The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XV. MARCH, 1889. NO. 9.

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TERMS.

$1.00 per Year in Advance. Single Copies, 15 Cents.

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VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.
The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.


EDITORS:

Henry J. Eberth, '89, - Editor in Chief.
David F. Kronacher, '89, - Business Manager.
C. H. Arndt, '89, - Exchange Editor.
H. A. Lozier, Jr., '90, - Local Editor.
S. M. Granger, '90, - Literary Editor.
R. B. Hubbard, '91, - Personal Editor.

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

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

TERMS, $1.50 PER YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Editorials.

The change in the board of editors announced in our last issue, has been unavoidably postponed for a short time. The new board should have as long a time as possible in order to become accustomed to the work, which may then go on unimpeded. The farewell in our last issue will have to serve its purpose over again when the inevitable but lagging hour has really come.

**

The early advent of the Lenten season has entirely upset the work of the glee club which has been so freely advertised in these columns. With the permission of the faculty, however, a concert might be given in Gambier, at least; worse things might possibly happen. It would be best on the whole, now that the favorable time is gone, to devote the succeeding months to hard and faithful practice, so that no time may be lost when the Lenten season is over.

Most of the visitors to Gambier last June expressed themselves heartily disappointed at the failure of the glee club to appear. No college atmosphere is perfect without the element of song in it, and this to a great many people has more power than anything else. It is most heartily to be desired then that next June the numerous visitors may hear the campus and the venerable halls ring with the vigor and melody of song.

**

Balmy spring with all its enervating influences will soon be with us. The increasing number of bright-hued birds has already caught the attention of the newspaper correspondent, and now the poet will begin to vie in song with the tuneful warblers of the woods. The arbutus already debates the feasibility of spreading its perfume and the freshman is getting his tin boxes and postage stamps ready for its first appearance. The Athletic Association has organized and is ready for work. Its officers, thoroughly efficient themselves in all kinds of gymnastic exercises, give promise for a season of unparalleled activity and vigor; and it may be our privilege in the near future to see the newspapers filled with glowing accounts of our struggles with other colleges and our victories. Everybody is eager to hear the crack of the base ball bat and the yell of the down trodden umpire, and is willing to take a hand in the general fray. A little indulgence on the part of our instructors and a few allowances for absences may add greatly to their popularity and to the success of the athletic season.

**

Much attention and discussion have been aroused of late by the discovery of several
bad cases of plagiarism. A defeated candidate for oratorical honors has one virtue left in him: he is willing to hunt for signs of literary theft, and when he makes up his mind to find some, he usually succeeds. The emergency of the question naturally leads to some further thoughts on the subject. In the first place, it may be remarked that there is an aristocracy of plagiarism as there is of all other human institutions. There are two or three minor beings of this class which have continually applied for formal admission into the aristocracy but which have been black balled every time. The first one of these which occurs to mind is the hand or pocket edition. This is the favorite in math and the honors it confers are eagerly sought for. The second applicant for honors is the horse, and this again includes several varieties. There is the Roman horse, the charger of Grecian blood and a few German horses. All these steeds however are bred in this country by a noted man, a Mr. Harper. They are very popular. The third applicant is the crib. This is a very common and numerous citizen of every college community, and approaches nearest the aristocracy and some day may be admitted. It is earnestly to be desired that some day all may be admitted and that all may be freed from their disrepute.

