

THE
COLLEGIAN
 OF
 KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

"Educate your children and your Country is safe."

Vol. 1.

Lexington, Ky., February, 1873.

No. 9.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - FEBRUARY, 1873

[For The Collegian]

THE ASHLAND INSTITUTE.

Save those who were members of the Ashland Institute, a once Literary Society of Kentucky University, but few perhaps would care to hear recitals concerning its *past*. This was undertaken to meet the desire of her members, but if others should happen to be entertained, we will have accomplished that which, whilst it gratifies the writer, was not expected. Scattered as are those who were my literary associates of the Institute, from the Lakes to Texas, and having no means of communication with them except by mail, (and the Society Minutes having unfortunately been misplaced) the responsibility of producing something readable has not been enviable.

Mr. J. W. RADLEY was suggested as a very fit person for such an undertaking, though, upon reflection, and after getting others' views, the result was different.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky University began operations in 1866; the Ashland Institute was its first production of public note, and until its union with the Adelphean Society, of the same College, was largely identified with its progress.

The College of Arts, the Bible College, and the College of the Law had been distinguished for the reputation of their Literary Societies none of which expected so formidable a rival as was soon to grow up in that of the Ashland Institute. During the session of 1866 and '67, a number of young gentlemen of the college, of whom were T. V. Munson and W. B. Munson, Ill.; A. Bowman, of Mercer county, Ky.; D. Clark, of Paris, Ky.; Henry Underwood, Jr., of Bowling Green, Ky.; Ben. Gratz, Jr., of Lexington, Ky.; C. Cram, Morgan Station, Pendleton county, Ky.; Jas. Maddison, Logan county, Ky.; D. M. Woodson, Frankfort, Ky.; J. C. May, Spencer county, Ky.; J. W. Ogdon, Bracken county, Ky.; C. K. Tharp, Owensboro, Ky.; Rich'd. Colston, of Louisville, and Wm. Cheek, of Burksville, Ky., met together for the purpose of founding a fraternity. After the usual suggestions and deliberations, a membership

known as the Ashland Institute, a name in accordance not only with Ashland itself, where was their college, but with Ashland's illustrious sage, was formed. Jefferson's Parliamentary Practice was set up as a rule of proceeding, and a Constitution was engrossed, which, amongst other provisions provided for a President, Vice President, Critic, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and Doorkeeper, who should all be elected by ballot at the same meeting, to hold office during a term of six meetings, or longer should the Society omit to hold an election.

A majority was quorum. Meetings to be held every Friday night. Order of exercises—Reading, Essays, Declamations, Orations, Debate. Question to be decided by a committee of three, who were appointed previous to each debate by the President, an intermission of five minutes which was subsequently practiced, irregular debate, secret business, and adjournment. The secret business related merely to the financial and personal matters, orders, appointments, &c. of the Institute.

Thus the Institute progressed, striving to reach to a high standard, and receiving now and then additions, for their desire was to constitute rather a chosen few than many; indeed, the constitutional limitation was thirty-six, and the average membership was about twenty-five. The Collegiate Session, beginning September, 1867, found the most of the members ready to renew their courses, and with a determination to carry forward the Ashland Institute until it should at least hold an even position with her sister Societies of the University. To this end they continued their exercises with closed doors, and sought out and received accessions from the most advanced newcomers of the College. The 22d of February of each year is observed as a holiday by the University, and is further recognized by its Literary Societies that each contribute a spokesman for the occasion; this orator, months beforehand, is chosen, at a secret session, to represent his society, and such is the emulation amongst them no small pains are taken in the election. Thus each in succession deliver an oration during that national day, in Morrison Chapel, before the various college faculties, their fellow-students, and the citizens of Lexington in attendance; the occasion being enlivened by bands of music and a dress parade of the cadets. On February, 1867, the Ashland Institute had not cared to be represented, but agreed upon a representative for the 22d, 1868, which day was to witness the debut of the Institute, the

crowning of the members hope, and a gratification in some measure of their desires. Mr Benton McMillian, of Monroe county, Ky., was selected as standard bearer for that day, when in an address he depicted the coils of war.

He acquitted himself with much satisfaction before a large and select audience, and received the approval of his society, which after this ventured to open its hall every meeting night for the inspection of visitors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRAGMENTS FROM FAUST.

(Translated in the original metres.)

BY KOPPA.

DEDICATION.

Again ye come, ye wavering forms, again ye
That early cheered my troubled gaze, appear!
Strive I this once to grasp and fast retain ye?
Still holds my heart this fond illusion dear?
Ye crowd around; then o'er my spirit reign ye,
Erst mist-enshrouded, now arising clear.
A youthful trembling all my bosom seizes,
As round your march are playing magic breezes.

Of joyous days ye bring the apparition,
And many shades beloved gather round;
And, like an old and half-forgot tradition,
First Love returns with earliest Friendship bound.
Each pang renews, and wailing's repetition
Adown Life's labyrinthine path doth sound,
And names the Good, by cheating Fortune banished,
From happy hours, that have before me vanished.

These following lays no longer they are hearing,
The souls to whom I sung my earliest song;
D'perses the friendly troop my soul erst cheering,
The echo mute that erst resounded long.
My heart shrinks back, their very plaudits fearing,
Whilst sound my numbers to the stranger throng;
And whomso once my song made happy-hearted,
If still they live, roam through the world departed.

And me doth seize a yearning, long unwonted,
For that all-still and solemn Spirit-Zone,—
Like an Æolian harp, by breezes haunted,
My lisping lay floats in uncertain tone.
Tears gush on tears, the heart, with shudders daunted,
Erewhile so strong, itself unmanned doth own.
All I possess, in distance fadeth ever,
And all I've lost, grows real, dying never.

LULLABY.

(Song of the Spirits.)

Vanish, ye darkling,
Arches above him!
Tenderly glancing,
Friendly, entrancing,
Blue Ether peer.
O that the darkling
Clouds were dissolving!
Starrulets sparkling,
Sun-orbs revolving,
Milder appear.
Spirits Elysian,
Beauty's own vision,
Bending, entwining,
Wavering hover;
Longing inclining

Gems that are beaming
Pure in their gleaming.
Lo the high places,
Far left behind them!
Round the green bases
Spreading, they wind them,
Sparkling and laughing.
Happiness quafing,
Fly the tribes airy
Sunward to fairy
Isles that are blinking,—
Ocean's fair daughters—
Rising and sinking
Light on the waters.
List to them voicing

Follows them over.
Each in gay dresses
Flowing, and tresses
Floating, caresses
Meadows and bowers,
Where, in youth blooming,
Loving ones ponder,
Life-vows assuming.
Bowers on bowers!
Lo how they wander,
Tendrils 'mid flowers!
Grapes that the vine press
Down, 'neath the wine-press
Gush into rivers,
Foaming, o'er-streaming

Choral rejoicing.
Meadows high over,
Dancing they hover.
Circle their pinions
Ether's dominions.
Mountains o'er-roaming.
See how they glimmer.
Far o'er the foaming
Billows they shimmer.
Some in air floating,
Life-ward all gloating,
All on the far-off,
Love-beaming star of
Transport divine.

THE PRAYER OF MARGARET.

(In a niche in the wall, a devotional image of the MARY DO ROSA, flower before it.)

Margaret (placing fresh flowers in the pots.)

Ah! gracious,
To sorrow precious,
Thy look incline upon my need.

Thy heart sword-wounded,
With pangs unbounded,
Thou look'st to where Thy son doth bleed.

The Father view'st Thou,
Thy sighs renew'st Thou,
Uplifting Son's and Mother's need.

Who guesses,
Possesses,
What gnawing woe my bone?
With what dread my poor heart shivers,
Why it longs and trembling quivers,
Knowest Thou and Thou alone.

Go where I will, I languish,
For anguish, anguish, anguish,
Burns in my bosom here.
My tears—no mortal knowing,—
Are flowing, flowing, flowing,
My heart to breaking's near.

The flowers Thy niche adorning,
My tears, alas! bedewed:
As I, in early morning,
Fresh blooms for Thee renewed.

Clear stealing through my shutter,
The early sunbeams shone;
Saw I, in sorrow utter,
My bed already on.

Help! save from death and shame, I plead!
Ah! gracious,
To sorrow precious,
Thy look incline upon my need.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Why is it that the study of the English language is becoming so sadly neglected in the schools and colleges of our land? It is no uncommon thing to see students familiar with other languages and very ignorant of their own. Is it that the English language offers no inducements? It certainly cannot be.

We have frequently seen young men translating English sentences into Latin, and they would not err in the slightest particular; while on the other hand, when the time came for them to reverse the

order, by translating Latin into English, they would murder the "King's English" most brutally; they would have plural verbs agreeing with singular nouns and *vice versa*.

We once heard a distinguished professor of English Literature, in one of our universities, remark that in a graduating class in Latin, not one of its members committed an error in his Latin translation, but they most unmercifully missused the language of their country.

Indeed, the trouble lies not so much with our colleges as with our common schools. A stop should be put to it. It is ruining half the school boys of our land. Many of them are rushed into Latin, Greek, French, German, &c., &c., before they actually know what English Grammar treats of. The parents who have placed their children under the care of these professors (?) should see to it, for, indeed, the subject is well worthy of their attention.

There is need of home work. There is a pressing need of reform. To accomplish these ends the parents must give more attention to the education of their children, and not leave them altogether to the mercy of the teacher, who, perhaps, thinks it all well enough.

We shall have something to say in our next in regard to the study of languages, more particularly the Anglo-Saxon and the English. R.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

After a silence of many months, the above-named magazine again speaks to the world.

