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THE KENYON COLLEGIAN.

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No. 2.

SIDNEY LANIER.

WHAT is poetry and who are poets? With these questionings let me briefly prelude this sketch. From high sources must be drawn the wherewithal to make fit answer. Aristotle says that poetry is the most philosophical of all writing, its object being truth, not individual and local, but general and operative. Shakespeare says of the Poet, "He sees before and after, having the mystical vision able to see the past and the future."

Lord Macauley affirms that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. To be a poet is to be able to arrange words in such a manner as to produce such an illusion on the imagination as the artist produces by means of colors; "to body forth the forms of things unknown, to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." A poet must become like a little child, with soul, will, intellect, candid and open to the elemental influences of the universe. Shelly, of all poets most poetic, martyr of truth, and idolator of justice, defines poetry as "the secret strength of things that govern thought, that influence which gives grace and strength to life's unquiet dream." Every great word is a poem. Every great idea is a poem. Every great deed is a poem.

In answer to the question "Who are poets?" Emerson tells us that the conditions of the true poet are hard conditions; they shall leave the world and know the Muse only, they shall not mix with the times, customs, graces, or care anything for the opinions of men, they shall know renunciations, they must pass for fools and churls, and what is their reward?

The ideal shall be real to them, and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious but not troublesome to their invulnerable essence. Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung with clouds or sown with stars, wherever are forces with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger and awe and love,—*there* is Poetry, plenteous as rain; and for the Poet, though he

walk the world over, he shall not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble.

In the heart of every woman, of every man, of every child lies the sacred germ of poetry, too often, alas! shriveled in the fierce fires of life, too often frozen in the hard fastness of personal environment. As mountain peaks in a desolate plain are those souls who fight for the preservation of the poetic instinct,—who fix their eyes on the ultimate good and will not be enticed away,—who cherish within their souls the ideal, as a bird with brooding solicitude hovers above its nest,—who will not be baffled, who for the sake of the God-given gift die fighting, fighting, fighting with their backs against the wall. Such as these are Sappho, Socrates, Byron, Keats, Shelley and the subject of this address—Sidney Lanier.

He was born in Macon, Georgia, on the third of February, 1842. His ancestors distinguished themselves in music and letters in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." During the reign of James I., we hear of one Nicholas Lanier setting to dulcet measures the masques of "rare Ben Johnson."

The boyhood of Sidney Lanier was marked by an ardent and remarkable ability in music. He was proficient on nearly all instruments, and this inclination afforded him a luxury that poverty, that greatest of handit robbers, could not deprive him of. In after years, become a poet, he speaks of music lovingly, though he has permitted himself a newer, a dearer object for his heart's devotion.

"And yet shall love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred.
O'er the modern wastes a dove hath whirled—
Music is love in search of a word."

Those sparkling drops that fill the veins of genius were slowly distilled for him in the alembic of time. For three centuries had there been compounding in the hearts of his ancestors that mystic sense which in a new world and in the breast of a nineteenth century knight should at last have entire and fitting expression. Music in his earlier years was with him the dominating passion, which in later years became that highest form of human expression, *Poetry*.

At eighteen he graduated from a small Presbyterian college near Midway, Georgia. Here, it is said, he carried off such distinctions as the institution could bestow. His journal at this time reveals the pure and limpid character of his soul—a soul teeming with aspirations toward the true and the beautiful.

When the great war cloud of 1860 spread its breadth of darkness over the land, his thought for a time was diverted from its

natural course. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army. That he did effective work in the ranks is evident because of his peremptory refusal of offers of promotion, in order that he might not be separated from a deeply loved younger brother. A friend writes of them at this time: "These two brothers were inseparable, slender, grey-eyed youths, full of enthusiasm. Clifford, grave and quiet; Sidney, the elder, playful with a dainty mirthfulness, a tender humor, reminding one of Mendelssohn as he is portrayed in E. Berger's charming book: 'He was slight, so slight he seemed to have grown out of the air. He was young, so young that he could not have numbered twenty summers, but the heights of eternity were foreshadowed in the forehead's marble dream.'"

During his sojourn at Ft. Bykin on the James river, the young soldier found time to master German, French and Italian. An almost fevered desire for self-improvement marked his endeavor then as it did to the very day of his inopportune death. What dreams, what fancies passed before the young soldier's vision as he stood sentinel under the lofty stars upon that lonely shore! Every hour, every experience, every man, woman or child he made his teacher.

In 1864, he was captured while running a blockade and was incarcerated for five months in Point Lookout prison. Many and many a time the music of his magic flute, which he had hidden in his sleeve, rose above the prison walls like the voice of an angel calling in the wilderness.

At the close of the war, he was released, and, with his flute beguiling the tedium of the way, he walked home to Macon.

The hardships of camp and prison had, however, developed in him a germ of disease that could never be eradicated. How hampered he was by lack of means, "first a clerk, then the teacher of a district school, then a law student, then the terrible idleness of a country attorney with an ill-paid practice." Then, like nearly every other very poor young man, he married and became the custodian of the fortune of others.

