

*A. B. Collins,  
Draughts W.*

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THE  
**COLLEGIAN**

OF  
KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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## OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

"Educate your children and your Country is safe."

Vol. 1.

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No. 5.

### THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - OCTOBER, 1872

#### REVIEW OF G. ON RELIGIOUS DEBATES.

BY TIMOTHY.

Messrs. Editors:

In the September number of the COLLEGIAN you have an article on religious debates, by G., that is so remarkable or *curious* that it deserves a notice.

1st. G. sets out by saying that: "Christianity exhibits her thousand sects, and each sect thinks itself infallible." Now there are two objections in this that I think Mr. G. cannot prove. 1st. Christianity does not exhibit her thousand. No. He cannot prove that it exhibits one sect in the scriptural use of that term. 2d. There is no sect claiming infallibility unless it be the Catholic Church and her Pope.

2d. G. says: "If my maker has given me an inferior mind, a mendacious witness, and it informs me that I am in the right way when I am in the wrong, what am I to do?" Do! cease to look into your mind to learn what is right, and hear the "sayings of the savior and *do them.*" This is a great trouble with many. Instead of looking into the Bible for information on religious things, they look into their own minds and consciences. God says "this is my Son, *hear him.*" The holy scriptures are given for correction and instruction in righteousness—not our minds.

You say in one breath that religious debates "do some good," &c.; in the next, that they "have been of incalculable benefit." Then in a third, they go so far as to decide men's "eternal destiny by the strict rules of logic." The virtue of debate gains rapidly in your mind by reflection. But in the last statement that "*Logic* decides men's eternal destiny," is a new gospel to me. I thought the gospel of Christ was the savior of life or death, not logic.

4. Mr. G. next changes his subject to an enquiry: Who are the members of the Church of Christ? and says: "All true, honest and sincere followers of Christ constitute his church, and will inherit eternal life." The first part of this sentence every person of all churches believes, I suppose. But the latter, upon consideration, Mr. G.

will admit to be conditional. But after laying such a noble platform, my friend stumbles on to a broad guage road, and says: "It matters not to what denomination of Christians they may belong, if they have *conscientiously* selected the course *they believe* to be right, using all the means that has been placed in their power, *they must be right!*" Well! Well! Bro. G. where did you learn such theology? From the Bible College? No. I know they do not teach there that, because a person is honest and does the best he knows, that therefore he is right. My dear sir, what is right in religious matters? Is it honesty? An infidel may be honest. Is it sincerity? Any person may be sincere in any thing he undertakes. Is it to act conscientiously? A Jew or Mohamedan or Mormon may be all that. Will these things make them Christians? But you qualify this declaration by saying: "They must use all the means that have been placed in their power." If they do this then there is no doubt but that they will go right, and into the right church. God's "*means*" do not mislead the people. The great trouble is they will not or do not learn his means so as to do their duty, and for this God will hold them accountable. It is a sin to be ignorant of the will of God. All are commanded to hear and believe the gospel.—But you say "it does not matter to what church they belong." Suppose some of these churches are not of God, but simply societies of man's creation. Does it not matter whether we be in them, or in the sheepfold of Christ, in which there is salvation, as says the great teacher? No dogma is more false than that the conscience guides unerringly right, and I do not think that G. will defend it.

5th. Next! G. says that "debaters affirm that nobody is right except he thinks just as they think, nor will such be saved." I believe that G. is as much mistaken here as above. All debaters and preachers that I have ever known, believe and teach that there is some truth taught by all denominations of Christians. And as to their opinions of their chances for heaven, nearly all denominations have some hope, that although others differ with them, and do not do all the truth, yet doing much of it with a good purpose, they hope for the best. This is the current Protestant feeling I believe.

6th. Our youthful Theologian next springs the subject of Christian unity, and says that his idea of it is expressed in the following language, after a lengthy quotation from some person, we have this sentiment: "On the whole it is best that

they (the Evangelical Christians) should *not* (agree) and it was wise in the great head of the church to leave these things, non-essential, (forms of church government, &c.,) as he has, that the different denominations may, by a *holy rivalry*, stir each other up to good works." A little further on G. says: "We venture to say that there are no nations on the earth that entertain feelings of such bitter rancor towards each other as the various denominations of our county."

Why, my dear sir, the more "bitter rancor" we have, the more "holy rivalry" of course. In the first part of your paper you advocated such divisions, but now you are for union with Christ who, prays that "all that believe on him through the apostles might be one." And Paul, who taught the ancient Corinthian church to "speak the same things," to be "perfectly united in the same judgment."

That's right, my young brother, contend for the "unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." I am glad to see you improve so rapidly.

7th. G. next says: "Debates do not tend to produce Christian unity, but division," why then oppose them? They are the very thing to get up "bitter rancor and holy rivalry."

8th. I think G. is very reckless in the assertion of the "bitter, rancorous" feelings of the denominations towards each other. I, for one, do not believe it. We see them worship together. Many of them commune together at the Lord's table. They call each other brother and sister. They are social and respectful. This is the general character in America. Hostile nations are unsocial, disrespectful, unkind, and fight each other. You are wide of the mark, my brother. In many things they agree, and in some they do not agree.

I believe there is much sympathy and kind feeling in the heart of every child of God towards any and all that he has reason to believe loves the Savior.

One more consistency, says G. "since divisions are inevitable, why not in order to have a greater degree of harmony, unite upon that one grand central thought of christianity, Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God." Now it puzzles me to know how we can all unite on this or any other thought, if "divisions are inevitable." Indeed such a union you taught in the beginning of your paper had better not be. It would destroy all that "holy rivalry necessary to stir each other up to good works"

Poor old Paul was an old foggy for branding the ancients with carnality for divisions.

After this proposition for union on the one foundation, you again change your subject and enquire, "if a man believes this proof, with all his heart, and does, as far as his knowledge extends, comply with the will of the Savior, is he not a good Christian?" Ask a Mormon if he believes this proof, and he will tell you yes, and he says he lives as near right as he understands, and that he believes and does all the commands of Jo. Smith besides. Is he therefore a good Christian? The

Universalists, the Swedenborgian, and many or all others will say the same, are all Christians.

If the Jew made void the law of God by his traditions, may not Gentiles do the same thing of the gospel? If the Jew worshiped God in vain by teaching for doctrines, the commandments of men, may not the Gentiles be guilty of the same *vain* worship.

Mix an alkali and an acid, you destroy the original qualities of each, and make a new compound. Mix Judaism, Paganism and the gospel, and what have we? It may be many that are honest, pious, devoted Pagan-Jewish-Christians.

In your conclusion you again return to the subject of Christian union. After all you seem to love it notwithstanding your "idea" is against it, and give us a good exhortation, showing that you have made wonderful progress in a few minutes time.

Now my friend G. I will take leave of you and your "creed, as comprehensive as the arch of heaven," and your "charities, bounded but by the circle of creation." This big creed and extensive charity show a good heart, but we have no right to give away the things of our master without his consent. When he says "he that hears these sayings of mine and does them shall be blessed," we show a spirit of rebellion if we say: "He that hears these sayings of Christ and does a part of them, or something else in the place of them, shall be saved if he is honest and sincere.

"To the law and to the testimony, if a man speaks not according to this, it is because he has no light in him."

#### MAN'S TRUE GREATNESS.

Man likes to be called great. He will spend his life in ceaseless toil to obtain the applause of his fellows; and though this struggle may bring nothing but disappointment and bitterness of soul, he will never relinquish it. He fancies that he sees the goal of all his hopes, almost within his grasp, and with his eye fixed upon that, he hurries on, regardless of everything else, till he stumbles into the grave, and that, too, in most cases, with his object unattained. The reason of this is obvious. He pursues the wrong course to gratify his desire. This arises from his having an improper conception of what true greatness is. Man can never succeed in anything he does not understand; but in this case his misunderstanding does not grow out of the fact that he *can* not know what the legitimate course is, but that he *will* not. This forcibly brings to our minds the old maxim, "None are so blind as those who will not see."

The world's idea of (true) greatness is as false as it is pernicious. It is true that at different periods it has shifted its ground, but, sad to say, not for the better. There never was anything in it to develop man's better nature. It only panders to his pride, and leaves his principle to perish. On every page of history this truth is inscribed, in characters that need no interpreter. How often is the crown placed upon the brow of him whose

hands are reeking with the blood of millions, and whose heart is black with crimes innumerable.—How often is the man of worth crushed beneath the feet of the eager crowd who rush after their blood-stained, sin-polluted hero. Time would fail me to tell of the men who have been raised to undeserving honor; whose virtue was self-interest, and whose honesty was the caprice of an unholy inclination; or of those who have scaled the heights of fame on the fallen forms of their fellow-mortals.

But there is another class of men of whom I would speak, who are not all devoid of merit. I mean literary and scientific men. They have wielded a mighty influence in forming the character of the people, and in elevating mankind to the plane he now occupies.

It is no part of my present purpose to enter into details as to the part they have performed in improving the mental and physical condition of man. It will be conceded by all that they have done a great work; what I wish to say is this: their character as mere literary men and scientists does not constitute them truly great men. True they might become such, but other qualities are requisite besides those possessed by them as mere scholars. But are their labors for the sole aim of improving man socially, morally and spiritually, of directing his thoughts upward from that which passes away to the changeless and the eternal? or is self the most prominent personage in all their hopes and aspirations? Undoubtedly the latter. Perhaps there are exceptional cases. These are not contemplated.

This is true, as well, of statesmen. Each tries to excel, and to send his name down to posterity laden with honor, which were unknown to any of his predecessors. Now it is admitted that it is an honor for a man to improve on what has been developed before, if done with the proper motive. But here comes in the hypothetical "if."

