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Kenyon Collegian - February 1894

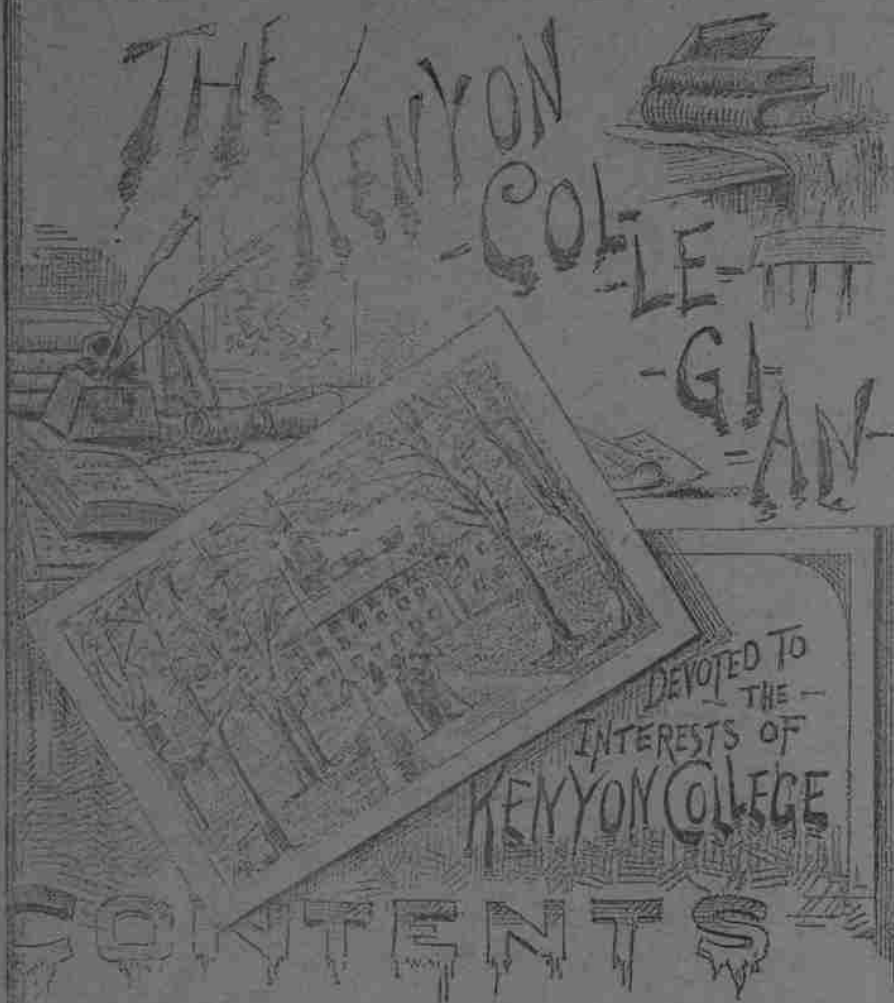
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W. A. Grier.



EDITORIAL	129
LEAR	130
THE RING	132
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	124
A JAPANESE FABLE	138
ALUMNI PERSONALS	139
THE NEWS	141
A WORD FROM THE COLLEGE GROWLER	142
EXCHANGES	144

VOL. XX.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 9.

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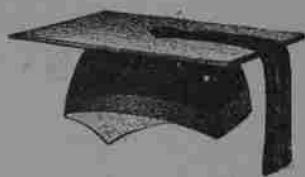
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College Calendar.

1893.

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Sept. 12—Tuesday	Examinations for Admission.
13—Wednesday	Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
20—Wednesday	Preparatory School opens.
Oct. 5—Thursday	Theological School opens.
Nov. 1—All Saints Day	Founders' Day.
29—Thursday	Thanksgiving.
Dec. 20—Wednesday	Term Examinations begin.

1894.

EASTER TERM.

Jan. 10—Wednesday	Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
Feb. 7—Wednesday	Ash Wednesday.
22—Thursday	Washington's Birthday.
23—Friday	Good Friday.
Mar. 25—Sunday	Easter.
28—Wednesday	Term Examinations begin.



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VOL. XX.

GAMBIER, OHIO, FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 9.

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All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication, should be sent to Clay V. Sanford.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to F. J. Doolittle.

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 (IF PAID IN ADVANCE).

EDITORIALS.

A VERY good custom has been revived, not in its original form, but changed to a certain degree. At one time the two literary societies each year elected orators, who spoke before an open meeting on the 22d day of February. Great interest and enthusiasm was shown in these

"Twenty-second Day Orations," as they were called, and great was the rivalry between the societies. But with the decline of the societies the custom died, and the last open meeting was held in 1880. Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa have revived, and early in the term they decided to arrange for a joint debate, to be held before an open meeting on Washington's Birthday. The debaters were chosen by ballot, and allowed to make all arrangements themselves.

They met in Philomathesian Hall on the 22d. President Sterling presided. Messrs. Atwater, '95; G. F. Williams, '95, and Davis, '96, spoke for the Philomathesian Society, and Dumper, '95; Lou Sanford, '95, and Hollenbach, '96, represented the Nu Pi Kappa Society. Professors Brusie, Peirce, and Fischer acted as judges. The debaters had chosen the same subject that was discussed in the Yale-Harvard debate, "Resolved, that Independent Action in Politics is Preferable to Party Allegiance." Philo's representatives upheld the affirmative side of the question. The debate was a very good one, indeed. Each party established its position by the strongest possible arguments. On its close the President, on motion, declared a recess, in which the judges adjourned to make their decision. This they refused to do, giving as their reason the fact that the opposing sides failed to agree on points of definition.

This custom, though it is quite a change from the original, is a good one to con-

tinne. Our societies are too lax in their literary work. None of their former spirit and rivalry are displayed, for most of the members think solely of adjournment after they have met. Something of this sort may help to awaken them.