His health grew fitful; the first hemorrhage appeared—in the intervals the struggling genius within strove for expression, but he was starving intellectually—he longed for books. To the aspiring man or woman a new and vital book is a great event. He longed for persons interested in the same things as he himself—somebody to talk art and letters with, persons who had traveled, whose vision had been opened by seeing the world, or "those who had accomplished large things." He finally decided to follow his natural bent and went to New York, armed, as he says, with "one silver Bohm flute and a dozen steel pens;" but as scarcely any success encouraged him to remain there, he went to Baltimore, where he at least found books. How hard it was, too ill sometimes

to work, often working in bed, writing and fighting for his breath. His work by this time had attracted the attention of several noted literateurs, notable among them Bayard Taylor—and he had fairly fought his way into the magazines. He came to the place where the point of his pen stood between him and want—the productions of this time were selling books, job work for publishers, *The Boys' Froissart*, *The Boy's King Arthur*, *The Boy's Mabinogion* and the *Boy's Percy*—but how lovingly these tasks were accomplished one has but to read to know. It was hard for him to do this "pot boiling," as he called it, when "a thousand poems were singing in his heart, which," he said, "would certainly kill him if he did not get the chance to utter them."

But his work among the old English masters and chroniclers doubtless gave him the appointment which he received as Lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University. This gave him his first assured salary. During the winters of 1879-80, notwithstanding his fast-recurring illnesses, "he delivered ten lectures a week, and took part in constant musical rehearsals and concerts, beside his own individual study and composition." He never complained. If his heart was breaking he only played more wonderful music and wrote more wonderful poetry. A little sketch for a poem found among his papers reveals the passionate longing in his heart after the highest—

"O! Lord, if thou wert as needy as I,
If thou shouldst come to my door as I to thine,
If thou hungered as much as I—
For that which belongs to the spirit,
For that which is pure and good,
I would give it to thee, were I able like thee."

During the winter of '80 and '81, Lanier's health failed rapidly, but by April he had written and delivered twelve lectures which may now be procured in book form under the head of "The English Novel." Those who heard these lectures say they "listened to him with a sort of fascinated terror as in doubt whether the hoarded breath would suffice to the end of the hour." By July he so rapidly failed that his physicians advised as a last resort tent life among the mountains near Asheville, N. C. The air at first revived him, but on August 29th, 1881, a great American poet lay dead under the whispering pines of the mountains of the Southland.

Could anything be sadder? Are there hearts so hard as to be untouched by so mournful a tale of defeat? But there is a proud touch to the picture—of all the things he had written there was no word he would recall, here all thoughts were high, all expression noble. "As a man thinketh so he is." He was heart

and soul for beauty, for truth, for righteousness. He loved God—he loved men, but he hated their diverse opinions and empty creeds. Whether as a poet, a soldier, or musician, he made glorious trials. In his peculiarly chosen work as poet he gained but hard recognition, he became as "one accustomed to refusing;" but is not that the sign of true, of ultimate success—to be refused? As Lanier himself said, "Why should I mind not being recognized—a great many musicians thought for a long time that Wagner was an absurdity; Schumann said, 'The publishers will not listen to me.' Dante was driven into exile, Shelley was called an unclean dog, Keats was killed by cruel tongues; Gluck, Schubert, Beethoven were assailed by vulgar critics with unwearying will." Opposition and criticism are God's best lessons, kept for his dearest, most gifted pupils.

"Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill
Complain thou not, O heart; for these
Direct the random of the will
To uses, arts and charities."

In the transcendent light of his poetry his other rich gifts faded into nothingness. No other man ever had in his nature such a combination of music and poetry. His "Song of the Chattahoochee" is a rarely musical production. His versification is rhythmic and original. His style purely his own. His brain was inhabited by fancies delicate, rare and manifold, yet he was withal a most practical student. His studies were wide and his scholarship accurate. "He did not believe that art comes all by instinct without work; the true poet is of necessity a plodder"—his head among the stars, his hands in the clay, or, as Lanier himself says it:

"His song was only living aloud,
His work a-singing with his hand."

If poetic imageries are one of the proofs of a poet's true worth, after years will accord him the rewards so niggardly withheld. How that great line in *Absence* fixes itself in the memory:

"For I would make each day an Alp sublime."

In the ode to Johns Hopkins University there is a fine bit that might well be carved on the lintels of every college and university in the land:

"Bring old Renown
To walk familiar, citizen of the town,—
Bring Tolerance, that can kiss and disagree,—
Bring Virtue, Honor, Truth and Loyalty,—
Bring Faith that sees with undissembling eyes,—
Bring all large Love and heavenly Charities,

Till man seem less a riddle unto man,
And fair Utopia less Utopian,
And many peoples call from shore to shore,
The world has bloomed again at Baltimore!"

