

THE  
**COLLEGIAN**  
 OF  
 KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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**EDITORS:**

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

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# THE COLLEGIAN

## OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

"Educate your children and your Country is safe."

Vol. 1.

Lexington, Ky., March, 1873.

No. 10.

### THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - - MARCH, 1873

[For the Collegian.]

#### THE PATRIOT'S FAREWELL.

The combat is over, the foemen are flying!  
Hope shines through the cloud that encircles the brave—  
I die, but how proud are the pangs of thus dying,  
While victory blazons the path to the grave.  
Ye, who followed my lead 'gainst the hosts of the stranger,  
O'er the red road of Honor, with my last breath, adieu!  
In the toil of the march—in its gloom and its danger,  
To the lode-star of Liberty, steadfast and true,  
O, Liberty! thou wert my heart's dearest treasure.  
Thine be its last throb when its pulsing shall cease!  
Mine, mine shalt thou be without stint—without measure,  
Where all the bright banners are folded in peace.  
Keep yours still in front—though soiled, rent and gory,  
They have ne'er kissed the dust in the face of your foes!  
May your triumph to-day be a beacon whose glory  
Shall flash o'er the contest and signal its close.  
WM. FITZGERALD.

[For the Collegian.]

#### EDGAR ALLEN POE.

In all the history of literature there has never lived an author who has been placed more completely under the ban of society, than Edgar Allen Poe. Every one of his bad qualities—his ambition, his hatred of his literary cotemporaries, his vacillating conduct—has been singled out, and exposed in every light that could make it more hideous than it really was. In this respect, Poe is almost alone. Richard Savage had a sturdy apologist in Dr. Johnson. Coleridge, although he left the support of his family and himself to his friends; although he was the victim of the opium habit, and used every subterfuge, however small

or mean, to obtain his favorite drug, has been defended and excused.

Poe, on the contrary, has been followed with abuse and contumely. His only biographer, Rufus Wilmot Griswold, has distorted the materials which were placed in his hands; he has concealed, with the most ingenious care, all his good qualities, and brought forward into the most glaring prominence, every thing which might redound to his shame.

Bacon has said of satirical writers, that although they might make men afraid of their pens, they had reason to be afraid of their victim's memories. Never has this been better illustrated than in the life of Poe. There was a time when he pursued Griswold with the most vindictive criticism; he made him the laughing-stock of literary America of that day, for however much Griswold's admirers may have condemned Poe, it would be giving human nature too much credit to suppose that there were not at least a few who envied the success which his compilation of American poetry had met, and enjoyed his discomfiture.

Some time afterwards, Poe so far humbled himself as to make a public apology to his adversary, and friendly intercourse was again resumed between them; but the poison of his satire had entered Griswold's soul, but fearing to strike again at his powerful rival while living, he awaited the opportunity which soon came. At Poe's death he was appointed his literary executor, and all of the dead Poet's papers, were placed in his hands. How he used, or rather abused them, is well known, and presents a verification of the old proverb that an ass may kick at a dead lion.

Griswold was at that day the Jeffrey of our literature. A pinchbeck Jeffrey indeed, but nevertheless his word was law, and the weight of his curse has dragged the name of Poe down to dishonor.

But retribution came. Shortly after Poe's death Griswold married a Jewess for her wealth, but when he found that her people had cast her off, and that the golden shower he was expecting would not fall, he deserted and left her alone and friendless to the cruelty of the great world. Two years afterwards, he married a wealthy Portland lady, neglecting, however, the very necessary formula of getting a divorce from his first wife. Discovery followed, and nothing but his position in society and his influential friends saved him from the punishment which the laws have provided for bigamy. After that, his name disappeared from the literary horizon. People ceased to think of him and his opinions, and a few years ago he died, obscure and

friendless, in a miserable tenement house, having been saved from want and starvation by the charity of a few of his old-time admirers. Had every slanderous story been true which was told of the Poet, would he have suffered much in comparison with his detamer?

There is no American author ranking with Poe, of whose life so little is known by the majority of readers. He stands apart from his cotemporaries, gloomy and alone. Every crime, except murder, that could have been committed, has been attributed to him. His industrious calumniator supplied that portion of his life of which little is known, at the same time taking particular pains to gather the unreliable and distorted stories that passed from mouth to mouth, and had their foundation in rumor and ignorance.

There are two great faults in Poe's character, the existence of which, his most ardent admirers will not deny, his ambition, and his love of drink. But if ever there lived a man over whom the mantle of charity and palliation could be flung, Edgar Allen Poe was that man. His whole life was moulded and shaped by circumstance. His father and mother belonged to a company of strolling actors, and died in extreme poverty. The Poet was adopted by a Mr. Allen, a wealthy Virginia gentleman. Naturally high-tempered and ambitious, Poe's childhood was not calculated to temper these imperfections. He was indulged in every whim, allowed to do as he pleased at all times, and ruined forever by the mistaken kindness of his benefactor. His after life is a chaos—at perpetual war with himself and the world. It is a sad, weary story of a struggle against the temptations of the wine cup and of despair. Pursued by poverty and and want, denied his legitimate position in literature, scorned by men over whom he stood intellectually, head and shoulders, and selling the productions of his pen for the wherewithal to keep the gaunt wolf, starvation, from his door, it is a strange, dark picture. He had made resolutions to reform, and had resolutely lived up to them. Life was again opening to his gaze with something of its former loveliness. Olden hopes and olden dreams were coming back to him, and once more a bright future appeared before his eyes. But alas! for poor humanity, the world is full of temptations and pitfalls.

While on the way to fulfill an engagement in a Northern State, he stopped for a few hours in Baltimore, and by chance, met some of his old West Point friends. They invited him to attend a champagne supper that evening. He refused for a time, but at last yielded to their solicitations and went, demanding the condition, however, that they should not offer him any wine. But it was the old, old story. In the midst of the revel he allowed the first glass to pass his lips, many others followed, and that night while wandering around the streets insane with liquor, he was attacked and beaten and left insensible in the streets. The next morning he was found and carried to the hospital. When he became conscious, one of the attendants asked him if he could do anything for him. "Yes,"

replied Poe, "if you will take a pistol and blow my brains out, you will do me a favor." Shortly afterwards he fell into a stupor, and died as he had lived—alone and friendless.

The character of Poe has been entirely misunderstood by the great majority of his readers. They have gathered from a casual reading of his tales, an "erroneous and ridiculous" idea of him, both as an author and a man. He has been considered a sort of American Faust, as one who stood aloof from society and the world, knowing no social enjoyment, and with no companions but his own fearful thoughts. A careful perusal of his essays will show how flimsy is the foundation upon which this opinion rests.