THE Junior Promenade is over, and it was a grand success in every way. The class that gave it have proven themselves royal hosts, for it was certainly a most beautiful dance. Two years ago the class of '93 made a great improvement in decorating the walls of Philomathesian Hall, and since their time the custom has been kept up; '95 besides displaying their class colors in cheese cloth in the customary style has gone further, and decorated the ceiling. The order of dances was furnished by Wright, the design being a monogram, K. C., '95, stamped in silver. The refreshments surpassed those of last year's dance, and were better served. The Newark Orchestra furnished the music in their usual style. Everything lent to the beauty of the occasion. 'Ninety-five has shown itself thoroughly capable of entertaining in grand style, and the Seniors now thank it for the prettiest dance ever given by Kenyon College students.

LEAR.

Among the characters of Shakespeare none exhibit his powers of conception, imagination, and nicety of judgment as does Lear.

If we think of the King as overdrawn, we are at fault, and not the artist. Far-
rar has said the work of an artist is to teach — how to see, and what to see.

We have indeed Shakespeare's words and thoughts but we have not his eyesight, or perhaps better said, his insight,

nor his imagination, hence may be Lear appears unreal. Both these powers are necessary to a great degree, and must be possessed or Lear is to us an exaggeration, a fiction.

We need an imagination of strength first to picture the surroundings of Lear and penetration, a penetration that has seen active service, in order to see in how far Lear is in touch with humanity — how far he is real.

Lear is an old man, powerful yet weak, brilliant yet dull, full of affection, yet strange to say without a conscience, generous yet self-willed, strong-willed yet not self-controlled, exacting yet loose. In fact, from whatever point viewed his character is a paradox, but it is consistent. It is the struggle of present decay with an accumulated temperament of the past.

Characters are not born but rather they are built. Men are sent among us with potentialities within as a basis upon which to rear character by habit. Habits, furthermore, have their limitations in environment. Thus we might say the sum of potentialities, habits, and environment is character.

For us to comprehend Lear, the last of these three demands first consideration; in fact, all the consideration, for it limits if it does not control both the habits and the powers.

We have therefore to picture for ourselves the uncontrolled condition of the "Heroic age." For the King to be natural, the veneering of centuries must be rubbed away, in order that we may see the rough and rugged substance that lies beneath, and see time as it was.

There is no restraint here but the restraint of force. Passion here is natural, not natural as to-day deems natural, but natural in its perfect copy of rugged na-

ture, in its forces uncontrolled. Among the passions as among the men, supremacy is to the strongest. All education is lacking to put might on the side of right.

Lear's past, as suggested by his very "make-up" in his dotage, is easily reproduced, and in its reproduction lies the explanation of his capricious will.

A youth of passionate nature, a vivid imagination, and a strong will—such was he. The heir to a throne, pampered by all, hindered and controlled by no fear of consequences—such was his training. This followed by full and absolute control of a kingdom, no barrier to bar his will, habit must have made his will the sole determination of his life, and this will swayed only by his own passionate imagination and more passionate nature, produced intense sensitiveness to thwart, and led to irrevocable decisions.

Age like youth is treated by others with lenity and gratification of desires. Age brings knowledge of decay; it conveys the idea of near separation, and hence calls for expressions of affections to a greater degree on account of the time being short. It also brings an amount of mysticism, a turning of the mind inwards, a severe inspection of one's powers, a suspicion of oneself, and of necessity a correlate suspicion of others.

These complications seem to have produced the man as we first see him, and we feel assured only such a past and present could have produced such a problem in character as Lear; such weakness and vanity, such depth of thought, such vivid flashes of a soul's strife.

I believe in the very first scene we can justify these things. The king's crime seems to be an imperious and self-willed nature in conjunction with the imperfections of old age.

As we see his vanity rise above every other consideration while still enraged by Cordelia's conduct, in the words, "We still retain the name and all the additions of a king," we catch the murmur of a hidden stipulation my will must be supreme.

The gift of his kingdom has not the manliness of a free gift, but rather the idea "you tickle me and I'll tickle you," a sure sign of decay.

In fact, Lear of Scene I, displays rare and deep powers confined within barriers already trembling with the vibrations of dissolution; otherwise the greatness of his soul revealed would be inconsistent with his vanity. His lack of conscience (hence the fool) can only be accounted for by his self will. His imperial will has played the despot without its counsellor so long that the adviser has retired.

As Shakespeare presents the King his composition suggests some wondrous mechanism out of gear. It will go by "fits and starts," and if your power can only be expended through its motion the result finally will be an explosion.

The old man is out of gear; we only see the real man as he is aroused by adverse circumstances, but we have a feeling of certainty, as he proceeds, that it only needs sufficient of the fire of irritation to rouse his powers beyond the tension of his nervous force.

Such powers as Lear's left quietly alone would gradually dim with decrease of physical vigor, but under extraordinary irritation their possessor will either die suddenly, or the life of the body will outlive the life of the reason.

The latter fate was Lear's. His was not the punishment of one sin—the hasty disinheritance of Cordelia. His sin was a life's sin. A life long misuse of his will.

His will was sufficient to have held an archangel from temptation, but he used it not. His own spirit was unsubdued, his mind uncontrolled, and the heat of the former destroyed the fabric of the latter. The sinner's punishment is in his sin, the germ of retribution is an attribute of crime. The effect is always contained within the cause.

Truly "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

A. J. W.

THE RING.

When young Deerfield went to Alaska to take charge of the mines of the Alaska Mining Company, all his friends wished him the success and happiness which they felt sure would attend him. Fortune, whose cheerful face had been hidden from him for several years by the dark mantle of adversity, seemed about to smile on his efforts. His position was a good one, and, although it was not lucrative, it was a stepping stone to others which would be more remunerative. Five years before, his father had died, leaving him alone in the world and without the pecuniary advantages which he had always supposed would be his. But Deerfield was not the kind of man to be disheartened by misfortune, and he set to work to complete his education in the mining school of Columbia College, eking out the little his father had left him by tutoring men who had not his ability. And when he had obtained his degree by what he called "a stroke of good luck," but by what others called perseverance, he had secured a position with the Alaska Mining Company as local superintendent. Then he had gone to the girl whose image was enshrined in his heart, and had laid before her his hopes and his plans, and she had

accepted him. And so, when he set off for Alaska, with the secret hope of returning some day as general manager of the company and marrying the girl, his friends wished him God-speed, and hoped, too, that they might soon attend the wedding.