His trust in the abundant mercy of God was child-like and complete. How sweetly he utters it in that poetic symphony, *The Marshes of Glynn*—

"As the marsh-hen builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the
skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

This, conceded to be a great poem by most competent critics, shows plainly the beauty and consistency, the open-heartedness, the large faith of the writer. The style is peculiarly his own—not copied, not imitated, but invented.

A bit of verse not found in any of the printed volumes of his poems must have been written in a time of great need and anxiety. It has in it the very essence of spiritual anguish—it seems actually to have been wrung out of the soul—

"O, hunger! hunger! I will harness thee
And make thee harrow all my spirit's glebe.
Of you the blind bard Herve sang so sweet,
He made a wolf to plow his land."

He more than almost any other poet was able to clothe the commonest affairs of life in the habilaments of romance. A pet mockingbird was killed by a cat. His fancy at once makes large use of the occasion, and in the close of the third of the wonderful sonnets, he sees the lamented songster perched in the groves of Paradise, hears his silver whistlings mixed with the mighty discourse of the wise—

"Till broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats,
'Midst of much talk, uplift their smiling eyes
And mark the music of thy wood conceits,
And half way pause on some large courteous word
And call thee 'Brother'—O! thou heavenly Bird."

On the flyleaf of his poems are set these significant lines:

"Go, trembling song,
And stay not long, and stay not long;
Thou'rt only a grey and sober dove—
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love."

Faith and love were the chief characteristics of Sidney Lanier's life. There is scarcely a note of bitterness in anything he wrote. Often himself sunk in the sloughs of despond, his Muse rose ever above them, singing, toward the sky. His life was short, his opportunities meagre, his soul all-aspirant. It must be that as time advances his name will be written with that of the immortal Keats—not "on water," but high on Fame's brazen columns; and the world at last will know, will love, will recognize his great genius.

FRANK ROUDENBUSH.

LIFE.

A gold tipped cloud 'gainst a summer sky,
A sun-kissed wave on a southern sea;
A sweet perfume where the violets lie,
A gust of wind—and eternity.

A drop of dew on a frail grass blade
That melts in the glow of the morning sun;
The spot of light and the spot of shade
That pass 'neath the grove trees one by one.

A mote of soot on an altar spread,
That mars the sheen of the linens white,
Or the light where the ships are fed,
O'er a restless sea in the lonely night.

—J. L. C. in Notre Dame Scholastic.

THE TALE OF AKA, THE RED.

AKABA was quite bestirred by the arrival of Williams, a young American, who had lately come to Japan.

There was only one other white man in the village, a big Hollander named Vonder Dom, or Vondahdam, as the natives called him. Many years had Vondahdam sojourned in Akaba, and he was great in the eyes of the villagers and had found favour with the priest of Kwannon, the great god who sat in the shrine at the end of the village street. For did not the great white man possess a charm by which he could foretell the approach of tempests and the return of fair weather? Truly Vondahdam had learned to bless the day when, although doubtful as to its utility, he had included that barometer in his kit.

Williams was wise in the learning of the west, and it was rumored in the settlements that he had a certain amount of practical ability; but he could not and would not believe the one thing that had been told him by almost every one that he met. East of Suez the laws of nature work along somewhat different lines, and ideas which seem nonsensical at home sometimes become rather grim realities when one is face to face with life—not to mention death—in the great mysterious East.

But Williams was a practical man, a man of common sense, and no believer in "old wives' tales"—which was unfortunate, for it led him to disbelieve many things which, for his own good, he had best have credited. Small wonder, then, that when he heard of the wonderful powers of Aka, the great red dog of the temple, he was not much moved, and that even when Vondahdam warned him not to anger the beast, he merely smiled, and anxiously suggested that Vondahdam needed a holiday. The kind-hearted old man became quite anxious about his friend, for he saw that his learning had made him very mad indeed. There was no immediate need for apprehension, however, for Aka never left the temple save at night, when he was wont to prowls about the neighborhood, and—so the villagers said—to hold mysterious interviews with the gods on the mountain tops.

Williams seldom went to the shrine at all, and then generally in Vondahdam's company. Soon, however, Aka seemed to perceive that he was not held in much esteem by the newcomer. The villagers always strove to please him, and even Vondahdam never visited the temple without some choice morsel for Aka.

And now the old men of the village began to discuss these things as they sat about the fire of an evening, and to speak unfavorably of Williams, whom they had at first regarded with favor because he was the friend of Vondahdam. The Dutchman, who heard everything, told his friend what the natives were say-

ing about him. Williams cared little what the natives thought. "The feeling is mutual," he said contemptuously.

One day when he was passing the temple, Williams found Aka in his path. In one of those fits of foolhardiness which sometimes come to men dwelling among an inferior race, he seized the dog by the scruff of the neck and flung him from his path. From within the shrine the *bonse* softly called Aka. Williams saw on the priest's face a smile which he did not like. Laughing a little nervously he went back to his bungalow. When the excited villagers told Vondahdam what had happened, he lost no time in following him there.