The Institute is located in the mountains, its nearest post-office is Frankfort, and the magazine is published in Indianapolis, Ind. These facts will be a sufficient apology for the magazine appearing only semi-occasionally, and being rather behind the times. Our last June issue, however, has reached them, and they have given us so much of their attention that we feel compelled to puff them a little. The contents of this magazine are varied. In fact it contains a little of everything but wit or wisdom. "Is the soul a higher state of physical existence?" is very satisfactorily answered on a single page, "Sir Walter Raleigh" is allowed the same space, while an article on "Perseverance" covers nearly two pages, no doubt on account of the new and startling thoughts it contains. In it we are told that no man can arise to importance without perseverance; that Napoleon, from an humble birth, became Emperor of one of the greatest nations on the globe; that "the telegraph wires send their messages with the rapidity of lightning!" (?); that "continued drops of water will wear away marble" &c. Imagine if you can, O learned reader, the astonishment of these country boys upon reading such astounding statements.

One of their writers began an article upon 'How to read,' but when he had gotten down ten or twelve lines of this (to them) much needed information, they choked him off at a semi-colon.

"An Evening Reverie" is a "pome." The writer

of this has a surprising imagination, and in the second stanza finds himself in a queer position. The meter is so tempting that you must excuse us, gentle reader, for making our comments in a weak imitation of his superb and musical numbers. He begins:

"Careless I lay
On eve's last ray,
And idly sink with dying day."
(What he doth lay
Upon that ray,
Ye country poet doth not say.)

(But, having sunk
Down with his bunk,
He swimeth—*he* would say—"all hunk.")
"Through twilight's dim
My senses swim;"
(It seems a bath was good for him.)

(Now he doth seem
To mount a beam
Of purest moonshine, all serene.)
"On silver streams
Of moonlight beams
I soar, enwrapt in heavenly dreams."

(He joy doth take,
Ye country Jake,
In plowing clouds to raise a stake.)
"And, having plowed
'Twixt every cloud,
I tear away their spray-like shroud,"

(A sailyor gay
Ye plow-boy may,
Without a rudder sail 'til day.)

"Then sail up through
The boundless blue,
A million worlds burst on my view,
Though first entranced,
The scenes enhanced
By Aurora's fitful purpling glance."

(His voyage o'er,
He reacheth shore,
And we would say, O, sail no more.
Ye poet swell
Returning well,
Ye little story lives to tell.)

"And far above
The scenes I love,
On matchless air, as Noah's dove
My spirit sings
Till tired wings
Turn me again to real things."

(Ye dove his song
Was doubted long
By all ye Nat. Historian throng.)

Nearly all the remaining space is occupied by thrilling romances, with such names as "Fate, Twice Saved, or Blanche Gibbons."

Subscribe for it; it is the funniest magazine published.

QUOTATIONS.

There are a few "unfortunate passages" in the works of most authors that suffer dreadfully at the hands of aspiring penny-a-liners, whose conceptions of their own abilities exceed the reality; and who, by a plentiful use of these quotations, lift themselves to a false position, and bask in the sunshine of this reflected glory—and this remark applies, not only to a certain class of writers, but also to a certain class of talkers. They twist and distort the conversation, until they can, with the least shadow of an excuse, introduce the quotation; and then you perceive that it is for this very purpose that they have been straining the conversation for the last ten minutes.

That an apt quotation is second only to an original remark, is certainly true. That an *inapt* quotation is second only to total silence, is also true.

The halo of beauty which surrounds these quotations is dispelled. From being choicest morsels of intellectual food, they are rendered disgusting by being used as nutriment to jokes. From being plants of healthy growth, they become sickly exotics.

Let one of these authors describe the inconveniences of poverty, and we are lugubriously informed that "misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," which, when uttered by Trinculo, was good, but from the universality of its application to every class of disagreeable situations, we are becoming wearied with it, and it is getting to be "out at the elbows."

The sentimental hero, suffering under the effects of first love, and wrapt in the sublimity of his "grand passion," is made to exclaim to his friends who are solicitous about his health, "throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it!" and thereby Macbeth is scandalized by being found in such company. Cowper shares the miserable fate of Shakspeare, for this love-afflicted hero is sure to be eternally sighing for—

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

"All went merry as a marriage bell" at every party, pic-nic, barbecue, bran-dance, club-meeting, house-raising, corn-shucking, political caucus, and stump-speaking, that I ever heard of.

At a party, a young "blood" is sure to skip on the "light fantastic toe," and in all likelihood, the fellow could not put his foot into a No. 8, and perhaps had never heard of a Benkert boot in his life.

What usher, what master of ceremonies, what judge, what governor, what petty official of any description, is not apostrophized in Shakspeare's

"Oh man, vain man
Dressed in a little brief authority," &c?

With these authors, a man "sits under his own vine and fig-tree," in a "land flowing with milk and honey," who is the owner of a few acres partly covered with sedge grass, of a log cabin, of a few razor-back hogs, of a brindled cow, and of a half-starved horse. The man probably never saw or heard of a fig-tree, and to whom fox-grapes were the height of luxury.

Rains in dry seasons, clear days in stormy winters, chance visits from a friend, letters from a sweet-heart, "checks" from the "governor," drinks to an impecunious toper, are said to be "like angels' visits, few and far between."

A young lady, in her own opinion, "casts pearls before swine," when she wastes her precious conversation on gentlemen for whom she cares nothing.

What young lawyer, in his maiden speech; what 4th of July orator, in a spread-eagle effort; what young divine, with his pale, classic face, in his first sermon, does not utter—

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn"?

To how many homely ladies, do you think, Keat's beautiful line—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

has been applied?

When a student returns home from the University, if he happens to be slightly bleached, or a little pale from having enjoyed a few nights of Commencement week with his boon companions, his fond friends doatingly gaze upon that face—

"Sick'ed o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

when the boy had not had a creditable thought in a month.

Who has not heard of that flower that—

"Is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

Until, in his desperation, he heartily wishes that some friend, in whom there was a "drop of the milk of human kindness," had strangled Gray when he was a boy.

If ever there was a *lie*-laden sentence, it is this: "The tables groaned with every delicacy of the season," for the reporter generally comforts himself with this savory remark, if he failed to get enough and if there was a scarcity of edibles.

Every old cracked bell in the country is made to "ring out a merry peal," and to tell the truth, one would much prefer to listen to a boy picking on a splinter.

Let a man arrive at the depot in time to see the train in the distance, and how wittily (?) he remarks to the amused crowd—

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Ye shades of Campbell! what anathemas should we heap upon his luckless head to appease your wrath!

In the last campaign, a politician in a public speech, when making a desperate effort to "save his country," sang the funeral knell to the last line of Moore's touching little song: "Farewell—But Whenever You Welcome the Hour," by symbolizing negroes under the name of "roses." Faugh! in that man the æsthetical element was about as highly developed as it is in a Berkshire pig.

If a young lady changes her sweet-heart, it is satisfactorily explained by the fact that—

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dreams."

Every dismounted fox-hunter offers his "kingdom for a horse."

A disappointed man is in the "winter of his discontent." Let him but miss a meal, and—

"Tis ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

But let the player next to you take the big casino, when you yourself hold the ten of spades, and you appropriately remark—

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity."

There should be moderation in everything. We are injuring our literature incalculably by this course, for when we come to one of these much-abused quotations, the thousand and one applications which have been made of it, recur to our minds, and, as some of these applications are not altogether pleasant and chaste, the associations which they thus recall rob us of the pleasure we would otherwise enjoy.

CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTIANS.

A writer in the *University Missourian* says that it is not only the pleasure but the duty of Christians to celebrate Christmas. It is doubtless true that it is too often their *pleasure*, and that in a very unbecoming manner, but that it is their *duty*, is, I must confess, a new theology to me. The writer has evidently been misinformed as to what the Christian's duties are. I would respectfully acquaint him of the fact that they are recorded in a book commonly known as the Bible, and that the doctrine he advocates is neither expressed nor implied in that volume. I predict that a careful perusal of that book will satisfy him on that point.

It cannot, then, be a religious duty, for all these are provided for in the Bible; and certainly no one will show such consummate ignorance as to affirm that it is enjoined by the State. If it is claimed that Christmas should be kept to honor the birth of Christ, the object is most sadly missed, for there is no living man who knows on what day he was born. This much is pretty certain, however, that it was not the 25th of December. I have not time nor space to enter into a full discussion of this subject, and will give but one reason for supposing this to be true. Our Lord was crucified when he was 33½ years of age, at the Jewish Passover, which occurred about the last of March. This fixes the date of his birth some time in the Autumn. The exact date cannot be determined, and was no doubt withheld from us for a wise purpose. We are not to worship Christ as a babe, but as the Lord of the Universe. We admire him as a child, but reverence him as an exalted Savior. If it be asked how December 25th came to be fixed as his birth day, the answer is that this was done three hundred years after Christ, by the bishop of Rome.

The only remaining reason I can conceive of why keeping Christmas is a duty of Christians, is that there is a necessity in the very fitness of things for the world to have, at least once a year, a grand carousal, and therefore Christians should take a part to make the wickedness common. Of course every one thinks this absurd, but allow me

to say, it is no more so than the assumption that Christmas should be observed by any man, whether saint or sinner.

Apart from all this, there are strong reasons for believing the world would be far better off if that day was forgotten. These are found in the innumerable sins committed during the holidays. I appeal to my readers to say, from their experience, if this is not true.

"NOTHING SO FOOLISH AS THE LAUGH OF FOOLS."