Far off in snowy Alaska, away from every vestige of culture, among the cast-off relics of humanity which abound in a mining-camp, Deerfield began his new life. He encountered many obstacles, but his indomitable energy and courage overcame them all. Gradually the chaos left by his predecessor was resolved into order, and the New York office, happy in the prospect of increased dividends, rejoiced in the treasure which young Deerfield had proved himself. Under his advice the company bought new property, which was found to yield a more valuable product than the old mines. In every way the business was improved, and back of it all was the active brain of Deerfield. An assistant was sent out who was a friend of Deerfield's, and he ably seconded his chief. Thus matters went on for two years, when suddenly there came a letter from New York, stating that Mr. Blackford, the general manager, had withdrawn, and that Deerfield had been chosen as his successor.

* * * * *

When he arrived in New York, he went to the general office, and was told that he was to have a month's vacation before entering upon his new duties. He hastily left the office and hurried to the girl's home, where he found that she and her mother had just gone to Old Point Comfort for the summer. He thought it queer that she had not written him of this, but he hastened to the club to look up his old friends, intending to leave for Old Point Comfort in a few days.

In the lobby of the club, Deerfield met Crane. Crane was a disagreeable sort of fellow, and Deerfield had never liked him. He came up now with a sarcastic smile, and, as he shook hands, said:

"Well, Deerfield, come home for an explanation with Julia?"

Deerfield saw the disagreeable look as Crane turned on his heel and left him, and wondered what it meant. Could Julia have broken her word and have forsaken him? No; it was impossible. Just then Harry Keeling, Deerfield's oldest and truest friend, came into the room, and Deerfield, rushing up to him and forgetting even to shake hands, cried out:

"Harry, what's this about Julia?"

A pained look came over Keeling's honest face.

"Well, George," he said, "it is evident that you know nothing about it, and I am sorry to be the one to tell you; but the fact is that Julia is engaged to Frank Murray. It was announced last Wednesday."

Deerfield left the club without hearing his friend's remonstrances.

So Julia had broken her word to him for Frank Murray. He had rather liked Murray. To be sure, his strongest point was his money; but still there was nothing objectionable in the man. But that Julia should have broken her promise was more than he could believe.

* * * * *

Deerfield arrived at Old Point Comfort just in time for dinner. As he came out of the dining-room, he met Pollock, the treasurer of the Alaska Mining Company. Pollock said he was just going to take a little sail, and invited Deerfield to come along. Deerfield hesitated, but Mrs. Pollock added her entreaties to those of her husband, and finally he consented. When

they reached the boat, they found quite a party assembled in its little cock-pit. The moon had gone under a cloud, so when Pollock introduced Deerfield to the members of the party, it was too dark to see their faces; but he thought the young lady started when he said: "Miss Fanning — Mr. Deerfield." However, she made no further sign of recognition, and they all seated themselves.

A moonlight sail is the very essence of poetry. The soft splash of the water against the rounded sides of the boat, the occasional flapping of the sails in the cool breeze of a summer night, the fleecy clouds drifting across the round face of the silver moon — all lend their aid to draw us from our rude world to the fairy-land of sentiment. Far in the distance we can hear the muffled sound of the breakers, and can see the lights of ball-room and cottage twinkling and dancing and laughing, like fairy lights in an unknown land.

Pollock's boat, the *May* fell off before the gentle breeze, and was soon borne far from those sounds of music and dancing which always attend a watering-place. At first the conversation was broken and low, until some irrepressible youth broke out in the hilarious notes of a college song. Laughter and merriment followed, and soon all were gay and happy — all, that is, except Deerfield. He was seated beside a maiden who was plainly just from boarding school. Her gay and rather silly remarks fell flat before his gloomy silence, but she did not appear to notice it. Finally he said:

"Do you see that oddly-shaped ring on my finger? I will tell you a story about it, if you want."

"Oh! yes, do, Mr. Deerfield. Listen, everybody, Mr. Deerfield is going to tell a story."

"Do you all see that ring? Well, that ring was given to a young man by his *fiancee*. The man was going far out west to a position he had secured. He intended to come back in a few years and marry the girl, and she had promised to wait for him. He found his new position extremely hard, but the thought of the girl enabled him to meet all his difficulties bravely. In the place where he was situated mail came but once a month, and every month he received a bulky letter written on blue paper. Those blue letters were food and drink to him, and almost every night before he retired he would read the last one. They gave him strength for the next day's work, and pleasant dreams during the night. Every month after the mail he was unusually gay and happy for a week, and his work improved with the inspiration. But it was a rough, hard life, for he was far from anyone of his own station in life. Sometimes he thought he would have to give up, for this loneliness was almost unbearable; but then he would think of the girl and her joy when he should return, at last, successful, and the thought buoyed him up and he worked harder than ever. He saved his salary and made some private investments, which were very fortunate, and at the end of two years he thought he could return and lay his little fortune at her feet and say: 'Now I have enough money, with your money, so that we can live comfortably. Remember your promise and be my wife.'

"Just then a letter came, stating that he had been advanced and could live in New York, as his position would be in the general office of the company. By the same mail he received the usual blue letter, and its contents made him happy, just as they always did.

"He hurried to New York at once, but he was so impatient that the journey seemed five times as long as it really was. When he arrived at New York, however, his hopes were dashed to the ground in one minute by the words of a friend, who told him that the girl had thrown him over and was engaged to another man.

"That is the story. It is not much of a story, but it means a great deal to that man."

As he finished speaking he threw the ring into the water.

"You were the man," said one of the ladies, "but I wonder who the girl was. I'm sure I don't know any one who could be so utterly false to her plighted faith. How can such a creature call herself a woman? Who is she, Mr. Deerfield?"

"Help! Julia Fanning has fainted!" screamed the young lady beside her.