We can not then find true greatness among those who imbue their hands with the blood of their fellow-creatures, nor yet among scholars and statesmen, merely as such. It embodies higher and holier principles than can be claimed for the characters mentioned. It has, too, a loftier aim than these, and does a grander work. But among the rich and the noble it is rare—more frequent in the humbler walks of life. If I were asked to define it, my answer would be, as the shortest and most appropriate I could give: It is the incarnation of holiness. This I conceive comprehends the entire essence of true greatness. Mere pomp and show are foreign to it. Honor and fame are not necessary to its existence. Wealth rarely contributes to its development. Independent of all these it rises grandly above them. Its possessor may not be known outside his own little circle of friends, yet when the master "cometh to make up his jewels" he will shine as the sun in his Father's Kingdom. His labors of love and noble self-sacrifice will never be forgotten by him who knoweth the hearts of men.

True greatness does not depend on the extent that it is known, but on the purity of a man's life.

It does not come from without, but from within, and manifests itself outwardly in deeds of love and mercy. It counts not the applause of men, but desires to go through life, like the monster, relieving the needy and comforting the afflicted. Its retiring modesty is one of its chief attractions.

There is something so sublimely sweet, so gloriously beautiful in a holy life, that it seems to lift one away from earth and give him a foretaste of the society of the eternally blest. The charms that cluster around it, are as much superior to those of the self-styled great, as the brightness of the sun is to the glow worms transient spark.—The man who pants for this as the "hart for the water brooks," is the great man. He who fixes his eye on the jeweled walls of the new Jerusalem, and is animated by the light of purpose that was in the Savior, and who "ruleth his own spirit," is the true hero. And when an Alexander or a Caesar shall have ceased to be remembered, even among the things that were, he will live on in everlasting youth and unchanging glory.

Then the greatness to be desired is greatness of soul. The honors to be coveted, are the fadeless and the immortal. The deeds with which to make your memory green, are those that fit mankind for the eternal mansions.

M. J. FERGUSON.

#### ACCOMPLISHED HOUSEWIVES.

How few of the young men now-a-days who are seeking wives, care to inquire whether the women they propose to marry ever adorn their fingers with thimbles, go to market, or are of that rare class amongst the women of this age and generation, "good housewives?" Anna Dickinson hit the nail on the head in her lecture—"A Struggle for Life"—when she asserted that nine-tenths of the helplessness, distress and shame of women could be properly traced to unwise tendencies of parents, who labored to teach their daughters everything but that which, in an emergency or in married life, could be made practically useful to them.

Young men are as frequently to blame as foolish fathers and mothers, and they look for brilliant, not useful women; forgetting the that what are termed "brilliant accomplishments" are those which are soonest forgotten by their possessors, and which, in domestic life, generally carry with them the fewest and shallowest of real enjoyments. The performance of a difficult passage on the piano, or the faultless execution of a graceful movement in the dance, is well enough in its way, but it is wretched compensation for sour or heavy bread, badly cooked steaks, sloppy coffee, slovenly dressed and untidy children. It does not of course necessarily follow that a brilliant woman is a poor housewife. Far from it. We have known those who excelled alike upon the piano and gridiron; who plied the broom as gracefully as they twirled the tiny sunshade; who were as neat and as cleanly in their hours of domestic leisure and employment as when entertaining company in the parlor

or promenading Chestnut street; but these were the exceptions, not the rule. Such women are rare birds—met with once in a while, and once in a while only. Send them to market, and teach them to be able to discriminate between a beef-steak and a veal cutlett, and to know the difference between a turnip and a head of cabbage; teach them the coveted art and mystery of good bread making, palatable coffee making, and the thousand and one other little items of culinary knowledge and practice that go to make up the good housewife; and young men, you who are on the hunt for partners in life, be advised, and in making your selections, have a sharp eye to those domestic qualifications to which the old Frenchman's ward gave such decided preference.

H. D. D.

### LOUNGING ABOUT CHURCH DOORS.

So much has been written and said about the practice indulged in by young men, of standing in and about the doors of out churches, during, and after service, that what we expect to say will not, we fear, amount to much, or be considered with any weight by those who are guilty of the practice. They have been spoken of in the pulpit, written about in the city papers, frowned upon by the good old elders and "Managing Agents" of popular boarding schools, and still they persist in blocking up the street and crowding the church door with their ungainly figures, and ugly faces—in fact they have become case-hardened, bomb-proof, and copper-bottomed. The sounding of Gabriel's trumpet wouldn't scare them away. Even the appearance of Neil Hendricks fails to have any effect upon them. What are we to do with such beings, or are they beings? What are they? What are they made of, that they can so deliberately force their ugly appearance upon and before a disgusted public, even after they have been plainly told that their room is more desirable than their company.—But coming down to the seriousness of the offense, permit us, kind reader to express our opinion upon the practice. It is a notorious fact that the majority of those who indulge this habit, are either students or young men of the city, whose life and conduct have forfeited for them the respect of those, they insult, with their presence.

In this article it is our desire to reach the students of Kentucky University. It is with them we have to deal, and if we can effect any change in their course in this respect, we shall be satisfied, for we have long since given up all hope of ever seeing any reformation in the conduct of the other class. Now, in all seriousness, we ask you young gentlemen, to reflect for a single instant, upon the figure you cut. Not only would we ask you to look upon that picture, but we have another we desire to present. For what purposes are our churches used? Do we go there to air our good clothes, show our handsome faces, and stare pretty girls out of countenance; or, do we go there to offer our songs of praise to God? Following this line of thought but a short distance, and what is your conclusion of duty. Does it lead you to commit the offense of which we speak? Assuredly not. Then what is the inevitable conclusion forced upon us, but that these hangers-on go there, for no other purpose than to make exhibitions of themselves. If such be the case in God's name we ask you to stay away—for aside from the sin you commit, your presence there is an insult, to the congregation, and no man with one particle of self-respect will ever be guilty of forcing himself where his presence is revolting to common decency. Think carefully over this subject, young gentlemen, and we think you will coincide with us in our views, and join with us in our efforts to break up this disgusting spectacle.

E.

... All student subscribers will hereafter get their papers at Messrs. Purnell & Carpenter's Book Store, they having very kindly and gratuitously tendered us the room.

### MY BEAU IDEAL.

My lady is lovely, my angel is good;  
For this have I worshipped, for that have I wooed  
The beautiful being who came from above,  
And blighted my path with the lustre of love.

With grace, sports she limbs like the fleet-footed fawn,  
Which springs o'er the hills at the shadow of dawn;  
While her bearing is stately, and saintly the sheen  
That gambols in glory o'er a face so serene.

Her golden-tinged ringlets the soft breezes move,  
And from her bright eyes darts the lightning of love;  
While there plays a sweet smile on her roseate lips,  
As the zephyr on flowers when the honey-bee sips.

Her mind is a well-spring of wisdom and wit—  
A casket of gems which ever emit  
The heart-cheering rays of light and of love,  
As pure and as warm as the beams from above.

Her heart is a temple, where spirits divine,  
With softest embraces each other entwine;  
Where sin is a stranger, and hate is unknown,  
Where faith, hope and love are blended in one.

An angel of mercy to Gentile, to Jew,  
Her lily-white hand oft' dries the death dew,  
Which dampens the brow when death draweth nigh,  
As the earth is bedewed when the sun leaves the sky.

The tread of her feet, as light as the swan's,  
E'er followeth fast where suffering goes;  
But her garments, as white as the fleece of the South,  
Unspotted she keeps from the slanderer's mou'h.

The incense of prayer and the incense of praise  
From her heart-altar rises in soul-stirring lays,  
While she offers thereon as a fit sacrifice  
Her body alive to the God of the skies.

And thus is she lovely, and thus is she good;  
For this have I worshipped, for that have I wooed  
The beautiful being who came from above,  
And blighted my path with the lustre of love.

MAC. WILMETH.

### FAIRS.

By request of the editor elect of the Periclean Society, we furnish an editorial for this number of the COLLEGIAN, and have concluded that a few thoughts relative to the fairs would not be out of place, as they seem to have been uppermost in the minds of our people during the past three or four months. The old, the young, the white, the black, all ages, all colors and races and classes, have had their heads and hearts set upon the fairs.

These annual shows, or grand gambling resorts, have so engrossed the minds of the whole community, that, at least, one third of the year is consumed in making preparations for them. On these occasions vanity gluts itself, and, as is usual, mothers fawn in caressing adulation around Mammon's sons, while their daughters stand the ready victims to be sacrificed upon his altar. While fathers are engaged in rubbing their stock, preparing it for their sons to gamble upon, when it enters the arena of contest, mothers, with the Bible in their houses, not in their hearts, with the history of Mary and Martha before them, are rubbing, varnishing, slicking and ribboning their daughters for exhibition.

Old mothers, lend this boy your ears, and he

will tell you a truth or two. Little editors will never do it, so long as you feed and wine them so. They will hang around your table like death about its victim, and think they leave you indebted to them, if they should mention in their weekly sheet, at whose table they dined during the week of the fair.

The fair, from my stand-point, seems to be one large card-table, the largest I ever saw, where mothers stake their daughters; heartlessly play them off to Mammon's sons, regardless of where their affections may be placed, and thus rob them, not unfrequently, of peace, happiness and contentment. It is useless to conceal the truth, mothers, I must tell it to you. The highest card, or rather the heaviest purse, wins the greatest beauty. It matters not who holds it; worth, merit and morality, are the lowest cards in the deck.—Drunkenness, gambling and swearing, when backed by Mammon, are all trumps. O Mammon! Well may preachers preach about thee, and teach the world to hate thee, and at the same time love thee so ardently themselves.