He advised Williams to leave the town at once and to stay away for at least a month, but the young man, who had now recovered his composure, smiled at his warnings and talked loftily of a sense of duty which would not allow him to run away from every blanked dog that got in his path. Wherefore Vondahdam, after patiently listening, sighed and went home, mentally resolving to come early next morning.

The only effect of Vondahdam's warnings was that Williams loaded his revolver a little more carefully than usual before he went to bed. Then he threw himself down and went to sleep.

He awakened with a start. Half sitting up, he could make out the wolf-like head and bloodshot eyes of Aka looking at him over the foot of the bed. The dog's tongue was wagging about furiously, and every tusklike tooth glistened in the moonlight. Without removing his own spellbound eyes from that menacing face, Williams reached for his revolver and leveled it at Aka; but to his horror he found that his nerveless hand could not pull the trigger.

Slowly as the terrible face advanced, the point of the revolver turned away from it in spite of Williams' frantic efforts to keep his wrist firm. The young man, who had at first been irritated at what he had thought must be the trick of a well-trained pet, now, in the ecstasy of terror, endeavored to shrink away, to drop the revolver, to do anything to release himself from this dreadful thrall. Vain effort! Those terrible eyes held him fast. At last he could feel the hot breath upon his brow and was looking into the muzzle of his own revolver. As the frothy mouth opened he could feel the foam dripping on his chest. The mouth opened slowly until it had reached its limit, and then—*Yap!* A pistol shot rang out on the still night.

The report was heard on the street, but when the villagers ran up they met Aka solemnly coming out. "The house is accursed," they said; "we cannot enter," and went away.

Next morning Vondahdam found what had happened. "He was a fool," said he—which was undoubtedly true.

And yet Williams was a practical man.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

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It is a great pity that the Glee and Dramatic clubs have done so little work this year. The Dramatic club is too important an organization to be allowed to die from lack of interest. It has always been the most profitable department of the Assembly and would continue to be so if its members were willing to begin work when they should. It is true that to give a successful play entails a large amount of work; but this fact has not deterred the club from giving plays in former years. The Glee club also has languished this year, for little or no apparent reason. There may not be a superabundance of talent in college at present, but there certainly is as much as in former years when the Glee club seemed to reflect great credit upon the college. In commencement week a college entertainment always draws a large audience, because the alumni and visitors want to see such performances and come here expecting to see them. In addition, the new scenery for the stage in Rosse Hall cannot be purchased until the Dramatic club gives at least one play to defray the expenses. If any entertainment is to be given in commencement week, rehearsals should begin at once, so that the daily rehearsals of last commencement need not be repeated.



One thing about the campus that can seldom fail to impress the observer unpleasantly is the unfinished condition of the porch of Rosse Hall. Work on the building ceased over a year ago, and since then the front has been left unfinished and the metal work unpainted. If these things are ever to be attended to it might be well to attend to them now. At present the entrance is

inconvenient for ladies who attend dances in the hall and is at all times decidedly unsightly. It is far from our purpose to make uncalled-for complaints when Rosse Hall is in other respects so eminently satisfactory, but one would think that a very good investment would be made in expending a comparatively small sum to finish the exterior of the building.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MARTIN BROOK, by Morgan Bates. (Harper & Brothers).

A story of the time of a great national crisis, an epoch which brings forward great men, is always an interesting picture, especially when the theme of the story is closely interwoven with the great question at stake. To those who lived in the stirring times when the slavery question was the paramount issue of American politics, Martin Brook will undoubtedly recall familiar scenes of every-day life. The book is notable because it teaches a lesson by depicting the life of a modern hero, one of the many whose lives have been devoted to a cause, and who though frequently unknown or forgotten, have their reward in the success of their efforts for the good of humanity.

Martin Brook, the hero, is a waif who is rescued when a boy from a brutal master and finally adopted by a man of prominence and wealth. A great affection springs up between patron and *protégé*. The boy fills a large place in the heart of his childless foster-father, becomes his heir, and when apparently on the threshold of a life of great success from the material view, he gives up everything, his prospects, his profession, his sweetheart, for the sake of a runaway slave who has once saved his life, and for the cause of freedom. It is upon this and upon the subsequent development of his character and his devotion to the Abolitionist cause, that the story hinges.

The book is written in an easy, straightforward manner, interesting for matter rather than style, and in an attractive, concrete form furnishes material for some deep reflection. Because of this the reader can forgive its plainness of style, and will undoubtedly feel that the book is well worth reading.

* * *

THE TURN OF THE ROAD, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham.
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The conflict of love and art, and a great blessing resulting from what apparently is a terrible misfortune, are by no means new themes for a novel, but never have they been more clearly and naturally portrayed than in "The Turn of the Road." It is the

story of a woman who was so completely devoted to her art that she was indifferent to love. Her insensibility to love is the great defect in her art, and it is only when her lover has had a great affliction thrust upon him by Providence, and has given up hope, that she learns to love him and thus perfects her artistic nature.