C. C. WRIGHT.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge! What a charm surrounds this trio. To whom does not the mention of the Lake Poets suggest the vicissitudes of these three and the air castles builded by them while young men? Amusing and yet pitiful is the story of their projected plans—especially the founding of a colony, to consist of themselves and their wives, on the banks of the Susquehanna. The shores of "soft-syllabled, smoothly flowing" Susquehanna was to be an elysium for their poetic souls. It is with a sigh of sympathy and compassion that we turn from this bright picture of their future, painted in glowing colors, to the reality. And our sigh is for Coleridge.

Coleridge was a man of genius and remarkable possibilities. In his early youth

he showed a precocity that soon ripened into mature scholarship. At fifteen he was well versed in German metaphysics and skilled in abstract reasoning. It was natural for him, so keen was his perceptive faculty, to thus glide into abstraction. Philosophy was the study of his life. The profundity, the vastness of his thought, was such that he never exhausted his resources. In his prose writings are indications that the range of his thought was interminable, and that what he has left us stand for only a small part of the capabilities of his mind.

Coleridge had an eagerness for attainment, and his actual attainment was astonishing on account of its diffuseness. But, sad to say, he lacked the will power to drive himself to work. His energy was wasted by his irresolute will. Plans determined upon and even engagements specifically made were neglected. Lectures, advertised, were delayed or were entirely disregarded. Many times did audiences assemble only to be disappointed. Yet such was his magnetism that despite previous disappointment many audiences assembled a second time to hear him lecture, for he had the instincts of an orator and was a brilliant conversationalist. His lectures were delivered extempore and often without definite preparation, yet he held his hearers enchanted by the musical flow of his language and the sweet harmony of his words.

The position of Coleridge, as a poet, is very unique. To some it is a source of much regret that he did not devote his energies entirely to poetry, while by others any estrangement from his devotion to philosophy would be equally deplored. His prose and poetry have, indeed, much in common. The for-

mer deals with Imagination and Fancy; the latter is permeated with the Supernatural and the Idealistic. It is doubtful whether the genius of Coleridge is more truly manifested in his poetry or in his philosophical researches. Certainly it would be a misfortune for us to have been deprived of either.

Coleridge assisted Wordsworth in forming the poetic taste of the age. By them a form and a tour were bequeathed to the rising class of poets. Coleridge was a critic unrivalled for keen perception of the hidden beauties and the obscure relationships in the masterpieces on which he passed judgment.

The poetical career of Coleridge took its coloring from the outward circumstances of his life. At the age of seventeen, tired of the philosophy and metaphysics which had before been his chief delight, he turned to poetry. For two years he devoted himself to this pleasing pastime and wrote many short poems. The next important event which had a great and permanent affect upon him was his friendship with Wordsworth, which began in 1797. The year following is the period in which he wrote his best and most famous poems. From this time, however, his poetic work deteriorates materially. He is unlike other poets in this respect. His was not a gradual development, culminating in a burst of grandeur near the end of his life, but a rapid growth which reached its height very early, and then grew insignificant. About 1800 the great transformation takes place. His mind becomes philosophical and his temperament morbidly melancholy. Although partially restored by a change of scene, his mind is apparently in a state of eternal activity without action. From 1810 to 1816 he led a life

of self-destruction from opium eating, a habit which he had acquired. Over-indulgence in this was fatal to his happiness. After 1816 his condition was somewhat improved by his residence with Mr. Gillman, a careful guardian. His last years were entirely devoted to metaphysics and theology.

Coleridge's poetical works in general impress us with their incompleteness and irregularity. They only hint at what might have been his achievement had he not been distracted by other employments. His entire lack of concentration and steadfastness of purpose rendered it impossible for him to embody in poetry all the airy and majestic shapes that flitted through his ever-active brain. Nevertheless, what he has left is full of beauty and rich in imagery. It is musical and ornate to such a degree that we designate the composer the sweet singer of beautiful harmonies. His first volume of poems appeared in 1797. In this volume was printed a poem of several hundred lines in blank verse, entitled *Religious Musings*, which was for a long time considered by many of his admirers as his masterpiece. The poems are turgid in style and startling in the brilliancy of their diction. A very apparent fault is the use of the double epithet, and the prevalence of the conventional adjective. The following extract from *Religious Musings* well illustrate this:

* "the wild-visaged, pale eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged, hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell in vain distance."

Yet the poem is grand in its conception.

A comparison between *Eolian Harp*, written in 1795, and indicative of great joy, and the *Ode to Dejection*, of 1803, shows how great a change had taken place in the intervening years.

In the *Eolian Harp* Coleridge pictures an original phrase of a sunset—not the glory of a western sky, but the darkening of the fleecy clouds:

And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star
of eve.
Serenely brilliant, * * * * *
Shine opposite.

Is not the simple description of silence in this poem:

* * * * * "and the world so hushed!
The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence."

far more expressive than the highly wrought description in *Frost at Midnight*?—

"'Tis calm, indeed! so calm that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silence. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea and hill and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin, blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing."

The last selection shows Coleridge's habit of lingering on a subject. This is characteristic of all his poems, with one or two exceptions. His early poems, however, foreshadow his future greatness, and he does not fail to recognize this fact.

The best known poem of Coleridge is *The Ancient Mariner*. It is almost superfluous to remark the characteristics of this familiar ballad—more familiar, indeed, than the wierd *Christabel*. But not even a very short essay on Coleridge would admit the complete disregard of the beauties of this unique production of the human imagination, for the poem is free from Coleridge's most common faults, and abounds in qualities in which his other poetry is deficient. It is terse in

diction and vigorous in movement, though irregular, after the style of the old ballad. Word pictures are given in a few touches, and stand out in bold relief and sharp outlines. The imagery is vivid and delicate. It is infused with that simple realistic supernaturalism that appeals to the longing for a shudder. The poem holds one fascinated and with bated breath.

The completion and unity in this work is at variance with the character of Coleridge's other poems. It is a poem that is entire and finished. The story runs along with increasing interest, the incidents of the marriage feast breaking in frequently present a strong contrast to the details of the story. It ends pleasantly.

Every stanza seems to be so well fitted for its place that it is almost impossible to select suitable passages for quotation. A number of vivid pictures are presented, however:

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

A bulk of a ship comes between the Mariner and the sun—

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's mother, send us grace);
As if through a dungeon-gate he peered,
With broad and burning face."