Poe was a very ambitious man; he considered himself the greatest American writer and poet of the time, and subsequent opinion has decided that he was correct in his judgment. But his position in literature was not recognized. He saw men who were his inferiors in every thing, go above him, and here lies the root of his bitter onslaught upon his contemporaries, which so effectually estranged him from the literary men of his day. Possessing a very delicate organization, the slightest annoyance aggravated him extremely, and, no doubt, this isolation from the existing literary circles had a strong effect upon him. He went through life hating all men, and with every man's hand against him.

Poe was a genuine poet. His "Raven" is undoubtedly one of the finest poems (of its length) in the English language. His tales and essays betray his great reasoning powers, and his ability to analyze all the passions of the human heart. His faults and imperfections were many, but they scarcely exceeded his temptations, and it would be well for us not to form our opinion too hastily, but to remember the words of Him who was all justice and mercy: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

What enigmas the lives of great men are!—What a strange mixture of grandeur and vice. Think of Bacon accepting a bride! Of Marlowe killed in a pot-house fight! Of Byron and his wild career. There is an old story told by Hawthorne in one of his earlier works, of a huge stone which stood at the head of a valley, and at a distance resembled the face of a dignified old man, but on coming up to it, it did not differ materially from the rest of the boulders around it. So are lives of too many of the literary giants of the world. We look up to them when a long vista of years separates us from them, and they appear dignified and noble, but go nearer—study their lives and their motives, and we find, alas, too often, that they are but as those about them.

... "Why is it," ask a Frenchman of a Switzer. "that you Swiss always fight for money, while the French only fight for honor?" "I suppose," answered the Swiss, "that each fight for what he most lacks."

... A graphic reporter says of a woman who died suddenly, that "she died without medical assistance." [This remark causes the average mind to pause and wonder how much medical assistance one needs in dying.]

*THE FIRST STEP ON THE ROAD  
TO HAPPINESS.*

The ardent yearnings, and the burning aspirations of the human soul for a happier state of existence, in conjunction with the consciousness of an uncompromising law of duty legitimate, the inference that there is a road leading to its attainment. To take this step, to find this road, certainly ought to be the most earnest and the paramount desire of every human heart.—Anterior to the introduction of Christianity, man with intense interest studied the abstruse theories, and recondite disquisitions of the profoundest philosophers that ever had adorned the Father's footstool. We listened with untiring eagerness to the eminent and eloquent teachers,

"Whose words had such a melting flow  
And spoke of truth so divinely sweet;  
They dropped like heaven's serenest snow,  
And all was brightness where they fell."

The deep and articulate researches of great men, strong of mental limb, the heroes of intellectual tournaments, were all unavailing, and incompetent to the discovery of that road, which lay concealed from finite vision in the inscrutable purpose of the Infinite.

Human philosophy could not teach the first lesson of that wisdom, whose ways are "ways of pleasantness," and whose paths are "paths of peace." All were eager in pursuit of the phantom that continually eluded the grasp of giant minds. Man needed instruction from on high.—The Great Teacher, the Divine Incarnate, has pointed out the narrow way that leads to unending and consummate bliss. In his incomparable sermon on the Mount, the first trait of character enumerated as necessary to happiness is humility. Happy are the poor in spirit, is the declaration of Eternal Truth. This is an exceedingly difficult lesson for unregenerate humanity to learn; but it has been impressed upon the minds of men both by precept and by example. Christ taught it, and his practical life was an impersonation of that compliment of Truth he so efficiently illustrated. From the zenith of glory in the heavens, he descended to the lowliest position on earth. To teach this important lesson was the object he had in view, when he became the son of Mary, and toiled at the carpenter's trade. But the pride of the human heart rises up and rebels against our first step, in following "the meek and lowly One," in the only true road to happiness. Will beauty confer happiness? Is "beauty a thing of joy forever?"

Time will beauty wear away  
And outward forms will soon decay.

It is but as a "fading flower." Old age and wrinkles will soon overtake us, and the Venus of other days will be glad to hide her ugliness and deformities in the grave.

Will wealth insure happiness? "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." Houses burn, banks fail, and titles to land prove defective. Even granting uniform prosperity in the accumulation

of wealth, we must soon bid farewell to our secular acquisitions. We brought nothing into the world, and we can take nothing hence. Shrouds have no pockets. Can the transitory honors, the pomp and glory of this world satisfy the thirst of the soul for an inexhaustible well of happiness? To the lost spirit in the regions of despair, the applause of earth's teeming millions must sound like solemn mockery.

The fact that we have inscribed our names high up on temples of fame will not mitigate the sufferings of unremitting pain after death. Instead of being vain of our intellectual attainments, and of high reputation among our fellow-mortals, we should reflect that "to whom much is given, much is required," and that what the wisest know bears a very small ratio to what they cannot comprehend. Indeed the finite is no part of the infinite. Sir Isaac Newton, whose profoundest learning and eminent piety have inscribed on his monument in Westminster Abbey, "Let mortals congratulate themselves that such an ornament to human nature has existed," used to compare himself to a child picking up here and there a shell on the shore, while the great ocean of truth, untraversed, rolled in boundless expanse before him. In the World's history the wisest men have been the most humble. Vanity is an unerring exponent of some mental imbecility. Can we vaunt ourselves of our moral purity and Christian excellencies? Surely any merit or any virtues of this nature we may chance to have, will never vindicate the entertainment of a vain-glorious spirit. Who can descend into the dark dungeon of his own heart, and by the light of the torch of truth scrutinize its hidden corners and slimy recesses. "The inspection of its motley quest tempting us to regard it as

"The cistern for all creeping things  
To knot and gender in;"

who can do this without exclaiming, in the language of the sweet Psalmist of Israel: "Create within me a new heart, Oh! Lord, and renew a right spirit within me?" We have nothing of which we can reasonably boast. So far from being proud of our moral worth, it becomes us rather to shed tears of blood over the sad defections and frightful obliquities of corrupt and fallen humanity. It is necessary to the attainment of happiness that we guard ourselves scrupulously against the seductive influence of *misdirected* pride and ambition. "By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it"—either honor nor happiness. We must walk low down in that beautiful valley where love crowns the meek and the lowly, if we would be happy here, and attain to the beatitudes of the just, to the glad fruition of the eternal beyond.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty all that wealth ere gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

.... An old lady upon taking her first ride in the cars, remarked, when the train ran off the track, "You fetch up rather sudden, don't you."