The interest is animated and sustained throughout and the characters are clear-cut and natural. The story is told in a simple, smooth style which never becomes tedious and impresses the reader very favorably.

MIND WANDERINGS OF AN "IT."

WANDERING NO. I.

(Induced by a pipe of Perique).

IT seems to me very strange to hear anyone speak of "stopping to think." What is it they stop doing? Is there really anything else that a man can do than think? I know that for myself I have found no activity, in the doing of which I could say that I stopped thinking. Surely there are times when the mind lapses and there is no thought, but these are short, practically of no duration, for we do not know, that is, we are not conscious that there has been any cessation of the steady beat of nerve impulses and the restless brain activity, until we notice the clock and perceive that time has passed that we cannot account for. In sleep, thinking is less apparent, but even then we look upon scenes which, though dim and misty afterward, yet fill up the time with their never-ending panorama. Ever, awake or asleep, there are presented to the brain, scenes and actions, which involve questions upon which the mind is kept continually brooding, and seeking to answer, impelled to the solving of these problems as if by necessity.

I am not going to show what an "It" I am by telling the curious problems over which I have pondered for days, and even years, but only some of the more sensible appearing ones.

I believe the statement of Sir Thomas Browne that "What song the Sirens sang, and what name Achilles took when he hid himself among women, are not beyond all conjecture." This will account for my pondering over questions seemingly very trivial just for the satisfaction of seeing what results such thinking would have. I believe that if a man had absolute knowledge of the present, he could write the history of the past word for word, and if he knew the past absolutely he could prophecy with scientific exactness the events of the next thousand years, or perhaps all eternity, for we do not know how far back the past reaches.

Now, one of my intermittently recurrent themes of contemplation is the question, Who are the men in college now who in the next fifty years will rise pre-eminent above their fellows, and in a hundred will be pointed out as the great men who "went to Kenyon"? What has been our experience in the past? Have these favored ones been the men who always stand in the middle of the group pictures taken in college? Have they been the ones who always demand their shares and a little more of all things which the college can give a man? Can you imagine Edwin M. Stanton cribbing through his college course or sycophanting around a professor with smiles of adulation? Did Rutherford B. Hayes ever sit up all night over a game of five-cent ante, or take delight in questionable tales, and did he ever play the quitter on the athletic field? I know that you will sneer and say, "Shakespeare was a sot at times; DeQuincy had the vicious habit of opium-eating; Poe was somewhat of a toper;" and you can point out many others. So be it. I will agree that these men were great, but they were also weak. Poe, himself, says that a man of genius is partly insane. I would rather have the sane great man than the one with a screw loose, and on whose actions you can never count. You will say that a man's college life must be overlooked, that he is supposed to live without restraint, but if that means without restraining himself, then college life is degeneration and not education.

As to the future great men of Kenyon, I do not wish to say that I see none, but though that is about my judgment, I would not say so absolutely, because there is the fact that "some have greatness thrust upon them," and then it is very probable, as you say, that I don't know what I'm talking about; but, really, I do not see anyone, as Milton says, "pluming himself for the flight," perfecting the machinery of thought and laying up fuel for a long run in after life. I see, as I look around in chapel, a few country judges, a few probably bright and, to a very moderate degree, eloquent preachers, a few budding ward politicians, a few passable newspaper men, but very few who have the true long-distance expression in their eyes, which tells that their horizon is not bounded by a line running the next dance or even Commencement.

The man who has over-much *ego* in his cosmos will not like this, but I would remind him that Carlyle, who had a faculty of telling the truth very plainly, said: "I became a man when I forgot myself and began to think of others."

Every man in college enjoys the companionship of great men through an acquaintance with their works, and because of this familiarity with genius, he comes to place his ideas of his future on their scale. He feels that in some sort of a way he will naturally in time take his place among them. He reads their lives and

apes their customs. If he admires a soldier, he will pose in a very dignified (?) way, as anyone may notice. His god-like brow is drawn with the concentration of thought upon his own importance, the imaginary weight of great responsibility makes his face stern, in his pondering upon what a great germ of genius he is; he becomes introspective, and with the far-away look of his eyes, he unconsciously adds very much to his counterfeit of a sublime expression. But a man with half an eye sees through this thin mask and merely chuckles, when on real greatness he would look with awe and reverence. A great many men read the last line of the Arab proverb, "He that knows and knows that he knows is wise," and think that they have found themselves out. They have always wondered why it came so natural to think that they were the "real stuff," to be so egotistical, and now they understand it all.

There is much comfort in such a thought, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand I believe that the fellows who reason thus have "read the trot wrong." I have often wondered if some of our professors ever had such dreams of future greatness; when bishoprics, college presidencies, long rows of textbooks written by So and So, Ph. D., etc.; important discoveries in science, etc., floated before them and gilded their visions of complacent, scholarly idleness. But, here we have them, ordinary mortals, drudging to butter their bread, and in some cases suffering themselves to be made food for merriment by a bunch of freshman ignoramuses, or thought by swelled-pate seniors as *quite* a little lower than the angels. Here I must stop and beg pardon for wandering so far from the subject of great men.