In dwelling so long upon the god Mammon, some persons may be disposed to censure us with a departure from our subject; but if they consider, only for a moment, the object and end of fairs, they will readily perceive that they are money. Stock-holders erect amppitheaters, temporary and permanent, for the sole purpose of wringing the almighty dollar from the poor working classes of our country. The improvement of the stock is the professed, but not the real object of fairs.

It is not our purpose to censure fairs in themselves, but the mode of conducting them. Fairs, if rightly conducted, would receive our hearty sanction. We cannot fancy a more attractive object of vision and contemplation than the farmer, with wife and children, wending his way to the fair, to while away a few hours in social enjoyment. If fairs were rightly conducted, he could do this, without the fear of his daughter's or his son's corruption. A fair should be free from drinking-saloons, gambling, lotteries, prize-shooting, and everything that is calculated to corrupt youth. How delightful, how divine, are the enjoyments that are free from sin! We are pre-eminently social beings, and must have assemblies of some sort, but why not have them free from all corrupting influences. There is something charming in the expression, "keep thyself pure."

Preachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and men of other trades and professions, have their large assemblies, to devise means to promote and advance their respective pursuits. Why, then, should not farmers have them in the way of fairs, and bring the fruits of their toil for exhibition, and thereby dignify their labor? There could be no objection to this; but fairs, as conducted, go hand in hand with the devil, and are the gates that lead straight down to hell. Every inducement to do evil, every enticement to lure the youth of

our land from the paths of virtue and morality, are centered in these fairs.

My information in reference to the fairs is not second-hand. I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. I went myself to the fair-ground, and I went in a cloud of dust, which almost blinded my eyes, and filled my breathing-apparatus, as well as my food-conductor.

The first object (due, perhaps, to my precarious state of dustiness) that attracted my attention, was a glass of rosy wine, that sparkled in the hand of a young gallant, clothed in a Dolly Varden shirt and muffled in a Dolly Varden cravat, who, be it said to the honor of the lad, drank with seeming delight to the health of "the gal" that "the day before, had bored him so." Oh! how much my lips did burn and quiver with the desire merely to touch one glass of wine. May God preserve me in the future from such temptations.

I rushed frantically away from this side of the amphitheater, and not knowing where I was going, soon found myself in the midst of what I believe is called the betting crowd, and to my great indignation, a man caught me in the back of the neck, and shook a whole hand-full of green-backs right into my face, crying, "here is your shucks, twenty to your two that I can spot the blue." It struck me all of a sudden, that two dollars was a very small sum, that it would be a very little risk to take him up, and so I ran my hand with some precipitation down into my pocket, and began to pull up "old greasy," but a second thought struck me, that I might lose the two dollars; instead of winning the twenty, considering that I knew nothing about the horses, had'ent even seen them, so I told him I dide'nt bet, and he immediately let go his "grip" on my neck, and seized another's. I felt considerably relieved, and began to elbow myself out of this crowd, which, I did, after much expenditure of force, that weakened my physical constitution no little. I soon, however, found myself in a crowd of prize-shooters, situated between a lottery-stand and a show. As I was already at the fair, I concluded I would make the best of it, and take the least of the evils, and see the *greatest curiosity* in the world, so I went into the show, but found nothing there as it was represented to be. I came out, however, a little wiser than when I went in, for I don't think they could humbug me out of a half-dollar again.

Fortunately, or unfortunately for me, I here met with an old friend, who conducted me to the booth occupied by the ladies. I soon met two or three lady acquaintances, who expressed great pleasure at meeting me, and said they were very thirsty, as well as much fatigued by sitting on those ill-constructed seats, which was merely a delicate way of telling me that they had the backache. I saw a boy coming along with a bucket of water, and I called him, and gave each of the ladies a drink, and several other ladies that were strangers to me, as well as two or three little children, and then told the boy that he might go on with his bucket, but in-

stead of obeying orders, he made a low bow, looked at me rather quizzically, and said, "only half-dollar, bos." I simply drew up "old greasy" and paid him without a word.

I then made the ladies as polite a bow as I knew how, and told them I would see them again, which promise, of course, I kept. I took my seat a little farther up, and watched with intense interest a lady that seemed to have a great many beaux, in fact, there were several gentlemen talking to her the whole time. I could not imagine what it was that attracted them so, for the lady seemed to me to have a very insipid face indeed. I concluded that it must be her conversational powers, and that I would form her acquaintance at earliest convenience. I did so, and found her a complete blank. I told a gentleman, that seemed to be very devoted to her, my opinion of her. "Why, my dear sir," he replied, "her father has five hundred acres of land, and she is the only child;" thus the mystery was solved. He then offered to introduce me to another lady, and her only recommendation was, that she was rich, which he seemed to think was sufficient for any gentleman of taste.

The next object that attracted my attention was a long, lank, lean, and ugly boy, about six feet three inches in height, who was lionized not only by old mothers, but daughters too, and received a great many invitations to dine. Now I happened to know this boy, and he has a head just about as large as a cymbling, and about as much brains as an oyster; but his father, who started a blacksmith, had by hard labor accumulated about fifty or sixty thousand dollars worth of property, and this boy was his only heir—his stay and hope. I don't think that any one will now say I was rash in coming to the conclusion that the sole object and end of fairs was money.

We see that prize-shooting, lotteries, drinking-saloons, quack doctors with their quack medicines, humbug shows, and regular gambling booths are allowed by the stock-holders for money, and that these all come for the purpose of money; that mothers and daughters go to the fairs in search of rich men's sons, and that rich men's sons, as well as poor men's, go in search of rich men's daughters, so that fairs are nothing but large gambling-tables. The good men and the good women of our country ought to frown down upon them, until all these corrupting influences are banished, until they are conducted upon the principles of an enlightened and Christian policy. G.

#### MAN—WHAT IS HIS DUTY?

By the laws of a great many States an individual is not a *man* until he arrives at a certain age, say twenty-one. We do not question the propriety of such a law. We will not deny or assert that some are better qualified to discharge the duties of a man at a younger age, while some are incapacitated even though they be three score and ten. We do not propose in this article to question that some are men in *years*, whilst *mentally*, they are mere boys in their teens. We leave the

discussion and decision of these questions to our readers. What we *do* wish to show, however, is that man has a *duty* to perform.

Man, in his organization is endowed with faculties which distinguish him from the remainder of the animal creation. *Reason* is his distinguishing characteristic. We all admit that he is superior to any living organization on the face of the earth.

Whilst man differs so far from any other living body, he has opportunities, privileges and blessings which are afforded to him alone. The privilege is afforded him of worshipping and adoring a heavenly Father from whom all his blessings flow; a Father to whom he may go for succor when in distress. He is blessed with parents—the ones who gave him birth; a kind-hearted father and mother, with whom he can hold sweet converse, and catch the golden words as they issue from their lips; from whom he can receive the gentle admonitions, as from parental love, they are given. All *nature* seems glad, and appears to smile for his pleasure and happiness. He has control of all the animals; he has at his command the soil, which produces for him his vegetation and life, as it were.

It seems as if the inferior or lower order of animals were placed here for his benefit. Some furnish him clothing, some are labor-savers, and some food, whilst others furnish him sweet music, to remind him of that far-away land of the soul.—Who can describe the pleasure it affords man to wander into the woods, and there catch the melodious notes as they spring from the little birds, at the same time making the very woods resound with their melodious songs? Can we doubt then, after summing up the various duties of the *inferior* animals, that man, the *superior*, has also a *duty*, and a *superior* duty, too, to perform?

What, then, is that duty? We shall endeavor, as briefly as possible, to show to our readers, and especially our student friends, the line of duty as seems to us to be clearly marked out—and by way of preface, we do not wish to be understood as setting up a moral code "*a mile long*." Our object is merely to lighten the way, if possible, through a labyrinthian maze, in which a great many noble youth of our land have become engulfed, and out of which, when once ensnared, very few escape.

Our country, in years, may be considered young. But a few years ago, and the step of Columbus, and his few daring followers, could be heard. To them our country presented nothing but a barren waste. The noble red man could be seen enjoying the quiet and pleasant retreats of his happy hunting-grounds. He was as Nature made him—no embellishments whatever. Fashion had not made a fool of him, as it has made of the present generation, but he presented manhood in its unadulterated form. We have said: a few years ago and our country was new. Our forefathers, guided by our beloved Washington, had just emerged from a war with their mother country, England; they came out of the fiery ordeal enthused with a desire, (a desire characteristic of the Saxon race,) to push onward into new fields of en-



terprise and discovery. They came from in front of the cannon's mouth prepared and desiring to march onward up the hill of progress. Attempt after attempt was made, but no sooner had a step forward been taken, than a step backward they came. They persevered. Defeat did not subdue them. At the present, we have surmounted the primary difficulties, and are gradually ascending the hill, and at no distant day, when we shall have surmounted all obstacles, we will arrive at its summit and cry at the height of our voices, *Eureka, EUREKA!*

We expect a speedy consummation of these ends notwithstanding some throw it into our faces: "Progress, progress; yes, you are progressing backward." Away with such ideas. We consider them a slander cast upon the intelligence of the American people, and he who gives utterance to them, a fit subject for an asylum.

We most heartily contend that we are making an onward march in the cause of learning. In this march, there depends a great deal upon the youth of our land. Of necessity, the old *must* give way to the young. How important then it is that the youth get a proper conception of duty, and that they act well their part, *as youths*, for they most assuredly are the country's only hope for her future men.

They must prepare themselves and apply themselves also, for the duties of a citizen. Great is the import of that expression. To be a citizen means more than the masses generally think. In our opinion, to be a citizen does not mean to breathe, to move and to perform the functions of life. On the contrary, we have to beget within ourselves a proper sense of duty; we have to work up within us a sufficient amount of energy; energy that will ever stimulate us to further action; energy that will never permit within us a retrograde movement, but will continually point to us an onward and an upward course.