## MEMORATA MEMORABILIA.

## A TALE OF A POSSUM.

The nox was lit by lux of luna,  
 Ett was a nox most opportuna  
 To chase a possum or a coona;  
 For nix was scattered o'er this mundus—  
 A shallow nix et non profundus.  
 On sic a nox, with canis unus,  
 Two boys went out venari coonus.  
 The corpus of this bonus canis  
 Was full as long as octo span is;  
 But brevior legs had canis never,  
 Quam canis hic bonus et clever.  
 Some used to say, in stultum jocum,  
 Quod a field was too small locum,  
 For sic a dog to make a turnus  
 Circum se from stem ad stenus.

Unus canis, duo puer,  
 Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,  
 Quam hoc trio unquam fuit;  
 (If there was, I never knew it.)  
 This bonus dog had one bad habit:  
 Amabat much to tree a rabbit,  
 Amabat bene chase a cattus,  
 Amabat plus a hungry rattus.  
 But on this nixy moonlit night  
 Fecit canis hic just right;  
 Nunquam chased a starving rattus,  
 Nunquam treed a hungry cattus;  
 But cucurrit et intentus  
 On the track and on the scentus,  
 Till he treed a possum strongum  
 In a hollow trunkum longum.  
 Loud he barked in horrid bellum—  
 On terra seemed venisse hellum.  
 Quickly ran the duo puer,  
 Mors of possum to secure.  
 Quum venisent, one began  
 To chop away like quisque man.  
 Soon the ax went through the trunkum,  
 Fast the blows fell, salit chunkum.  
 Combat deepens, on ye bravus!  
 Canis, puer, bite et stavis.  
 As his powers no longius tarry,  
 Possum potest non pugnare.  
 On the nix his corpus lieth,  
 Down to Hades spirit flieth.  
 Joyful puers, canis bonus,  
 Think him dead as any stonus.  
 "Aint his corpus like a jelly?"  
 Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?  
 Now they seek their pater's domo,  
 Feeling proud as any homo,  
 Knowing certe they will blossom  
 Into heroes, when with possum  
 They arrive, narrabunt story,  
 Plenus sanguine, tragic, gory.  
 Pompey, David, Crassus, Cæsar,  
 Cyrus, Black Hawk, Shalmanezer,  
 Tell me where est now the gloria,  
 Where the honors of victoria?  
 Pater praiseth, like-wise mater,  
 Greatly wonders junior frater.

Possam leave they on the mundus,  
 Go themselves to sleep profundus.  
 Somnient possums slain in battle,  
 Strong as ursae, large as cattle.  
 When nox gives way to lux of morning,  
 Albam terram much adorning,  
 Straight they go quaerere varmen  
 Of the quod hoc est the carmen.  
 Possam hic est resurrectum,  
 Leaving puers most dejectum.  
 Possam linquit track behind him,  
 Sed the puers never find him,  
 Cruel possum! bestia vilest!  
 How the puers tu beguilest!  
 Puers think no more of Cæsar—  
 Go to gramen, Shalmanezer!  
 Take the laurel cum the honor,  
 Since iste possum is a "goner."

## A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

*Percontator.* I'd like to know who *Nihil fit*,  
 And where it was he fit and when;  
 I'd know just how the matter went,  
 And if young *Nihil* licked his men.

Did *Nihil* "let go with his right?"  
 Didn't t'other "punch him in the gob?"  
 Did *Nihil* "bore him to the ropes,"  
 And "counter" on the fellow's "nob?"

In vain is all my questioning,  
 A full account was never writ—  
 And all that I can ever know,  
 Is simply this, young *Nihil fit*.

*Qui responsa dat.* *Verbum sat* upon the grass  
 And held the head of poor *Sic Transit*,  
 Who bled from gashes sharp and deep  
 As the incisions of a lancet.  
 For *Transit* had a little mill  
 With that fierce bruiser, young *Nihil*,  
 And he was "blown a bit:"  
 What sickened *Transit*, "one what knows,"  
 Insists was heavy "body blows"  
 Received about the mouth and nose,  
 When he and *Nihil fit*.

## ASHLAND INSTITUTE.

[CONTINUED]

About this time of the additions to the Institute were Messrs John Downs, of Louisville, Clarence Blakemore, of Christian County, Kentucky; George Hillman, of Clarksville, Tennessee; W. R. Rust, of Arcola, Illinois; T. Fish, Bourbon County, Kentucky, and Leathers, of Peoria, Illinois.

In accordance with their feelings and the custom of the University the Institute appointed a discreet committee to get up and report a programme for an open session, during the commencement exercises in June, 1868, which was done. Thenceforward, every point was strained towards a preparation for that time, and nothing was omitted that was likely to add lustre to the occasion. The old plain blue and gilt badges were discarded, and a

more showy and costly number were resolved upon.—that hereafter were to be the order of the day. A string band was engaged beforehand, and with laudable zeal they determined to present with the Cadet gray and brass button, sword belts and red sashes, a more imposing display than either the Cecropian, Periclean or Philothem societies, which were each to occupy a day in turn. The night of June 28th saw the University Hall filled with the *literati* of Lexington, the flash of light, display of dress, and the marshals in full cadet uniform, distributing programmes, which were as follows: Thesis—The moral influence of agriculture. J. R. Dabney, Trigg county, Kentucky, oration. The Oppressed demand our Sympathy—Benton McMillan, Monroe county, Kentucky. Oration—Kentucky, J. W. Downs, Louisville, Ky. Debate—Question, Are the human races of a common origin, Alf. W. B. Munson, Fulton county, Ill. Negative—C. Blakemore, Christian county, Ky. Paper—Brass-Button, J. C. May, Spencer co., Ky. Marshalls—D. M. Woodson, Ky., G. Hillman, Tenn., E. S. Bowman, Ky., W. R. Dust, Ill. In making choice of subjects the wish and opinion of friends amongst the Faculty were consulted. Now numbers applied for admission into the Ashland Institute, which entered upon the full tide of its success. Its membership was composed of the most advanced matriculates of the College, who embraced the best of the rank and file of the battalion. Thus a marked effect was made upon the conduct and studious habits of their pupils. So apparent was this, that another and a sister Society was organized, the Adelpian, by some students of the A. & M. C., as also, at a later period another, the Yost. The Brass-Button made its appearance from time to time, and an effort was made to change its name, but this failed (from the opposition such a move encountered.) The session of 1868-9 came on, and with it returned the working members of the Ashland Institute, who set about supplying the places of absentees and to bring about a system of friendly emulation the Institute was equally divided as to number and talent, one side being placed under the championship of Clarence Blakemore, the other of J. R. Dabney. The exercises were so arranged by the President, that each division occupied every other regular meeting night. Prominent among the new members this session, were S. A. Thomas, White Sulphur, Ky., Samuel Allen and C. Ricketts, Midway, Ky., E. O. Hawkins, Todd county, Ky., Oscar Harrison, Cumberland county, Ky., T. Shirley, McKinney, Texas, J. Winlock, Hiseville, Ky., and J. E. Leet, Sedalia, Mo.