The highest conception many persons have of humor, is that it is simply something foolish.—They seem to reason that whatever excites laughter is humorous, and therefore the nonsense that so frequently graces, or rather disgraces, the columns of our newspapers, is genuine humor. Now, if this reasoning were correct, there would be few things under the sun that are serious, for there are few that are not subjects of laughter with some people at some times. Things the most solemn, as well as those the most absurd, frequently call forth the loudest laugh, on account of the peculiar circumstances under which they occur, and more particularly on account of the parties engaged. This, however, does not show that there is anything humorous in the things themselves, but it does show that laughter is not always the index of humor. It is true that this is its object, but not the frenzied sort that is heard in midnight carousals or from the inhabitants of Bedlam. A maniac may laugh, but cannot be merry. It never seems to occur to these people that good sense has any connection with mirth. With them, the more grotesque the assemblage of ideas in any composition, the more highly it is enjoyed. The effect, too, is heightened by its being as far removed from common sense as possible. Carrying out their notions, a madman or a fool would be the merriest writer in all the realm of literature.

The distortions of thought that are frequently presented to the public for humor, demand that their unfortunate authors be pitied rather than admired—pitied, that they have so little judgment as to employ their god-given powers solely in the production of what is not even respectable nonsense. The incoherent ravings of the drunken man, and the pratings of the simpleton, are on a par with such humor. Indeed, the only difference between it and the gabble of the parties just mentioned, is about as follows: In the former there is a deliberate, and therefore culpable, taking-leave of the senses, while the latter is but the legitimate product of minds already bereft of their powers.

There are publications daily issued from the press for humor, that would shame the veriest fool in the land; yet they are eagerly devoured by the multitude, and highly enjoyed by their poor authors. I say poor, for men of such distempered imaginations are certainly in a pitiable condition. Many of them have not wit enough to succeed as humorists, nor judgment enough to know it, and are therefore the more to be pitied. Others have

prostituted their wit for a base purpose, and are consequently the more to be blamed.

True humor is the offspring of good sense, and not distantly related to truth. It sufficiently resembles both these to be easily recognized. Hence, to judge of any composition in this department of literature, we have only to determine whether it is founded in truth and reason. Applying this test, we find that many writers imagine they are producing something humorous, when it is only labored nonsense. There is a certain regularity of thought to be maintained in this kind of writing that discovers the author to be a man of sense, even while he appears to be wholly given up to caprice. Any fool can write nonsense, but it is only the man of genius that can succeed as a humorist. The obvious reason is, that it is only the latter that can discover and forcibly present the pleasing relations of ideas which constitute humor. There must be both invention and judgment. The many would-be authors having neither, or else possessing them in but a limited degree, must invariably fail. Many of them are like an unpruned hedge, that springs up luxuriously here and there, but having no hand to order its growth, is both uncouth and unprofitable. Just so these men express brilliant thoughts occasionally, but with so little connection between them as to afford neither pleasure nor profit. There is nothing forced or far-fetched in humor. It is too delicate in its nature to endure any distortion or prostitution. Being but subdued wit, it is either rendered stiff and unpleasant by an abnormal use, or degenerated into vulgar nonsense.

Humor moderately indulged in, is "health to the soul," but an excess, and especially of the false kind, is exceedingly trying to a pure order of thought. Nor do the moral sensibilities suffer less. Every one's experience tells him that it is not very refining to read, to a great extent, humorous works, and still less must it be for one actually to make a fool of himself in an attempt to produce them.

The majority of authors in this field of literature at the present day, simply write slang. They seem to regard it as a brilliant achievement of genius to coin some new fantastic vulgarism to use in their sickly attempts at wit. Now, I give it as my opinion, that humor that is not worthy to be clothed in decent language, is not humor at all. Nor should any writer be countenanced who does not express his thoughts in respectable English, even though they be good, much less if they be inferior. There is no kind of writing in which so few men have attained to eminence, and none in which so many have utterly failed. This shows that none but the man of sense should attempt to play the fool, for if any other does, he is sure to become unnatural and spoil the effect.

.... A New Fairfield man has invented a torpedo in the shape of a kernel of corn; it is designed for the beguilement of crows, as soon as that offensive bird takes hold of it, it explodes and blows the top of its head off. This affords a cheap and innocent recreation for the crow, and at the same time does away with a grievous evil.

Among our Exchanges.

Harper's Bazar is decidedly one of the best, if not the best of periodicals devoted to the ladies. The circulation of such excellent papers will tend greatly to improve the taste of American women in dressing, and will educate them in economy in domestic affairs. The *Bazar* is not devoted to fashions alone, but contains a great variety of good reading matter, including a continued story. Its illustrations are first-class, and add not a little to the interest of the journal.

We have received the first number of the *Southern Evangelist*, a religious monthly magazine published at Atlanta, Ga., and edited by T. M. Harris. It is a handsome little magazine, and contains brief and readable articles on unsectarian religion. We wish it success. Cheap at \$1 per annum.

The *Chaplet*, edited by the young ladies of Stephens College, of Columbia, Mo., comes to us again replete with spicy and readable articles. If any one doubts female editorial ability, let him examine the *Chaplet*, and become convinced that even in this difficult department of college literary training, they are in the front rank. Young ladies, we admire you much, and are always glad to see you.

For the first time we have received a copy of the *College Journal* of Western University of Pennsylvania. It is a good-looking sheet, and its contents evince not a little ability.

The *Western Collegian* makes a good suggestion in regard to society libraries. It proposes to unite the libraries and grant access to subscribers of the College paper for a small fee. This, it thinks, would benefit both the societies and the paper.

The *Jessamine Journal*, Nicholasville, Ky.—The first number of this journal is before us. It is a twenty eight column weekly, edited by our agreeable friend, Capt. Jas. M. Parris, formerly editor of the *Clark County Democrat*. The selections in the number on our table are all chaste and interesting; the editorials unassuming, and to the point. The easy, unpretending style of the locals, together with the poignant personalities in which, to a slight degree, the Captain indulges toward a brother editor, warrant our predicting for his patrons an interesting paper. May his editorial life prove one strewn with sweet *Jessamines*, is our wish!

Popular Science Monthly.—The February number of this properly called popular monthly, is before us, and we find its contents peculiarly inviting. It supplies a long felt want in American serial literature, and cannot fail to become one of the most widely circulated monthlies in the country. It is conducted by the eminent scientist, Prof. E. L. Youmans.

The table of contents for the month includes,

"The Law of Storms," by Prof. Maury, of the Signal office, Washington; "Heat and Life," by Fernand Papillon; another paper on Sociology—"Subjective Difficulties—Emotional," by the great leader, Herbert Spencer; "The Warming of Houses," by Jno. P. Seddon; "Is Electricity Life," by Henry Lake; "The Romance of Medicine," by Ferd. Arnold; "The Antipodes and Periœci," by H. Butterworth; "Useful Things," by Edward About; "The Expression of Emotions;" "Nervous Health and Moral Health;" "Brainwork and the Emotions." An article on Mr. Charles Robert Darwin, together with many other interesting and instructive papers.

The Popular Science Monthly is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$5 per annum.

Harpers' Magazine, for February, comes to our table with an unusual store of good things. It opens with a beautifully illustrated and very interesting article on the Diamond Fields of Southern Africa, by Albert E. Coleman. Then comes an excellent sketch, by Herbert Tuttle, of the great pawnbroker establishment of Paris, the Mont de Piete, which is also handsomely illustrated.

A brief illustrated story of Mary, Queen of Scots, is intensely interesting, as good as any novel.—Then we find an entertaining account of the Life of Eastern Women, written by Edward De Leon, formerly American Consul General in Egypt. Strange things are told by Prof. Henry Draper, in an article, entitled "Delusions of Medicine." Mr. R. H. Horne writes up "The Great Fairs and Markets of Europe" in a style that is very pleasing. From an "Old Stager" we learn many interesting things of Caleb Cushing's early life.

In the line of fiction we find, first, a continuation of Charles Reade's story, "A Simpleton." By those who admire Mr. Reade, this story will be found intensely interesting. Miss Thackeray's story of "Old Kensington" is also continued, and is delightful.

"A Waif and Estray," by Castleton, is a short story, and very entertaining, as is also "A Quiet Episode," by Fannie E. Hodgson. Among other pieces of poetry we have one from the pen of Jno. G. Saxe. The Editor's Chair is as it has always been, very pleasant reading indeed. In a chatty way we hear of science, art, fashion, politics, &c. &c.

Littell's Living Age, for January, has been received, but it is so much in demand among our friends that three numbers were borrowed at once, and have not yet been returned. However, we have been able to examine that number for the week ending Jan. 18th, and find it very rich. It has "Middlemarch," from *Blackwood's Magazine*; "Coincidences and Superstitions," from *Cornhill Magazine*; "The Miori Character," from *The Spectator*; "The True Story of the Ship sent by Charles I. to serve against the French Protestants," from the *Athenæum*; "Animal Grotesques," from *Spectator*; "Brides and Bridals," also from the *Spectator*;

"The White Man's Grave," *Pall Mall Gazette*. A continuation of the story, "His Little Serene Highness," translated from the Dutch, by Fritz Renter; also, a continuation of "The Two Brothers," translated from the French. These stories are among the very best of the day, and were begun in the first January number.

As we have often said, the *Littell's Living Age* is, in our humble opinion (and not in ours only), the best eclectic magazine published, and we cannot understand how any reading man can be without it.