This we conceive to be the *chief* element of success. We may search our library from ground floor to garret, and in no history of the past can we find progress stamped on the face of a nation where its subjects were not thoroughly imbued with this life-giving power. In no case do we read of a slothful, licentious people acting in any great enterprise of life. We have seen the sad effects of indolence in the past—let us guard against it in the future. History, the key to all nations, lifts its warning voice, saying, beware of non-activity.

We might mention countries whose subjects fall under this rule. We will not enlarge upon any of them, as our article has already lengthened beyond our intention. We might mention Africa, a country with whose subjects we are acquainted. We might mention the African as *especially* falling under this rule. There are only exceptional cases where a negro has ever performed any effectual service to his country. We do not wonder at it.—It cannot be considered prejudice in us so to speak, for all know the truthfulness of our remark.

We will not at the present writing undertake to say which country ranks the highest in the arts and

sciences at the present day. We love to think, however, that our proud America heads the list. How important is it then, for us to arouse our activity, and push on the good work. Let us each put his shoulder to the wheel and advance the great car of progress, and leave for posterity our memory having indelibly stamped upon it, *energy*.

In our discharge of duty, let us not forget that we all have a common interest. Let us not forget that what advances one, advances all, and in a proportionate degree. Let us help along our unfortunate brother.

To accomplish these objects it will require great labor; without great labor there is no excellence.

We fear there are hindrances which lie in the way of a majority of our people. Some imagine that barriers, innumerable, beset them. One young man thinks that because he can't get rich in a day, or in a year, he will not strive. Another also imagines that because he cannot speak like a Webster or a Clay, or write like a Byron or a Hume, that he is a mere cipher in the world, therefore (as he reasons) he will not attempt to fill a lower sphere. This will not do. To countenance such views will result in the inevitable overthrow of any people, [we care not whom they may be.] Such views will forever keep in the background, many a man who otherwise would fill well the station for which he is capacitated.—Lift up your heads. Put your best looks foremost, and push forward. Never give up!

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again.

We cannot all make Clays, Byrons or Shakespeares. Providence did not so intend it. So then let each be contented with his lot; live a consistent, Christian life; and when our labors here on earth are ended, we will hear the glad sound of: "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Even so may it be.  
R.

#### OUR PAPER.

... What has become of the subscribers that were pledged us during last vacation?

... We regretted very much on our return to find that so many of our subscribers had not received their papers. There were certainly two hundred copies sent back to us from the Post-office. This, however, will in future be averted, as we have established a delivery in the city.

We do not wish to be compelled in each issue to request our subscribers to send in their subscription money, and we trust that all who know themselves indebted to us will remit *at once*. We have enough due us to insure the publication of the COLLEGIAN during the present year, if it is only remitted, and *at once*. We appeal to *all* the students to rally around their standard, and do not, oh! do not, allow her banner to trail in the dust. We, as editors—your agents—are striving to do our duty as well as the light of inexperience will permit, and if we all move in concert, success will crown our efforts. Go at once to work, and send us clubs and money. Work hard! Work in earnest!!

# THE COLLEGIAN

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## WHAT HIS ENEMIES SAY OF HIM

For some months past, I have contemplated preparing a series of articles on Modern Rationalism, and some of its most prominent collateral and consequential developments. Being, however, impelled for want of time, to forego the pleasure of this investigation, I herewith submit in substitution thereof, the testimony of some of the most eminent skeptical and rationalistic writers on the great practical questions involved in this controversy—the question propounded while the hero of the gospel stood a prisoner at Pilot's bar: What shall we do with Jesus, who is called the Christ? Or that propounded by the grand hero himself, when accosted by the bigoted and unbelieving Jew: What think you of the Christ, whose son is he?

As preliminary to the class of witnesses to be introduced in this paper, and to show that the unbelieving world has undergone no material change in their views respecting this fundamental ques-

tion, hear first the testimony of those to whom it was directly propounded:

1. "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews. The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him: *Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.*"—NICODEMUS.

2. "I have sinned in that, I have betrayed the innocent blood."—JUDAS.

3. "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See you to it."—PILATE.

4. "Then came the officers to the chief priests and Pharisees, and they said unto them: Why have ye not brought him? The officers answered: *never man spake like this man.*"

5. "Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earth quake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying: *Truly this was the Son of God.*"—WITNESS OF HIS CRUCIFIXION.

Such is the uniform testimony of his contemporary adversaries; those who knew him personally, and were the eye witnesses of his deeds. Overawed by the miracle of his majesty, charmed by the matchless perfection of his character, overwhelmed by the wonderful and stupendous demonstrations of his power, urged on by the resistless tide of his unparalleled philanthropy, the very men who openly opposed, reviled him, and abetted the wicked conspiracy that put him to death, bowed in humble and reverential awe, exclaiming in convulsions of amazement: Never man spake as this man!! Surely this was the Son of God!!

Nicodemus uttered a sentiment that sinks deep into the consciousness of every rational and contemplative mind, when he said: "We know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do the miracles which thou doest, except God be with him." This bold utterance embodies the instinctive and irrepressible impulses of every honest soul who beholds Jesus in the peerless dignity and grandeur of his person. The same magic wand that subdued the stolid mutterings of primitive skepticism, transforming them into choral symphonies and the most unmeasured praise to the name of Jesus, has lost none of its divineness nor mystic power. For, though trammelled by the subtleties of metaphysics, and shackled by the mazes of a preconceived and dogmatic philosophy, modern unbelief has evinced no hesitation in joining to swell the grand chorus in lifting high on the summit of imperishable glory the name of Prince Immanuel.

First in this category of witnesses we introduce the name of Dr. David Frederick Strauss, the bold and intrepid champion of Pantheism in Germany:

"As little as humanity will ever be without religion, as little will it be without Christ. For to have religion without Christ would be as absurd as to enjoy poetry without regard to Homer or Shakspeare. And this Christ, as far as he is inseparable from the highest style of religion, is historical, not mythical;

is an individual, not a mere symbol. To the historical person of Christ belongs all in his life that exhibits his religious perfection, his discourses, his moral action, and his passion. He remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thoughts; and no perfect piety is possible without his presence in the heart."—*Essays on the Transient and the Permanent in Christianity.*

Again he says:

"Jesus Christ is at the head of all men;" *i. e.*, in respect to morality, virtue and holiness.

The next we introduce to the reader's attention, is the distinguished French philosopher, metaphysician, and rationalist, Joseph Ernest Renan; author of "Renan's Life of Jesus."

"Let us, then, place the person of Jesus on the summit of human grandeur." In him is condensed all that is good and lofty in our nature." "Whatever may be the surprise of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will melt the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."—*Renan's Life of Jesus.*

We now quote from a rationalistic work entitled *Ecce Homo*, supposed to have been written by the learned and accomplished Prof. Seely, of London University, England. In a chapter on the "Enthusiasm of Humanity," the author speaking of the human race, remarks thus:

"Of this race Christ himself was a member; and to this day is not the best answer to all blasphemers of the species; the best consolation when our sense of its degradation is keenest, that a human brain was behind his forehead, and a human heart beating in his breast, and that within the whole creation of God nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found than he?"

Also in the concluding chapter is found this sentence:

"The story of Christ's life will always remain the one record in which the moral perfection of man stands revealed in its root and its unity."

Finally, and to cap the climax, we transcribe an extract from the fascinating quill of the skeptical Rousseau. Speaking of Jesus he thus exclaims:

"What sweetness, what purity in his manners! \* \* \* What elevation in his maxims! \* \* \* What empire over his passions! What prejudices, what blindness must they have who dare to draw a comparison between the son of Sophronisms and the son of Mariz! What distance is there between the one and the other? Where could Jesus have taken, among his countrymen, that elevated and pure morality of which he alone furnished both the precept and the example?"

Thus it is seen that the leading skeptical minds of the age unite in bearing the most emphatic testimony to the pure morality and elevated character of Jesus Christ as set forth and maintained by his original biographers, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Quotations of similar import could be given *ad infinitum*; but these given as the views of representative thinkers, and not merely as the opinions of individual authors, are deemed sufficient for the purpose. Now, let the reader turn back and carefully review the statements of these

men, giving due weight to every sentence, then institute the inquiry, are they at all reconcilable with the rationalistic hypothesis, viz: That the miracles of the Gospel were myths and legends, excogitated under the super-excitement and burning religious fervor of ignorant and simple minded men; and that therefore the claims to Messianic Divinity based upon these supposed supernatural wonders, cannot, in the nature of things, be true. This conceded, Christ was an imposter, and the Bible is not a reliable document. Why a labored effort to demolish rationalism, when it deliberately plants the dagger of demolition in its own bosom? But, perhaps, I am here reminded, that not one of the authors from whom I quote, bears the remotest testimony to the *divinity of Christ, the very point in controversy.* Well, that is true—that is direct testimony. But you extort and exalt his humanity—place him on the summit of human grandeur as these men have done—admit his unparalleled *morality, virtue, philanthropy and holiness*, and then I'll say, therefore He's *DIVINE*, and the world is challenged to gainsay the logic of any conclusion, or to show the inadequacy of the premises to warrant the deduction. Let the reader think.

H.

## SCULPTORS AND PAINTERS.

### *Anecdotes.*

Absolute originality, now but seldom found, was quite plenteous among the ancients. Our originality is inclined to be minor, and to some degree imitative. As an eminent one has said: "The ancients have stolen all our best ideas." Proverb after proverb rolled forth from the lips of the Fathers, as if thus endowed by nature; but with us, truly, "a proverb is the wisdom of many, the wit of one."