Looking forward to the 22nd of February, 1869, W. B. Munson was pitched upon as their Representative, but he having been appointed by the College to represent it during the Commencement week of the same year, tendered a reluctant resignation, which was received, and a second election was held November 27th, 1868, which resulted in the selection of J. R. Dabney, of Cadiz, Ky., and J. C. May, as alternate. Mr. Dabney's subject for oration was, John Hampden and his time, which

was delivered. The Ashland Institute pressed onward, and with the Adelpian Society gave a joint exhibition June 8th, 1869, which was afterwards reverted to as a precedent for their union; the programme read: R. C. Mayo, Brownsboro, Ky., President of the Adelpian Society; D. M. Woodson, President of the Ashland Institute; C. H. Bell, Georgetown, Mo., of the Adelpian, on oration, J. C. May, Bloomfield, Ky., of the Institute, on oration. Subject—What we owe to Heroes. Debate—Is the United States on the decline? Affirmative forgotten. Negative—J. E. Leet, Sedalia, Mo., of the Institute. Brass Button—T. Shirley, Marshals of the Institute—O. Harrison and S. A. Thomas. From want of proper accommodations, the session of the A. & M. College of 1869-70 did not attract back many of the senior students, but a sufficient number of members returned who formed a nucleus, around which was gathered a band determined, if possible, to retain the well-earned prestige of their Society. The following were some of the additions about this period: John E. Dabney, Cadiz, Ky., J. H. Hinton, Bowling Green, Ky.; J. M. Lee, Reedsburg, O.; R. F. Hall, Gallatin, Tenn.; J. D. Clemens, H. B. Williamson and J. L. Obenchain, Cadiz, Ky. With sister societies of the same College the Ashland Institute was thrown into active competition, and contending against the constant influx and reflux of those attending the A. & M. C., she yet struggled on with hope for the future. The Representative on the 22nd, 1870, her third, was Cadet Captain Enoch Harding, who presented the Dangers of Success.

June 7th, 1870, the third Annual Exhibition of the Ashland Institute took place in the classic old Morrison Chapel. There was the same display of students, beauty, smiles, military fascinations, and talent that had characterised her former exhibitions. S. A. Thomas was on oration. Theme—Honor decks the turf where the hero lies. Debate Question: Ought Capital Punishment to be abolished? J. H. Hinton declared for the affirmative and J. M. Lee sustained the negative. Brass Button—R. F. Hall, Editor. Marshals—J. D. Clemens, J. S. Obenchain, and J. C. Dabney.

Until the fusion of the Ashland Institute and the Adelpian Society which produced the Union Literary Society, various uncertain vicissitudes influenced the A. & M. C., which of course exerted corresponding ones upon its Societies. But there were still those left of the Ashland Institute, who proposed to nobly battle for further existence amid the surges of fortune, and who stoutly battled against this metamorphose of their dearly beloved Society. They knew its trials; they had fought for its maintenance. Its old membership widely separated, yet one, in many thoughts and recollections, heard with a pang of regret that their youthful creation had succumbed to untold obstacles. Although "no longer students thronging the Chapel Hall," it was pleasant to think of by-gone College days, and some of them expected, in the dim, uncertain future, to be honored spectators at some meeting of the Institute, only with much greater advantages than they used to enjoy. May

the day soon dawn, when assistance, springing from a generous source, shall enable Kentucky University to bless still further, those, who departing, would leave behind "footsteps in the sands of time," and may the Ashland Institute, Phoenix-like, arise to a new life.

#### PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

The mind of man is prone to lay aside the material present, and to wander in wild and baseless conjecture through the future, or traverse in hurried retrospect the wilderness of the past. Dissatisfied with a knowledge of the transactions of a century, or a decade of centuries, it plods back to the almost inconceivable beginning of time, inquires into the primordial elements of nature, and asks, whence is man; whence the planet he inhabits, and whence the mighty concourse of suns and systems that gem the vault of heaven? The light of divine revelation, coeval with the ages, sheds a radiance over universal being, explaining an otherwise insoluble problem, and teaching that in the beginning an eternally-existent God breathed man into being, and from the hollow of his hand launched into their orbits the mighty constellations that plow the upper deep.

Such is the universally accepted origin of nature. To doubt it is to question the word of God, and to deny it is to assert the doctrine of infidelity. It is true that this theory is rejected, and denied by many, but we will only notice this fact here, without attempting to ventilate it or expose its fallacy. In our own mind, the very fact of the symmetry and universal harmony of nature is an incontestible evidence of her divine origin; and this fact, connected with, and aided by the word of revelation, divests our minds of every shadow of a doubt, and compels us to accept unquestioned the theory of original creation. Satisfied, then, as to his origin, there naturally exists in the mind a desire to follow man through the lapse of time; to notice his different stages of moral and intellectual development, and to observe the correspondence between the growth of the intellectual culture and refinement, and the growth of art, literature and science. The history of the human family from the Creation to the Flood is wrapped in impenetrable gloom. Genesis lifts the corner of the veil only to drop it, and leave us to muse upon the nature of the hidden mysteries. Antedeluvian history is almost a complete blank, and the records of Moses and the Pyramids of Egypt, that have watched the flight of nearly forty-five centuries, serve only to prove that man *did* exist prior to the flood, without exhibiting the state of the sciences, and the political and religious institutions of the times. All records, if any existed, were swallowed up in the mighty abyss of waters, and an almost universal death silenced the voice of tradition. But when the waters had subsided, and multiplication had peopled the earth with living intelligences, from emigration and evolution there sprung into being the different races of mankind, who, though bound together in the all embracing chain of humanity, by some strange

