from the standpoint of an undergraduate. During his Freshman year few students were familiar with the

KENYON YELL,

so little college spirit existed at Gambier, nor were they aware that Kenyon had a college color. Now college spirit is very

strong. "Hika, Hika," resounds in Gambier and the mauve floats from many buttonholes. He urged upon the Alumni the necessity of a medium of information; Alumni reunions were of great value but something was needed for dissemination of information, for exchange of opinions and for keeping alive the interests and enthusiasm which were the result of these banquets. Such a medium was offered in THE KENYON COLLEGIAN, and the character of the paper would depend to a great extent upon the alumni. When soliciting in person he has yet to be refused.

A SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION,

and urgently requests that the subscription list be increased. The result was several names and dollars after the close of the meeting.

Mr. George F. Klock was asked to respond to a toast but objected on the plea that he could not talk but said that he

WOULD SIGN A SET OF NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Dempsey was called upon for remarks and advocated improvements in the "Old Kenyon" building, offering to sign a second series of notes to be devoted to that purpose.

A resolution complimenting the worthy Secretary, Mr. C. A. Neff, was moved and unanimously carried, the gentleman protesting that all he had done had been out of love for the dear old college.

A motion to adjourn was carried and thus closed the first banquet of the Northern Ohio Alumni Association.

Yale adjourned about the same time and each college cheered the other, the yells of Yale and Kenyon blending in hearty college fellowship. The Kenyon meeting was conspicuous for its informal character, earnestness, sound wisdom of the speakers and the financial results which attended and supplemented the discussion. Long Live the Kenyon Alumni Association of Northern Ohio!

Affairs at Kenyon, it is claimed, are in a fair way to reach a crisis this year. We hope it is that fortunate turn of the tide which "leads on to glory." If her friends rally to the call of the COLLEGIAN, she has nothing to fear.—*Purdue Exponent*.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the Kenyon College Alumni Association of Northern Ohio on the death of Levi Buttles, '47:

WHEREAS, In the Providence of our Heavenly Father, our brother, Levi Buttles, of the Class of 1847, was, on the 10th of June, 1891, released from the cares of this world and taken to the place of those departed in the Lord.

Resolved, That we place on record our belief that few Kenyon men have been as singularly earnest, unselfish, and devoted to every good work; that in all the essentials of a noble and admirable character, he was an example to all who knew him; that our Alma Mater had in no one a more loyal son, and that the Church of our College had no more devoted member.

Resolved, That while we miss him greatly, and our hearts are full of sympathy for the members of his family, we rejoice in the calm assurance with which he was able to face inevitable death, and are glad of the opportunity to testify to the great strength of his Christian character, his brotherly kindness, his enthusiastic nature, and loving spirit.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on our minutes, published in the COLLEGIAN and *Standard of the Cross*, and that a copy be sent to the members of his family.

E. W. S. NEFF, '62.

H. N. HILLS, '77.

L. C. WILLIAMS, '92.

Committee on Resolutions.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom and mercy to take from us our esteemed brother, Dr. Erastus Burr, who was a founder of the Philomathesian Society of Kenyon College; be it

Resolved, First, That we do hereby give expression to our reverence for the lately deceased, and to our sorrow for his loss.

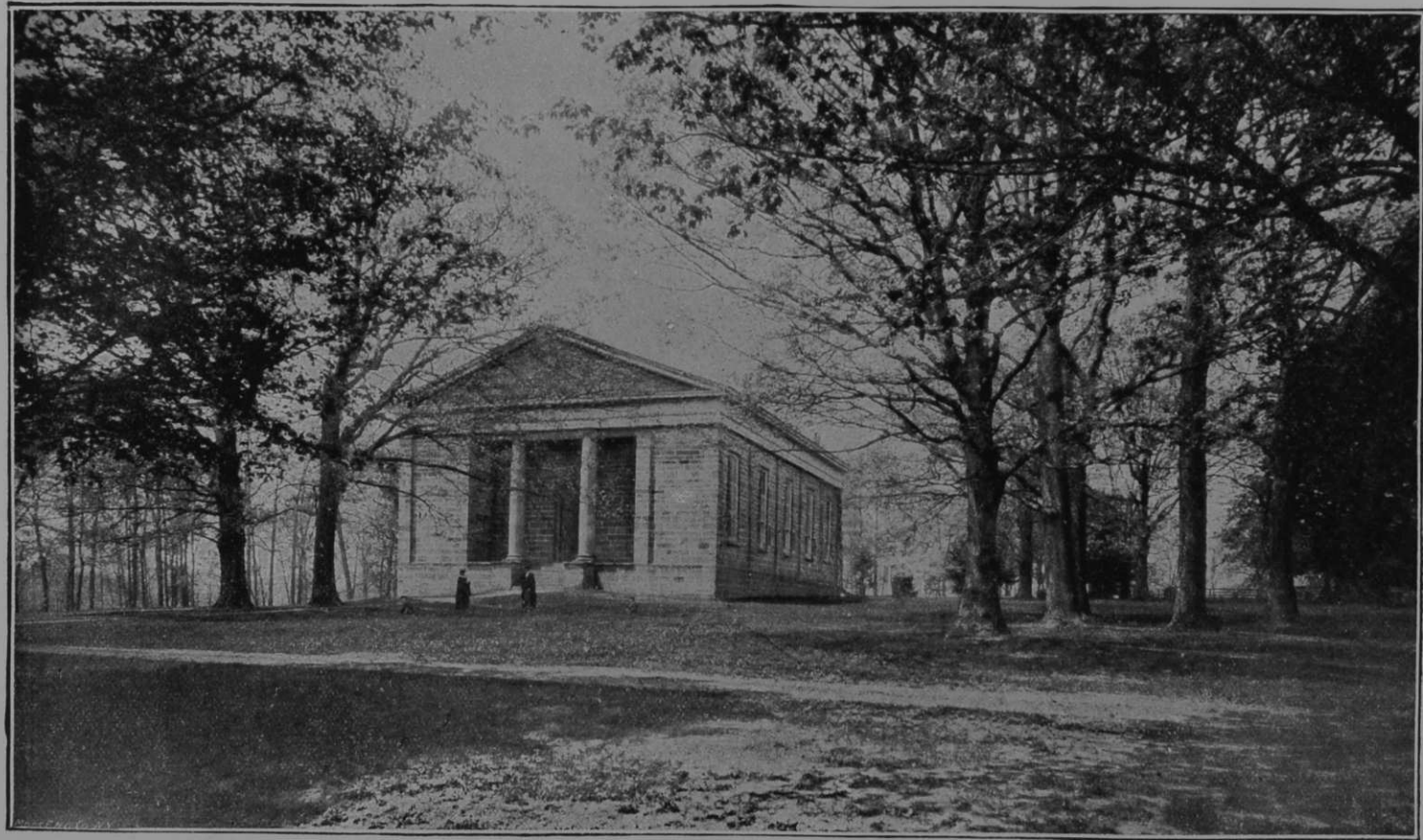
Second, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends and especially to those dearest to him during his life; and

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be preserved for publication and that a copy be sent to his relatives.

W. N. KENNEDY,

R. J. WATSON,

Committee of Philomathesian.



ROSSE HALL (GYMNASIUM).

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'38. Mr. Andrew E. Douglass resides at No. 9 East Fifty-fourth street, and not 9 East Fifth street, as announced in our December number.

'41. Mr. E. B. Hale, who died recently, was valedictorian of his class; at the time of his death he was one of the most prominent citizens and bankers of Cleveland.

'42. Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont, O., was elected President of the Kenyon College Alumni Association of Northern Ohio, at the annual meeting recently held in Cleveland. Mr. Hayes has very kindly consented to visit his Alma Mater in the near future and deliver an address on "The boys and men I knew at Kenyon." This will constitute one number of the Kenyon Lecture Course.