Lippincott's Magazine contains a number of highly attractive articles. The concluding part of "Searching for the Quinine-Plant in Peru" forms the initial paper. The illustrations accompanying this interesting record of adventure are perfectly beautiful. "A Glance at the Site and Antiquities of Athens," another well illustrated article, by J. L. T. Phillips, affords much valuable information concerning the present condition and appearance of the great monuments of the Grecian metropolis. It is written in a style which makes it eminently readable. "Country-House Life in England," by Reginald Wynford, abounds in curious and entertaining facts and pleasing anecdotes. It has all that freshness and sprightliness which invariably characterizes its author's sketches of British life, manners, and customs. Will Wallace Harney's paper, entitled "Observations and Adventures in Submarine Diving," possesses a fascinating interest for every class of readers. Its revelations of subaqueous life and phenomena are not only distinguished for accuracy and vivid delineation, but offer so marked a contrast to everything to which ordinary mortals are accustomed, that they arouse a feeling of excitement seldom produced by narratives of adventure upon the solid earth, in the air, or upon the surface of the sea. "Glimpses of John Chinaman," by Prentice Mulford, is at once amusing and instructive, and gives an insight into both the oddities and the capabilities of the Mongolian character as displayed upon American soil. The poetry contained in the present issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* is considerably above the ordinary level. One production, "Jack, the Regular," by Thomas Dunn English, is an interesting legend of the Revolutionary War, and is told with rare skill and power both of expression and of versification. In the department of fiction, the most conspicuous contributions are the continuation of "Probationer Leonhard," by Caroline Chesebro', and "The Forest of Arden," by Ita Aniol Prokop. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, is full of attractive and instructive matter. In the number for March will be commenced a highly interesting serial story, entitled "The Princess of Thule," by William Black, the author of "A Daughter of Heth."

... Americans are said to be the most ingenious and original advertisers. But what theatre manager on this side of the briny deep ever equaled the annexed, which is from a Liverpool paper: "Wanted—Two hundred boys to pick up the buttons that fall from the gentlemen's waistcoats by their screams of laughter at the great Rollin Howard as *Artaxerxes*."

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Ky. University.

EDITORS:

W. S. JONES, Periclean Society,
 C. B. EDGAR, Philothean Society,
 M. J. FERGUSON, Christomathean Society,
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 JNO. W. RADLEY, Union Literary Society.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - FEBRUARY, 1873

DEMANDS OF THE AGE.

The age demands less extravagance in fashion. Surely all Christians lament the fact that fashionable dressing occupies such a prominent place in modern church-going. To some extent, sight is lost of the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," and more attention devoted to the "outward adorning of plaiting hair, wearing gold, and putting on apparel."

In some places the object of attending church has degenerated from the lofty purpose of worshipping God, to the silly exhibitions of the latest fashions. What an admirable picture, and how applicable to some of our modern church actions, is the following language from an inspired writer: "If there enter into your synagogue a man having gold rings on his fingers, and with splendid clothing, and there enter likewise a poor man with mean clothing; and you look on him who has the splendid clothing and say, sit you here honorably; and to the poor man, stand you there; or, sit here at my footstool: are you not, then, partial among yourselves, and have become judges who reason wickedly?"

The age demands a thorough reformation in the

matter of conversation. There are few things needed more than this. An examination of the character of our young men will confirm this.—When not in the presence of ladies, young gentlemen, who are regarded as the most intelligent and refined, frequently utter many silly and vulgar things, of which, were they published, they would be heartily ashamed. For a verification of this remark, appeal to their experiences. Always make it a rule, young gentlemen, never to say anything of which you would be ashamed, though it were spoken in the presence of ladies. By thus acting you will have a "chaste conversation coupled with fear."

Too many young people suppose that one must be continually saying something funny to be agreeable in conversation. There is nothing more erroneous. A gifted writer has said, that "Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture."

We usually form our estimate of a man's character from his conversation. If he mangle grammar, we conclude he is not a scholar. If he take advantage of every unguarded expression, talk low wit, and utter vulgar nonsense, we infer immediately that he is not a gentleman, because these characteristics are incompatible with the character a true gentleman should sustain. We reason on the principle, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The religion of those who practice such idle jesting is no more than a "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal."

The age demands a more solid literature. Who can estimate the influence of the press? It is mightier than the sword!

To ascertain the character of some of our literature, it is only necessary to visit the news-store, or take passage on a train, and watch the news-agent pandering to the morbid appetites of a sensual public. The country is being flooded with a light, trashy literature, which is doing more than anything else to injure the morals of the young. This is my profound conviction. This evil calls loudly for a remedy.

The age demands, imperatively demands, that there be less intoxicating liquors used. It is said by reliable statisticians, that the money spent for spirituous liquors during the year 1871, in the United States, would now send 50,000 missionaries, with each a salary of \$1,000; 100,000 school teachers, with every one a salary of \$500; build 20,000 churches at a cost of \$3,000 a piece; furnish bread for 100,000 orphan children, and leave \$100,000,000 in the treasury. What a shame that money should be spent for such trifling purposes, when it could be appropriated to such useful objects!

The age demands virtue in public officers. For an elaboration of this requirement of the age, see an able editorial article in last month's COLLEGIAN.

We have neither time nor space to descant upon all the demands of the times. Time would fail us to tell of the demand for religion, education, honesty, &c. We believe that if we had a thorough reformation in the matters already enumerated, the

public welfare would be so promoted that other changes of importance would be easily effected.

W. H. WOOLERY.

Our Boys.

'72. (Bible)—HAWKINS, J. T., has gone to Georgia.

(A. & M.)—BOWMAN, S. D., is planting at Waterproof, Louisiana.

(A. & M.)—WILLIAMS, J. M., will not return as he expected. We regret his loss.

(A. & M.)—WICKS, JOHN, is banking in Aberdeen, Miss, as is also his brother, Tandy, in Memphis, Tenn.

(A. & M.)—MERRIWEATHER, M. S., is learning to "plug and pull teeth" in Clarksville, Tennessee.

(Bible.)—ISAAC, W. H., is teaching in Southern Kentucky. He talks of returning to the University. We hope he will.

(Bible)—CAVE, R. LIN., is residing in Paris, Ky., and preaching in Leesburg and Clintonville.

(Arts.)—SAMUEL M. LOCKE is now living in Cedar city Calloway co., Mo.

In our notice of John R. Collette last month, we failed to mention that he has a young *hopeful* by the name of Coudrette, whom we expect to see at the University in due time

(Arts.)—LEAVELL, J. B., was in town a few days ago. Farming seems to agree with him, for he looks as though he could in truth "shake the dew from the lion's mane."

(Arts.)—WINFREY, J. G., paid us a flying visit a few days ago. He is living in Columbia, but thinks of moving to Danville, and going into business there.

(A. & M.)—MORRISON, W. E., is living in the family of two old maids near Maysville. Will is farming, and we hear that he is going in for half the crop.

(A. & M.)—HOCKADAY, J. S., is at home, Lathrop, Mo. He writes to us that he is "fat and hearty." The "bard" especially, miss him and his return would be hailed with joy.

(Arts.)—BARNES, H. H., the skillful pitcher of the old "Orion," is clerking in his father's drug store, corner of Mill & Main Sts., Lexington, Ky.

(Bible)—INGRAM, R. H., whose return home we noticed last month, is in Iowa city preaching. He contemplates coming to Kentucky again for the purpose of preaching in Fleming county.

(Bible)—CRUTCHER, S. W., will preach this year at Grassy Springs, Ky., having given up the care of the church at Nicholasville.

(A. & M.)—GORDON, WILLIAM, is in the confectionary business at his home, Waterproof, La. We always thought he had a "hankering" after sweet things.

(Commercial)—TOTTEN, J. C.—John is still at his home at Otto, Ind. He and Dollie Voiers (not Varden) expect to make us a visit next month.

(A. & M.)—STEWART, E. B.—Who of '71-'72, does not remember him? All that we have to say with regard to him, is that he is married. We will inform our readers of the next event in his life, when he informs us.

(Arts.)—BROWNING, D. REES.—We have had a treat. Our old friend Rees made our sanctum bright with his presence.

He is just back from a four months pleasure trip to the northwest, and is looking remarkably well.

(Arts.)—COMBS, LESLIE JR., is farming about three miles from Lexington on the Winchester pike. He make an admirable farmer, and is devoting much attention to the raising of fine cattle, in which business he is very successful.

(Commercial.)—SMITH, W. S.—We had the pleasure a day or two since of seeing our friend "Smith," who is still the picture of health and mischief. Vague rumors afloat as to matrimonial statistics—"Give us a bid."

(Arts & Bible)—STOVER, J. H.—"Jim" was in our city last month, but remained only one night. He was looking as handsome and good natured as formerly and still possesses the warm heart, which made him so many friends here. He is pastor to the Christian church, Carlyle, Ky., which position he has held nearly ever since he left college. Not married yet.

'71 (Bible)—SOUTH, J. K. P., was in the city about two weeks ago. He was looking well, and in fine spirits. He has been for some time chaplain of the State Prison; but it is not certain that he will retain that position.

(Bible)—HAMILTON, JOHN H., is at Carthage, N. Y. His report for the past year shows him to have been successful as a minister, and is encouraging to others who expect to engage in the same calling.

(Bible)—KEITH, J. C., has been sent as an evangelist to California, having relinquished his position as pastor in Louisville, Ky. Our last intelligence of him, informs us that he is earnestly at work, and likely to make his mission a success.

(Commercial)—THOMPSON, D.—David went home a week or two before Christmas to attend a wedding—not his own, however. So well was he pleased with the affair that he has gone into the grocery business, and intends "committing matrimony" at the earliest opportunity.

(Bible)—ELLIOTT, MILTON, finding his health too much impaired to continue the college course this year, was forced to return to the country. He has removed to Irvin, Estill county, Ky., where he is engaged in preaching partly to established churches and partly as an evangelist.