and mysterious affinity, are yet radically different as regards manners, customs and religions. From the table-lands of Asia, as the cradle of the human race, successive emigrations have discharged themselves towards the North, South, East and West, until the world is well nigh inundated by the moving mass. To follow the different nations along the great high-road of emigration, and to note minutely the changes wrought by time, country, climate and association, would be—even were we capable—a task far too comprehensive for our space. The earliest records of all ancient nations have perished, and he who would know more than history can tell of the manners and customs of the different nations of antiquity, must go to Egypt, to India, to China, and elsewhere, and decipher the hieroglyphic inscriptions upon those mighty columns "in whose date the chain of time is lost." And this, after all, is the foundation of ancient history. Within the last century the science of comparative philology has done more to elucidate the mysteries of the past, and to give us a correct idea of the nations immediately subsequent to the dispersion, than all the centuries that preceded it. Without the aid of this science, it would be impossible to discover the connecting link in the great family of man, and to trace back to one common origin the countless millions of humanity. By an analysis and comparison of languages, we are often enabled to discern a connection between races separated by thousands of miles, and are forced to the conclusion that at some remote period in the past they must have been united as members of one and the same family. Accepting this conclusion as true, it is interesting to notice the different grades of moral, social and intellectual culture to which the various branches of the human family have attained. Some have made rapid strides in the arts, sciences, and literature, and have climbed to the topmost round of the ladder of temporal fame, while others have never risen above the level of semi-barbarism, and have groped through the ages with the baleful shadow of ignorance and superstition shrouding the mind in perpetual darkness. To give a satisfactory reason for this difference of attainments would, perhaps, be impossible. Differences in climate, in pursuits, in thought and feeling, produce corresponding differences in the character of nations. Man is, to a great extent, the creature of circumstance, and the character of a nation is, for the most part, determined by the age in which it lives, and by the influences brought to bear upon it.—This, doubtless, is the true source of the above-mentioned differences in the progress of civilization that have always existed between the various nations and races that people the earth. China is the most ancient nation in the world, its history extending back 22,000 years before Christ. But, although in the earlier period of its existence it attained to a considerable degree of civilization, that civilization was checked thousands of years ago, and to day, the nation stands on nearly the same footing as it did 1,500 years before the Christian era. This stagnation of national progress is



due entirely to the circumstances surrounding the individuals of the empire. The Chinese regard all innovation as criminal, and punish by law every departure from long-established customs, thus compelling each generation to walk in the footprints of those that preceded it, and making life but a recapitulation of oft-repeated practices. All development of the mental faculties is effectually crushed, and though in very remote times they were the authors of some highly important inventions, such as gun powder, the mariner's compass, and even a kind of printing, the stringency of absurd laws, the superstitious reverence of established customs, and the horror of reform, have prevented these inventions from being carried beyond rude and clumsy beginnings. For thousands of years this people seem neither to have advanced nor retrograded in the scale of civilization. All intercourse with foreigners was avoided, and it was only recently that their ports were thrown open—and even then under a kind of compulsion—and the nation is at last under the influence of outward agencies, rousing itself to some extent from the lethargy in which it has been wrapped for ages.

The contrast between the normal and mechanical life of the "drowsy celestial," and that of the highly cultivated Greek, is one of the most cogent arguments that could be advanced in favor of the assertion that the character of a nation is to a great extent the result of outward circumstances. The Chinese Empire, shut in by natural and artificial barriers, from all exterior influences, having no connection nor dealing with strangers, has become secluded and detached, as it were, from the rest of the world, and has entirely lost its identity among the civilized nations of the earth. While Greece, nurtured as she was in the cradle of strife—divided into petty states that were continually at war with each one another—often brought to the extremity of struggling for mere existence, was daily acquiring that strength—mental and physical—that afterwards won for her the undisputed sovereignty of the ancient world. Surrounded by warlike tribes, against whose encroachments she was compelled to defend herself, *necessity* urged her to war, and war resulting in her favor, placed her in her position of glory.

Innumerable instances of a similar nature might be mentioned, from which it would appear that the progress of a nation in civilization, in the arts of peace and war, and in the useful sciences, is entirely dependent upon and due to the influences to which it is subjected.

The many changes which the race of man has undergone, and the revolutions that have convulsed the world, and thrown up between the hearts of nations barriers that time will never crumble, it would take a thousand volumes to commemorate. The ancient world groped in the darkness of idolatry. Our ideas of God and religion they never dreamed of; and perhaps the greatest revolution the world ever witnessed, was that from paganism to the Christian religion. This revolution, however, is far from being universal.

The number of Christians in the world is estimated at 275,000,000, while there are 140,000,000 Mohammedans, and between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 Buddhists; so that numerically considered, the great majority of mankind still bows at the altar of Paganism. But considering the quality of the nations that have adopted Christianity, their rank in the scale of civilization, and their advancement in the sciences and literature it must be admitted that they exercise a greatly predominating influence in all the more important transactions of the world. Of late years, Christian missionaries have been zealously undermining the foundations of Mohammedanism and Buddhism, and though often meriting, and undoubtedly winning the reward of martyrs to the cause of Christ, they have persevered amidst almost insufferable difficulties, and have gained a firm footing in the strong-holds of Paganism. The brazen idols of the Pagans crumble in the path of the angel of Christianity; and in India, China, Japan and the uttermost parts of the earth, God's heralds are proclaiming to famishing humanity the unspeakable riches of his grace. And now, after thousands of years of estrangement, after civil strife and national revolutions have torn open the vitals of the world, and engendered those feelings of animosity and open enmity, that well might seem eternal, there appears a prospect of reuniting, under the broad mantle of God's Word, the long-alienated family of man. How long a time shall intervene before this is accomplished is not ours to know. We can only look forward by faith, believing that the day *will* come when the tree of Christianity, which for centuries has been sending out its tendrils through the continents, shall extend its branches until they droop over the utmost verge of the earth, so that the weary nations may come and lie down in its shadow, and drink of the river of life.

#### THE LAZESI MARKET REPORT.

Honor—Scarce. Old stock exhausted, and the new will be a failure.

Honesty—None in the market.

Prudence—All in the hands of the old stockholders and held close.

Modesty—Stock badly damaged. None for sale to street speculators.

Vice—Market overstocked.

Pride—Market gluttoned.

Politeness—Cheap. Holders unwilling to dispose of any at present rates.

Scandal—None at wholesale. Dealt in chiefly by peddlers at retail.

Love—None offered, except for green-backs.

Religion—Very little of the genuine article on hand. Stock generally adulterated.