* * *

It is a question in many colleges just how the senior year should be filled out; whether allowances and time for outside reading should be given, or whether the course should be as rigidly confined as in the previous years. If a student could always be depended upon to do a fair amount of work in the way of reading, it would undoubtedly be better to make the class work a little easy; doubt enters when it is considered that the average student given this privilege will be naturally inclined to abuse it. Yet some weighty things might be said in favor of the plan in spite of this tendency. A student, unless he be exceptionally worthless, is bound to find some employment for his time, and he is usually old enough and wise enough to choose something which will be of use and advantage to him. If he has not yet reached that stage in the formation of his character, it is probable that that stage will never be reached. As to the earlier classes, very little doubt exists as to the better mode of procedure. Here, very little allowance ought to be made. Reading at this point of the course should be confined to matter bearing directly upon class work if it be allowed at all. It is important to begin well and rightly at the outset of any course of study, and one can do nothing better or so good as grounding himself perfectly in those habits and branches of learning, which, taken together, determine very largely his subsequent career. But this fact is liable to be overlooked altogether or borne down by some seemingly greater advantage in the opposite course. The habit of reading widely and extensively, is more apt, at an early period, to be more harmful than beneficial; not so much because of its positive results, but rather because of what it presents and replaces. Its results are truly valuable only when it has not detracted from work and study, which are prior and fundamental. The thirst for books is an insatiable one; it cannot be torn from the mind when once implanted and nourished into vigor; it can only be overcome and controlled for a time. At last it becomes valuable as a polish and a refinement. It often happens that a student at college is entirely ignorant of contemporaneous events which will some day be thought of sufficient importance to be incorporated in the written history of the period; he may not know of state crises and great political convulsions; he may not hear of the death of some leading statesman, or his nearest neighbor at home. In another direction, he may never have laughed with Dickens or smiled with Thackeray; may not have pondered with Spencer and Kant or dreamed with Coleridge and Wordsworth or he may not be familiar with the new
births in the literature of his own day and country, and may know comparatively nothing of the thousand things which attract the eye and ear of his fellows in the commercial and social worlds; but all this time he may have apprehended truths, or developed faculties or powers which far outweigh all other matters and which will enable him to accomplish in a few months of application what cost his superficial rival years to obtain.

A CENTURY OF AUSTRALIAN SONG.

(Concluded.)

Let us consider these important schools in their historical aspect.

For the first forty years of its history, the colony of New South Wales was subject to martial law. The religious instruction amounted to nothing more than the perfunctory exercises of poorly-paid chaplains. The convicts were practically the slaves of the few free settlers, and of such officers as Phillip, Hunter and Bligh. Distressing famines were of frequent occurrence, owing to the precarious connection with England during the Napoleonic wars. The intemperance of the colonists was horrible; rum served as the measure of value and medium of exchange. The misery and debauchery of that generation form the dark background of Australian literature.

The moral and physical condition of the settlers began to improve, and the wool-growing industry prospered, under the beneficent administration of General Macquarie, (A. D. 1809-21) and his successor, Sir Thomas Brisbane. In the year 1823, a colonial council of seven members was appointed by the home government. That year marks an epoch, also, in literary history; for then William Charles Wentworth—afterwards Premier of New South Wales—published his poem, "Australasia," which had failed to win the prize at Cambridge. It is written in smooth, heroic couplets, and contains an animated description of the town of Sydney.

The council of seven soon passed away, not being a representative institution, and in 1829, in spite of the opposition of the new governor, Sir Ralph Darling (a man of narrow spirit), a legislative assembly and the right of trial by jury were granted to the colonists. The incubus of military rule having been removed, the growth of the settlement was rapid and healthy. In 1830 Sydney College was founded. A wave of the great reforming movement, inaugurated by Lord Grey, reached this far-off continent. The blessings of religion and sound education were secured to the colonists. During the halcyon years, 1831-37, the excellent Sir Richard Bourke was governor. Highways were laid out and bridges built; fine stone buildings graced the streets of Sydney, while the suburbs were dotted with elegant country seats. Through the efforts of the good governor, transportation of convicts practically ceased; and soon the convicts amounted to but one in thirty of the total population.

This happy era was the dawn of Australian literature, and Charles Harpur, the first renowned native poet, began to write his descriptive pieces. A slightly archaic quality is perceptible in his verse, like that of Wordsworth's "Evening Walk," as in the writings of James Gates Percival, who occupies a corresponding position in our national literature. In Harpur's couplets and blank verse is traceable the influence of Keats and Leigh Hunt. He revels in descriptions of mountain scenery at sunset, or by moonlight; of storms of thunder and lightning among the mountains; and delights in the bold contrast of hurricane and evening calm. He tells, too, on the one hand, of the massacre of the settler by the savage; and on the other, of the grief of a Papuan mother, whose husband has been murdered and burnt by the whites. Finally, his tone is distinctly religious.

The style of Harpur was transmuted by his follower, Henry Clarence Kendall, the master singer of Australia. He too (though a devout Romanist) draws his imaginative and spiritual aliment from the Blue Mountains. Aspiration is the key-note of Kendall's work; he longed to compose one song that should chime like the music of the spheres:

"The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon;
Remain unwritten yet.
But when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing;
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing."
Perhaps to this yearning for the unattainable may be ascribed the clouding of his mind, in the year 1872. Yet in that shadow he wrote the magical verses entitled "Mooni:"

"Just to be by Mooni's springs!
There to stand, the shining sharer
Of that larger life, and rarer
Beauty, caught from beauty fairer
Than the human face of things!

