

Wordsworth and Coleridge. Through them Philosophy was spiritualized. Every object in Nature possessed a hidden meaning. Thus we have in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a reflective and pensive poetry.

Coleridge, of profounder learning, had adopted the German system of metaphysics as founded by Kant. The vexed problem—"how did things have a beginning?" and "whither are we bound?" had been long in solving. Coleridge had powers fully adequate to the task,—a vigorous and comprehensive intellect, originality, and more than all, a piercing insight into the depths of the human soul. The object of his inquiry was to search out principles, and he succeeded; for, as a poet has said, "as on some starless sea, all dark above, all dark below yet onward as he drove, he seemed to plough up light that ever round him streamed." But in what is left to us we have only a hint of what he might have accomplished, had he possessed sufficiently resolute will to concentrate and direct his varied powers. Coleridge's influence on modern thought has been great but will be felt still more in the centuries that are to come. That he changed its tendencies from groveling earth to heaven and helped to establish a natural poetry are to two reasons for which his memory should be exalted.

His love of a Higher Being was the benign influence which shed such cheerful rays upon his pathway. It gave a new significance to life; to Nature, a voiceless melody—a chant in praise of the Creator.

The *true* critic must be perfect master of the work he attempts to examine. Many of the so-called critics of the last century passed their judgement on men whom they did not understand. But Coleridge was the most discriminating judge of his day. He willingly acknowledged the excellences of an author while pointing out his faults. His treatment of Shakspeare was abler and better than any that has been given. Those who had "lain in wait against his soul" discovered that they could effect but little. The thrusts of an inferior cannot injure a veritable genius.

He was not unaffected by the Romance movement, but blended the surprising, strange, and wonderful with mystery and eternal Truth. The Poets mind dwelt ever in the Beyond—apart from the world of sense. This characteristic is clearly observed in the "Ancient Mariner," a poem perfect in form and plan, which once read, refuses to be forgotten. It is a divine song and full of weird and sombre thought; cherished because its influence cannot be resisted. The laws of benevolence had been violated and the feelings and emotions of the Mariner were so blended with the surrounding scenery that all Nature seemed awry.

The reform in poetry had brought many advantages with it. No more words were used than were necessary to the full expression of the meaning. This excellent quality is displayed in "Christabel." The fragment is not the less powerful because it is no part of the symmetrical whole. We shudder for the fate of "Christabel;" Good is in danger of being overpowered by Evil. The poem is fanciful and of superstitious impressiveness. What a spell we feel cast around us! Here certainly is richness, fullness, harmony! Coleridge combined unlimited imagination with great command of language and deep feeling. Each word is a picture in itself. This suggestiveness is his crowning gift. As Byron, he is the poet of his own soul, in its sufferings as well as in its joyful movement.

In accordance with the spirit of his age, which prompted not to further progress after great accomplishments, but to calm retrospect of what had been attained; Coleridge after traversing all fields of knowledge and especially investigating every system of Philosophy, communicated to admiring worshipers what he had acquired. All the stores of learning, ancient and modern were unfolded showing, the extensive research and brilliant scholarship of the possessor. Before the hearer's mental vision a glorious panorama stretched, dotted by the sun-lit spots of fancy and the harvest of ripened thought, while above all pealed the music of his voice. Entranced they listen; none so willing to hear as they—he, ready to impart. The mellow tones have long been silent, but the pleasant remembrances linger still. Coleridge's mental stature may be approximately estimated, when we learn that such men as Wordsworth, Southey and Lamb regarded him as their superior.

How greatly is it to be regretted that a blot should appear upon the fair name of a man of genius, that his later days should be spent in gloom, caused by his own weakness. The opium fiend had seized his soul and would not be shaken off.

If suffering can atone for wrong, Coleridge made reparation.

The dark side of the pillar is turned; but who mourns is not as one bereft of all he loved: thy living Truths are left."

Campus Canards.

The S. of G. H. is a thing of the past.

Only two pronounced democrats in college.

Dave Forsyth will not be with his class this year.

Professors Hicks and Nicholson are both away on domestic affairs and the Scientifics are taking a siesta.

The first meeting of the Union Literary society was well attended, and the programme was one of the best.

Our old friend and the University's champion, John Dryden, paid us a visit last week with a new style of beard. Glad to see you, John.

The "Boarding Club" is a decided success, and if you don't believe it, just ask some one that has visited it, but don't go yourself. "Aren't at home," to visitors, you know!

By call of the Chancellor, the Freshman class met and elected O. B. Polk temporary chairman. A committee was appointed to form a constitution. Meeting adjourned till three-thirty of the 16th.

The Registrar reports over two-hundred as registered; and while a few register each day there are yet many who have not attended to this matter. Certainly all understand that it is necessary, so why this confusion, this loss of time?

The Freshman class as usual appeared in the chapel with canes. Sparks of delight filled the Sophomores' eyes as they caught the first glimpse of the canes at the door, but when the barbed wire brigade entered, their head hung like a senior's, when caught in a watermelon patch. At the close of chapel, the Soph's made up their mind it was the wrong time of the moon to dispute the Freshmans right to carry canes.