OBITUARY.

Mr. William Fish, who was buried on Wednesday, April 17th, died at the age of seventy-eight. He was prominent both as a member of the parish and as a citizen of Gambier and was, until a year ago, a vestryman of the church, an office which he had held since 1890.

He first came to Gambier through the influence of Mr. Delano in 1847, left in 1867, and returned in 1890, so that approximately two decades of his life were spent in Gambier.

The funeral was conducted by the Rev. Owen J. Davies of Kenyon, and as Mr. Fish had attained the thirty-second degree of Masonry, the Masonic rites were performed at his grave.

His death is of interest to us, because as a contractor he built the Episcopal residence "Kokosing" in 1862, Ascension Hall in 1847, the Chapel in 1869 and helped rebuild Rosse Hall in 1890. Mr. Fish also built Trinity Church, Columbus, in 1867, the Mt. Vernon court house and several other well known buildings.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

ON Friday evening, March 29th, a chorus, selected from Gambier and its institutions, rendered the sacred cantata of the "Crucifixion" in the Church of the Holy Spirit. The cantata itself, by the late Sir John Stainer, doctor of music, and successor to Sir John Goss as organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's, London, while without the pretensions of an oratorio, has musically no superior and few equals among the cantatas of the last half century; beautiful, sadly solemn and dramatic, it stands unsurpassed in its own sphere.

Considering by whom and under what circumstances it was given, the rendering deserves our unstinted praise and thanks. The chorus, leader and organist all showed a delicacy of interpretation and appreciation, and a unity of intention, that was a great surprise to many and a matter of favorable comment by all. To be sure, the want of the fullness, smoothness and unity of tone, found in a chorus whose members have had years of careful training, was sometimes felt; but this was not to be expected, nor was it indeed possible, under the circumstances. What deserves our praise was the shading and technique, which showed that much careful labor and time had been put upon the rendition. The chorus, "God so Loved the World," sung without accompaniment, and the last chorus are especially worthy of mention.

All praise and thanks are due to Miss Cummings, of Springfield, Ohio, who sang the soprano solos with a delicacy of interpretation and an exquisiteness of tone which will long be had in pleasant and grateful remembrance in Gambier.

Prof. Ingham's rendering of his part fully justified the expectations of those who had heard with pleasure and appreciation his part in the quartette of last year's chorus. Mr. Russell sang his part with his usual acceptable fullness and sweetness of tone.

Another prominent feature was the work of Mr. Grigsby, whose accompaniment was excellent, and to whom too much credit cannot be given.

Since this cantata of the "Crucifixion" has been such a decided success, it is to be hoped that Mr. Morrison will not let it rest here, but that continuing the good work already begun will meet with that hearty co-operation and support which the excellence of the work deserves.

PROGRAM.

Processional.

Solo—"And they came to a place named Gethsemane"....

.....Miss Cummings

The Agony.. Prof. Ingham, Miss Cummings, Mr. Russell, Chorus

Processional to Calvary.....Miss Cummings, Chorus

- Solo—"And when they were come".....Prof. Ingham
 Solo—"He made Himself of no Reputation".....Prof. Ingham
 Solo—"The Majesty of the Divine Humiliation".....Miss Cummings
 Solo—"And as Moses lifted up the Serpent".....Prof. Ingham
 Chorus—"God so Loved the World".....(unaccompanied)
 Hymn—Litany of the Passion.
 Solo—"Jesus said: 'Father, forgive them,'".....Miss Cummings, Male Chorus
 Duet—"So Thou liftest Thy divine petition".....Miss Cummings and Prof. Ingham
 Hymn—The Mystery of Intercession.
 "And One of the Malefactors".....Prof. Ingham, Mr. Russell and Male Chorus
 Solo—"When Jesus therefore saw His Mother".....Prof. Ingham, Miss Cummings, Male Chorus
 Solo—"Is it nothing to you?".....Prof. Ingham
 "The Appeal of the Crucified".....Chorus
 Solo—"After this Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished".....Miss Cummings, Male Chorus
 Recessional.

Director—Mr. C. S. Morrison.

Organist—Mr. L. A. Grigsby.

Soloists—Miss Cummings, Prof. Ingham, Mr. Russell.

MEMBERS OF CHORUS.

Sopranos—Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Hyatt, Mrs. Harris, Miss Valet, Miss Condit, Miss Fish, Miss Stella Fish, Miss Longley, Miss Leffingwell, Miss Jenks, Miss Cuff, Miss Foster, Miss Clark.

Altos—Mrs. Wright, Miss Angell, Miss Hills, Miss Potter, Miss Erma Hills, Miss Smith, Miss Skilton.

Tenors—Mr. Russell, Mr. Balcom, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Wyant, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Cuff.