Then the sudden change from daylight to complete darkness. There is no twilight—

"The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark,
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre bark."

As a work of pure creative art *Christabel* ranks very high. Its unfinished condition does not prevent admiration being bestowed upon it. The interest in the story is not sufficient to make incompleteness a defect. The real admiration

and attraction lies in the superhuman and wildly idealistic conception. It casts out a gleam of mystical romance that absorbs the mental activities for a time. The recitation of the lines narrating the power of the spell cast over Christabel by the witch caused Shelley to faint. Judged externally the poem is resplendent with word pictures, which indicate the delicacy of Coleridge's observation, his love, and his conception of nature—poems which "still receive their finer influence from the world within." The delicacy with which Coleridge handled the finer passages of human feeling can be discovered in the stanza on friendship—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain;
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to heart's best brother;
They parted never to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now floats between—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Kubla Kahn was written after the author had awakened from a nap of several hours. In his nap he had a vision, and after his awakening he was conscious of having composed several hundred lines in his sleep. He sat down immediately to transfer his impressions to paper, but after writing the fragment which we have, he was interrupted, and when he returned to his work again he found that the remainder of the vision was entirely gone from him. The poem is thus a physico-

logical curiosity. It contains nothing that is truly great. The imagery, though picturesque, is vague, and is indicative of an aroused and widely imaginative intellectual effort.

Soon after the production of the poems just considered, Coleridge's muse began to fail him, and his poetic fountain run dry. As was said before, philosophy became more and more an absorbing study to him, and the sweet singer is hushed.

Coleridge's words are not adequate exponents of his abilities. His poems hint at a great future which was never realized. He seems not to have found out his own strength and wasted energy is noticed. He himself regretted the small amount of his poetry, especially when he considered Wordsworth and his prolificacy. Wordsworth interprets nature to man, and expounds her beauties, but Coleridge is interpreter for the introspective mind—the mind which prefers to examine self. It is useless for us to deplore the absence of energy in Coleridge to urge him to do his utmost in all that he undertook. Let us rather consider the vast field which is explored in his best hours by his illuminative and deep searching mind.

A JAPANESE FABLE.

There lived two poets, once on a time,
Far over the sea, in that flowery clime
Where roses bloom in porcelain vases
And the populous town of Tokio raises
A silver wall 'gainst an opal sky;
Where, flying zig-zag, the cranes flit by,
And where every little thing is made
Of porcelain, of lacquer-work, or of jade;
Where all is dainty and fair to see,
And nothing is counted an oddity.

San To Hai was near of kin
(Being a poet) to Han Tai Sin;
Both had the same little yellow face,

Both handled a fan with equal grace,
Both were poets and both were schooled
In the land where the great Mikado ruled.
But Han Tai Sin would stay for hours
Watching the queer little purple flowers;
Seeing things that no one knew
In the sunny skies of turquoise blue;
Watching the bamboos and the trees
That bent and swayed in the evening breeze,
Then wander home by the river way,
Chanting some quaint little mournful lay;
While San To Hai would sit hours long
Never writing a single song,
But gaping, and trying to cultivate
A forehead, so ponderous and great
As to hide his diminutive almond eyes,
To make the people stare in surprise,
And say, as he'd walk through Tokio,
"What a very intelligent *Daimio*!"

Han Tai Sin walked along the roads
And saw the oxen pricked by the goads
Of their drivers, and passing into the wood,
He saw a cruel hunter who stood
About to shoot at a beautiful bird,—
And his soft little Japanese heart was stirred.
Farther he went, with the tears in his eyes,
Till he came to the fields where they gathered
rice,
And saw the hosts of his countrymen,
Who toiled all day in the swamp, and then
Went home at night to their babes and wife,—
Cursing the weariness of life,—
Only to find one more child dead,
Gaunt and meagre, for want of bread.
Han Tai Sin would look, and go —
Bearing away with him double their woe,
And beside by his window, all the night,
He would pray to God — and weep, and write.

His songs were written with little speed
On tissue-paper, with pens of reed,—
But they told in language so clear and plain,
Of the want and sorrow, and famine-pain
That spread among the poor in the land,—
That a child could read them and understand.
He sang of each poor heart's hopes and fears—
But his songs never reached the Mikado's ears.

San To Hai journeyed up to the wall
Of the great Imperial Capital,
And asked for admittance, according to form,

Saying, "he brought no vermine, no worm,
 "Nor any contagious disease,"
 In the choicest of elegant Japanese.
 Once there, he prospered; smoked big cigars,
 Talked of politics and the wars,
 Cut off that caudal appendage of hair
 That every respectable man should wear,
 Declaimed the classics through his nose
 And adopted European clothes.
 He never failed, on state occasions,
 To mingle with those of other nations;
 If anything happened he wrote upon it
 Some carefully worded ode or sonnet;—
 He wrote these things in but little time,—
 Of course, he rather neglected rhyme,
 And metre, and such things,—they hampered
 his mood,—
 And then he was never understood
 But by only a very few elect—
 Still the whole had a very gorgeous effect.
 And one fine day they came in state
 To crown him as poet—laureate.

Every tale has a moral, you know,
 Whether it be in Hindustan,
 In Boston, or in far Japan,
 A metrical tale could never go
 Without one. But nevertheless, for once
 I'll let the reader, who's no dunce,
 Draw whatever moral he may,—

Some things are rather too sad to say.

ALUMNI.

JUDGE REARDEN'S ESSAYS.

The many friends of the late Judge Timothy H. Rearden will be interested in his "Petrarch and Other Essays," which are now printed in a handsome style that would have gratified the author, but we fancy that the book will have a wider audience. Judge Rearden was one of the small class that is worthy of the title of scholar. He had mastered a half dozen languages, and what is far more uncommon, he had thoroughly saturated himself with the spirit of their literature. This made anything which he wrote seem fresh

and suggestive. He wrote far less than he ought to have written. He had absolutely no hunger for praise; he was almost destitute of ambition. Though his mind was stored with the lore of many lands he seldom put his knowledge to any practical use. Hence, when he drew upon his full storehouse of thoroughly digested knowledge the result was always something well worth reading.