Little incidents display men's characters, great events frequently obscure them. The latter may display more heroism, but the former will bring to light more true human nature. This is especially true of Poets and Artists, beings highly emotional and imaginative. The poet sketches for the imagination to fill out; the artist presents the scene to our view. In each the fancy plays an all-important part.

While Agostino Caracci was one day discoursing with great eloquence upon the excellency of ancient sculpture, and giving special praise to the Laocoon, he observed that his brother Annibale was perfectly mute, and seemed to take no notice of the minute description of this noble relic of antiquity. For this seeming inattention, he was severely rebuked by his brother as a man wanting taste. Immediately Annibale arose and went to the wall, and with a piece of charcoal drew the statue as perfectly as if it had been tangibly be-

fore him. At this, the audience were not a little surprised, and Agostino, somewhat humbled, confessed that his brother had taken the more forcible way to demonstrate the beauties of that antique. "The poet," said Annibale, "paints with words, the painter speaks with works."

Zeuxis, of Heraclea, one of the most celebrated of painters of antiquity, flourished about 476 B. C. When he exposed his beautiful picture of the Centaurs to public view, before his house, finding that the singularity of the subject was a common source of admiration, he caused the picture to be removed, at the same time complaining that "when the people have some novelty, they care but little about the art by which it was produced." His far-famed work was Helen, of Croton, upon which he wrote the following lines from Homer:

\* \* "No wonder such celestial charms  
For nine long years have set the world in arms;  
What winning graces! What majestic mien!  
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

This picture he exhibited, for some time before it was placed in its destination, the temple of Juno Lacinia, at Croton, (with much gain.) People flocked from distant parts, and thousands rejoiced in the beauties of this work of art.

Upon one occasion, Nicomachus, a celebrated painter of Thebes, after having been admiring the picture for some time, observed to one who stood by beholding, but seeing no beauty,—“Take my eyes, and you will see a goddess.”

Though he presented nature in such perfection, and copied all her beauties with such exactness, he was often deceived. Having presented upon the canvass a boy carrying a basket of grapes, he was much elated at seeing the birds come to eat of the fruit. But soon the artist grew greatly dissatisfied, and pronounced the whole picture a failure; since, had the similitude been in both cases equal, the birds, certainly, by natural fear of the boy, would have been deterred from approaching the picture.

It is said that Zeuxis died from laughing at a comical picture which he had made, of an old woman.

Parhassius was a famous painter, a cotemporary with Zeuxis. When Zeuxis had painted a bunch of grapes so natural that the birds come to eat thereof, Parhassius hearing of his fame, entered the list against him. The day came for the presentation of their respective pieces; the birds came with the greatest avidity to pick at the grapes which Zeuxis had painted. Immediately Parhassius exhibited his piece, and Zeuxis said: "Remove the curtain that we may see the painting." Upon seeing that the curtain was the painting, he acknowledged himself surpassed by exclaiming, "Zeuxis has deceived birds, but Parhassius has deceived Zeuxis himself." Parhassius grew so vain of his art, that he clothed himself in purple, and wore a crown of gold, adopting the dignity of *King of Painters*.

One of the most celebrated paintings by Euphranor was the assembly of the gods. While this picture was in progress, at a loss for a model

for his Jupiter, he wandered about Athens despairing of finding one; when, upon passing the gymnasium, he heard the following lines of Homer:

"Kronion spoke and gave the nod of assent with his dark  
eyebrows,  
And the ambrosial locks of the king were shaken  
On his immortal head."

Immediately he cried out, "I have found my model," and homeward he hastened to produce a corresponding head.

Protegenes, of Caunus, lived about 328 B. C. His famous picture was Ialysus and his dog; in which the dog was represented as panting, and with froth at his mouth. To represent this froth a hundred attempts had been made, but all in vain; when one day in a rage, at his defeat, he threw the sponge at the dog's head. This perfected the picture beyond the skill of the artist. It became a picture universally admired. The labor of seven years perfected by an accident.

When Demetrius besieged Rhodes he refused to set on fire that portion of the city in which he knew Protegenes was working. When the town was taken, the painter was found closely employed in a garden in finishing a picture; and when the conquerer asked him why he showed not more concern in the general calamity, he replied that Demetrius had made war against the Rhodians, and not against the *fine arts*.

In his early career as a painter, Salvator Rosa had to sell his pictures in the public streets of Naples. But soon he arose to such a degree of eminence, that he charged exorbitant prices for his works. A person of great wealth had been attempting to buy one of Salvator's paintings, but could not do so, for each time Salvator would raise his price 100 crowns. At last the gentleman expressed his surprise with some considerable earnestness, when he was told that all his wealth was not sufficient to buy it, and to end his impotency he immediately destroyed the painting.

Lord Mulgrave employed Gilbert Stuart to paint a portrait of his brother, General Phillips, before going to India. When finished and presented, Lord Mulgrave exclaimed, "I see insanity in that face." The first news concerning the General after his arrival in India, was, that he had, in a fit of insanity, committed suicide. How deeply dives the artist into his object's mind.

In his early days, Giotto di Bondini, afterwards an eminent Italian artist, was an humble shepherd boy. Cimabue, then eminent in his profession, upon beholding the simple figures which Giotto had drawn upon the rocks, persuaded him to become his pupil. The boy-artist soon surpassed his master, but they continued good friends. While yet a mere boy in his master's studio, he painted a fly with such skill upon the nose of a portrait, in the painting of which his teacher had been engaged, that, when his master returned, and was about to resume his work, he made many vain, and even angry attempts to dislodge the insect, before he discovered the trick.

There are many anecdotes concerning the celebrated painter of Cos, Apelles, who lived in the

time of Alexander the Great. He was honored so highly that no one else was allowed to paint that Emperor's portrait. He was so attentive to his profession, that he spent no day without employing his pencil. Hence the proverb—*Nulla dies sine linea*.

He made a picture of Alexander holding the lightning in his hand, so life-like, that Pliny, upon seeing it, said that the hand of the King with the lightnings, seemed to come out of the picture.— He made another picture of him, but with this the king did not express so much satisfaction. At that moment a horse passing by, neighed at the horse represented in the picture, supposing it to be alive. "One would imagine," said the painter, "that the horse is a better judge of painting than your majesty." When Alexander ordered him to draw the picture of Campaspe, one of the king's attendants, he became enamored with her, and was permitted to marry her.

The celebrated *contest of lines* between Apelles and Protogenes is worthy of notice. Apelles paid a visit to Rhodes to see the celebrated works of Protogenes, but the artist was absent. He was received by an old woman, who was taking charge of a large panel prepared for the easel. She inquired what name she should give upon her master's return, Apelles answered by taking a pencil wet with color, and drawing a line on the panel, saying simply, "His." When Protogenes returned she pointed to what had been done. He cried out, "Apelles has been here, for that is the work of no other hand." Taking a pencil with another color he drew upon the same line a still firmer line, and going away gave orders to the old woman that when Apelles returned, she was to show him "That," and tell him it was whom he sought. Apelles returned, and blushing to see himself surpassed, drew a third line upon these two in a third color, and attained the summit of subtilty, leaving no possibility of being surpassed.

Apelles while in Rhodes seeing that the works of Protogenes were not duly appreciated by the Rhodians, offered to buy them all. This opened the eyes of the people, and caused a ready sale of the paintings.

It was a custom among Greek painters to expose to public view, in front of their doors, their paintings when finished. This Apelles did, and seated himself behind to hear the remarks of those who passed by. Soon a shoemaker passed along and criticized one of the shoes as having a less number of ties than it ought to have had. Passing upon the following day and perceiving it corrected, he was bold enough to venture criticism upon other parts, when Apelles came out and indignantly told him that "*the cobbler should keep to his last,*" which from that time became a proverb: *Ne sutor supra crepidam*.

Giovanni di Bologna's works were full of imagination, yet executed with a boldness and ability that cannot fail to strike the attention. In many pieces he gave greater attention to mechanical details than to purity of design. When one of his works, finished with extreme care, was placed be-

fore M. Angelo, that great artist said: "Young man, learn to compose your figures, before you endeavor to finish it."

When Michael Angelo's reputation was great, his adversaries, envious of his fame, would compare his works with the antique, endeavoring to show how far he fell short. He resolves to put their skill as judges to the test, and when he had perfected his Bacchus and Faun, he broke off the right hand of the Bacchus and reserved it, while the rest of the figure he ordered to be buried. At a proper opportunity workmen were ordered to dig, as if for other purposes, near this place, and toward the statue. Soon the statue was discovered, and the adversaries rushed to see it, pronouncing it to be a beautiful antique. M. Angelo himself came, but not so loud in his praises, he said it was a "*bella cosa,*" a good, pretty thing.— "Well," said one, "you can make as good a one, no doubt?" He played with them awhile and then said, "What will you say if I made this?" And desiring their patience, he stepped home and brought the hand which had been broken off in the small part of the arm, just above the wrist.

When making a bronze statue of Pope Julius I., he threw into the figure and attitude so much of the haughty and resolute character of the original, that Julius on seeing the model, asked him with a smile, whether he intended to represent him as blessing or as cursing. The artist prudently replied that he intended to represent his holiness as admonishing the Bohemians to submission. "And what," said the Pope, well pleased, will you put in the other hand." "A book, may it please your holiness." "A book, man!" exclaimed the Pope, "put rather a sword, thou knowest I am no scholar."