Basses—Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Huston, Mr. Wright, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Williams, Mr. Collins, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Zollinger.



THE COLLEGIAN LECTURES.

At the opening of the Trinity term a course of lectures for the benefit of the Collegian was announced. These lectures, by Mr. Leon H. Vincent, of Boston, were on the following subjects: Hawthorne, Emerson, Thackeray and Barrie and the New Scotch School.

The first of the lectures was to have been held Saturday evening, April 20th. but, owing to the severe storm, Mr. Vincent missed his connections and the lecture was postponed until Monday evening. A good audience was present, the town and all the institutions being well represented except the Academy.

Mr. Vincent began his lecture on Hawthorne by defining genius and stating five of its characteristics. It was on the last of these, namely, that genius is a combination of the ordinary and the extraordinary, and has no immunity from the common ills of humanity, that he dwelt mainly upon. Hawthorne as a boy was a natural boy, fond of athletics but not of school, cheerful and practical. As a man he had a splendid physique and liked practical manual work. Mentally he was very sensitive, a quality which helped to develop and mature his genius. His nature might be divided into two parts—one shy, dreamy and mysterious, the other healthy, practical and natural. The mysterious and supernatural element in his writings was always limited by his good taste. His genius must be measured by the quality and not the quantity of his works.

A study of his private life gives us a clear insight into his character. His marriage to Miss Sophia Peabody, in 1842, was a clear case of love at first sight. For the rest of their lives a singularly beautiful love existed between husband and wife. Hawthorne was at this time in straitened circumstances, and his wife supported them both while he wrote "The Scarlet Letter." After the publication of this came the turning point in his career. His genius, which had been doubted before, was now thoroughly recognized by the public. The Scarlet Letter was probably his greatest work. The gradual deterioration in character of Roger Chillingworth is a masterpiece of writing, as is the closing scene of the book. Although Hawthorne was not as broad as Shakespeare, he sometimes went as deep into the mysteries of life as the bard of Avon.

Mr. Vincent then gave the distinction between the novel and the romance and mentioned the names of three authors who have set a standard for American literature and whose works are best known in foreign countries—Irving, Poe and Hawthorne.

THE ORDINATION OF PRESIDENT PEIRCE.

On Tuesday, April the twenty-third, President Peirce was ordained to the priesthood after an unusually long diaconate.

At his own urgent request, a large number of students attended and the Military Academy and Harcourt were both represented. By the attendance of a large number of townspeople and visitors the church was very well filled.

The services began at ten o'clock and a long and appropriate sermon was delivered by the professor of Latin, the Rev. Geo. F. Smythe, M. A., D. D. The litany was read by the Bishop of Ohio. The candidate was presented by the Rev. C. S. Aves.

The Holy Communion was then celebrated, and a large number of those present received the sacrament. Bishop Leonard placed the stole on the president's shoulders immediately after the laying on of hands and placed in his hands the Chalice which he held throughout the service.

The clergy in the chancel were: The Rev. Abner Frazer, who read the preface, the Rev. John Hewett, the Rev. C. L. Fischer, A. M., D. D., the Rev. J. H. Ely, the Rev. Wm. E. Howe, the Rev. D. F. Davies, A. M., D. D., the Rev. Mr. Hull, of Mt. Vernon, and the Rev. O. J. Davies, the chaplain, who conducted the service.

At the request of the Bishop a whole holiday was given in honor of the occasion, and this enabled a large number of students to go who would otherwise have been unable to do so. The large attendance was extremely gratifying. The music rendered by the college choir was excellent, the *Veni Creator* being especially well sung.

In the name of the student body we desire to extend our sincere congratulations to President Pierce.

COLLEGE NEWS.

J. A. Higbee, '01, has accepted a position in Cleveland and will not be back until commencement week, when he will graduate.

Joe. M. Weaver, '04, has a position in the treasurer's office of the Hocking Valley R. R. at Columbus.

A. G. Liddell, '02, has resumed his work in college after a long absence and is an important addition to our base ball team.

The gymnasium work will end with an exhibition to be given during the middle of May.

The largest confirmation class since '56 in the Church of the Holy Spirit was confirmed at the Sunday evening service of April 21st. The class consisted of Harcourt girls, cadets, and college students. The total number was twenty-two persons.

Prof. Ingham has preparations completed for a lecture on

"Liquid Air" to be given soon. At present he is finding it a difficult matter to obtain the liquid air, which is only sold to lecturers working under liquid air companies.

The heavy snow storm of April 20th last, was the largest spring storm since 1873. On March 29th of that year, nearly a month earlier, a heavy snow storm set in, the snow falling and lasting until the seventh of April. During an entire week there was sleighing. Mr. Leon H. Vincent, who was to lecture on the Saturday evening of the 20th, was delayed for fourteen hours and spent eleven hours traveling 30 miles.