In this volume the place of honor is given to a long essay on Petrarch. It reveals many of the Judge's traits as an essayist. It is an admirable review of Petrarch's life and work, but in the midst of scholarly criticism and literary illusions, of which he was so fond, we come upon his broadly humorous picture of Laura's ten children, and the spectacle of the bard of Avignon "getting in his tributes of adoration of her person in such breathing spells as were allowed to the midwives." One of the best things in this essay is the comparison between the career and the work of Petrarch and Goethe. The bibliography of the poet is also interesting and valuable.

The other essays are on Tennyson, Ballads and Lyrics, and Fritz Reuter and the Plattdeutsch writers. The volume is prefaced with an introduction by Warren Olney, and an admirably written sketch of Rearden as a man of letters by Ambrose Bierce. What Bierce has done exceptionally well is to bring out the unworldly character of the scholar, unvexed by any of the prevalent passion for notoriety and loving knowledge for its own sake. In an age which is inclined to gauge everything by commercial standards, it is well to study a character like Rearden's.

The volume is an excellent specimen of local book making. It is well printed by Murdock, and the marginal title gives the

page a fine appearance. The proof reading is careful, but there are two errors on the last page of the Tennyson chronology, which should be corrected if a second edition is issued.

San Francisco: William Doxey. For sale by the publisher; price, \$1.50.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

'56—Mr. W. H. Tunnard, of Shreveport, La., is connected with the *Shreveport Times*, as associate editor.

'66. John J. McCook, of New York, has been appointed one of the receivers of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad system.

'66. (Bexley). The Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, has been appointed chaplain of the famous Seventh Regiment of that city.

'69. Rev. Albert B. Nichols has become rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Joseph, Mo.

'70—Rev. Bernard Schulte is at present in charge of a parish at Utica, N. Y.

'70. Rev. John G. Bacchus, D. D., addressed the last Church Congress in New York, on "Moral and Religious Education in the Public Schools."

'73—Mr. George F. Southard is one of the Continental managers of the Standard Oil Company, and is located in Paris. Address, 25 Boulevard Haussman.

'79—Mr. Willis M. Townsend, principal of Zanesville High School, has inaugurated a new system for grading, which has proved so far highly successful.

'79. Jackson W. Showalter, the well known chess expert who recently defeated J. Halpern, of New York, has assumed the chess editorship of the New York Recorder.

'83. C. W. Adams is now manager and

treasurer of the Lake Superior Coal Co., with headquarters at Ashland, Wis.

'86. We have received a copy of the St. Paul's Chronicle, published by St. Paul's Parish, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and edited by the Rev. George Clarke Cox. His address is 46 N. Hamilton street.

'87—Mr. Alfred H. Granger was recently married in Chicago to Miss Belle Hewitt, daughter of President Hewitt, of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.

'88—Mr. Harry C. Devin was recently admitted to the bar. He is at present located in Mt. Vernon, O.

'89—Rev. Gibson W. Harris has been called to the rectorship of the Episcopal Church at Morrisana, N. Y.

'89. Rev. Gibson W. Harris is the rector of historic St. Ann's Church, New York City.

'89. Henry J. Eberth, instructor at the Kenyon Military Academy, has been chosen Editor-in-Chief of the Rainbow of Delta Tau Delta.

'91—Mr. R. B. Hubbard has removed to Napa, Cal.

'92. W. S. Walkley, now studying medicine in Boston, will return to Gambier immediately on the beginning of his summer vacation early in June.

'93. (Bexley). Rev. Dwight Benton, Jr., who has been working under Bishop Brooke, '74, in Oklahoma, has resigned and applied for orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

'93—Mr. E. B. Cochrane has been sick for a long time at his home in Portsmouth, Ohio. We wish him an early recovery.

President Harper, of Chicago University, was graduated from college when but fourteen. He delivered his commencement oration in Hebrew.—*Ex.*

THE NEWS.

The Reveille board has signed a contract with the Cleveland Printing and Publishing Company to publish their book. It is expected to appear about April 15th.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs had their pictures taken by Burkholder, of Mt. Vernon, for the Reveille. The pictures are excellent.

The rear side of Old Kenyon is to be decorated with fire escapes. The ladders have arrived.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association met and elected Henry Stanberry, '96, manager of the base ball team for the season of '94. He has made dates with Oberlin for April 14th, and with the Ohio State University for a game on Decoration Day.

Messrs. Laughlin, Harris, J. P. L. Clark and Blake took in the dog show in Columbus.

The three lectures on the "Unity of Design in Nature" given annually to the students of Kenyon and Bexley Hall by the Bowler Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, were recently delivered by Dr. Sterling.

Ex President Wm. B. Bodine preached the funeral sermon of the late George W. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

Fraternity sleighing parties have been quite the thing of late. Several crowds have entertained the ladies of Harcourt in this way.

We suggest that a census of Gambier be taken immediately. The increased population, owing to the immigration of a multitude of strangers of the "Weary Raggles" variety, might entitle our little city to a government building.

Hazzard, the college photographer, photographed the COLLEGIAN Board for their representation in the annual. His work is excellent.

Bexley Hall is to be represented for the first time in the annual. She is to furnish a steel engraved inset. We are glad of it, for Bexley is a part of Kenyon College, and her students undoubtedly deserve it. This move will greatly help the financial side of the book, for many subscribers are only connected with the college through its divinity school. We prophesy that their number will be increased.

The Junior Promenade, as our editorial comment states, was a grand affair. Everything was admirably managed. The "reverend" Seniors, in whose honor the dance was given, made their first appearance in Oxford gowns, and lent dignity to the occasion by their imposing array. Harcourt's Juniors and Seniors were with us. The following visiting ladies were also present: Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Braddock, of Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Sanford, of Portsmouth; the Misses Kirk, McCormick, Braddock, May Braddock, Baldwin, Curtis, and Carita Curtis, of Mt. Vernon; also Miss Ambos, of Columbus; Miss Henderson, of Cleveland; Miss Brown, of Youngstown; Miss Alden, of Newport, Ky.; Miss Williams, of Monroeville, and Miss Reed, of Granville. The following were the visiting gentlemen: Messrs. Mancourt and Peters, of Columbus; Gill, of Cleveland; and Devin, Ames, and Sapp, of Mt. Vernon.