'47. There is a general interest being taken in the Cathedral library. It is growing into valuable proportions. We want gifts of pamphlets, sermons, portraits and engravings for its enrichment. * * * Mr. (S. N.) Sanford, the Registrar, has done a great work in his department, and our archives are in admirable shape.

— *Church Life.*

'48. Dr. J. W. Scott, one of the Nestors of the medical fraternity in Cleveland, enjoys a large practice and wide reputation. He is First Vice-President of the Northern Ohio Alumni Association.

'54. Rev. Moses Hamilton, of Bellevue, Ohio, still continues the beloved Rector of Grace Church, Clyde, O., but has severed his connection with the First National Bank of the former city.

'56. Rev. Richard L. Ganter, of Akron, O., was re-elected Historian of the Northern Ohio Alumni Association at its recent meeting in Cleveland.

'56. Dr. D. D. Benedict, who was a member of the first board of editors of the COLLEGIAN, has retired from active business life. Prominent in Church and civil affairs of Norwalk, O., he is still far from being a man of leisure.

'56. Hon. F. H. Kelly, upon his retirement from the bench, resumed the practice of law in Cleveland.

'58. Col. J. E. Jacobs is General Manager of the New York Life Insurance Company, with his office at No. 8 South street, Baltimore, Md.

'60. We acknowledge the receipt of the Report of the Assessor of the District of Columbia for the year 1891, and our thanks for the same are extended to Mathew Trimble, Esq., the Assessor.

'64. Mr. F. W. Hubby has removed to Denver, Colorado, in search of a climate more favorable to his health.

'66. The offertory of St. Bartholomew's Church on Hospital Sunday (December 27) was over \$6,000. Dr. Greer makes an encouraging report of the Swedish mission which was recently domiciled in the old Universalist Church in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. It is growing steadily and increasing in zeal and good work. It promises soon to be one of the flourishing churches of Harlem. There are nearly 300 communicants.

— *Churchman.*

'67. Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, on January 12, delivered an address in St. Mark's Church, Orange, N. J., on the occasion of a missionary conference held by the local branch of the Woman's Auxilliary.

'68. T. Pitt Cooke, Esq., is Collector of Customs at the port of Sandusky, O.

'70. Mr. W. P. Elliott, Secretary of the Alumni Endowment Committee, attended the Cleveland Alumni dinner held on the 23d ult. He reports that the number of "notes" already signed is sufficient to make \$2,500 of these good each year for three years.

'70. Rev. Wm. Lucas reports a prosperous parish at Reno, Nevada. Mr. Lucas has recently received a call to North Platte, Nebraska, but had not yet decided to accept when we last heard from him.

'71. Dr. Guy B. Case is practicing medicine at 106 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

'71. Hon. James Lawrence attended the Cleveland Alumni dinner. His address is Room 7, Blackstone Building, Cleveland, O.

'72. Mr. Leonard Blake is now traveling on the Pacific coast in the interests of the Sligo Iron Stove Company, of St. Louis, Mo.

'73. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., is practicing law at 226 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

'76. Rev. C. S. Aves, of Norwalk, O., preached the sermon at the ordination of Rev. James De. B. Kaye to the Priesthood in Alliance, O., on the 18th ult.

'78. Mr. G. F. Klock is traveling for the Murphy Varnish Company, one of the largest establishments of its kind in the country. His address is Cleveland, O.

'82. Mr. J. H. Dempsey, of the firm of Squire, Saunders & Dempsey, of Cleveland, O., spent the first week of this month in Columbus, deeply interested in the Senatorial campaign.

'84. Mr. B. F. Crofoot is the County Clerk of Lake County, Ohio, and his address is Painesville, O.

'84. Mr. J. H. Douglass will continue as the agent of the Campbell Printing Press Company, of Chicago, Ill.

'84. Clinton P. Sinks, Esq., has removed from Columbus, O. His present address is 215 Front street, San Francisco, California.

'85. Mr. C. W. Whitney is at the head of a water supply company which locates water and bores artesian wells. He has had unusual success in his line. Mr. Whitney has the reputation of being one of the strongest men in St. Louis, which will be no surprise to his Gambier friends. His address is 2923 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

'86. Arthur Stanhope Dudley, Esq., a special examiner in the Pension Office, at Washington, D. C., is completing his post graduate course in the law department of the Columbian University, that city.

'87. Rev. James H. Young, of Dennison, Ohio, recently made Gambier a short visit.

'88. Clifford A. Neff, Esq., Ex-Secretary of the Northern Ohio Alumni Association and author of *Memorabilia Kenyonensis*, is a member of the firm of Shallenberger, Neff & Uhl, Wilshire Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

'88. Mr. F. H. Briggs is President of the F. H. Briggs Coal Company, of Cleveland, O.

'88. Mr. John D. Skilton spent the Christmas vacation at his home in Monroeville, O., returning to his Theological studies, in Philadelphia, on the 31st inst.

'88. Mr. Samuel P. Johnson is in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C.

'88. Mr. H. B. Swearingen is pursuing a course of civil engineering in the Scientific department of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

'89. Mr. C. Harry Arndt, of Philadelphia, is spending the holidays with his parents. Mr. Arndt graduates from the Philadelphia Divinity school the coming spring, and will then sail for Europe to continue his studies at Oxford University.

— *Sandusky Register*.

'89. Rev. E. T. Mabley, Rector of St. Luke's Church, West Cleveland, recently married Miss Davies, of London, Eng., a sister of Rev. O. J. Davies, of the Class of '91.

'90. F. H. Ginn, Esq., formerly editor-in-chief of the KENYON COLLEGIAN, was recently elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Kenyon College Alumni Association of Northern Ohio. His address is 65 Wilshire Building, Cleveland, O.

'90. Mr. H. A. Lozier, Jr., is in business with his father, in Cleveland, manufacturing bicycles and sewing machines.

'91. W. R. Gill is connected with the Ohio and Pennsylvania Coal Co., of Cleveland, O.

ROSTER OF KENYON'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

Chicago — President, W. P. Elliott, '70, 99 Washington street, Chicago; Secretary, Frank Compton, '70, 205 La Salle street, Chicago.

New York — President, Rev. I. Newton Stanger, D. D., '67, New York; Secretary, Grove D. Curtis, '80, 56 street and East River, New York.

Philadelphia — President, Rev. William C. French, D. D., '41, Philadelphia; Secretary, Rev. James H. Young, '87, Dennison, Ohio.

Cleveland — President, Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, '42, Fremont, Ohio; Secretary, Frank Hadley Ginn, '90, Wilshire Block, Cleveland, Ohio.

REVERIES OF A SENIOR ON COLLEGE LIFE.

PART I. FRESHMEN.

"As Freshmen we to Kenyon came,
And trembled at a Tutor's name."

Come up into my room, third floor, front room, middle division. Put another stick on the fire; now light a pipe and sit down. What a glorious sight up the path way up to the Park gate! Heads out! Heads out!! New student! New student! What are those Freshies bawling about now? Yes, yonder comes Bennett's hack, and here is the new student with his paterfamilias. See, they are going into Prexi's to be examined in Anabasis, Cicero, etc. Now he comes to Old Kenyon. Yes, he is to room with Lute. Well, Lute, you electioneer him for the Nu Pi. How important he feels for the next few days, as first a Philo and then a Nu Pi button-holes him and pours into his ear truths (?) concerning Philo and Nu Pi. But after he has been initiated into one or the other, he is completely dropped, unless he joins a Fraternity.