(Bible)—HARDIN, J. H.—In announcing this gentleman's removal from Columbia, Ky., last month, we were unable to say where he would go, but we have since learned that he will be employed in Madisonville, Ind. Our good wishes go with him, and we doubt not that he will receive a warm welcome in the "Hoosier" State, where, although, by birth a Kentuckian, he spent his childhood.

(Arts.)—STAMPER, W. W.—William was in our city just after Christmas, but stayed only a day or two. With him was his chum, Mr. Lu. Cox, whose blue eyes have made him the favored one of some of "our girls" for two or three years back—at least so says report. We hear that Will was on his "wedding journey" while here, but we'll never believe he's off until we see his wife, Will, your noisy, joyous laugh is greatly missed in our walks down Broadway.

('71, Law.)—ROBERTSON, FRANK N.—Thanks to our friend who furnishes the following:

"As a bright star is our highly esteemed friend Frank N. Robertson, rising in his profession of Law. He is a graduate of this city, in the Law College in 1871, and is now in Sherman, Texas, where with his untiring energy, ambition and talent, he is doing an excellent business—he has also by his generous heart, and gentlemanly deportment, won the respect and friendship of many. May his efforts be crowned with success, is the wish of his numerous friends of Lexington."

... Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hopes that her path may be flowery, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband.

University News.

... Regent Bowman has been quite sick in Washington.

... There is no small-pox in the University. Ye local is at his post again, in consequence of its disappearance.

... Dr. Peter's faithful old horse, Grasshopper, has entire recovered from the epizooty.

... It is rumored that we are to have an addition to our family, in the shape of a new professor of Natural History.

... The attendance at the University during the first term of the present session is equal to that of last year.

... OUR POOL, L. L. C., at the A. & M., says that he is ready to accept the editorship of any regular witty paper. Any one needing such an article will address as above.

... The band of the Cadet Corps, of the A. & M. College, has been receiving instructions from Prof. T. H. Smith, the late band master to the Prince of Wales' own Rifles and Organist of St. George's Cathedral. A very proficient teacher.

The Legislature has made an appropriation for carrying out a thorough geological survey. We suppose the valuable collection of specimens will be deposited in the Museum of the Agricultural College.

... A Southerner in attendance upon the University whilst taking a sleigh-ride the other day, remarked that he would enjoy sleighing splendidly if it could only be in warm weather. We suggest a huge dose of "blanket" for that boy!

... Our young friend Harwood (A. & M.) got a severe fall a few days ago. He was starting down stairs, tripping his foot, he fell from top to bottom. He received several severe injuries.

... It will soon be time for the base ball season to open. Let each of our colleges organize clubs and we will then be expected to have fun by playing match games. Who will organize?

... If the Bill appropriating public lands and the purposes of education is passed, it will secure to the A. & M. College about half a million acres. Regent Bowman is in Washington working earnestly for its passage, and the prospects of success are good.

... We are pleased to learn that the Bill for the benefit of the Union Literary Society, passed by the Legislature last session, but upon which a motion for re-consideration was made, has been taken up and passed. By its provisions, this Society is chartered, and a donation of one hundred dollars is made to it. This sum, if properly applied, and we know it will be, will make quite a nice addition to the Union Library.

... The editors of the COLLEGIAN for the next term are the following:

C. B. EDGAR, Philothean Society;
M. J. FERGUSON, Christomathean Society;
J. H. MYERS, Periclean Society;
WM. MYALL, Cecropian Society;
Jno. W. RADLEY, Union Literary Society.

... E. V. Wilson, a spiritualist, paid us a visit a short time since, at the request of one of his brethren. Of course, the request was a substantial one or he would not have come. He created quite a sensation, but it was short-lived. Neither he nor his predecessor, Foster, were able to accomplish much. Prof. J. W. McGarvey reviewed him a few nights ago in two masterly lectures, leaving spiritualism but a poor foundation to stand upon in this vicinity.

... We would like to have a correspondent at the different colleges in the State. Any thing of particular interest transt

piring in them would be very acceptable to the COLLEGIAN. It is our desire and intention, if proper support be given, to make the COLLEGIAN, what it should be, a college paper. Not a local paper as some understand it, but a paper that can be read with interest by a school-boy in the remotest part of the State or country. Shall we realize these desires? Reader, give us your earnest support and see that others do, and ere long we will reach the culmination of them all!

... Active preparations are being made to have all things in readiness for the 23d. The college societies have their regular representatives selected, and we may anticipate a good time generally. The men that made the almanacs have caused the day to fall on Saturday—thus robbing the students of one day's holiday. The faculties may, however, give Friday before. Our other holiday (the only one during the remainder of year), April 12th, (Henry Clay's birthday) also falls on Saturday. Verily, the days are against us!

... Some one has been plagiarising the Periclean Owl. We clip the following from a patent medicine almanac:

A Scotch minister told his neighbor that he preached two hours and a half the Sunday previous
"Why, sir, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor.
"Aw, nae," said he, "but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

... We would respectfully call the attention of those contemplating the formation of a new society, to the following, which we clip from the *Dartmouth College Magazine*:

The editorial board of the COLLEGIAN of Kentucky University is made up of representatives from the following societies: The Union Literary, Cecropian, Philothean, Christomathean, and Periclean. Why don't they have a man from the Thensaurochrysonicochrysidian?

... Prof. Vaughn has been delivering a series of scientific lectures in our city, which are quite interesting to all who give any attention to the sciences. He is a man of considerable distinction, and has extended his researches through a number of years. Though his style is not the most elegant, he succeeds in making his subject attractive by the amount of knowledge displayed, and the rather pointed manner of presenting it. He will probably remain in the city some time, and continue his lectures.

... PERICLEAN OPEN SESSION.—Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th, the Pericleans gave another of their entertaining exhibitions. President Leavell called the assembly (a large and intelligent one) to order, and announced the first in order of exercises, a Declamation, by Mr. Gano. Those who heard Mr. G. will long remember him as an excellent declaimer. He was followed by Mr. Cooke who also delivered a good declamation, hardly surpassed by Mr. Gano.

The audience then listened with much interest to orations by Messrs. McLean and Hinton. The orations were very good; that delivered by Mr. McLean especially so.

A debate was then announced. Question, "Would the extinction of the Turkish Empire be beneficial to Europe?" Mr. Wolverton on the affirmative, and Mr. Bryan on the negative. The amount of information displayed by the young gentlemen in debating this difficult question, was surprising. They both deserved judgment, but this was impossible, so the judges and audience awarded it to Mr. Bryan, who seemed to be the most pleasing speaker.

The Owl was read by Mr. Harris, and was unusually good. The articles were brief and abounded in wit and wisdom. The call for speakers on irregular debate was tardily responded to, because the debaters had more than exhausted the common fund of information on the subject. Some of the audience expressed their views upon the turkey as an article of diet, and thought that the turkey in question would make a very good Thanksgiving dinner for the rulers of Europe, the Czar of Russia of course, presiding.

The entertainment was a good one and reflected not a little credit the already illustrious Pericleans.

... From the time of its organization, the Agricultural and

Mechanical College, of Kentucky University, has had something near fifteen hundred students connected with it. Many of these young men, and by this time, we should judge that some were climbing up the hill of life and were almost at the mile-stone denominated *aged*, are out in the busy world doing for themselves. Since the organization, many of its students have died and many are on beds of sickness. They left behind them fair names, if not fair faces (photographs), and we, in common with our friends, would like once more to behold them in full array marshalled for the fight. We have been revolving in our mind for a long time, as to what might be the best plan in order to induce, if not all, as many of the old cadets as possible to visit once more, the walks of their younger days. We have at last concluded that if the present cadets will acquiesce, we can, during the month of May next, have a *gala* time. Let the battalion give what might be termed a **CADETS' ANNUAL DINNER** (you know we are very partial to dinners) on some day during next May. Let them secure the services of some distinguished orator who will help to enliven the ceremonies. Let them, in addition to our excellent brass band, secure the services of a good string band—the uses of it to be hereafter determined. Let them invite all the students who have been associated with the College, and also invite their friends and relatives at home. To do these things, it will require organization, and immediate organization. It will require *work*, not gas.

The expenses of it will not be as great as one would suppose. Two dollars paid into the treasury by each cadet will most certainly pay all the expenses. This is our plan; if any one has a better, let him offer it. Now, fellow-students, if this meets your approbation, to work! Delays are dangerous, more especially in an undertaking like this. We hope it will not be considered presumptuous in us, if we suggest that the students of the A. & M. College assemble at their Chapel on Saturday evening, Feb. 15th, at 7 o'clock, and take such action as may be deemed necessary.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE LAW COLLEGE.

Tuesday evening, January 21st, found a large audience assembled in Morrison Chapel to witness the commencement exercises of the Law College. The invocation was pronounced by Prest. Milligan, of the Bible College. Prest. Johnson, then proceeded to confer the degree of Bachelor of Laws, upon the following gentlemen: Abbott, V. H., Milton, Ky. Clore, Jos., Beard's Station, Ky. Ferguson, H., Hopkinsville, Ky. Hoover, S. W., Freeman, Mo. Johnson, Henry, Georgetown, Ky. Parker, Watts, Lexington, Ky. Preston, R. W., Lexington, Ky. Reid, W. R., Lexington, Ky. Royalty, L., Lexington, Ky. Spencer, W. H., Fort Scott, Kan. Tanner, J. Marion, Keene, Ky. Wells, H. W., Monticello, Ark. Luxton, E. Denning; Lexington, Ky. Hamilton, J. G. Perrin, H. P.

He accompanied this with a few words of advice to the class, in which he endeavored to inspire them with a high sense of their duties and responsibilities as public men and dispensers of justice. He besought them to be an honor to their profession, and to be ever found on the side of truth and right.