Donatello having carved in wood a crucifix for the church of Santo Croce, at Florence, and being satisfied of its merits, he invited his friend Brunelleschi to see it. He went, but his expectations from Donatello's praise, were changed to disappointment, expressed by saying that "the figures upon the cross appears that of a day laborer, than that of Jesus Christ, whose person was of the greatest possible beauty, and who was in all respects the most perfect man that ever was born." This he received coolly, remarking that, "It is easier to criticize than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix." B. went home, and after a labor of several months, he finished his crucifix. D. was then invited to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, and the two friends walked together toward the house of B., till they came to the old market-place, where B. purchased various eatables, and giving them to D. requested him to go on to the house, where he would join him presently. D. upon reaching the apartment had his attention immediately arrested by the crucifix of B., which, by that artist, had been placed in an advantageous light. While standing before it, he soon became so absorbed in the contemplation of its extraordinary merits, as entirely to forget the provisions committed to his charge, for, opening his hands which supported his

apron, down came the eggs, cheese, and other things upon the floor. He continued in the attitude of one overcome with admiration, until the arrival of B., who, laughing, asked him, how they were to dine, now that he had spoiled everything? "I," answered D., have had quite enough dinner for to-day; you, perhaps, may dine with the better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power of carving the figure of Christ; to me, that of day laborers."

In conclusion, Plato observes that "it is not by applying a rich or beautiful color to any part, but by giving every part its local color, that the whole is made beautiful." L.

### WHAT IS DEATH?

In another article we inquired: "What is Life?" We are now impelled to ask, what is Death? Is it merely the leaving of this world? Is it merely the leaving behind us for a short period of time, all the cares and temptations of this world?

Death, we are told, is the dissolution of the soul and the body; that is, when the soul has performed its mission on earth, it takes its flight to Heaven, there to join the church above, and to remain a worshiper around the throne of God.—What would be our feelings if the grave were our last resting place? But no, when we die, then it is we begin to live; then it is that we reap our reward or punishment for the manner we employed the little time allotted us here on earth; time that is given us in order that we may prepare for life hereafter.

How dreadful do some think death is; become even *terrified* at its approach, when we, and so do they, know that "it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." That we may all be prepared for it when it comes, and we know not the day nor the hour—it comes like a thief in the night—is our wish. R.

### Our Boys.

(Arts)—LYNN—Our old friend, Jno. W. Lynn, long to be remembered as the man who wouldn't wear a collar, and wouldn't comb his hair, and as the author of "The College Halls," after leaving Kentucky University went to Harvard and graduated in law. Since then he has been "roving the world around," until recently, when he settled down, and now wants his friends to know that he intends to live, die and practice law at Linden, Emporia county, Kansas.

'72 (COMMERCIAL)—TOTTEN—We had the pleasure of a hasty greeting with John C. Totten at the Louisville Exposition a few days ago. He is the picture of health, and carries his "goatee" with a deal of ease and grace.

'70. (Arts)—RUCKER—While viewing the wonders of Louisville industry, as displayed in her Exposition Hall, recently, we were made the recipient of a "good word" from our old friend Aleck Rucker. Aleck has really grown handsome, sporting a full beard. He has gotten to be a ladies man, too, having in charge at the time, we saw him, two beauties of Louisville.

CORRECTION.—In a communication in our last, from the pen of Mr. Evan P. Graves, occurred a mistake which we hasten to correct. Speaking of W. C. Belcher and partner, our typo's

made it read "Maddox & Belcher, Huston, Miss." It should have been "Waddell & Belcher, Austin, Miss." The error was a serious one, inasmuch as it might tend to lead his classmates astray in their communications with him.

(Arts)—MYALL, WILL, returned to College at the beginning of the session, and at the opening term of the Cecropian Society delivered the Presidential Salutatory. Some Bohemian, in the issue of the Daily Press of the following Monday, paid a flattering tribute to our friend's effort, which Craddock of the Kentuckian was pleased to copy, adding a compliment himself. Both papers were liberal in their praise, but not too much so in our judgment.

(Law)—CHISM, of '68, and McMillan, of '70, are practicing; the former at Carlisle, the latter at Paris; and both are doing well.

'70. (Law)—MUNGER—We had the pleasure of a pleasant chat with Charley recently. He is practicing at Carlisle, and doing remarkably well, having been at the bar now for only about a year.

(Arts)—WHITE—W. G. White having "served his time" with Norton & Sharpe, preparatory to entering the Pharmaceutical College, has taken his departure for Philadelphia to attend the winter course of lectures. He will be a member of the graduating class in the Philadelphia School of Pharmacy next March. It is his intention, we learn, to practice "pill making" and matrimony on his return.

The "boys" all remember "long George" Dunlap. Well, George passed through Lexington some weeks ago, and not deigning to call upon us, we felt hurt, and told him about it, in our last. Had we known the reason of his short stay we would have said nothing. As it is, we congratulate him. He's "done gone and got married," and Miss Fannie Finney, of Memphis, Tennessee, is the charming one, who captivated and captured our sedate bachelor friend, making him leave a life of single cussedness for one of wedded bliss. Long may his life be extended, that to the fullest he may enjoy the sweet companionship of his amiable wife.

George is the first of '70 to leave the ranks, and our advice to his old companions is, "go thou and do likewise."

'72. (Bible)—The following is sufficiently explicit to need no comment from us. We congratulate our handsome friend:

WILLIAMSON—JOHNSON.—Married at the Broadway Christian Church, Lexington, Ky., Sept. 5th, by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, assisted by Prest. R. Milligan, Chas. P. Williamson, of Richmond, Va., to Miss Bettie Johnson, of Lexington, Ky. No Cards.

(Arts)—McPHERSON—From a recent letter we learn that "Mc" has been spending his summer in Northern Alabama. He says the country is perfectly delightful, the scenery magnificent, fishing and hunting all that could be desired, while the girls, charming creatures, were as lovely and lovable as girls ever are, but sad to say, he was compelled to leave. The whisky was atrocious.

Coming up from Louisville, on the 13th ult., we stopped for a moment at Smithfield, and as the down train came up some one hailed us: "Hallo—come in here a moment, (in a low tone) I want to show you my wife, the prettiest creature under the sun." Looking up who should we see but Joe Arnett, "dressed to kill." Neither our time nor our credulity would permit our acceding to his request, and we hastened Lexington-wards, wondering if it were true, and if Joe was really married. So it is, though, and Miss Branham, of Midway, is now no more, but will hereafter be known among men as Mrs. Joel W. Arnett.

(A & M)—DUNLAP, JEFF M.—A letter from Jeff informs us that he has come very nearly being scalped by the Indians several times while traveling through Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska. Jeff's address until October will be Kansas City, Mo., after which he goes to work on the S. P. R. R., in Tex.

(A. & M.)—DARNEY, J. RUMSEY, is practicing law at Cadiz, Kentucky. Rum was one of our old students in "ye olden time."

'72. (Bible)—LYLE, T. J.—After having served us so faithfully as editor, and after having graduated, has located in Collierville, Tenn. Let us hear from you often. \*

... When we place the year of a student's attendance upon the University, it is intended to denote the year he graduated. The non-graduates names appear with nothing appended.

'70. (Bible)—HORN, R. C., after graduation, has been engaged in teaching and preaching. He is now at McKinney, Texas, and is teaching a flourishing school. He writes us that "papa" is the sweetest word he hears now.

'70. (Arts)—COLLINS, W. M.—As soon as he graduated, he went to Texas, and engaged in the practice of medicine. He is getting a good practice, and has lately turned two patients off—we don't know whether "killed" or "kured," we guess, however, one or the other.

(A. & M.)—SHERMAN—Our old friend Sherman was in the city a few days ago. He has been spending his time in Pennsylvania for the last year.

## University News.

... The COLLEGIAN for the next four months will be edited by—

C. B. EDGAR, Philothean Society.

M. J. FERGUSON, Christomathean Society.

T. J. MYERS, Cecropian Society.

JNO. W. RADLEY, Union Literary Society.

Mr. EVAN P. GRAVES, of Law '72, will act as Business Manager of the paper.

Mr. HENRY WHITE, Arts '72, was re-elected Treasurer.

... This month's issue contains no editorial from the Cecropian Editor, Mr. HARRIS, owing to his continued absence from the city. We can afford to excuse him this once, so faithfully did he labor during the summer, while all the editors were absent save himself.

... The Hollingsworth Commercial College has consolidated with that of the University—and now with the combination, Kentucky University offers the best advantages of any institution we know of, for young men, to fit themselves for actual business life.

... The Union Literary Society had a regular old fashion meeting at their re-union in September. It gratified us very much to find so many old members (excuse us gentlemen, we do not refer to your ages—especially some of you) had returned.

BOARD'S CLUB—WHAT NEXT?—Here came Lieut. Board on his return with twelve new students from Breckinridge county. They filled one building, and their name is Board's Club—We have been told that they live fine—a plenty of gas, as well as of something to eat and drink. Bully for Breckinridge!

... We have found several descendants, and consequently heirs, of Sir Francis Drake, of England. Mr. Drake left something like thirty one millions of dollars. Bah!

... There have been over four hundred matriculated thus far in the University, and we may confidently add fifty per cent for future matriculations.

... We wish to advise "our boys" against a practice that is very prevalent in the country. The time for building fires will soon be upon us. We do not wish to be compelled to write an obituary. We therefore advise them not to pour coal oil upon their burning kindling. A word to the wise is sufficient.

... Our chief, Walker Graves, since he retired into "obscurity" by resigning the editorship on the COLLEGIAN, has commenced the prac—save the mark!—the study of law. We wish the success, which always hovers o'er talent's head, may constantly surround him.

... And now comes drill for a year.

... The buildings at Woodland are all full to their utmost capacity, the first time during the history of the Institution.

... A new law of the clubs requiring that no member shall owe more than one week's board, will insure the success of the club system for the coming year.

... The Good Templar's Advocate, of Sept. 19th, contains a merited tribute to the qualities of our co-editor, Harris.—John has done his duty well on the COLLEGIAN.

... No promotions have as yet been made. Look out boys; be on your p's and q's.