While he is at recitation, let's take a peep into his room. Nice new furniture, for which he has paid double value; under the stove is a brand new hatchet (I had one also in my Freshman year. Query—Where is it now?) Here is an oil can, full. In his trunk is a bag with buttons, needles, etc. In fact everything is in "apple pie order." How bad he felt when he got his first prayer mark, or could not "construe as quick as possible" in the Greek recitation. But he soon gets hardened to all this, and it's not long before he finds out that a pony is not a quadruped, and that "Prexi" and "Prof." are abbreviations for President and Professor. Time passes along very uneventfully till the 22d of February. Then if he has a front window, he either lets it out to some Society, or else, after a great effort, makes a transparency, which probably is not the "likeness of anything in heaven or on earth." I remember my fruitless efforts to get eight sheets of paste board glued together. Next we see our friend on Class Day mounting a stove-pipe hat (the property of Dick), and wears a plackard on his back containing a bore on

the Seniors. Next we see him as "Miss Philomadusa," in the Burial of Homer, the night before Commencement. Friday he starts for home, and here for awhile we leave him. ALLAN NAPIER, '62.

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

DEAR COLLEGIAN—As ideas from old Kenyon students for placing Kenyon College on a "firm basis" seem to be in order, may I make a few suggestions?

When business houses advertise it is to offer the public something equally as good as their competitors are offering, but at a smaller price. It is cheap prices which attract Americans to day. But you will say, What have cheap prices to do with Kenyon College? Just this: The capabilities and possibilities of old Kenyon must be increased so as to allow the student the privilege of pursuing to the *extreme* and thoroughly all avenues of knowledge; *complete* each department; make her inducements equal if not greater than other colleges. By so doing, at your present charges for tuition, together with the small expense of living in Gambier, Kenyon stock will be put upon the market on an equal footing with stock of other colleges, *and at a cheaper price*. Then tell the world about it by advertising, and you will soon see Kenyon stock appreciate.

How are these conditions to be brought about? Well, operating a college is a business like anything else, only its stock in trade is knowledge while some other firm's is shoe leather, perhaps, and to be successful an adequate amount of capital must be within reach.

While it might be truthfully argued (by comparison with successful contemporaries of other denominations) that old Kenyon's buildings are living monuments of the disloyalty of the Episcopalians to their Church; still, few colleges, if any, thrive on loyalty alone. Kenyon must have money. * * *

And now that we have reached the biggest stumbling block in Kenyon's road to prosperity, we will leave it to be demolished by views from older and wiser heads, with a fond hope that it may be scattered to smithereens before another twelve month has elapsed.

Yours truly,

CLINTON P. SINKS, '84.

MON PETIT VOISIN.

[From the French.]

I have a little neighbor,
A red cheeked boy of five,
With curls of gold about his head
And every limb alive.

He has a darling sister,
A girl of years twice nine,
Upon whose hectic cheek there feeds
The tooth of swift decline.

I saw my little neighbor,
Just ere the summer's close,
Go up and down the garden walks
With lightly tripping toes.

He spied me at my window,
And in his gentle tone
Called me to aid him at his task,
For he was all alone.

And in his tiny fingers
Were skeins of silken thread,
Tangled and twisted in his haste;
And thus my neighbor said:

"Oh, please bend down the branches,
I am so short you know;
Fast as I touch their tiny tips
Out of my reach they go.

"If you will hold the branches
For me a little bit,
Then I can tie these threads around
Each leaf and fasten it."

"But why, my little neighbor,
Must you the leaves tie fast?"
Then came a quiver to his lip,
His eyes were downward cast.

"Because, because they 're saying
That when the leaves shall fall,
Ma soeur, ma chere, ma Clementine
Must go and leave us all.

"I want to tie the leaves on
So tight and firm that so
They cannot fall — and then, perhaps,
She will not have to go."

MEMORIA KENYONENSIS.

THE CAMPUS AND OLD KENYON.

CLIFFORD A. NEFF.

No place can be more fitly called the seat of learning than Kenyon College; situated in the most beautiful portion of Ohio, among high hills and winding streams, wide valleys and broad sweeps of azure sky, it nestles close to nature's rarest harmonies. No town surrounds it; no neighboring city blackens the horizon with its smoky industry; the whole region is nature's realm. In the

spring the water bursts its snowy chrysalis and rushes to join the torrent in the valley; the trees bud and bloom into generous foliage with a swiftness only possible where nature's forces play unhampered, where the blue bird's song is the sweetest and soonest heard. As with spring, so with the other seasons; each lavishes its choicest wealth on this happy spot. Summer is warm and languid; in the autumn the sun shines through yellow leaves and throws upon the ground a halo of yellow light, consecrating the soil to the sacred cause of learning. In its turn comes Indian Summer, a reminder of the seasons past, a gentle prophet of the days to come. Winter is cold and bracing; nature covers the earth with a thick mantle of snow; the stars shine clear through a dry and wholesome atmosphere — in a word, each season is seasonable.

On the summit of the highest hill in this region is situated Gambier, the royal village of the college song; not a hill, rather a promontory, projecting southward into the valley of the Kokosing, and extending back into a high table land on the north. The village is like many another that sleeps away its drowsy existence as a college town; a few stores to supply the wants of the community; a few people connected with the past or the present of the college. To the south of the village, and occupying the extremity of the promontory, lies the campus, a tract half a mile in length and a third in width, finding its western limit the waters of the Kokosing. Bayard Taylor pronounced this campus the loveliest spot in the world, and it well deserves the praise. Filled with oaks, whose strength seems the strength of centuries, maples of heroic size, elms and other varieties of trees, with shrubbery gracefully disposed to break the ruggedness of the trees, affording varied and beautiful views, on one side, of a wide valley terminated by distant and irregular hills, and dotted here and there with peaceful farms, on the other, of the river winding its way almost to the horizon between high and wooded declivities. Within the campus on either side of the Middle Path, which continues to Bexley Hall at the northern extremity of the village, are scattered the college

buildings: Old Kenyon, Ascension Chapel, Hubbard, and Rosse, some vine-covered, all of stone and of massive architecture; here too are clustered four or five cottages for professors, half concealed by vines and shrubbery.

Entering the campus, one would at first, but for the Chapel, fancy himself in a carefully kept park, an impression to which the close turf adds its confirmation; the other buildings are concealed by the foliage; as you advance, the remaining structures are disclosed, Hubbard and Ascension on the left, Rosse on the right, and finally directly across the path and ending it at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the college gates stands Old Kenyon; the lawn in front of it is unbroken by tree or shrub for a hundred yards, though its ends are flanked by mighty oaks and maples which skirt the lawn and join their companions on the campus. The architecture and uses of this building make it venerable to all Kenyon men; it is the home of the students; here college life makes its choicest recollections; here those lighter hours, when books are laid aside and the task of the day is done, bring out the happiest features of youth, its Free Masonry and democracy, its inherent elevation and generosity, its regard, not for what a man has, but for what he is; here is received that higher education that comes not from books but with contact with fellow men. These associations alone would make the old building dear were not this effect heightened by the architecture. It is a massive pile, three stories in height, and two hundred feet long, built of a brown stone peculiar to the region; the whole is covered with climbing ivy, in many places even concealing the material of the building; the walls are nearly four feet in thickness, flush with the other surface of which the windows are placed, and the remaining space with perhaps a foot or two built into the rooms, is softly upholstered and made into wide window seats. What couches, what rest! Worn out on the tennis court or ball field, you throw yourself down on your window seat with a faithful pipe for a companion and dream, while the breeze sings a lullaby through the vines that twine about your window.