Virtue—Old growth nearly consumed; young growth, prospect very unpromising.—*College Chaplet.*

The *Courier Journal* says that one might as soon think of operating upon the painted walls of the catacombs of Egypt with the scissors as upon a Philadelphia paper.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - - MARCH, 1873

The Kentucky University is old and well established, one branch of it (Transylvania) reaching away back into the last century, by which it justly claims to be the oldest seat of learning West of the Alleghanies. It is the *Alma Mater* of thousands, its present number of students is very large, and its friends can scarcely be counted.

Considering all these things, the COLLEGIAN should be one of the best supported college papers in the Union. But it is not. One-half of the students attending the University do not subscribe for it. Very few take enough interest in it to contribute an item of news.

None of the best writers in the University will write for it without being urged, and the Professors, not even *then*. We have not received a single article from a Professor.

But the COLLEGIAN still lives and will continue to live, thanks to a few in each literary society and to its distant subscribers.

We ask in astonishment, what is the cause of this indifference? It cannot be that the appearance of the journal does not please, for there is no better type or paper in the county. Is it because it is not ably edited? Then let the students choose men more competent, for the Editors are not self-elected.

True, it is no easy matter for inexperienced students to edit a respectable paper, but we have heard no complaints, in fact, of late we have been complimented in almost every direction.

We can think of no adequate explanation, unless it be that the students of Kentucky University, together with its Faculty, have no college pride or "do not believe in newspapers and sich."

IMMORTALITY.—I.

The object of this paper is to inquire to what extent the belief in immortality obtained among the ancients—that is, the historical persons of the Jewish Scriptures. The field of inquiry will be confined to the Bible. It might be interesting to trace the history of this belief among all nations, and notice the effect it has had on their government, morals, and religion; but to do this, even partially, would so far transcend our limits, that it cannot now be attempted. It is not intended to set forth what the Scriptures actually teach on the subject of immortality, but to gather from them, as far as possible, what the notions of the ancients were on that subject. What the Scriptures record and what they sanction, may be the same, or they may be very different things. Thus they tell us that the Sadducees denied the resurrection of the dead, but are far from recognizing that denial as correct. Just so they may lift the veil of obscurity that shrouds the histories of ancient heroes and give us a glimpse of their inner lives, without sanctioning their opinions. This branch of the subject will be reserved for a separate paper.

Prior to the time of Moses, whatever opinions men may have had in regard to a future life, they did not gather them from the sacred Scriptures. Their knowledge of it depended either on tradition or direct revelation. In the history of this long period, there is but little that gives us any insight into the beliefs of the people. For our knowledge of these, we have to depend on later history, and even then, on incidental remarks thrown out in discussions of other questions. It is a remarkable fact that the sacred writers never mention the various religious theories that have obtained, at different times, only in so far as they bear an incidental relation to the truths intended to be set forth. Hence, in the inquiry before us, we have to depend on implications and allusions, apparently unintentional on the part of the writers. This source of evidence, unsatisfactory, as at first thought it may appear to be, will enable us to reach pretty definite conclusions as to a great part of early history. True, there are

periods around which the shadows of centuries have gathered thickly, but the light shed on others is so abundant, that we are, in some measure, generally able to penetrate the gloom. Our success may not always be commensurate with our desire, but we can at least determine that a belief in immortality, whether very well defined or not, is of quite an early date, if not coveval with the first generation.

There is certainly an unmistakable implication in the law given in Eden, that endless life is possible. To say, If you do a certain thing, you shall die, beyond all question, implies that if you do *not* do it, you shall live. If man understood anything, he understood this, and believed that as long as he kept that law inviolate, he would live. The only question is whether he regarded life as referring simply to the body, and death as an extinction of being; whether his hopes perished with his expulsion from the garden, or, after forfeiting continued earthly life, he cherished the hope of a future existence. A single word dropped just here by the historian would have shed a world of light on the faith of primeval man, but it is not given. We are left to mere conjectures. However, eight hundred years after the tragedy in the garden, it was said of Enoch, "And he was not; for God took him." This is doubtless from the antediluvian account, transmitted from generation to generation, and adopted into Mosaic history by divine sanction. Brief as it is, there is condensed into it the opinions of those early times. Connecting with this the collateral evidence furnished by a New Testament writer, (Jude 14.) we may find in it a reason for the belief of later patriarchs. In this latter passage, it is declared that Enoch foretold the Lord's coming with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment on the ungodly. This was evidently spoken for the benefit of that early age, and, consequently, was sufficiently understood to accomplish the prophet's purpose. Whom, then, did they regard as the saints, and what did they believe was the fate of Enoch? They knew that he had not died as other men had, and they held that God had literally taken him from the earth. Could they have thought this was done merely to annihilate him? That they believed that God had taken Enoch, and were taught that the Lord would come to judge the wicked, bringing his saints with Him, which He could not do if they were nihilities, are facts clearly indicating that there was at that time, some sort of belief in a future life. As far as this evidence goes, this may have been weak or strong. The fact that many nations afterward knew nothing of this doctrine, does not militate against the conclusion any more than the fact that millions of persons are now ignorant of God, proves that they never knew Him.

Besides the brief record of Enoch's translation, there is but one other passage in all the writings of Moses that bears directly on the question in hand. This is the cry of anguish that burst from the lips of old Israel when he beheld the blood-stained garment of his son Joseph: "I will go down into

the grave (*Hades*) unto my son mourning." The word here rendered "grave," simply means *the unseen*, and is used to designate the abode of departed spirits. If he used the word in this sense, he is represented as saying that he would go into the spirit world to his son. It is argued that this must have been his meaning, because he believed Joseph to have been devoured by wild beasts, not buried, and hence he could not have gone to him in the grave. That this interpretation is correct may be shown by a remark of the Apostle Paul. Referring to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he says they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth, thereby plainly declaring that they sought a country. This could not have been Cannan, for they were in that; nor could it have been Chaldea, for they could have returned thither. What, then, did they hope for? Paul answers, they desired a Heavenly country. (Heb. xi: 16). Abraham, also, "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God." This desire is, certainly, incompatible with the belief that the soul perishes with the body. They could not have looked for a Heavenly country, and a divinely built city, and, at the same time, have believed that the soul is extinguished in death. This clearly shows that these men had the belief in immortality firmly fixed in their minds.

We are now prepared for a more definite conclusion respecting the belief in the time of Enoch. In the brief statement, "and he was not; for God took him," we see the germ of the faith that had taken such firm possession of the souls of Abraham, and his posterity, sixteen hundred years later. And if we had the history of the period intervening, we would doubtless find that the belief in immortality was never wholly extinct.