Soul of mine, from sin abhorrent,
Pain would hide by flashing current;
Like a sister of the torrent,
Far away by Mooni's springs."

Almost every piece of his in this collection breathes a chastened melancholy. It is pitiable to hear this world-pain, older than the days of Mimnermus, and never lacking a voice in the ages since, echoed from Australian hills. Yet it is the world's lament for a lost Eden. Kendall liked to think that his paradise lay somewhere beyond the mountains:

"The world is round me with its heat,
And toil, and cares that tire;
I cannot with my feeble feet
Climb after my desire.

But on the lap of lands unseen,
Within a secret zone;
There shine diviner gold and green
Than man has ever known.

And where the silver waters sing,
Down hushed and holy dels;
The flower of a celestial spring—
A ten-fold splendor dwells."

The lines "From Cooranbean" give evidence of great imaginative power—indeed while reading them the suspense is such as to still the beating of the heart.

"And later and deep in the dark, when the winter winds whistle about,
There is never a howl or a bark from the dog in the kennel without;
But the white fathers fasten the door, and often and often they start
At a sound, like a foot on the floor, and a touch like a hand on the heart."

In another piece occurs this weird touch:

"The red coals click beneath the flame, and see;
With slow and silent feet
The hooded shadows cross the woods to where the twilight waters beat."

A congenial theme is the death of the solitary explorer in the desert, as the fine lines on Leichhardt, in the trochaic metre of "Locksley Hall," will testify, or these from "Europa:"

No human foot or paw of brute
Halts now where the stranger sleeps,
But cloud and star his fellows are;
And the rain that sobbs and weeps.
Ah, in his life had he mother or wife
To wait for his steps on the floor?

Did beauty wax dim while watching for him
Who passed through the threshold no more?
Dost it trouble his head? He is one with the dead,
He lies by the alien streams;
And sweeter than sleep is death that is deep
And unvexed by the lordship of dreams."

Kendall wields dactylic and amphibrachic measures with easy mastery.

"October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools
Glisten;
And softer than slumber and sweeter than singing
The notes of the bell-birds are running and singing."

"We, having a secret to others unknown,
In the cool mountain mosses
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours;
And then we may kiss her and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers."

Yet he is at his best in stanzas like the following—(the first has the simplicity, the inimitable grace, the haunting melody of William Blake):

"The soft, white feet of afternoon,
Are on the shining meads;
The breeze is as a pleasant tune.
Among the happy reeds.
The air is full of mellow sounds,
The wet hill-heads are bright;
And down the fall of fragrant grounds,
The deep ways flame with light.
The singing silver life I hear,
Whose home is in the green
Fancied woods of fountains clear,
Where I have never been.

Ah, brook above the upper bend,
I often long to stand
Where you in soft, cool shades descend
From the untrodden land.
But I may linger long, and look
Till night is over all;
My eyes will never see the brook,
Or strange, sweet waterfall."

Surely, while the plaintive melody of Schubert finds response in any human soul, Henry Kendall cannot be utterly forgotten. Its founders are dead, but the Blue Mountain School can boast to-day, one strong and earnest young writer, who handles the familiar themes with originality and breadth of treatment. It seems to be inevitable that a school of lyrical and landscape painting will shortly arise in New South Wales; while in Victoria, genre and animal painting will flourish.

With the year of the founding of Chicago, begins the history of the colony of Victoria. Settled at first by wanderers
from Tasmania, it received large accessions of population from year to year, owing to the glowing accounts of the country and climate given by travelers. In 1837, there was eager speculation in land—the price of building lots rose rapidly at Port Phillip—and credit was widely expanded. After five years came the collapse and panic; wrecking unsubstantial fortunes, and causing a temporary recoil in the prosperity of the colony. However, seven years of tranquil and steady progress ensued; and in 1851 (the year of separation from New South Wales) the population of Victoria was found to be 77,000 souls. The year following, it was fully 150,000.

In September, 1851, grains and nuggets of gold were found thickly sown in the plains about Ballarat. The gold-fever began to rage in the veins of the people; society was thrown into a state of wild confusion; the children enjoyed a long vacation, through the departure of the masters for the gold-fields; business was suspended; the streets of Melbourne, the ships in the harbor were deserted; New Zealand, Tasmania and South Australia were emptied of their inhabitants, and adventurers came flocking from India, Europe, and America. Through scarcity of provisions, bread was sold at famine prices; and the difficulty of obtaining labor inflated wages to such a degree that ladies were compelled to perform the most menial tasks. More serious was the shock to the public peace. The colony was plunged in anarchy, and there was a portentous increase of crime.