In its architectures, Old Kenyon is sim-

ple, severe, and massive, consisting of a central building and transverse wings whose gables face the campus. The building is three stories in height, though originally the present cellars, or dungeons, as they are more fitly called, were used as offices, recitation rooms, and a refectory. These disused rooms, to which the light of day now seldom penetrates, are filled with fuel for the student's use, and form convenient hatching grounds for conspiracies, meeting rooms for occult and mighty societies, or perhaps are dignified into court rooms for the trial of some luckless freshman who has infringed some unwritten law of the college, or, as is more often the case, is the butt of the college jokes and hazing. Unused rooms are found also in the bulls' eyes, rooms in the gables of the wings, directly under the pinnacles and minarets which decorate the roof. Here King Gambrinus holds high carnival, when, after the ball game or other class or college contest, the victor and the vanquished meet to join their joys and sorrows in the genial warmth of the flowing bowl.

The central portion of Old Kenyon contains the divisions, middle, east, and west, the entrances to which look directly upon the campus; the wings are known as the east and west and open upon the trees that flank the ends of the building.

Directly above the door of the middle division, and, therefore, at the central point of the entire structure, rises the tower, a spire, rather slender, of slate and iron. Here sits the college bell in solitary grandeur, sending out its notes of command or warning, or perhaps of riot and revel, for no college prank is complete without the tolling of the bell.

Such are the campus and Old Kenyon—the play-ground and the home of the students of Kenyon College in their physical features. With these pen can deal, but how small a part of the whole do they comprise, the balance of which no words can describe: The love and the reverence centering in Old Kenyon; the names cut deep in the walls or steps, or even on the chimney tops; the stories told of the fellow who lived in that room, or of the set which held the fort here or there; that this tree was planted by '49, that by another class; this vine was transplanted

from Melrose; that oak devoted to class-day exercises. All these and the thousand other traditions, tales and gentle influences that surround the student, the pen cannot describe. They must be known to be appreciated. Acquaintance only brings them out, and when once you have come to know them, you learn to love them. You feel but cannot describe them. They speak in whispers too faint and gentle to bear repetition.

THE NEWS.

Zip! Walkee two mile.

The three weeks of coasting and sleighing has completely demoralized most of us, also a few Harcourt girls, ditto bobs.

The second entertainment in the lecture course will be an address by ex-President Hayes, March 16.

The Seniors are now engaged in looking up caps and gowns for the Junior Promenade, and according to the time honored custom of Kenyon will wear them all next term.

Sunset college has been recently fitted up, and is now in excellent condition much to the pleasure and convenience of the club. The services of Mrs. Bristow have been procured, and the members are more than satisfied under her management.

Next year Harcourt will be improved by a new building immediately south of and connected with Lewis Hall. The tuition will be raised to six hundred dollars a year. The elegant new building will be delightfully furnished, lighted by gas, and heated by steam. All efforts will be made to provide west of the Alleghenies a school for girls fully equal to the best schools of the East.

A sleigh load of cadets drove in to Mt. Vernon not long ago to attend a concert, but concluded to drive around the streets instead. After committing the heinous offense of blowing a horn or two and laughing and singing, a brave and courageous officer, at the risk of his life, arrested them and landed the whole crowd, master and all, behind the bars. The amount of good done by the spirited (we don't mean

intoxicated) and valiant policeman cannot be overestimated. It is thought by some that the rioters in their excesses might even have gone so far as to talk aloud on the street. If the gentleman will come to Gambier he will receive a hearty welcome. All the cadets are waiting to reward him for his kindness to humanity.

The first leap-year party of this locality was given by several Gambier young ladies and some of the Harcourt faculty on the evening of January 6th. Two sleigh loads drove to Howard, where the evening was spent in the dancing hall of the Howard House, and the crowd reached home at an early hour. All report a most enjoyable time.

The lecture course will be opened February 24th with a recital by Mr. Townsend Russell. Other entertainments will follow consisting of lectures, a concert, and a minstrel show will close the course. People should generously patronize this excellent feature of Gambier life. The lecture course committee appointed by President Sterling is Williams, '92; Watson, '93; Doolittle, '94; Bell, '95; Williams, F., '94.

The first meeting of Philo was very encouraging from the interest and spirit shown in the program, which was as follows: Essay, "University Extension," Armstrong; extempore, "Home Rule," Thornberry; debate, "Resolved that in counting a quorum in any legislative body, all members present should be counted, whether they answer to their names or not," affirmative, Williams, B., and Watson; negative, Buttolph, H. Won by negative.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs were organized the first of the term as follows:

Glee Club—Williams, '92; Clark, (Bexley); McKim, '94; Cochrane, '93; Morrison, '92; Preston, (Bexley); C. T. Walkley, '92; Williams, '94; Williams, '93; Beer, '96; Thornberry, '96.

Banjo Club—Manager, Cummins, '94; Leader, Kennedy, '92; Carpenter, '92; Morrison, '92; Sanford, '95; Follett, '96; Sanford, '94; Cochrane, '93.

The members of the orchestra are Carpenter, '92, bass, Manager; Williams, '92, first violin, Leader; F. Williams, '94, W.

Howorth, C. Alden, '97, second violins; Sanford, '95, H. Buttolph, '92, flutes; G. Buttolph, '92, clarinet; B. Wright, '96, R. Tingle, '97, cornets; Alden, '95, cello.

The following new books have been received at the library:

History — England and the English, W. Connor Sydney; Canada and the Canadian Question, Goldwin Smith; Graphic History of British Empire, W. F. Collier; America Not Discovered by Columbus, Rasmus Anderson; Christopher Columbus, Justin Winsor; Story of Portugal, H. Morse Stephens; Talleyrand Memoirs, Volume IV., History of the People of the United States, Volume III., J. B. McMaster.

Biography — Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, Mrs. Alex Ireland; Life and Letters of Robert Browning, Mrs. Sutherland, O. W.; Lewis Cass.

Fiction — King of Tyre, James M. Ludlow; Juggernaut, G. Cary Eggleston; Khaled, F. Marion Crawford; Web of Gold, Katherine Pearson Woods; Sylvir and Bruno, Lewis Carroll; Columbia, John R. Musick; Ryle's Open Gate, Susan T. Moore; All Sorts and Conditions of Men, Walter Besant.

Miscellaneous — Memoirs and Portraits, Robert L. Stevenson; Studies in Literature, J. Morley; English Lands, Letters and Kings, Donald G. Mitchell; Points of View, Agnes Repplier; Historical Essays, Henry Adams; Classical Dictionary, Oscar Seyffert; Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, Hoyt and Ward; Thoughts on Art, Giovanni Dupre; Who Wrote the Bible, Washington Gladden; English Composition, Barrett Wendell; American Football, Walter Camp.

HARCOURT NOTES.

CLASS OF '89.

Mary Badger is at present the acceptable governess in the family of Mrs. Dandridge, in Leetown, W. Va., and spent the vacation with parents in Portsmouth.

Miriam Dimond is attending college at Bethany, W. Va.

Margaret C. Doolittle is Assistant Principal in the High School at Friendship, New York.

Helen M. Hall is teaching at Rockford, Illinois.

Clarissa W. Benson is teaching in the Cathedral School of St. Mary, at Garden City, Long Island.

Mary T. Williams is teaching music at her home, in Monroeville.

CLASS OF '90.

Minnie Snyder is at present enjoying a rest from work at her home in Gilman, Ill. During the past year she was Principal of the High School in Gilman.

Gertrude E. Williams, who has been teaching since graduating, is spending the winter at her home in Monroeville.

Louise Boswell is pursuing a four years' course at Wellesley, in the class of '94.

Clara Kruse, of Black Hawk, Col., and Levenia Smith, of Portsmouth, are also students at Wellesley.

CLASS OF '91.

Alice R. Guy is taking a year's vacation from studies.