The salutatory was delivered by Mr. Tanner. In this he referred to the abuses so often heaped upon lawyers, and claimed they were unjust, and that lawyers, as a class, would compare favorably with other men. We would not reiterate any of these abuses, if such they be, but we fear they are too often merited. Lawyers claim to have greater temptations than other men, and if so they have only themselves to blame; for if they would show to the world that their sole aim is to see justice done, rather than to make money, there would be no inducements for the people to offer them temptations in the shape of fees and bribes. Certainly, when a bribe will not be received, it cannot be given. If they would make themselves the champions of justice, rather than strive to gain a name for successful practitioners, regardless of the cause they plead, their profession will stand far higher in the world's estimation than it can under existing circumstances. When it clears the innocent, and protects the downtrodden, theirs is a noble calling; but when it winks at crime and lets the guilty go free for a few paltry dollars, none is more contemptible. We must concede to Mr. T., that there are men in all professions who

disgrace them; but, without intending to be at all pharisaical in our views, we believe that in none is there a greater number than in that of the law. In the main, the matter of Mr. T's. address was good, and his delivery excellent. His speech was too long, however, we thought we saw several points at which he might have closed with good effect, long before the end did come.

Next followed an oration by Mr. Reid. Subject: "The advent of time into existence, its reign on earth and its blending with eternity." We suppose the reason he chose this subject was that he wanted to give free scope to his imagination. If we are right in our supposition, his choice was a wise one; for we can conceive of no theme that is more comprehensive. In his treatment of it, he exhibits fair knowledge of history and described many things very prettily. His imagination is too extravagant, however, and we could not but think what excellent service it might do him where there is a scarcity of evidence. Though of course, lawyers never employ their imaginations in this manner. Mr. R., has a fine voice, but it needs cultivation. He evidently intended to be understood, judging from the variety of forms under which he represented time. It was first a fragment clipped from the fag-end of eternity, by Omnipotence, and dropped from the battlements of Heaven, to undergo, we suppose, a kind of purifying process while wandering, like a lost comet through the measureless systems of planets, finally to be recalled after a sufficient period has elapsed, and be blended with the original material. It was then a birdwinging its rapid flight on tireless pinions; next a storm sweeping all before it; then an army whose resistless march destroys kingdoms, and overturns empires; then an ocean on whose tempestuous billows, ships of state are but toys; and finally it was an archer ready to transfix the lovely form of liberty with his merciless arrows. Whether he accomplished his object by the use of these figures is more than we would like to say. We do not intend to derogate from the merit of Mr. R's. speech by anything we have said, nor could we if we would. We will only say, further that when he brought time to a close amid the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," and lost it in eternity, the applause of the audience supplied in a feeble way the awful tumult of that event. The manner of the applause, though, would lead one to think that their sense of appreciation resides in their heels rather than in their heads.

Mr. Clore delivered the valedictory. In this he acquitted himself very well, far better, we may say to his credit, than at his former appearance at Morrison Chapel. His manner was earnest, and the major-part of his address seemed to be heartfelt. We thought, that he was a little too fatherly in his address to the faculty. In his attempt to express the gratitude of the class, he turned it into advice which would have sounded better, had it come from a more elderly man.

This was followed by a short, but interesting address from Prest. J. K. Patterson, on "Habeas Corpus." He traced its history to the time of Alfred the Great, showing it to have been incorporated into the British Constitution at a very early date. He showed, too, with what jealous care the English had ever guarded this inestimable right. The facts enumerated, by the president, proved that this cherished right of American citizens, was only inherited from their English ancestors.

This completed the exercises of the evening, with the exception of the music, which was given by the indispensable Saxton's band. This, too, severed the connection between the graduating class and their *Alma Mater*. They now go forth into the busy world to begin a new era in their lives. Our sincere wish is that they may all prove to be honored and honorable members of society.

... A member off the Mexican Congress opposed a railroad bill the other day "because," said he, "it will ruin the pack-mule business."

... A Boston youth dreamed the other night that there was another fire and that he was in it. He leaped from the bed, and, without stopping to think, went through a third-story window and took the sash along with him. It was not necessary for him to take the sash along, but he took it. After turning over several times in the air he lodged in the boughs of a friendly tree. The sash fell heavily on the pavement below. The young man now sleeps with his wardrobe against the window.

Among the Colleges.

- ... Harvard relief fund has reached \$130,000.
- ... The Methodist Churches of Michigan are raising by subscription \$60,000 for the Albion College.
- ... Prof. Blyden has found a Mahomedan university with a thousand pupils, in the interior of Africa.
- ... The students of Illinois University at Champaign have built a forty-five horse power engine, perfect in all its details.
- ... It is said that the finest high school building in the United States, is at Omaha, Neb., cost \$250,000.
- ... Iowa has a school fund of \$3,000,000 and was admitted to the Union only 25 years ago.
- ... California University has 175 students, 25 of whom are young ladies. The Legislature has given it \$372,000.
- ... Princeton College, within the last four years, has received donations amounting to about \$1,000,000.—*Ex.*
- ... In consideration Gen. Grant's distinguished public services both in war and peace, Harvard University has conferred on him the degree of LL. D.
- ... President Magoun, of Iowa College, was recently offered by the faculty of Yale College \$1,000 for a course of ten lectures on political economy.
- ... At a meeting of Harvard graduates in Philadelphia recently held, it was reported that \$5,000 had been collected there to defray the fire losses of the college.
- ... Eureka and Abingdon colleges of Illinois, are to be consolidated. They are then to constitute the State University of Illinois.—*Ex.*
- ... An endowment of \$100,000 is being raised for Worcester Academy by the Baptists of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.
- ... "I am convinced from personal observation, that the best classical schools of Great Britain to-day stand below the best in the United States."—*Prof. Boise, of Chicago University.*
- ... The Students of Asbury University, who were not allowed to vote at the late election in Indiana, have sued the judge and election inspector of Green Castle, Indiana, under a law of Congress.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*
- ... Hamilton College has received during the last few months \$55,800 in bequests of money, besides numerous contributions to the library and cabinet. The largest bequest was \$30,000 from Samuel F. Pratt, of Buffalo, N. Y.—*Ex.*
- ... "A few sensitive young fellows have left Cornell University because ladies have been admitted as students." Was it not because they were afraid of being surpassed in their studies by the dear creatures?
- ... In speaking of the Michigan State Agricultural College, the *Chronicle* employs the following beautiful climax: "This year there are 131 students, besides valuable herds of cattle, sheep and swine."—*College Herald.*
- ... Howard University, (Washington, D. C.) was organized for the benefit of the freedmen. There are about 500 students gathered there of whom ninety per cent are colored. The remainder are whites and Chinese.
- ... Ex-Gov. English gave the Law department at Yale \$10,000 to be spent in the direction of the Library. \$6,000

more will make the Library complete, and one of the largest in the country.

The Porter University Prize of Yale for the best English essay has been announced. The subject is "The History and Principles of the Whig Party in America." This prize, amounting to \$250, is open to all departments of the University.

The Germans have established no university for the last half a century. Their plan is to strengthen those they have, rather than to found new ones. What a pity such a plan can not be pursued here!

The bill to reimburse William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va., for property destroyed during the Rebellion was defeated in the House of Representatives Friday, December 11th, by a vote of 125 to 36.

Union Seminary at Prince Edward, Virginia, has had sixty-two students the past year. The library has upwards of 8,000 volumes, and the total amount of funds, held by the corporation is \$229,846 00.—*Exchange.*

It is proposed to consolidate Union College at Schenectady, the Medical College, the Law School, and the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, under the name of "The Union University of New York." Union College will remain at Schenectady, and the other institutions at Albany.

The Japanese have fixed upon a new system of education, which appears to be modeled after that of the United States. It embraces the organization of eight colleges, two hundred and fifty-six high schools, and over fifty-three thousand public schools, at which the attendance is to be compulsory for all the children above six years of age.

The question of admission of women to medical degrees in Edinburg University, has been rather unexpectedly solved, at least for the present. Miss Jex Blake, a foremost champion of the movement, has actually been plucked in her examination, and sent back to complete her scientific studies.

The University of Wisconsin at Madison has lately received for its library about four hundred volumes from Norway, the result of a concert given for the purpose last May by Ole Bull. It already had upwards of two hundred Norwegian books, and the collection is now a fine one, probably unique in this country.—*Exchange.*

Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor Observatory, reports the discovery on the 25 of November, of a new planet in the constellation of Taurus. Its right ascension is 65 degrees, 26 minutes, declination 19 degrees, 34 minutes north. It shines like a star of the tenth magnitude. Its motion is nearly parallel with the equator.

The Prussian Ministry of Education has notified the educational authorities that in addition to the ordinary fines imposed on parents, the accepted code of compulsory education authorizes them to have defaulting children forcibly conducted to school by the police, and that when gentler measures fail they are expected to resort to this measure.—*Exchange.*

Thirty young Chinese students arrived lately at San Francisco. They are fine, intelligent ladies and gentlemen, and of much fairer complexion than any of their countrymen who have heretofore visited our country. Three tutors of the Mandarin rank accompany them. The Chinese Government design sending thirty students to this country annually, and for this purpose have appropriated \$1,000,000 for their education.—*Dickinsonian.*

The loss of Boston University by the fire in Nov. was \$200,000. This institution was incorporated by the general court of Mass. in 1869, and the intention of its founders was to organize at least a dozen distinct departments with as many distinct faculties. Their loss will for the present thwart the

furtherance of their plans. We hope however that the friends of a high order of education will come to the rescue, and enable the corporation to carry out their purposes.