... Col. S. M. Swigert has been placed in charge of the department of Natural History for the coming year.

We wish it distinctly understood that editors, as well as anybody else, like pies, cakes, candy and "goodies," of all kinds. Our friends who have them in abundance can find no better persons upon whom to bestow their donations. Large ones thankfully received; small ones in proportion.

... We have received from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Indiana, Mr. Milton B. Hopkins, his biennial report to the Governor.

\* \* We observe the following: The number of white males between the ages of six and twenty-one years is 317,515; of white females, 296,885; total number of white and black, male and female, 622,728. The amount of school fund June, 1871, \$1,625,226 03. The average daily attendance of white children, 287,767. Number of white male and female teachers employed, 11,467. Number of school houses in the State, 8,989. Number of school houses built within the year, 415; the cost of the same, \$609,105 67. The Superintendent says that institutes have been held in nearly every county in the State, and that great benefit has been derived from them. He also suggests that longer school terms be taught, the average for the past year being five months. We, ourselves, are of the same opinion, but Mr. Superintendent, take care that you do not get them too long. Eight or nine months are a plenty for school terms to be taught.

... A quill has been defined by some one to be an "instrument taken from the pinion of one goose to spread opinions of another." The gabble of the first goose is often more tolerable than that of the second.—K. M. I. Magazine.

Especially of yours.

WANTED—Some one to tickle us while we laugh at the "joaks" the K. M. I. Magazine gets off.

... "Who's that gentleman, my little man?" was asked of an urchin. "That one with a spike-tailed coat?" "Yes," was the response. "Why, he's a brevet uncle of mine." "How's that?" was asked. "Cause he's engaged to my aunt Mary?"

... Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with the letter H, which is only a breath! Heart, Home, Hope, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man is very much mistaken who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

### Miscellaneous.

... We know a man who is so stingy that he catches all the flies he can around his store and picks the sugar off their feet before allowing them to leave.—*Quincy (Fla.) Journal.*

He is very considerate. We know a grocer who sells flies and sugar too. He don't advertize in the COLLEGIAN, either.

**DON'T GIVE LIQUOR TO CHILDREN.**—One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance: "There is one thing which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is, to entreat a mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life and all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Learn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child."

Nor to the children of larger growth. The habit once acquired by old or young, large or small, is one of the hardest to throw off. "Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color aright, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

... Massachusetts gives her four Normal Schools \$40,000 annually. New York \$96,000 yearly to eight Normal Schools, of which the buildings, grounds and apparatus cost \$753,573.—*Exchange.*

And Kentucky gives her Institution *nothing*. How long, oh! how long, will this state of things exist? We regard it a perfect shame for Kentucky to treat her institution as she does.

**A NEW SPECIES OF BIRD.**—The Harrodsburg (Ky.) People says: "About three weeks ago there appeared on the farm of Joseph and Rucker Nichols, north of Salvisa, in Mercer county, some birds never before seen in this section of the country. First two were seen, and then they were joined by three others. Their size is between that of a buzzard and a crow. The head and neck, and the body to the base of the wings, as well as the entire under part of the body are snow white. The rest of the body is about the color of a partridge. The wings are very long, and the tail is deeply forked. They seem to be entirely carnivorous, and soar high in air while hunting their food, which, as far as has been observed, consists of grasshoppers, mince, and such small animals.—They swoop down upon their prey, and have a cry resembling that of a hawk."

While at home, during vacation, one of this same variety of birds was killed. Its characteristic seemed to be catching grasshoppers. The surgeon of the post of Elizabethtown called them *culews*—the noise made by them resembling somewhat the sound of that word.

... The property of the Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia is worth, according to the census, \$4,155,000, to which \$1,000,000 should be added for the Presbyterian Publication House, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Mission House in Arch street, and other property. The debt on all the churches is estimated at \$500,000. They will seat 51,000 worshippers.

... A new alarm clock belonging to Mr. Slifer, of West Philadelphia, sounded at midnight. The baby screamed, Mrs. Slifer had hysterics, and her husband fired six shots out of the window at a supposed burglar, and wounded a passer-by.—When the police came, they found him trying to drown the disturber of his peace, which he finally threw into the yard, where it whizzed all night, while the neighbors threw things at it, mistaking it for cats.

**A GRAMMATICAL DIALOGUE.**—The following conversation between a young lady who wrote for magazines, and an old

gentleman who believed he could speak English, occurred somewhere in Massachusetts, and is quoted for the benefit of grammarians:

Old Gentleman: "Are there any houses building in your village?"

Young Lady: "No, sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenters who are building."

Gentleman: "True; I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to being built. And how long has Mr. Smith's house being built?"

Lady (Looks puzzled a moment, and then answers rather abruptly): "Nearly a year."

Gentleman: "How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

Lady (explosively): "Don't know."

Gentleman: "I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new being only built, instead of being built as he expected, he cannot—"

Here the gentleman perceived that the lady had disappeared.

**INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER.**—When was gunpowder first invented? Common tradition has fixed the date at about the year 1267, and the inventor as a certain old English friar, known as Roger Bacon. The Germans claim the honor of first discovery for one of their countrymen, one Bartholdus Schwartz, also a monk. But Bartholdus made no hint of his discovery until the year 1320, fifty-three years afterward, so that Roger Bacon must remain in possession of the field until newer evidence crops up. But there is nothing new under the sun. After all, Bacon does not lay claim to having discovered gunpowder, only mentioning it as something known in his time; and as the worthy friar had studied among the Spanish Saracens, it is not at all improbable that he drew the secret from one of their scientific books.—*Once a Week.*

... Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.—*Richter.*

... A little boy was sent to a store for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

... The Baptist Theological Seminary for the South is to be located at Louisville, Ky. \$100,000 has been pledged by ten Louisville gentlemen, \$200,000 by the Baptists of other States.—So says the *Presbyterian*.

... An orator recently remarked in his fine peroration, "Innocence is like an umbrella; when once we have lost it, we can never hope to see it back again."

**THE OIL PRODUCERS.**—The pledge to stop drilling for six months has received signatures as follows, according to a report made to a meeting at Parker's Landing, August 28:

Titusville—Two hundred and forty signers.

Petroleum Centre—Fifty signers. Eight persons at this place refused to sign.

Petrolia City and vicinity—Twenty-nine signers.

Argyle—Fifteen signers.

Oil City—Fifty-eight signers.

Franklin—Thirteen signers.

Parker's Landing—Nineteen signers. Three refusals.

Brodensburg—Nineteen signers.

Antwerp—Five signers.

The Titusville Herald, commenting on the above, says:

While the great body of producers have signed or manifested a desire to sign the pledge or agreement to stop drilling, there are a few who yet hold back. The prevailing impression, however, appears to be that if the proper oppariuity is offered and the proper influence brought to bear, every individual owning or controlling a foot of oil-producing territory within the region will not merely sign the pledge, but strictly and rigidly adhere to his agreement. The producers as a class are men of high integrity, and they have the utmost faith



in each other, and that they will live up to the spirit and the letter of their agreements, particularly one of such vital importance.

The difficulty of sailing round Cape Horn and the dangers of passing through the Straits of Magellan are to be done away with by the establishment of a service of steam-tugs in the Straits, for towing sailing vessels through the narrow channel, thereby ensuring safety and shortening the passage to the Pacific by at least a month's time.

**REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.**—Under the new postal code, approved June 6th, the rate of postage for transient printed matter is reduced one-half. Magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets can now be sent at one cent for every two ounces, up to twelve, which is the limit for this kind of matter.

Book postage is two cents for each two ounces; and at this rate parcels of any kind can be sent by mail, provided they do not weigh over twelve ounces. Books can be sent in packages up to four pounds weight.

There is no change in the rate of ordinary letter postage; but the introduction of postal cards will practically give us one cent postage the whole country over.

These cards are to be furnished by the Post-office Department, with stamps printed on them, and to be sold at one cent each. There is so much mail matter in which secrecy is of no importance, that doubtless a large correspondence will be carried on by means of these cards, on which any kind of matter may be written or printed.

We have heard a great deal about penny postage in England; but, considering our long mail routes, our three cent letter rate is really cheaper than the penny rate in England.

It is to be hoped that the reduction made by means of the postal card may result profitably to the Department and useful to the people.

**HOW POLITICIANS WORK IT.**—At a political meeting the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry, Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry."

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in a magniloquent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hands to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech."

The chairman now rose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting—"Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry? Why that's the little cuss that told me to holler!"

**A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.**—How touching is this tribute of Hon. H. Benton to his mother's influence:

"My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me never to gamble, and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

**SAWING WOOD WITHOUT A SAW.**—The Scientific American records the change of one of the "impossibilities of the past into a reality." Geo. Robinsen, M. D., of New York, has invented a mode of sawing or cutting wood without saw or axe, by electricity. The galvanic current when passed over platinum wire in sufficient quantity heats the wire to white heat. This wire thus heated does the work of saw or axe, without any appreciable expenditure of muscular force. By arranging the wires with handles or other means, by which it may be

guided, any kind of lumber, whether in trees, logs or plank, may be cut as desired. The battery need be only of the simplest kind, as quantity not intensity of current is required. A child by this means may fell the largest tree in the forest, divide it into logs, or cut it into boards, without saw or axe. Only think of it! The idea of cutting down a huge pine tree with a wire! Some wiseacre stands up and declares: "I don't believe it. It can't be done," but such should remember that they talked just so when the telegraph was projected. It is only another proof that the impossibilities of to-day are the scientific facts of to-morrow.