Margaret Bodine is spending the winter in Trenton, N. J.

May S. Young entered the Freshman Class at Wellesley.

May King and Mary McCracken are at present at their homes, but expect to attend college next year.

Mary Wing, who has been taking a course in gymnastics at Oberlin, has returned, and has taken charge of the gymnastic class at Harcourt.

Anne C. Wilder is in Lawrence, Kan., attending the university.

Harcourt again resounds with the merry voices of the girls, and studies are once more resumed.

Frances E. Cochrane, who has been absent for the last term, has returned, and was warmly welcomed by her former school mates.

Miriam Wilson, of Chicago, will be unable to return this year on account of illness.

Belle Warner, of Orleans, N. J., is a new student at Harcourt.

Edna McCammon has been delayed in returning on account of illness.

Miss Ayer, and her sister Ethel, spent a portion of their vacation as guests of Mrs. Squire, at Cleveland.

Harriet Chamberlain spent the vacation at Monroeville, the guest of Harriet Williams.

Zoe Leland spent her vacation at Oberlin.

We regret that Florence Hale will probably be unable to return, at present, to Harcourt.

The Regents are planning to erect a large new brick building at the School this spring. It will be placed twenty feet south of Lewis Hall, and will be connected with the latter on the parlor and bedroom floors. It will more than double the capacity of Harcourt Place. Mr. Monsarrat, President of the C., A. & C. Railroad, has contributed a thousand dollars toward the building.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to a lack of space, the column of exchange notes was crowded out of the December COLLEGIAN. This time we are allowed more room, and we shall try to make up for our absence.

The Otterbein *Aegis* comes out with a full page illustration of the foot-ball team of its college. Being personally acquainted with two of the men, we know the picture to be a good one. The Bates *Student* also presents a group of its editors.

The corner-stone of Kenyon College was laid in 1827. The fiftieth year of her existence was marked by the elevation of one of her sons to the Presidency of the United States—Rutherford B. Hayes. One of her trustees, Chief Justice Waite, held the highest judicial office in the government. Such names as those of David Davis, Stanton, the illustrious War Secretary, Henry Winter Davis, and Stanley Matthews, will always keep the memory of Kenyon green.—*Purdue Exponent*.

We hardly recognize some of our contemporaries in their holiday dress. Our table is covered with papers in colors and gold.

A new exchange comes to our table from far England, bearing a record of the Christian work among the Jews. It contains an extract from an address delivered by our old friend, Mr. Mark Levy, who studied theology at Kenyon but a few years ago. The editor's comment upon the address is indeed complimentary and encouraging to the lecturer. We wish him all success in his work.

In a German university a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him half price to the theaters, and takes him free to art galleries.—*Ex.*

We acknowledge as new exchanges the *Standard of the Cross and Church*, edited by two old Kenyon men, the Rev. Dr. Wm. C. French, '41, and his son, Rev. Willison B. French, '73, and *Church Life*, our diocesan church paper. Every churchman should subscribe for one or both of them.

A freshman mandolin club is being organized at Harvard.—*Ex.*

Princeton seniors will wear cap and gown throughout the year.—*U. of M. Daily*.

Three greatest things in college at present: cap and gown, university extension and foot-ball.—*Ex.*

The *U. of M. Daily* calls upon the editors of the Michigan State Press Association, recently in convention at Ann Arbor, for assistance in building and equipping a gymnasium at the U. of M. by urging the people of the State to make donations. We hope that the appeal of the *Daily* will be answered, as it is a shame that the University of Michigan, one of the first of our institutions of learning, should be so long without a gymnasium.

By the will of the late Dr. Buckminster Brown, which has been probated during the last day or two, Harvard University gets two bequests. To the medical school the testator has given \$40,000 for the purpose of founding a professorship in orthopedic surgery, and to the college library



V I E W O F K O K O S I N G (A T F O O T O F G A M B I E R H I L L) .

he has given his medical books. Dr. Brown was a graduate of the medical school, being a member of the class of 1844.—*Ex.*

Dr. W. Clarke Robinson delivered the first lecture of his course on English Literature last evening to an audience of nearly 400, notwithstanding the driving rain, which prevailed all evening. His subject was "Burns," and was treated in such a manner as to hold his audience spell-bound for about an hour and a half.

The doctor is extremely happy in handling his subject, felicitous in expression, ready and forcible in illustration, and gifted in those gentle and delicate touches of feeling and wit that never fail to charm an audience.

He gave a brief history of the times of his poet, and wove into a delightful biographical sketch of the man and the poet, bright snatches of his poems and epigrammatic expressions of sentiment and philosophy. He delighted the audience by reciting in an inimitable manner some of Burns' most beautiful and forcible poems, closing with the "Ride of Tam O'Shanter." After the lecture the audience remained for the quiz, with which they were equally well pleased.

The friends of the movement in the city should certainly feel gratified at the success of the initial lecture.

Dr. Robinson's audience was one of the most select that has ever attended a lecture in this city, and included Governor Pattison and a large number of the most prominent people of this city and Steelton.—*Morning Call* (Harrisburg, Pa)

Dr. Robinson was professor of English at Kenyon for the last two years.

The *Stentor* complains that the students of Lake Forest are not "political" enough. It says that they are studying the government and laws of the ancients, but that not one in twenty can explain the tariff or can say a word for or against free silver. The *Stentor* suggests a short lecture, now and then, from some professor on the science of government.

The exchange editors of most of our exchanges should be more careful of what they clip. Day after day the same old threadbare articles occur till we are tired

of seeing them. Who does not know by this time that "last year Harvard's class orator was a negro, this year a Japanese?" Who does not know the whole history of the *Palo Alto*? These "old friends" should be given a slight rest.

The *Adelbert* compliments us upon the poems written for the COLLEGIAN by "O. E. W." (Orville E. Watson), of Kenyon. These are favorably compared with the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

The best exchange coming to us from a preparatory school is the *Shattuck Cadet*.

Lehigh University will commence, after January, 1892, to charge tuition to students. Tuition there has been free, and the number of students has been limited by the high requirements for admission.—*Ex.*

The University of Pennsylvania has opened a course in Architecture this fall. This is the first college in America to give instruction in that line.—*Ex.*

The author of an article in the *Oberlin Review*, "Reminiscences on Jamaica," would have conferred a favor on the *Review* readers had he remained in that tropical isle. "Would I were a poet . . ." says he. No, thanks! The writing is bad enough as it is.

PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE BETA CHAPTER OF OHIO AT KENYON COLLEGE, JUNE 24, 1891, BY REV. WALTER MITCHELL, PHI BETA KAPPA.

MR. PRESIDENT, BROTHERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—You doubtless know the story of Lucius Mummius, when after the fall of Corinth he sent to Rome the spoils of Grecian art. We are told that he impressed upon the soldiers in charge of this business that if any paintings or statues arrived other than in good condition, he should require the careless legionaries to repair the damages with their own hands.

My excuse for introducing this venerable anecdote is that it may illustrate the circumstances under which I appear before you. Last year a committee of the Kenyon Chapter was appointed to procure a suitable orator and possibly a poet for the annual Commencement meeting of

the Phi Beta Kappa. The committee, as committees will, failed of their duty. The more than Roman sternness of justice has fallen upon them and ordered them to produce the expected address, even if they had to furnish it themselves.

The judgment of the commander-in-chief has probably selected the least competent of the erring committee in order that the enormity of their lapse of duty might appear in its due proportion.

If, then, instead of the Medicean Venus or the Belviderean Apollo you have to put up with the rough and hasty imitation in ephemeral clay, or if for the marble of Pentelicus you must accept the sand stone of Gambier, you will kindly lay the blame upon the exacting general and receive the result with that philosophy which, as true children of Phi Beta Kappa, you adopted as the guide of your life.