On the evening of April 22nd an audience that was comfortably seated in Philo Hall listened to a witty and delightful lecture on "Nathaniel Hawthorne." Very few persons if any had any idea before hearing Mr. Vincent that the study of an author could be half so interesting and pleasing as it proved to be. Mr. Vincent's diction borders upon perfection, while his style is simple, elegant and peculiarly effective. He talks in a fine, graceful, conversational manner, bringing out his points in flashes of humor without losing sight of his subject. Mr. Vincent's other topics are Emerson, Thackeray and Barrie and the New Scotch School, all of which promise to be good.

The Wednesday Night Club of the Kenyon Military Academy presented Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu" on the evening of the 24th, with Mrs. Maude Babcock Dakin as Julie de Mortimer and Mr. George Henry Galpin in the leading role as Cardinal Richelieu. From a critical standpoint the play was too heavy for any but the leading characters. However, the parts were well played for amateurs, some of whom were on the boards for the first time.

No definite date has been arranged for the Harcourt poverty dance, although it is certain to be held.

According to Father Time the only time not yet filled in by coming functions, games, etc., etc., is from 4-6 p. m. of one of the last days of June.

Arrangements have been made for a track and field meet to be held in Gambier on the 13th of May with the Ohio State University. The events scheduled are: One hundred yard dash, 270 yard dash, quarter, half and mile runs, 120 and 220 yard hurdles, the running high and running broad jumps, pole vault, hammer throw, shot put and mile relay race, to be run in quarters.

Spinosa and Stewart are getting up some attractive score-cards for each home game of the baseball team.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'55—Mr. Joseph Hart Larwill of Guthrie, Okl., spent a few days in Gambier during the middle of April.

'76—The Rev. Charles S. Aves of Norwalk, Ohio, assisted in the services at the ordination of President Peirce, held in Gambier the 23rd of April.

'80—The Rev. Abner L. Frazer of Youngstown, Ohio, attended the ordination services of President Pierce, April 23rd.

Among the visiting clergymen in attendance at the ordination services of President Pierce were: The Rev. Frank W. Bope, Bexley, '94, of Zanesville, O.; the Rev. Charles W. Baker, '96, Bexley, Sandusky, O.; the Rev. John Hewitt, of Columbus, O.; the Rev. John H. Ely, of Cincinnati, O.

'92—Mr. H. W. Buttolph of Indianapolis, Ind., spent Easter Sunday in Gambier.

The Kenyon Alumni Association of Western Pennsylvania has recently been formed, with headquarters at Pittsburg. There are about thirty members. L. H. Burnett, '96, is President, and J. O'F. Little, '96, Vice President. The Association will hold a banquet about the middle of this month.

'97—The Rev. Alfred J. Wilder, Bexley, of Calvary Church, Clifton, Cincinnati, visited Gambier the latter part of April.

'98—Mr. William H. Clarke of Mount Vernon, O., was elected Justice of the Peace of that city at the last election.

'00—Mr. Arthur W. Davies has returned from Fon-du-Lac to his home in Gambier.

Ex-'02—Mr. A. S. Peaslee is studying engineering at McGill University, Montreal, Can.

BASEBALL.

Kenyon 24—Otterbein 2.

On Thursday, April 25th, the first game of the season took place with Otterbein. The game was scheduled for Wednesday, but on account of the severe weather had to be postponed one day. The attendance was rather small.

The game was loosely played and uninteresting, but showed the possibilities of the team. Otterbein scored one run in the first inning and another in the sixth, but frequently went to pieces in the field. Kenyon scored six runs in the first and eight runs in the seventh inning. Cromley pitched a good game for Kenyon and received excellent support, the team playing an almost errorless game. The most gratifying feature of the game was the fact that the team's batting appeared to be much better than last year.

As this was our weak point last year, it seems probable that the team will be much stronger this season." Otterbein was unable to hit Cromley, and made a good many errors in the field. The game was played under last year's rules.

NIGHT.

Far down the western slope the weary day
Looks out upon the world with dreamy eyes,
As o'er her sunny curls she loosely ties
Her crimson hood, and gently slips away.
Meanwhile, from out the East the twilight gray
Lingers a moment, till the embracing skies
Enfold her, then the solemn night doth rise,
Descending like a monk in dark array
Of long, black, flowing gown,—and piously
He utters prayers in soft, low murmurings.
When earth takes up her dewdrop rosary,
And contrite at his feet herself she flings,
While on the altar of blue Heaven high,
Each little star a golden censer swings.

—Martha Marlin.—Ex.

The following stanzas are from a volume of nonsense verse by Melville Henry Cane, of Columbia University, a former editor of The Columbia Literary Monthly, and a recent contributor to Life:—

F stands for Freshman and Frat,
The Faculty, Flunks, and a' that.
If you don't like these four
The exams will bring you more,
Which I'll serve to you hot off the bat.

Z—I'm like Longfellow's hero,
Scaling Morningside Heights when it's zero.
It's absurd, days like these,
To work hard for degrees,
For there are no degrees when it's zero.

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