This augmentation of population, unprecedented in the world's history, brought about a repetition of the events of the previous decade. The spirit of speculation, added to the violent expansion of the margin of cultivation, caused rents to rise to an abnormal height; and toward the close of the year 1853, the subsidence began. The crisis was not so sharp as in 1843, however, for immigration still continued in ample tides. In the sixth year after the gold discovery, the population of Victoria was nearly half a million; while the yield of gold amounted to three hundred and sixty million dollars.

When regarded from the point of view of general history, this movement of population is seen to be of profound significance. It is the last scene of the fifth act of the drama of world-settlement by the descendants of Noah. To future generations it will seem as interesting as the landing of John Smith and his adventurers upon the banks of the James River; as the arrival of Hengist on the shores of Britain; as the migrations of Lombards, Franks, and Tutanian hordes.

A single vivid glimpse of the Ballarat of "Fifty-two," is given us in one poem of our selection: "A gay Canvas Town is the city of gold with its thousand tents." It is a more substantial and commonplace city now-a-days, of the size of New Haven, Richmond, or Columbus. Showy, many-storied buildings jostle low houses and shanties along its streets, and it is notorious for its crowded Chinese quarter.

In the month of August 1853, the ship "Julia" was threading her way across the seas toward the young town of Adelaide, bearing a youth of twenty years, named Adam Lindsay Gordon, destined to preserve in verse the characteristics of that tumultuous time. On that good ship he discovered that he was a poet, and his first verses, "An Exile's Farewell," are contained in our collection:

"The ocean heaves around us still With long and measured swell, The autumn gales our canvas fill; Our ship rides smooth and well. The broad Atlantic's bed of foam Still breaks against our prow; I shed no tears at quitting home, Nor will I shed them now.

Let woman's nature cherish grief, I rarely heave a sigh; Before emotion takes relief In listless apathy. While from my pipe the vapors curl Towards the evening sky, And 'neath my feet the 'bilows whirl In dull monotony."

The lady who possesses these lines in autograph, says: "I urged him to write in my manuscript book. He was shy of doing so, saying he had never tried his hand at verse-making. However, he wrote his first essay, in which you will recognize his style." He seems to have possessed a sensitive nature, and depth of feeling, hardly concealed by a mask of indifference and impassiveness. After seventeen years of the intense life of the bushman, horseman, and gold-hunter, Gordon was found "dead in the bush by his own rash hand; life from its shattered temple riven."

"The Sick Stock-Rider," a poem of only eighty lines, is considered his best. It depicts the gleams of recollection that course through the mind of the dying stockman:
"Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.
I've merry 'mid the blackwoods, where we spied the station roofs
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs;
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard."
He recalls next a brush with the bush-rangers, and then the tales and songs and sad deaths of his "ancient boon companions."

"There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the cards;
It matters little what became of him,
But a steer ripped up Macpherson, in the Cooraminta yards;
And Sullivan was drowned, at Sink-or-swim;
And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful wreck,
In the 'horrors' at the Upper Wandinong;
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck;
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long."

It grows dark above him; his eyes are filmy, and the faintness of death oppresses him:

"I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of soil,
And life is short—the longest life a span.
For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain.
'Tis somewhat late to tremble, this I know—I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bushes grow on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead."

Thus did Gordon strike the key-note of the Ballarat School. Its productions are those of men who "planted seeds of folly for a harvesting of pain."

"Who chose the sundering seas to roam,
After a youth misspent;
And to those who wept in their far-off home
Token nor word have sent."

"Whose voice, in laughter raised too loud and long
Is hoarse and cracked with singing tavern-catches,
Brawlings born of bitter beer,
And showered with the clink and clash of glasses."

Its temper is sceptical, sardonic, Spartan-like; devoid of the ideal element, and hence tending perilously toward prosaicism, as the following lines prove:

"There's little enough shade to be got, but I'll take what I can get."

"But what has all this homesick dreaming got to do with death?"

"Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide both horses."

"A shabby, sorry plate—a dingy plate—A Pariah of plates, yet still a plate."

Such wire-drawn lines as these, unpardonable even in prose, are the Nemesis of the style. Mark, too, this detestable attempt at wit.—(the rhymester is speaking of the workmen of Melbourne, and their eight-hour demonstration):

"These cornumrous parties...these octothorpe gents!"