It has occurred to me that the least imperfect way in which I could meet the inexorable fiat would be to say a word upon the character and history of the society of which I am to-day made the reluctant representative, and to draw from that history such moral as I may.

It was first established at the venerable college of William and Mary, in Virginia, and was then designed to be a society for the culture of that philosophy which in the old world had become the undermining agent for overturning ancient thrones, for crushing abuses and for bringing in a swift millennium. The order soon established branches in the other colleges of the land, but found it easier to extend the alphabet of its affiliations than to make those letters spell out the magic word which was to conjure up the earthly paradise.

It soon fell back upon the enduring ground of study of the past, in place of the quick-sand of speculations upon the future. It became—probably none can tell us when and how—an order for the reward of scholarship, a literary legion of honor in which were to be annually enrolled those whom diligence and ability placed in the foremost ranks of their college classes.

It is often argued that the successes of after life are by no means foreshadowed by the triumphs of the college career. Great pains have been taken to point to

the valedictorians who on the commencement stage have bidden a long farewell to the plaudits of men, to reckon up the "wooden spoons" who have found the subsequent alchemy by which to transmute themselves into silver ladles of massive bullion and abounding depth.

Far be it from us, brothers, to dispute these exceptions, which, we hold, are the surest proof of our general rule. Far be it from us to refuse all honor to the steadfast courage and gallant daring of those who, like the hero of our northern lake, have put off from the shattered decks of their crippled ships to hoist their flag anew upon the next in the line, and to lead their squadron back to meet the enemy and make them theirs. Life would not be life if no such reversals of its premature verdicts were permissible. The criterion of every race is the finish, not the start. But, nevertheless, the general principle holds good that in the training of college life the work which most comes up to the college standard is the work which in after years is likeliest to obtain the meed of praise. And I especially insist that the opportunity of the exceptional triumph for the possessor of the more slowly ripening abilities is mainly made possible by the normal success of those who march first along the beaten track. That which genius rests upon is after all the results of banded scholarship. The foremost place, to be worth the winning, must be in the front of the far advanced. A walk-over may win stakes, but does not break the record. One can "drink delight of battle" only "with one's peers."

We hear it also constantly affirmed that the chief favorites of the Nation, the men it delights to honor, are not to be looked for among college graduates. I will not argue this point, though I shrewdly suspect that it will not stand the test of careful statistics; but, granting it to be far more true than I think it is, I contend that it is but an added reason for upholding that special exceptional education which it is the business of the college to give. I believe it also a reason for keeping up the broad principle of college distinction founded upon eminence of scholarship. In a land like ours, where the popular voice takes precedence of all authority, it is doubly needful that it be controlled by some

power apart from the changing tastes and caprices of the multitude. We admit the dictum that the wisdom of everybody is greater than the wisdom of anybody; and, therefore, we claim that the especial culture of the few is more needed to uplift and inspire the general culture of the many. In the tribunal of the republic of letters it is agreed that the jury shall be judges both of law and fact; so much the more then is there need of the gravity and learning of the bench to point the way to a calm and correct decision.

I stand up for the class of the liberally educated, for the order of men of letters, because I maintain that from them have come, and will continue in great measure to come, the chosen ones who will do the best service to their age and country. I contend also, that even were this not so, they will assuredly make the broad and firm foundation on which can be reared the best achievements. There is need of a class for whom it shall be worth while for the best men to do their best work in their best manner. These are they who keep the standard high, who teach the true principles by which majorities determine. They may be at times mistaken in their special decisions, because of the conventional narrowness all but inseparable from severity of training, but they are the source of the wisest instincts of the crowd. The schools of artists in one epoch may fail to see the work of a new rival, but were there no schools of artists, there would be no right approval by anybody. Let me take an illustration from my own profession. There may be equal instances of true piety and right faith to be found among the laity as anywhere in the ranks of the clergy. But suppose the whole body of ministers suppressed and the calling abolished, what, in even one generation, would become of religion and morality?

Perhaps this may seem to some, but a low view of the scholar's life. But I am defending it against the attacks of a material-minded and utilitarian age, from those who refer all things to a money-making standard and who are wont to look only to a direct result in marketable commodities. Tell such an one that a book has gone through so many editions, so many thousand copies been sold, and that

it has brought its writer so many hundreds of dollars, and he makes shift to see that authorship has its value. But he takes no account of the conditions which enabled the author to write his book, nor yet of those which helped it to find its place in the hearts of myriads of readers. Let me take an instance — Lord Macaulay's History of England — a work whose sale was almost unprecedented. To that success went countless elements in the reading world. There was the power to appreciate the charm of style, the gift of catching the thickly strewn allusions and the brilliant metaphors; there was the mental vigor which kept touch with the reasoning, the knowledge wide, if superficial, of the events and the characters depicted. Translated into Chinese or Hindustani, it would have fallen dead on a people untrained in any way to enter into the moral, the political, the literary atmosphere of the writer. But to the English speaking public it came, having behind it eight hundred years of memories, experiences and culture, in religion, in letters and in art. It spoke to a thousand vibrant chords of being. For it universities had studied, parliaments debated, armies fought, not merely to make the material of the brilliant fabric, but to develop the state of mind which could find therein instruction and delight, could read with tempered approval and wise reserve, detect the sophism and retain the truth. To the careless view the mind of the reading public may appear as the colorless solution of some chemic substance appears to the uneducated. But pour into that but a few drops of a combining liquid and the hue of the whole becomes changed at once, revealing the unsuspected elements. You may try the same experiment upon the pure water and no such result will follow.

Now what is the worth of a cultured class to a community? It is the medium by which this appreciative knowledge, this permeating influence is diffused. It is like the merchantile factor in political economy. It may not produce, but it imparts. It creates, as well as satisfies, the intellectual demand. Above all, as with the higher agents in trade, it uses its own developed skill and trained faculties to secure that only the best shall pass through its hands. In this it obeys the

laws of an ever improving civilization. Once, all which could be put in print was flung on the market. So, when the traders of the Seventeenth Century sought the newly discovered lands of the West, the gold-producing shores of Africa, or the islands of the Pacific, they took to the simple native whatever could catch the eye. They did not shun to barter glass beads and tinsel trinkets, the coarsest fabrics of the loom, and the cheapest wares of the pedler's pack for the gold of Peru, the sandal wood of Hawaii, and the sables of Alaska. The merchant of to-day, who seeks a market among his civilized compeers, expects to find it only as he can offer commodities, which distance all rivalry. He educates his customers on the one hand, while on the other, he stimulates the inventor and the manufacturer. So it is with the middle men of the intellectual world, the cultured class, which no community can spare. It is the habit of the men of action to despise, at least to undervalue, these. Because their work is unseen, they are called ideologues, dreamers, dilliantanti, book worms! But their work is a power whose failure is felt at once. To ignore them is like deriding the steam in the engine's cylinder as a flimsy and nerveless vapor, and contending that the power of the machine rests solely in its piston rods and walking beam.