Some account for the faith of Abraham by supposing that he had a special revelation from God. While it is true that such might have been the case, it is nothing more than a supposition, and, upon the whole, not as probable as to regard his faith as dependent primarily, on that which had come down from the primeval ages, and strengthened by the promises made to him personally.

The faith then which is so clearly defined was never afterwards lost. It would be interesting to examine the whole range of sacred history, and not its existence in particular cases, and also to meet some objections that might be urged; but this would occupy more space than can now be given to the subject. Paul sums it all up in one sentence, when, after enumerating a host of ancient worthies, he says they all died in the faith, not having received the promise. This faith was the same as that which nerved the soul of Abraham to offer his son on the altar, and prompted many others to reject deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection. That the belief in immortality was prevalent at the beginning of the Christian era, need scarcely be stated; nor need I say that there is abundant evidence of this in the Scriptures.

This is but a partial examination of the testimony on the subject, but is hoped that enough has been said to show that this belief is not of recent date, and that it was not confined to a few individuals.

### A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly—  
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again—  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

#### Editors Collegian:

I take pleasure in noting the gradual progress of our "Collegian." Continually we hear the industrious editors speaking of its increasing circulation. There are, nevertheless, comparatively few subscribers among the students who have lately matriculated. We can ascribe no particular cause to their backwardness; perhaps they have not yet seen the paper. I hope you may add at least an hundred more names to your already large subscription list during the approaching spring. Young men attending College cannot realize the interest that their parents take in reading the college news. Especially do they desire and enjoy reading any treatise written by our Professors.

They are made acquainted with the exercises, surroundings and condition of the University, and all accidents and changes that may occur. Besides this, the Collegian cannot fail to encourage a taste for literature within the University.

Yours very truly, I. F. W.

A friend of the writer, just dead, would never tolerate evil speaking in his presence, always saying, "Don't take the judge's chair." Another, when evil is spoken against another, says, "Go on. I'm ready to hear. Only remember I shall go at once to the person and tell him all you say of him." Another used to exclaim, "Stop the trial till we send for the accused, and hear what he has to say for himself."—*Newman Hall.*

### Our Boys.

(Arts)—W. W. HEDGES is learning the banking business in North Middletown.

'68 (Law)—W. H. McMILLAN is considered one of the ablest lawyers in Paris, Ky.

'68. (Law)—RUSSELL MANN, upon graduating, went to Paris, where he is now successfully practicing law.

'72. (Law)—D. W. ADAMS is practicing law in Kansas City.

(A. & M.)—HUTSELL, C. R., is residing at the home of his relative, Wm. Tarr, near Paris, Ky.

(Bible)—WILLIAMSON, T. J., we learn, has married and settled down at Plattsburg, Mo., where he is teaching a large school.

(Bible)—GALLAGHER, W. B., was married last October. We did not learn the maiden name of the victim. He preacheth at Warrenton, Mo.

(Bible)—ELLIOT, MILTON, whose departure from College we mentioned in our last issue, writes that his health is slowly improving.

(Bible)—SHIELDS, JOSEPH, is near Booneville, Miss., preaching. He is well pleased and having good success.

(A. & M.)—HOCKADAY, J. S., is at his home in Missouri, "hopping clods" on his father's farm; no notion of marrying.

(A. & N.)—ROBERTSON, C. A., remembered by many as "Hoss" Robertson, is teaching school in Texas, and is celebrated for his passion for swapping boots.

(Arts)—Dillard tells us that A. N. Carter is teaching in Andrian Co., Mo., and looking anxiously for a wife. He intends to pursue surveying as an occupation and will soon move father west.

(Bible)—J. H. THOMAS. We are glad to learn of the success of our old friend Thomas. He is pastor of the Church at Jonesburg, Mo., but expects to return to Kentucky University next year and complete his course.

'72. (Bible)—WILLIAMSON, C. P., has been attending the College of Arts until a few weeks ago. He is now teaching school at Antioch Church, and still resides in Lexington. He expects to resume his studies in College of Arts next term.

(A. & M.)—BOOTH, W. T. Our old friend, Lieut. Booth, is at home, Paris, Texas, studying the profession of medicine. We hear from him often, and he is hard at work learning to make "pills" and write billet doux.

'71. (Commercial)—A. P. ADAIR. Percy, after graduating, returned to his home in Harrison county, and has since been conducting a farm for his grandfather. He is a young man of fair intellect and unbounded energy, and we predict for him a brilliant future.

(Arts)—BRISTOW, S. D. B. This gentleman, on leaving the University two years ago, took a school in North Middletown, where he has since been teaching with perfect satisfaction to all his patrons. When we last heard from him, he signified his intention of entering the Law College, but circumstances prevented his doing so. Probably he will enter next year.

(Arts)—HENRY R. LENNARD. Henry, better known as "Andy" Lennard, who prided himself very highly on being pitcher of the second nine of the Pythian B. C. of Ky. University, is now learning the printing business in New Castle, Indiana. We hope his success as a printer may excel that gained as a pitcher.

(Arts)—BENJ. F. BERRY. Ben is residing at his father's home at Pleasant Hill, Cass county, Mo. Upon leaving the University in the spring of '72, he intended to return at the opening of the term in September, but was prevented by ill health. Of late he has been suffering from an attack of ague, but hopes to be able to return to the University next fall. He has our kindest regards and the best wishes of all who have the pleasure of knowing him.

'72. (Bible)—DILLARD, J. D. "Dan" spent a few days in our city last month, and made glad the hearts of many old friends. He has been in Mexico, Mo., since leaving college last June, teaching and preaching. Feeling a desire to see his native State (Va.), and, perhaps, urged by a more substantial reason, he has gone thither. After seeing his friends in Virginia, he intends returning West, probably to California.

(Arts)—J. W. HARRIS. This gentleman, after spending three years in Kentucky University, is now a student in Wesleyan University, at Millersburg. While a student here, his generous nature, the moral consistency of his life, the purity of his motives, and his intellectual abilities, readily won upon the hearts of all who come within the radius of his influence. In losing him, the University has lost one of her fairest ornaments, and Cecropia her noblest Champion.

(Bible)—HALEY, J. J., has gone to Mississippi to spend a year preaching, after which he will return to college. We received a letter from him a short time since, giving an account of his labors and location. He is at Columbus, where he preaches half his time. He also preaches at Aberdeen, and West Point, and a place in the country. The tenor of his letter indicates that he is well pleased and in good spirits. We half suspect, if we were to mention that he is getting a good salary, many of "our boys" would want to try the South.