Since the abolition of Papal power, education has reached a new era in Italy. There are seventeen Universities in the Kingdom, attended by 7,204 students. This leaves out of consideration the Naples University, as it has not yet adopted the general system of inscribing its students. The *Italia Economica* gives the total number in that institution as 1,018. Besides these there are numerous schools and academies which offer instruction to a vast number of pupils. This is a great stride toward dissipating the darkness that has so long hung over that unfortunate country. Let the good work go on.

Among the sad consequences of the civil war has been the destruction of many of the colleges in the South. The Presbyterians seemed to have suffered as much in this way as any body of Christians. La Grange College, in Tennessee, was utterly wrecked. Oakland College has been sold, and when its debts were paid but a small sum of money remained in the hands of its trustees. At the last meeting of the Synod of Georgia it was deemed best that the doors of Oglethorpe University should be closed. Davidson College, in North Carolina, Hampden Sidney, in Virginia, and the College of Clarksville, Tennessee, remain.—*Presbyterian*.

Lafayette College has in all 250 students, 110 having been admitted during the present year. Three of the old Professors have withdrawn, and four new ones have been added to the faculty. About two-thirds of the Freshmen have chosen the Douglass course, in which Christian, Greek and Roman authors have been substituted for those commonly read. Ladies have been admitted to the class room for the first time. Owing to the small size of the present chapel, the upper and lower classes are obliged to have prayer separately. A fine new chapel is being built, which will be ready for occupation some time next term.

Selections.

A King was prophesied surpassing all
Earth's former Kings in glory when he came,
No one believed the meek and lowly man
Of Nazareth in very truth was *He*.
So when we seek high missions and are told
They wait us in the drudgery despised,
Who is it has the faith to find them there?

Those whose recollections goes far enough back, will call to mind the fact that Lafayette, while traveling in this country in 1824, was robbed of his watch, a present from Washington, and that although \$1,000 reward was offered, the watch was not recovered. Well! that watch has come to light. A New Orleans man found it in a Louisville pawnbroker shop. It bears the inscription:

"G. Washington
To
Gilbert Mattiers de Lafayette.
Lord Cornwallis' Capitulation,
Yorktown,
Dec'r 17, 1781."

On the covering of the works is seen the maker's name—E. Halifax, London, 1759.

ON MARRIAGE — TO THE YOUNG MEN.—The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, and pure,

and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were woman. If you gain her love, your two thousand are millions, She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home, (if you don't your'e a brute,) and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society, that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say any more "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensibly way.

There is no doubt that England will have to import more wheat this year than ever before, and the prospect for next year's crop, so far as can be judged by the fall sowing; is very poor.

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and give the key into the hands of the angel of resurrection.—*Holmes*.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXTRAORDINARY.

Teacher to pupil—"Parse man."

Pupil—"Man is a common noun of the feminine gender."

Teacher—"What is that, sir?"

Pupil—"Man is a common noun, feminine gender; common because he can be bought cheap; and feminine gender because he's always got woman on the brain; 8th person, because his wife and six children come first; in the objective case and governed by a woman."

Teacher—"Go to your seat and put a wet cloth on your head."

Next—"Parse woman."

Pupil—"Woman is a female noun of the masculine gender."

Teacher—"Mercy on us! What do you say, sir?"

Pupil—"She's female noun of the masculine gender; masculine, 'cause she wears the breechaloons and is determined to vote; she's compounded of cotton, whalebone, starch, smiles, sunshine and thunder clouds: is in the first person 'cause she's always the person speaking; plural number, 'cause she makes more noise than half a dozen parrots, is in the objective case and governed by the fashions."

Teacher—"Sit down and rinse your mouth with prophylatic fluid."

... The man in Danbury who enjoys the most sympathy, is he who chased a runaway team for half a mile, and finally succeeded in heading it off, only to discover the driver in the carriage looking very much astonished at the hallooing and panting rescuer.—*Danbury News*.

BRAIN CIRCULATION DURING SLEEP.

The relations existing between the phenomena of circulation in the brain and the functional activity of that organ have long remained obscure, owing to mistaken ideas of the conditions of sleep, which is rightly considered the state of rest of the cerebral organ. The ancients supposed that sleep resulted from compression exerted on the brain by the blood when its circulation declined. They imagined that this pressure was chiefly exerted at the back part of the head, at the point where the veined folds of the dura mater unite in a common confluent which is still called the *torcular or compress of Herophilus*, from the name of the anatomist who first described it. These conjectural explanations have been handed down to us; and it is only of late years that experiment has succeeded in proving their falsity. In fact, it has been shown by direct experiment that, during sleep, the brain, instead of being congested, is on the contrary pale and bloodless; while in a state of wakefulness the circulation, becoming more active, provokes a flow of blood proportioned to the intensity of cerebral activity. In this respect natural sleep and the anæsthetic sleep of chloroform are alike; in both cases, the brain, sunk into rest or inactivity, presents the same paleness and relative bloodlessness.

The experiment is made in this manner: A part of the bony covering of an animal's skull is carefully removed, and the brain laid bare so as to study the circulation at the surface of this organ. Then chloroform is administered to produce insensibility. In the first exciting stage of the action of the chloroform, the brain is observed to grow congested and to lap over at the edges; but as soon as the stage of anæsthetic sleep is reached, the substance of the brain sinks in and grows paler, presenting a languid movement of capillary circulation, which lasts as long as the state of sleep or cerebral rest continues. For the study of the brain in natural sleep a circular trepan is made on a dog's head, and the piece of bone removed is replaced by a watch glass carefully adjusted to the exact opening, so as to prevent the irritating action of the air. The animals subjected to the operation survive it; and observations on their brain through this sort of window, while awake and when asleep, prove that when the dog is asleep the brain is always paler, and that a fresh afflux of blood is regularly noticed on his awaking, when the functions of the brain resumes their activity. Facts analogous to those observed in animals have been studied directly in the human brain. Upon a person injured by a frightful railroad accident the effect of a considerable loss of brain-substance was examined. The brain was visible over a surface of three by six inches. The patient suffered frequent and severe attacks of epilepsy and coma, during which the brain invariably expanded. Sleep succeeded these attacks, and the cerebral hernia gradually subsided. When the patient awoke, the brain again projected

and rose to the level of the surface of the external bony table. In the case of another person injured in consequence of a fracture of the skull, the cerebral circulation was studied during the administration of anæsthetics. With the first inhalations, the surface of the brain became branchy and filled with blood; the flow of blood and throbbing of the brain increased, and then, at the instant of sleep, its surface subsided by degrees below the opening, while at the same time growing relatively pale and bloodless.

Briefly, then, the brain is governed by the common law that controls blood-circulation in all the organs. By virtue of this law, when the organs are at rest and their action suspended, the circulation in them grows languid; and it increases, on the contrary, as soon as activity is resumed. The brain, I repeat, is no exception to this general law, as had been supposed, for it is now demonstrated that the state of sleep coincides not with congestion, but, on the contrary, with bloodlessness of the brain.—CLAUDE BERNARD, in *Popular Science Monthly* for November.

THE GREEK VERB.

In my youth, my respect for the Republican platform and the Westminster Shorted Catechism, was only equaled by my respect for the Greek Verb. So often did I hear my elders remark, with a wise shake of the head, "That isn't so hard as the Greek Verb—just wait till you get to the Greek Verb," that I came to regard it as the one great obstacle in college life—something to be dreaded, a sort of fiery ordeal through which every one must pass before he could take an honorable position in this world. Some of my early impressions have proved too true, for I have observed that nothing in the whole college course will take the wind out of a person's sails so quickly as his first experience with the Greek Verb. It has the faculty of making a beginner feel so perfectly helpless. An old Greek phalanx could not have appeared more formidable, more impenetrable. Then, too, it is as exacting as the Thirty Tyrants, and as treacherous as Alcibiades. The more study you give it, the more it wants; and when you are sure you have outwitted it, you haven't. Altogether, I have found the Greek Verb like that celebrated character, the "Heathen Chinee," peculiar "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Notwithstanding, I am fond of the Greek Verb. Even its difficulties make it interesting. Like one of those quaint Chinese puzzles, when you first look at it the parts seem to have no connection, but in reality they fit together beautifully. It stands out in a sort of bas-relief from the rest of the language, and is more deeply imbued with that learning, refinement, and subtle philosophy for which the Greeks were so famous. They put as much of their life into their verb, as they did into their poetry and their sculpture. Ages of dry grammar and dull students have not been able to give it a taint of anything English. And certainly,

it is as true a representative as we have of the old Greek character. Who but Socrates or Plato would want such a verb? Who but Xanthippe could scold with such a verb? No orator but Demosthenes could manage it. Can we imagine any two people except Helen and Priam making love with the Greek Verb? Think of it, how could they!

There is something pathetic in its fate, doomed as it is, like the Wandering Jew, to live on and on, century after century, with nothing but the memory of friends and country remaining. It reminds us of those happy days of eternal springs and Satyrs and Fauns, and is all interwoven with those fascinating stories of gods and heroes; yet how inseparable it is connected with such commonplace, practical things as poor lessons and stern professors. And how strange it is that the most ordinary school-boy every day of his life, stumbles and blunders over something that actually sailed with the Argonautic expedition and took part in the siege of Troy, and wandered about with Homer. A wonderful, wonderful thing is this Greek verb! Does it still hold mysterious communication with those old Grecian heroes, or is it only a dead verb?—*Blackburn Gazette.*

CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

For nineteen years Mary Stuart remains a prisoner under guard, wearing away the weary hours with "needle-work, with dogs and turtle-doves, and Barbary fowls." She cools her feverish impatience to the last by a mad gallop in fair weather after the hounds. The confinement is not severe, but the torture is insupportable, for the hope of deliverance is never quenched. Elizabeth never announces a definite purpose concerning her royal prisoner, probably never has one. For nineteen years both captive and captor are made miserable by plots and counterplots; and whether Mary in prison or Mary at large is the more dangerous to the security of Protestant England, is a question so hard to decide that Elizabeth never fairly attempts to decide it.