**THE DAMAGE BY THE ALABAMA FLOODS.**—The Mobile Register gives a condensed estimate from a report just received by R. W. Fort, Secretary of Board of Trade, of the loss from the floods on the Warrior river alone. From Tuscaloosa to Steele's Bluff, fifty-five miles (ninety-three plantations,) the loss, as made up by a committee at Tuscaloosa, foots up 2,732 bales of cotton, 155,350 bushels of corn, and stock worth \$10,287 50. Rating corn at 75 cents per bushel, and cotton at 20 cents per pound, the aggregate foots up over \$400,000, as follows:

Loss of cotton (2,732 bales) .....	\$273,200 00
Loss of corn (155,350 bushels) .....	116,612 50
Loss of stock .....	10,287 50
Total .....	\$400,100 00

Of the above ninety-three plantations, seventy-five lost all their crop, stock and fixtures, which only eighteen succeeded in saving a small portion.

**A SHOWER OF BLACK WORMS.**—A letter from Bucharist reports a curious atmospheric phenomenon which occurred there, on the 25th ult., at a quarter past 9 in the evening. During the day the heat was stifling. The sky was cloudless. In the evening everybody went out walking, and the gardens were crowded. The ladies were mostly dressed in low-necked robes. Toward 9 o'clock a small cloud appeared on the horizon, and a quarter of an hour afterward rain began to fall, when, to the horror of everybody, it was found to consist of black worms of the size of an ordinary fly. All the streets were strewn with these curious animals. We trust there was some one in the town sufficiently interested in natural history to preserve some specimens, and that we shall hear something further concerning this phenomenon.—*Levant Times, Aug 6.*

**SCIENTIFIC DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.**—The Cleveland Herald publishes the following description of the storm of August 26, as seen from the United States Weather Observatory in that city:

During the forenoon the heavens were partially covered with lofty-cirro-stratus clouds, moving at the rate of about twenty miles per hour from the West. Toward 3 P. M., these increased in density, over-spreading the whole sky as with a thin sheet, through which the sun was dimly visible. At 4 P. M., the whole northwestern horizon was dark with these uniform, lofty clouds, which were still moving from the same direction. The wind was blowing nearly from due south, as it had been the greater part of the day. The smoke, instead of rising, covered the city and the lake with a thick haze. At 4.30 P. M., low cumulus clouds were visible on the extreme northwestern horizon, with lightning playing among them.—These rapidly approached, and as they did so their under surfaces could be seen moving swiftly from the north, while their whole mass exhibited a rapid upward motion. The summits of these cumuli, which presented the appearance of mountain ranges rising higher and higher behind one another, merged into and partook of the same motion with the now perfectly opaque mass of lofty clouds above them. In the front of these cumulus clouds the smoke rose perpendicularly, and the air above the lake, which was previously obscured by smoke, became transparent. At 4.50 P. M., the cumulus clouds came overhead, and the wind simultaneously changed from south to north. Rain at the same moment began to fall, though but slightly. The under surfaces of the cumuli, now directly overhead, were in very rapid motion from the north. But through openings in them the clouds above them could still be

seen moving from the west. At 5 P. M., western horizon was hidden by dense rain. The thermometer marked 84 degrees at this time, which were only two degrees less than the maximum for the day. At 5:15 P. M., the wind suddenly rose, blowing from the north, and the rain fell in torrents. At 5:20 P. M., the wind was blowing 36 to 40 miles per hour. The extreme density of the rain, which at this moment, with an arrowy and unwavering rush dashed hissing earthward, may be judged from the fact that the houses across the river were completely invisible. Everything was seen as through a heavy snow-storm. At 5:45 P. M., the violence of the storm was over. The thermometer stood at 68 degrees, having fallen 16 degrees during the storm.

The lightning was incessant, but of no great brightness. It played chiefly between the clouds and not between the clouds and the earth, although one or two downright belts were seen. Hence the thunder was generally low. The rain was so dense that it alone would almost have formed a good lightning conductor.

To describe the awful beauty of the storm, and how the fierce wind drove clouds of spray like whirling snow-wreaths before it, belongs to the pen of the terrestrial observer. To him also belongs the task of describing the roaring torrents into which the streets were transformed, in the midst of which floundered many an unfortunate or perverse mortal.

... The following is from the Early county (Ga.) News: "We have a *bona fide* citizen who has been struck by thirty-two minnie balls, one mortar shell, one shrapnel, one three-inch conical; and it is said that he has been struck by lightning, bitten by a rattlesnake, and chased by a maddog. He is a hale and hearty man yet. But let him get married—that will get his tag."

... A scrub-headed boy, having been brought before the court as a witness, the following very amusing colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" the Judge inquired,

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" say the Judge, getting very red, as an audible titter goes round the court-room.

"They live at home."

"Where in the thunder is their home?"

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable, take this witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not know the nature of an oath."

... The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with him from whose hand it came.

... Why should a freight car need no locomotive? Because the freight, itself, makes the *cargo*.

... All the slate pencils in the United States are made in Vermont. The sales amount to from \$15,000,000 to \$18,000,000 per year.

... Of the many Poles immigrating to this country, it is remarked that a very large per centage are journeymen tailors. This is doubtless owing to the mutual attraction between the needle and the Pole.

... The twelve great nations of the world own 285 iron clads.

... Our readers will notice from our advertisements that

Mr. J. George has moved, and now makes boots and shoes for those who call upon him at No. 12 South Upper street, in Norton's new building.

... Wine has drowned more than the sea.

... Stonehenge, England, is being plowed up.

... A telegraph line is in course of construction to combine Turkistan with the telegraphic system of the Russian empire.

HAWKINS—WHITE.—At the residence of the bride's father, William White, by S. W. Crutcher, J. TILFORD HAWKINS, of Lexington, to Miss KATE WHITE.

Thus another of the class of '72 "has gone" and got married, proving our assertion to be true, that the class of '72 were decidedly "matrimonially inclined." In justice to the class, we must say there are several who are anxious to be off, who are likely to remain bachelors for some time.

### THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING

We parted by the gate in June,  
That soft and balmy month,  
Beneath the sweetly beaming moon,  
And (wonth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I can't find a  
rhyme to month)

Years were to pass ere we should meet;  
A wide and yawning gulf  
Divides me from my love so sweet,  
While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck again; I can't get  
any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself.)

Oh, how I dreaded in my soul  
To part from my sweet nymph,  
While years should their long seasons roll  
Before (hymp—dymph—symph—I guess I'll have to  
let it go at that.)

Beneath my fortune's stern decree  
My lonely spirits sunk,  
For I a weary soul should be  
And a (hunk—dunk—runk—sk—That will never do  
in the world;)

She buried her dear lovely face  
Within her azure scarf,  
She knew I'd take the wretchedness  
As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf-and-harf. That  
won't answer, either.)

Oh, I had loved her many years,  
I loved her for herself;  
I loved her for her tender tears,  
And also for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf; no, no; not  
for her pelf.)

I took between her hands my head,  
How sweet her lips did pouch!  
I kissed her lovingly and said—  
(Bouch—mouch—louch—ouch; not a bit of it did I say  
ouch!)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,  
My tears they did escape,  
My sorrow I could not command,  
And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape; well, per-  
haps, I did feel like an ape)

I gave to her a fond adieu.  
Sweet pupil of love's school;  
I told her I would e'er be true,  
And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool; since I come  
to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with  
another fellow, before I was gone a month.)—*Ex.*

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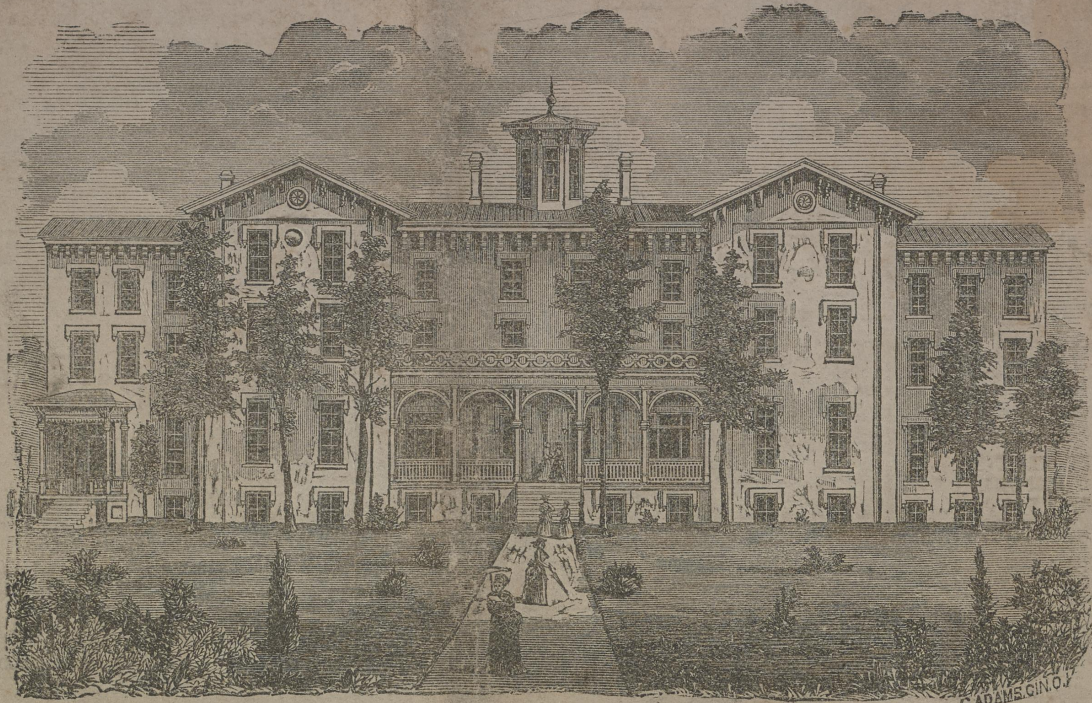
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—OF THE—

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