Yet sometimes we are smitten by such a remorseful touch of absolute poetry as this, (with which the Blue Mountain School has nothing to compare):

"So some poor tavern-hunter steeped in wine,
With staggering footsteps through the streets returning;
Seeing through gathering glooms, a sweet light shine
From household lamp in happy window burning,
May pause an instant in the wind and rain
To gaze on that sweet scene of love and duty;
But turns into the wild wet night again,
Lest his sad presence mar its holy beauty."

Or, again, are charmed by this clever bit of characterization, ("An Australian Girl:"

"She has a beauty of her own,
A beauty of a paler tone
Than English bellies
She is not shy,
Or bold, but simply self-possessed;
Her independence adds a zest
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,
Her quaint reply."

Indeed, the rapid growth of its cities, and the vivid contrasts they present; the vicissitudes it has experienced, and the knowledge of human nature it has gained; lead one to predict that the Ballarat School will find its apotheosis in prose fiction.

The influence of this school is strong in Queensland, a colony which after its separation from New South Wales, at the close of the year 1859, suddenly quadrupled in population and tripped its trade. Here we find the same lament over a "squandered youth," a more mephitic scepticism; a parodic spirit, clever, it is true, but moving one to malicious laughter of which he is speedily ashamed; and a struggle for originality that results in mere eccentricity and grotesqueness. Certain lyrics of labor only—of wood-cutting, sheep-shearing, and the like—seem to be of permanent value here.

Taken as a whole, this collection represents an important addition to English literature; and after all, the shrill notes of the snare-pipes of Ballarat are resolved into harmony by the dulcimers of the Blue Mountains.

Greenough White.
LINES
WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY AT HER TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

Peace! all who now the course of life do run,
The horology of time strikes twenty-one,
And 'mid those measured strokes I turn to see
For whom that warning kind is meant to be.

Fair is the scene as when the sun above
One-quarter of his daily course of love
Completed, there impartially sheds down,
His blessings upon desert, field and town.

Or as when some gay brook of mountain born,
Has leaped o'er clefts and laughed their heights to scorn.

Now in the plain more sober in its glee
Glides softly on to mingle with the sea.

It is a scene where one a maiden fair
Says to the joys of youth “farewell” and there,
Before her stand, yet shaded from her view,
The noble works which womanhood can do.

Who if he could draw the veil and show
Those joys and griefs which One alone doth know?

Not I! nor dare I yet presume to give
My counsel as a guide whereby to live.

My Fairest Friend from me this wish accept;
That you may ever by God’s grace be kept,
And shielded from all harm and may each year
Find you to Christ and unto us more dear.

Yours Truly,
PETER KIMMEL.

PERSONALS.

Charlie Brown paid us a visit the 14th.
George M. Urquhart, ’91, expects to return to college next year.

Professor G. C. S. Southworth has been lecturing before the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.

President Bodine has been given a call to Christ Church, Columbus, O., but has refused, preferring to remain at Kenyon.

DR. FRANCIS WHARTON.

Dr. Francis Wharton, from 1856 until 1863, Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in Kenyon College, who died in Washington February 21, aged 68, was the chief representative to this generation, both here and abroad, of American thought on international law and the larger juristic problems. Some of his works have long been classics of law writing; and his recent “Digest of International Law,” executed for the State Department (his appointment as solicitor to which, by Secretary Bayard, in 1885, was ideally fit), will not soon be superseded. His “Medical Jurisprudence,” written in conjunction with Alfred Stille, but the style everywhere bearing Wharton’s mark, is of the highest rank, and excellent as mere literature—a fascinating piece of reading, as indeed all his work was. His “State Trials” contains some of the best political writing we know of, though colored by strong passion and sometimes unfair to persons, and is a handy quarry of matter otherwise hard to reach. His other legal works were numerous; and after the Electoral Commission of 1876 he wrote a valuable set of papers for the International Review, proving that to put judges on political commissions was always mischievous, debauching the judges and destroying their repute without elevating the character of the commissions. He also had a totally different and in connection almost curious class of work; he was ordained rector of St. Paul’s Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, Mass., in 1863, three years later was made a professor in the Cambridge Divinity School, long edited the Episcopal Recorder, and wrote “A Treatise on Theism and Modern Skeptical Theories.”

LOCALS.

Term closes the 26th.

There will be the usual number of unfortunates in Junior physics.