I have thus far spoken of the relation of this brotherhood of culture to the community. I wish to speak now of its internal duties to itself. I wish to plead for the true aims of literary attainment and to say somewhat in behalf of that training to which, in spite of discouragement and protest, our colleges still cling. There is a strong disposition to insist upon the development of the exclusively mechanical sciences, in brief, upon the study of the practical and ephemeral, in place of the ideal and permanent. I make this broad division between the kinds of learning which supercede and drive out those which go before, and the kinds which conserve and build up that which has preceded. I put in the one class that order of knowledge which of necessity blots out the foot-prints in which it treads. No matter how highly one reverences the task of scientific study, one cannot overlook

the iconoclastic fate which rules its action. It makes obsolete the work of its predecessors. It reminds one, in its pitiless progress, of that age in Mediaeval Rome, when the temples and amphitheatres of the Empire were torn down to build the palaces of nobles and cardinals, and when the statues of Gods and heroes were hammered in pieces on the pavement of the forum to be calcined into lime for the cement of the later erections. The discovery of a new motor, the application of a new force, will revolutionize existing methods, condemn to oblivion the knowledge of the past. The steamship of steel sweeps from the seas the frigate of British oak. The electric wire has quenched forever the beacon fires which told the fall of Ilium to the Argive queen, which warned the inland homes of England of the Armada's coming. The day may not be so very distant when the curious antiquary may alight from his air borne car to disinter from some crumbling round-house the fragments of the useless locomotive, or to wonder at the tarnished finery of a Pullman sleeper.

I do not speak as undervaluing the work of the scientist, or bating one jot of the honor due to its sublime energy and daring; but it is clear that it can have no past, that it barely dwells in the existent present, that it leaves only vanishing foot-prints on the margin of the ebbing and flowing surges of the sea of time. Opposed to this there stands that other sort of knowledge which is rooted in the history, the experiences, the ever growing life of man. In this no fragment is wasted, because all are parts of the progress of the race. We have forgotten the experiments of Bacon the philosopher, but we read the pages of Bacon the essayist with the same delight as did Cecil and Sidney, since they are rooted in the eternal verities of human thought. The youngest scholar may find them profitable; the oldest can hardly deem their wisdom outworn. There is a temper of modern culture which asks of the classics, "what are their use?" which calls the Greek and the Latin "tongues of the dead;" which avers that all which is worthy in them can be had in translations, or can be found distilled into the alembic of modern thought.

I have small patience with the ingrati-

tude which prompts this criticism. I have smaller patience still with the unwisdom which fails to perceive that only in the living contact of mind with mind, that which no version can wholly give, there is the chiefest boon of classic study. But aside from that I am sorry indeed for the mental constitution which is unable to feel the worth of the culture coming through the study of language, and especially through the study of the two great sources of the Aryan tongues of to-day, the unrivaled speech of Hellas, the stately diction of Italy. He knows not his own tongue who knows not these, who has never gauged the powers or fathomed the resources of his mother-speech by using it to open to him the treasures of ancient literature. I can truly say there is no intellectual effort more fruitful in its results, more delightful in its exercise, than that which we make as we strive to find the proper parallel of Homeric or Horatian phrase in our own rich and masterful English speech. I do not mean that slovenly classicality, once in vogue in the jargon of the school room, which strove to reproduce in sesquipedalian words and Ciceronian terminology a barbarous travesty of the Attic or the Roman text. I mean the true art of the true translator, loyal to his own native voices, who rests not till he has rendered in his own forceful idioms the deathless thoughts of old. I mean that art by which the tongue of Chaucer and Chapman, of Marlowe and Shakespeare, is made to fitly interpret the music of the Homeric song, the wit of Aristophanes, and the fire of Aeschylus. Would you ask where to find example of such rendering? I bid you turn to your English Bible and your English Book of Common Prayer.

But not for the study of language only do I hold our colleges to be required, but also for that whole range of related studies of which the languages make but the wide entrance-hall, hung round with the trophies of old and the arms of by-gone battle. That hall of audience opens to many an inner chamber, gay with arras and stately with the ivory seats of kings. It leads us to the hall of History, where noblest forms and features living on their canvases are relieved against the gorgeous webs of gold and crimson tapestry. It

opens into the chamber of legal science, severe and stern in its furniture, but lighted from above by the shining oriels, whose pictured frames are blazoned with the cognizances and dominant with the broad brows of rulers and sages.

It opens into the courts of art with their vast arcades and cloisters manifold, in whose central spaces the silvery columns of perennial fountains rise and fall. It brings us to the threshold of the treasure room of literature heaped high with caskets of gleaming gems, set round with rich variety of priceless shrines, piled up with ingots of virgin ore, and radiant with the vessels brought from the banquet tables of princes.

Last, and not the least, there may unfold for us the sculptured leaves of the portal of the chapel consecrated to theological study—the chapel lit with the seven lamps of service, fragrant with the incense of perpetual worship, vocal with the unending liturgy, the antiphonal chant of the ages.

It is sometimes said, and true it is no doubt, that in the results of college study one may fail to find a present money value to repay the student. The earthly appetite feels, as we are told, its cravings and demands its due in vain, even as in that garden of Aladdin, whose trees were bowed with fruitage of pearls and diamonds, of rubies and emeralds, which mocked the parching lip and fainting pulse. It is claimed that this continent has been opened for the work of a new era, for the perfecting of industrial conditions, the alleviation of earthly ills; to become the second Canaan, wherein the nations shall eat bread without scarceness.

I grant that there is truth in this, but unless I greatly err, the wisdom which shall bring this to pass is not shut up in the inventor's laboratory or written only in the statutes of the market place. In the labors, the pains, the struggling experiments of the older world, are written the lessons which can help us even on our vantage ground of a Nineteenth Century. There are teachings to be gathered from the debates of chieftains on the shores of Scamander, and from the leagues of semitic patriarchs in the vale of Hebron. That temper of eternal youth which is the

heritage of the race, needs to be kept alive by the ministry and the memory of the past. Let it not have to murmur as it seeks these Western shores,

"I have found
A new land, but I die."

The true gain of our American civilization is that it shall be able to preserve the eternal immutable principles, while casting off the ephemeral circumstance.

It does not need the broad ribbon of the order of the garter or the pendant jewel of the golden fleece. We can do without the insignia, but the idea of loyalty, of chivalrous self-sacrifice, of noble restraint in thought and deed, we must cherish as fondly as they were cherished by Bayard and Sydney, by Falkland and Montrose.

We can dispense with the monks' cowl and the convent discipline, with the scholastic method and the academic pedantry, but we have more than ever need of the temper which sent Lanfranc to the cell of Bec and Bernard to the cloister of Clairvaux.

What it behooves us more fondly to cultivate, to honor and to esteem, to impress upon the young and to reverence in the old, is the love of letters for the letters sake; to put away the question of profit and the ministration to ends which perish in the using.

And in this behalf let me utter briefly my thoughts on that system of the cultivation of specialties, which it seems to me is fast eating out the true life of academic training.

It is a system which asks the aid of what is known as cramming, the most vicious and destructive of methods; which develops an unnatural activity of mind, only to leave it vacant and jaded in the future. For it sets as its supreme end the passing of an examination, and strives to keep the memory at an abnormal tension till the trial be past, regardless that it must presently suffer the inevitable revenge of swift and complete forgetfulness.

Its consequence is, permit me to say, too often, if not always, the death of all that interest in letters which it is the business of the college to awaken and to stimulate. By it there is set before the neophyte the necessity to neglect all which

is outside the conditions of passing; to keep his mind blank to all but the range of the examiner's questions. Thus he learns to dread and to dislike whatever he cannot use for his purpose of entering college. He comes to what should be the large and liberal course of university study, as the bond-slave of the recitation hour. He chooses from the full table of the electives just those which he can master most easily, and probably forget most quickly when his task is done.

We have all of us, no doubt, noted the current criticisms, the satirical pleasantries of the day, over the passion for athletics which has invaded college life. I do not fall in with these sweeping censures. I admit the worth of athletics in their due proportion and order. I cannot forget that the same throngs which flocked to the Olympic games to witness the foot race and the wrestling match lingered to listen breathlessly to the magic story of Herodotus. I cannot overlook the fact that a seat in the university boat of Oxford or Cambridge has been the forerunner to one in a Cathedral Chair and on the Bishop's Bench in the House of Peers.