The Lecture Course Committee are giving us a splendid list of entertainments. The course was opened by the Schumann Quartette, of Chicago, assisted by Mrs. Helen Bailey Babcock, elocutionist and reader. These people certainly gave a most delightful entertainment. The Col-

lege Glee and Mandolin Clubs followed with a concert, rendering the following programme:

1. PADDY DUFFY'S CART..... *Braham*
(Kenyon Version by Messrs. Gottschalk and Wright.)
Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
2. ANNA SONG (Nanon)..... *Genes*
Mandolin Club.
3. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY..... *Caldicott*
Vocal Quartette.
4. ANDALUSIA, Valse Espanole..... *Arr. by Lewis*
String Trio.
5. OVER THE BANISTER..... *Anon*
Mr. Gottschalk.
6. THE KENYON BELLS (by request)..... *Butler*
Glee Club.
- INTERMISSION.
7. VALSE ALVARADO..... *Henlein*
Mandolin Club.
8. SEWANEE RIVER..... *Arr. by Shepard*
Vocal Quartette.
9. CONSOLATION..... *Mendelssohn*
String Trio.
10. SOLO—TWO GRENADIERS..... *Schumann*
Mr. Schofield.
11. LATONKINOISE, Banjo and Guitars, *Von Wenzel*
Messrs. Follett, Gottschalk and Phellis.
12. CHING-A-LING..... *Anon*
Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

Beautiful souvenir programmes were furnished.

A WORD FROM THE COLLEGE GROWLER.

We like to speak of the *College World* and think of it as a world exclusive of the greater world without; and to associate with it privileges unknown to those without. We find more truth than phantasy, too, in the idea, and no one can doubt the actual existence of this select little world for a moment after looking through the many college publications of the day. Here one views scenes and activities unlike those of any other walk in life. Interest in many cases profound clusters

about pursuits which, from the larger world, can scarcely claim attention.

Within this exclusive world of ours there is perfect harmony. Though many miles may separate one college from another, and differences of size and influence may distinguish them—yet in all there will be a striking similarity of purposes and aims. Not only will this similarity be noticed in courses and methods of study, but also in those less important yet inseparable features of college life—the one thousand and one little things which combine to make the daily round.

The more staid and dignified among us have been greatly shocked by the legislation of the wise rulers who have converted the sacred *walks* of our College Chapel into race courses, and have introduced rude haste and confusion into places consecrated. Still, after widening the range of our views we are satisfied that all is well, and that nobody has acted unadvisedly. Faculties there have been; faculties there will be; and faculties there are which send forth their dictum: "Every student must be in his seat at the last stroke of the bell, or he will be considered as though he were not and his absence noted."

In view of the before mentioned mandate, we, the much abused *children* of the Kenyon Kindergarten, do, feelingly, extend our sympathy to any and all students who are in like misfortune.

"They tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for Chapel?"

Fully confident that our valuable counsel has been unintentionally overlooked in this matter, we lay aside our feelings of spurned merit, and propose the following:

The monitor shall close the door, using force, if necessary, at the last stroke of the bell, and all students who are in the Chapel and not in their seats shall be considered not in the Chapel.

Another feature of this manifold college life of ours is the great alacrity and enthusiasm with which students generally enter into all enterprises; be they to provide freshmen with improved nervous organisms, or to endow their college with lamp chimneys. The flimsiest pretext is sufficient to call out our zeal in noisiest demonstration.

There are times of reluctance, however, and strange thought it may appear, of silence deathly impressive, when things are not what they seem. The reluctance with which the average student hears the fourth "finally" of the Sunday sermon, is only surpassed by the unwillingness with which he meets the man who carries the subscription list.

Kenyon students are not at all behind in this characteristic. Witness the manager of the COLLEGIAN going about his melancholy rounds, and if *you* are not constrained by circumstances to avoid him, ask him the cause of his sober mien. We regret the underlying condition which makes it necessary for so many of our exchanges to clip these lines:

"The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The farmer soweth,
The subscriber oweth and
The Lord knoweth
That we are in need of our dues.
So come a runnin',
Ere we go a gunnin';
This thing of dunnin'
Gives us the blues."

Apropos of our recent debate and changes in the literary societies, and to show that we are proceeding in the right

direction for present requirements and future possibilities, we insert the following observation of an Eastern exchange:

"All over the country at this present time there are signs of a revival of the interest formerly felt in college debates. Yale and Harvard have held a debate, which Harvard won. Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania are preparing to hold two, and the University of Michigan has challenged Northwestern University. Oratory also is reviving. Last year the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union was founded, and this year a league has been formed in New York, composed of Syracuse, Rochester, and Union. Here at Lehigh also the same tendency has manifested itself in the unexampled competition for the Junior Oratorical prizes. The great interest felt in public speaking in America, the great value attached to the art of oratory in all walks of life, make us hope that this is a permanent revival."

Hypysite? Freshmen and any others who may be curious enough, are referred to the Business Manager of the COLLEGIAN for an explanation of the foregoing combination.

A professor in one of our Western colleges, while recently delivering an address concerning the importance of literary societies, advanced the following commendable idea: "While a student ought to be as perfect as possible in class room work, yet the literary work is so superior to other things that if there should be an unavoidable conflict between that and class work, the latter should be neglected rather than the former." — *Ew.*

Methinks there is a difference of opinion among professors of Western colleges. *Eh?*

EXCHANGE.

The Adelbert for January is to be commended for the excellence of its editorial pages. The following quotation aptly precedes the editorials:

"Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in making."—*Areopagitica*.

The library and manuscripts of the historian, Bancroft, have been purchased by the University of Chicago for \$80,000. The university library of 225,000 volumes is now the largest in any of America's universities.—*Ex*.

The above statement is erroneous. The University of Chicago has now 378,000 volumes, but the library of Harvard University has over 400,000.