A new uniform for the nine has been proposed. Black pants and stockings,
white shirt, and black and white striped cap. How is that?

Some one recently asked if the college boys attended chapel for the same reason that the "barbs" did. Yes (?), ma'am.

The "barbs" are practicing base ball every day. Now is the time for the usual annual blow about beating the college nine. They base their hopes this year on a new battery.

The Junior contest has been settled to take place the third week in April. Only five have as yet entered the lists. Let there be more at least to give more combinations in pools.

Since the last issue of the Collegian one student has been suspended. Thirty unexcused demerits were the grounds for suspension, a large number of these demerits being obtained for absence at church and prayers. A change to a later hour for prayers would in the future do away with many such suspensions and save the faculty from such a strict observance of the college laws.

The Kenyon Polo Team has made its appearance during the last month, composed of Carpenter, Walkley C., Kennedy, Thurman, Carpenter and Ginn. The team has practiced at the Mt. Vernon rink and has played three games with the Mt. Vernon Team, resulting in one victory for the Kenyon Team and two for Mt. Vernon. Mt. Vernon winning on March 9 with a score of 3 to 0, and March 20 with 3 to 0, and Kenyon winning on March 2d with 3 to 1.

Two alarms of fire, have, during the past two weeks, reminded us that some day we may have serious need for the village fire engine, which has before now been but a plaything for ambitious Freshmen. One alarm was from Dr. Sterling's home and was soon extinguished with little or no loss. The other was from Prof. Benson's and proved to be only some burning straw near his barn. Such little incidents added to the advent of "Compt's Cage" give us quite a metropolitan air.

"Why has there been no choir in church, lately?" is a question that is often heard now. The reason is probably this. To present good music, the choir must practice regularly, and this would require one or two hours a week, now, even more to escape that awful criticism. Gambier has more than her fair share of musical critics and all their criticism seems to fall upon the choir. There is the same old cry for choir privileges. The organist, monitor, bell ringer, and assistant librarians are all paid for their work. Now, some people think that it is no work to sing there; that it is real pleasure; that they are remunerated by the fine scenery, etc., etc. Not so. It is work, and hard work, too, and the sooner the faculty recognize the choir's services, the better it will be for all.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

George Kennan has again been advanced to the title-page in the Century, and gives us an interesting account of the customs and habits of the people of the "Territory of the Trans-Baikal." Pleasing descriptions abound as in all his articles.

Florence Earle Coates follows with a sonnet upon "Siberia," which in a milder way but confirms the already unfavorable opinion of that dreary land. The admirers of Harry Stilwell Edwards are favored with a short story, "The Rival Souls." "Christian Ireland," by Charles De Kay is made doubly interesting by a large number of well executed sketches. May Hallock Foote's drawing, "The Chance of Reuben and Gad," demands special attention. "The History of Lincoln" holds its accustomed place, and is followed by a partially scientific article on "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves." The Hoosier poet contributes one of his dialect poems with the "National Capital" as the subject. "York Cathedral"
is especially well illustrated, and precedes a practical article by Charles Barnard, "Something Electricity is Doing." The paper upon "Amateur Theatricals," gives us a rather humorous account of some of the doings of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club. "Dutch Painters at Home," was written some years ago and gives some insight to the modern school of Dutch Painters. Eggleston's critical article upon the "American Commonwealth," is carefully written.

The March Scribner ranks as a magazine dealing largely with practical and interesting subjects. The frontispiece, entitled "The Postmaster's Assistant," has the true smack of country life, and is introductory to "The Railway Mail Service," by Thomas L. James. It tells of the great improvement made by the Government in this matter, and is sanguine, that with some few changes we may have the best railway mail service in the world. "A German Rome," by W. B. Scott, is a paper about the capital of the Roman Empire of the West, Treves, which city is regarded as "The Rome of the lands beyond the Alps." "Economy in Intellectual Work," by Wm. H. Brihen is slightly pedantic for the ordinary run of readers of magazines. Wm. F. Apthorp's article, "Some of Wagner's Heroes and Heroines," deals with a subject especially interesting at the present time. "Mexican Superstitions and Folk-Lore," by Thomas A. Janvier gives the reader an idea of the mental darkness in which the inhabitants of this historic land exist.


Prof. W. in Soph. English. "A rotten apple corrupts its fellows." Mr. Th—— will you please move your seat here by me," To Same Class—"I do not wish to cast my pearls before swine. Please pay attention."
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