But I am inclined to think that the passion for pre-eminence in bodily sport marks a natural reaction from the pressure of mental over training. The elastic spirit of youth craves an outlet. It longs for honest work of some sort, for effort uncontaminated by the tricks and devices of the private tutor and the school room coach. It demands something that it may do earnestly and with its whole heart, for the sake of the doing and not for the mere repute of it.

I hold that these sports should be kept to their proper place as part, and only as part, of the fitting work of academic years. I would have them make the young collegian strong in body that he may be stronger in mind, and strongest of all in the disciplined spirit and controlled will.

But I wish to utter my humble protest against any system which rests upon devotion to specialties, and which is to be guided by too narrow a measure of aptitudes. I believe in what the athletic calls all-round work, and I believe in this the more I look upon the facts of history.

I read the lives of the great men of the later middle age, the men who dwelt be-

neath the ensigns of the scarlet lily of Florence and the winged lion of Venice, the men to whom we owe the matchless campanile of St. Mary of Flowers, and the clustered arcades of the Holy Field of Pisa—the men who planned the mighty concave of St. Peter's Dome, and wreathed the loggia of the Vatican with deathless shapes of beauty.

I find that these men, Da Vinci, Giotto, Buonarrotti, Titian, Cellini, and the rest, were men of manifold gifts; that from the sculptor's chisel to the painter's brush, from the graver's tool to the architect's compasses, they could transfer with equal felicity their practiced hands. I read that they were welcomed into the councils of Princes that they had their honored place in the guild of letters, and that when need was, they could also plan the fortress wall and sword in hand step foremost into the ranks of battle. And as we look upon that which yet survives of their busy work, the frescoed wall of Milan, the canvases grouped around the matchless tribune of the Uffizi, the sculptured forms in the burial chamber of the Medici, the graven chalices laid up in the treasuries of Dresden and Vienna, the soaring traceries of the campanile of Giotto through which the sunlight falls upon the stone where Dante sat, the bronze portals of the Baptistry, the mosaic tables wrought for the cabinets of queens, the wondrous groining of the minster roof of Milan, and the twining fret-work of the pulpit of Santa Croce, as we look on these we may not say that the glory of any one was purchased at the cost of the imperfection of any other.

We cannot feel that this flexibility of power has ever derogated from the patient finish which marks the master's handiwork.

Nor do we find that after-ages, for all their concentrated energy and confined study have overpassed these works of the men of many gifts, have brought into being the special excellence which can dim the lustre of their varied powers. Nay, more, I am persuaded that this interchangeableness of their gifts, truly ministered to the completeness of each result, and left their cunning equally available for the great and for the small.

I plead for this same principle in our college training that it may send forth men not fitted merely for this or that specialty, but able in all that their hands can find to do. I would have our halls train statesmen and leave it to the caucus and the bar-room to make, if we must have him, the practical politician. I would have them nurture jurists who shall be the advocates of right, the developers of legal science, and not the pettifogging hunters after fees and the quibbling wranglers of the justice court. I would have them send out divines who shall rise above the narrow ecclesiasticism of sect and do their part toward the restoration of a Catholic unity, instead of delaying it by their petty and selfish partisanship.

I would have, too, all these to be in their vocations and above their vocations, men of letters, scholars keeping touch with the broad interests of humanity, teachers of the people they move among and whom they serve. Their type must not be the railway train, held to the iron bondage of its narrow track, driven shuttlewise from end to end of its daily routine, and compelled for the sake of speed to sacrifice all other benefits of travel. It should rather be that ocean steamship, free to trace its own pathway over the unfooted waves, to visit every shore, and holding within its ample spaces provision against all chances and changes of the continuing voyage. Therefore it is that while for certain callings there will be needed the special school, limited to and by the varying knowledge of the hour in its one department, the work of the college is to increase and to hand down the knowledge that endures. That the technic school should be restrained to its province is part of the law of its being. Whatever its art outgrows, it pitilessly leaves behind.

Far otherwise is it with the college. In its very life it is rooted in the past. There is something almost incongruous in the idea of a *new* college; a sense of parvenu pretension hangs over it till the gloss of its freshness be gone. To the college belong usages, traditions, even legends. We look upon it as a clustering of gray towers beneath ancestral oaks and immemorial elms, a spot to which old men come back with pensive pleasure.

"To pass beside the reverend wall,
In which of old they wore the gown."

We point to the rude initials, cut in boyish idleness, but since graven deep in the records of a nation's fame. We revisit well known rooms, where lived for a season those whose names have become to their successors an inspiration and a pride. So in its studies, its exercises, its modes of living—something cloistral and apart from that of the bustling world—there is expressed that deep sentiment of conservatism, without which man would quickly become the houseless and wandering Arab of time.

Over the doors of every college I would fain see written the pregnant words of St. Paul: *Πάντα δε δοκιμάζετε, το καλόν κατεχετε.*—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

For the task of the college is to reconcile the present to the past, to build upon, not to root up, the memorials of other days. Its central purpose is the accumulation, the storage of intellectual power.

I am well aware that the charge is brought against our colleges that they stand in the way of human progress, that they are the enemies of new thought, and thus are alien to the life of a young and enterprising people like our own. Had I time, it were easy to answer this, did I care to do so. It is enough to point to the oldest university of our land, out of whose green delta rises the noblest of its halls, erected in express and grateful memorial of its sons who fell in the great war for the Union. On the walls of its magnificent banqueting room, hang the pictured effigies of yet earlier heroes among its children, the men who strove for the independence of these States. To the cause of righteous separation as to the cause of righteous resistance to secession, the collegiate life was nobly true.

But I admit the imputation so far as it may be the token that the college is the true safeguard against the crude fancies, the baseless dreams, the scandalous arts of the demagogue and the nihilist. I read the story of England's great Rebellion, and I place it beside the history of the strong and passionate upheaval of French society. I find that with all that there may be to disapprove of and to regret in the former, in its moderation, its wiser

sence, its nobler conduct, it is far beyond comparison, with the petulant and cruel childishness of the latter. Place the members of the Long Parliament beside the members of the Constituent Assembly. One has but to name Falkland and Hyde beside Mirabeau and Roland, to put in the one scale Vane and Hampden, Hollis and Hazelrigg, and in the other Danton and Marat, Robespierre and Barere. But as we do this we must remember that the Englishmen were the sons of the great universities, that on the banks of the Isis and the Cam they learned the lesson of their thoughtful forbearance and wise magnanimity, which amid all excesses of party, yet lifted them high above the level of the reckless savages who danced the Carmagnole and bowed before the altar of the Goddess of Reason.

Thus then would I sum up this imperfect and hasty presentment of the plea for colleges and of my view of their rightful work. The college is needed and ever will be needed as the connecting link for the present of any time with all that precedes that time.

It is the living faith of Christianity that it rests upon, a progressive revealing of God's will to man, His strayed and wandering child, and that this culminates in the appearing of God the Son to take man's nature upon Him, to redeem that nature and to offer the means of its restoration. It is on this faith that the college system is founded, out of which it grew as an institution, by which for so long it has lived. That faith is one which looks back as it strives onward. It looks back to the memory of the Son Divine to whom it owes its beginning. It looks back through the long history which made ready for that coming, a history which in its every line shows forth the need and the abounding mercy.

It looks onward under the guidance of God, the Holy Spirit, whose work is, not only to provide their future leading, but because of it to bring all things to our remembrance which the Father hath done and the Son make manifest.

It is that faith which is at once the safeguard and the inspiration of the college training, the beacon-light of the port from which it sets sail, the Pharos which shines above the haven where it would be.



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