Engraved on his cuffs
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map of the Dorian States,
And they found in his palms, which were hollow,
What is frequent in palms—that is, dates.

—*University*.

The average life of a locomotive is fifteen years, but it would be much longer if it did not smoke.—*The McMaster University Monthly*.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"*Tempus fugit*," said the Romans,
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeting on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.
But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

—*Yale Record*.

Here is a clipping that would seem to fit at Kenyon:

"It has become a fixed habit for some of the professors to hold their classes a few minutes after time. This is very annoying to other professors who are more punctual, to say nothing of the inconvenience to the students who sometimes miss the roll call of their next class. A little consideration on the part of professors would prevent this."

As a maid so nice,
With step precise,
She slipped, her care in vain.
And at her fall,
With usual gall,
The school-boys call,

"Third down; two feet to gain."

—*Brunonian*.

Who does not remember the sensation of "feeling one's way" in recitation, guided solely by the expression of the teacher's face?

When one class was endeavoring to describe the condition of the Roman Empire at the time when Christianity was diffusing itself throughout the world, the teacher suddenly turned to one of the pupils and asked:

"Was Rome growing all this time?"

"Yes, sir."

The master turned away with such distinct negative upon his face that the boy at once piped out:

"Smaller!"

A junior took a hair from his coat,
And turned to the maiden so fair:

"Can you tell me, my dear, what the reason is
That you have such quarrelsome hair?"

She did not answer, but shook her head,
And gave him a look of doubt.

"The season," said he, "is plain to me—

"It is always falling out." G. S. M.

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modern; noted fictitious persons and places; the
countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the
globe; translation of foreign quotations, words,
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SOUTH BOUND.

Miles	Central Time.	2	28	38	4	8
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
0	Cleveland.....Lv.	8.40	8.00	12.45	13.25	-----
5	Euclid Avenue.....	8.52	8.14	12.57	13.40	-----
9	Newburg.....	9.04	8.29	1.12	1.55	A. M.
26	Hudson.....	9.40	9.12	1.55	4.35	13.55
34	Cuyahoga Falls.....	9.55	9.30	2.10	4.50	5.35
39	Akron.....Ar.	10.05	9.40	2.18	5.00	6.00
46	Barberton.....Lv.	10.07	9.45	2.22	5.05	6.08
53	Warwick.....	10.22	10.01	2.37	5.21	6.27
63	Orville.....Ar.	10.36	10.16	2.52	5.36	6.42
81	Holmesville.....Lv.	10.53	10.35	3.15	5.55	7.00
87	Millersburg.....	10.59	10.42	3.22	Ar.	7.20
93	Killbuck.....	11.14	11.14	3.52	Ar.	7.20
107	Brink Haven.....	11.25	11.27	4.08	Ar.	8.02
111	Danville.....	11.48	11.40	4.16	Ar.	8.21
120	Gambier.....	12.10	12.10	4.41	Ar.	8.46
126	Mt. Vernon.....Ar.	12.22	12.40	4.52	10	8.50
135	Mr. Liberty.....Lv.	12.30	12.50	5.22	A. M.	9.37
139	Centerburg.....	1.00	1.00	5.42	10.30	9.52
149	Sunbury.....	1.25	1.28	6.10	7.02	9.58
158	Westerville.....	1.49	1.49	6.29	7.24	10.19
170	Columbus.....Ar.	1.54	2.06	6.45	7.40	10.55
	Cincinnati.....	2.15	2.30	7.10	18.05	11.00
		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
		8.00	7.15			

NORTH BOUND.

Miles	Central Time.	3	27	35	9	7
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	Cincinnati.....Lv.	8.00	8.00	-----	-----	-----
0	Columbus.....Lv.	12.10	12.05	15.45	12.30	14.20
12	Westerville.....	12.30	12.30	6.09	12.57	14.40
21	Sunbury.....	12.48	12.48	6.29	1.16	5.08
31	Centerburg.....	12.57	1.09	6.45	1.46	5.23
36	Mr. Liberty.....	1.19	1.19	6.53	1.58	5.42
44	Mt. Vernon.....Ar.	1.17	1.37	7.10	2.15	6.00
50	Gambier.....Lv.	1.12	1.47	7.15	Ar.	6.20
59	Danville.....	1.02	1.59	7.26	Ar.	6.32
63	Brink Haven.....	1.27	1.57	7.42	Ar.	6.48
77	Killbuck.....	2.18	2.32	8.21	Ar.	6.50
83	Millersburg.....	2.31	3.17	8.38	Ar.	7.03
89	Holmesville.....	3.27	3.48	Ar.	5	7.53
107	Orville.....Ar.	3.05	4.05	9.23	A. M.	8.25
117	Warwick.....Lv.	3.15	4.15	9.28	12.15	8.35
124	Barberton.....	3.38	4.37	9.51	7.34	9.01
131	Akron.....Ar.	3.44	4.52	10.08	7.52	9.18
136	Cuyahoga Falls.....	3.57	5.10	10.25	8.09	9.35
144	Hudson.....Lv.	4.02	5.20	10.30	8.14	9.40
149	Newburg.....	4.14	5.34	10.42	8.27	9.50
161	Euclid Avenue.....	4.27	5.50	10.55	8.45	10.05
165	Cleveland.....Ar.	4.50	6.30	11.30	9.25	P. M.
170		5.10	6.46	11.43	9.38	Ar.
		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
		5.25	7.00	11.55	9.50	

138	114	Miles	Dresden Branch.	135	113
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
14.03	14.00	Lv.	Millersburg.....Ar.	18.38	14.40
4.45	4.30	"	Killbuck.....	8.10	8.45
5.10	5.15	"	Blissfield.....	7.46	8.00
5.28	6.00	"	Warsaw.....	7.28	2.30
5.53	7.09	"	Cooperdale.....	7.09	13.50
6.00	7.23	"	Wakatomika.....	7.03	12.35
6.10	7.38	"	Trinway.....	6.00	12.15
7.25	7.35	Ar.	Zanesville.....Lv.	15.40	11.00
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

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