At length a plot is uncovered more deadly than any that has preceded. Half a score of assassins band themselves together to attempt Elizabeth's life, and to put Catholic Mary on the vacant throne. The blessing of the Pope is pronounced upon the enterprise. The Catholic powers of Europe stand ready to welcome its consummation. Mary gives it her cordial approbation. "The hour of deliverance," she writes exultingly, "is at hand." But plots breed counterplots. In all the diplomatic service of Europe there is not so ingenious a spy as Walsingham, Elizabeth's Prime Minister. Every letter of Mary's is opened and copied by his agents before sent to its destination. The conspiracy is allowed to ripen. Then, when all is ready for consummation, the leaders are arrested, the plot is brought to the light of day.

Mary, with all her faults, never knew fear. No craven heart was hers. The more dangerous was

she because so brave. She battles for her life with a heroism well worthy a nobler nature—battles to the last, though there be no hope. She receives the sentence of death with the calmness of true courage, not of despair. With all her treachery, never recreant to her faith—never but once, when her infatuated love of Bothwell swerved her from it for a few short weeks—she clings to her crucifix till the very hour of death. Almost her last words are words of comfort to her friends. "Weep not," she says; "I have promised for you." Her very last are a psalm from her prayer book—"In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." And then she lays her head upon the block as peacefully as ever she laid it upon her pillow. No "grizzled, wrinkled old woman," but in the full bloom of ripened womanhood—forty-five, no more—Mary Stuart pays on the scaffold at Fotheringay the penalty of her treachery at Edinburgh.

The spirit of the stern old Puritans is satisfied, and the prophecy of the Good Book receives a new and pregnant illustration—"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—LYMAN ABBOTT, in *Harper's Magazine for February.*

DIET OF LITERARY MEN.

The London correspondent of the *Birmingham Morning News* alludes to a new book that has recently appeared, containing remarks about the diet of certain literary men; and he states that he is acquainted with a well-known writer who cleaves to oatmeal porridge when he is in working trim. In this respect the said writer imitates Gerald Massey, who swears by oatmeal porridge, as a brain-inspiring compound. "There is a deal of phosphorus in oatmeal," says Mr. Massey, "and phosphorus is brain. There is also a large amount of phosphorus in fish. Consequently I never miss having a fish dinner at least once a week, and take a plate of good, thick, coarse, well-boiled Scotch oatmeal every morning in my life."—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

ON LONGEVITY.

Dr. Grey some years since published some statistics, showing the average age at which the following classes died, after they had attained the age of fifty-one:

Clergy.....	74 years.
Lawyers.....	72½ "
Medical men.....	73 "
Learned professions collectively....	76½ "

He afterward added the following observations, which embrace only the most eminent of these professions, with the following results:

Clergy (bishops and archbishops)....	70½ years.
Lawyers, judges, &c.....	67 "
Medical men (baronets, &c.).....	74½ "

From his observations he makes the following deductions:—1. That members of the three learn-

ed professions occupy, in respect of the duration of their lives, a favorable position among the educated classes. 2. The difference in the duration of life among the three learned professions is not considerable. 3. That the three learned professions occupy the following relative position in respect to the duration of their lives, the longest being placed first: medical men, clergymen, lawyers. The vital statistics of Boston show that "gentlemen," or those living on their incomes, are still longer lived than either professional men or farmers.—*Ibid.*

10 YOUNG MEN.

The young man who has an ambition to make a great noise in the world should learn boiler-making. He can make more noise at that trade than at anything else he can engage in.

If he believes a man should "strike for wages," he should learn blacksmithing—especially if he is good at "blowing."

If he would embrace a profession in which he can rise rapidly, he should become an aeronaut. He couldn't find anything better "for high."

He certainly could do a staving (and perhaps a starving) business at the coopering trade.

If he believes in "measure, not men," he will embark in the tailoring business.

If the one great object of his life is to make money, he should get a position in the United States mint.

If he is a punctual sort of a chap, and anxious to be "on time," he should put his hands to watch-making.

If he believes it the chief end of man to have his business largely "felt," why of course he will become a hatter.

If he wants to "get at the root of a thing," he will become a dentist, although, if he does, he will be often found "looking down in the mouth."

If a man is a bungler at his best, he should become a physician, and then he will have none of his bad work thrown upon his hands. It is generally buried out of sight, you know.

Should he incline to high living, but prefer a plain board, then the carpenter's trade will suit him. He can plane board enough at that.

If he is needy and well-bred, he will be right at home as a baker.

He shouldn't become a cigar-maker. If he does all his work will end in smoke.

The young man who enjoys plenty of company, and is ever ready to scrape acquaintance, will find the barber business a congenial pursuit.

The quickest way for him to ascend to the top round of his calling is to become a hod-carrier.

A very "grave" young man might flourish as an undertaker.

Don't learn chair-making, for no matter how well you please your customers, they will sooner or later get down on your work.

And don't become an umbrella-maker, for their business is "used up."

If he would have his work touch the heads of

the nation, we know of no way he could sooner accomplish such an end than by making combs.

The young man who would have the fruits of his labor brought before the eyes of the people, will become an optician. The work being easily seen through, cannot be difficult to learn.

A man can always make a scent in the perfumery business.

If a young man is a paragon of honor, truthfulness, sobriety, has never sworn a profane word, and has twenty thousand dollars that he has no use for, then he should immediately start—a newspaper.—*F. C. Saturday Night.*

PLAYMATE OR PLAYTHING.

In "Gertrude of Wyoming" Campbell strikes the key-note of all right instruction of Children in a line which runs, if we remember rightly,

"——the playmate (re the tutor of her mind."

He who does not play with a child in some way can not teach a child in any way. This playfulness may only be a mental playfulness; it may consist in the way of putting things, by which a speaker, a writer, or a teacher wins the attention and sympathy of the child. But play, in some shape, is essential.

There are two ways of playing with a child, and the difference between the two is wide as heaven. One man plays with children exactly as he would play with kittens or dogs. He does not enter into any sympathy with them, but he uses them entirely for his own gratification. "This course is selfish, and, so far as the child is concerned, pernicious. The man who teases a child for his own amusement, spoils a human spirit to make a toy for his pleasure. And he who spoils the temper of a child is guilty of a crime against the soul.

The other way is to make a child a playmate—to seek to interest and amuse him, to enter into sympathy with him, and to bring him into sympathy with you. Beside the influence you gain over a child by this means, you benefit him immediately. The companionship and fellowship of an adult is a blessing to the child.—*Hearth and Home.*

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrecence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy constrictor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

"Globules," of the *St. Louis Globe*, thinks it would be a great accommodation to news editors if the *Boston Times* would kindly kill that man in the mailing department who slings paste between the pages.

The goat teams of Chicago are a success, and as they eat newspapers it doesn't cost much to feed them. A single copy of the *Chicago Times* satisfies an average William goat for twenty-four hours.—*Utica Observer.*

They attempted to kill a book agent in Omaha last week. He was robbed, thrown into the river, knocked off the cars, pitched from a high bridge into the river again, but in two hours after came round with a new illustrated edition of the Bible, and tried to get the subscription of the leader of the attacking party.

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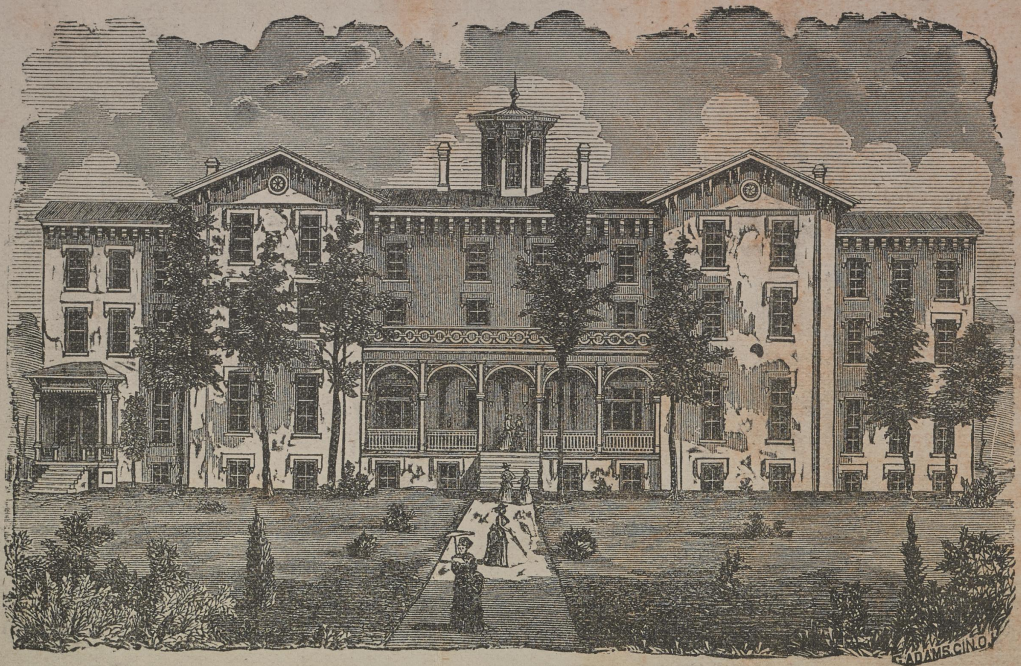
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