(Arts)—D. C. MACK. It was with great pain that we heard of the death of our childhood's playmate, and our friend and companion in college. Dennis returned home very ill last June, and from that time was confined to his bed almost exclusively, until Saturday, the 8th of Feb., when his spirit was released, and winged its flight, we trust, to the realms of endless light. His frank, open and generous nature won him many friends while in college, and his early death is lamented by them all. His parents and relatives have our earnest sympathy in this bereavement.

'72. (Law)—M. H. SNOWDON.—This gentleman, after graduation, returned to his home in North Carolina, with the intention of "hanging out his shingle" as a lawyer, but from latest accounts it appears that he has renounced that as a "bad business," and to mend matters has married an heiress to \$200,000, and is spending his "honeymoon" in Scotland. Well, well, the boys will marry in spite of all we can say against it. This process seems to be as inevitable as measles and whooping cough, and since it *must* come sooner or later, we can only sigh inwardly, and wish that we were—Snowdon.

(Arts)—W. H. NOLCINI. Everybody remembers him. Prof. Milligan and Dr. Peter, at least, will not forget him. One year of college was as much as he could "stand." He survived it, however, and is now farming near Paris, Bourbon county. Nolcini has not yet taken

the matrimonial yoke, though we *must* do him the justice to say that it has been no fault of his. He has done all in his power, but has not yet been able to find a "gal" who would say "yes." We trust, however, he will not be discouraged, for the world is full of "green-horns" and he will be pretty certain to find one yet, if he perseveres.

(Arts)—MATT. WALTON. Matt. is reading law with his brother-in-law, in Lancaster. We think his profession well chosen, for not only are his oratorical powers such as to secure him success as a public speaker, but he has that ambition and energy that are so essential to eminence in the practice of law. A few days ago we noticed in a Lancaster paper that there was one candidate for matrimony in that place. In all probability that candidate is our friend Matt., for it is generally known to his friends that he has a particular fondness for the ladies. If such is really the case, why all we can say is, that we hope the ladies will vote for him.

## University News.

CORRECTION.—In our last number in *The Asland Institute*, "D. Clark, Paris, Ky.," should have been "D. H. Clark, Mt. Sterling, Ky."

... Prof. H. James Clark, who is remembered with so much pleasure by all who knew him, is now engaged as Professor in one of the Colleges at Amherst, Mass. Our thanks are due Mr. H. D. Watson, of Amherst, now Agent in this city for "Hitchcock's New and Complete Analysis of the Bible," for information with regard to our Professor.

..... RUBINSTEIN CONCERTS.—Anton Rubinstein, the greatest living Pianist, gives a Concert, in this city, on Monday evening, March 3rd. Every one, of course will be out, attracted by the array of musical talent, consisting of Anton Rubinstein, Henri Wieniawski, Mlle. Louise Liebhart, Mlle. Louise Ormeni, with Mons. L. Rembielinski as Accompanist.

Tickets can be had at Bruce & Till's Jewelry Store, on Main street.

... The COLLEGIAN has never yet published a growl, but patience has almost ceased to be a virtue, and if we don't get a new fence and better walks through the Campus at the College of Arts before long, we intend to begin growling terribly. The buildings are bad enough, and there is sufficient cause in every direction for a growl, but when a man has hourly to wade through mud half way up to his ankles, it is perfectly exasperating, and has a bad moral tendency upon even the Bible students.

... CARLOTTA PATTI CONCERT.—The citizens of Lexington and environs, do not often have an opportunity to hear first-class talent, probably because we are in rather an out-of-the-way locality; certainly not because first-class talent is not encouraged. There was a perfect rush for tickets to the Strakosch Concert, on February 11th, and the lucky holders of tickets could have sold out for four hundred per cent. advance.

Hocker College, Sayre Institute, and Kentucky University, were well represented in the audience.

The assembly seemed to consider Patti all that she had been represented, and she was *encored* every time.

We were doomed to disappointment, however, in the tenor, Mario, who could not appear, owing to a bad cold. Patti's "Coming through the Rye," and the "Laughing Song," were exquisite.

Miss Cary is an old favorite of Lexington, as was evident upon her first appearance. When *encored*, she sang in her sweetest notes, "Kathleen Mavoureen," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Old Folks at Home."

Teresa Carreno's performance upon the piano, and Emile Souret, upon the violin, called forth continued applause.

The concert was a perfect success, and must have been as satisfactory to Max Strakosch as it was to the Lexingtonians.

... OPEN SESSION OF THE CECROPEAN SOCIETY.—An expecting audience assembled on the evening of the 31st of January, to listen to the exercise of the Cecropean Society. After the officers were installed and the President had delivered his inaugural, Mr. Furse delivered very well, an extract from one of Patrick Henry's speeches, and was followed by Mr. Dunbar, who declaimed an eulogy on Washington. Both these gentlemen did well, but there was no especial merit in either performance and there was no especial fault. Mr. Jeff-eil's gave us an oration, subject, "The West," and his performance was creditable to himself and to his Society. The debate came next, and was best of the evening's entertainment. It was conducted by Mr. Bowen, upon the affirmative, and Mr. Brown, upon the negative. They debated their subject, "Was Cromwell a Patriot?" in a sprightly manner. The audience seemed particularly pleased with Mr. Brown's efforts. Both performers seemed to be impressed with the idea that his opponent was a man of ability and to be feared. In fact, they spoke too much of each other, for the limited time in which they had to discuss such a question as theirs. The *Shield* was then read by its editor, Mr. Potter, and was the worst performance of the entertainment. We found three objections: The great length of the paper, the poor reading of the editor, and the pointlessness of some of the "jokes;" otherwise, the paper was as good as others of the Society papers. Some of the articles were sprightly and took well with the audience, though we thought that the paper would have been much improved, if the editor had not been so partial in his attention to two fellow-members. His witticisms and squibs were heaped upon two gentlemen.

... OPEN SESSION OF THE PHILOTHEAN SOCIETY.—This old and honored Society gave another of its exhibitions, February 7th. The hall was well filled, and the ladies looked as handsome as usual. This always has one or two effects on young speakers, viz.: it either abashes or emboldens. Not having heard the speakers before, we cannot say what the effect was on this occasion. If we may be allowed to judge from appearances, we should say that it was all that could be desired. After the usual introductory exercises, Mr. G. B. Wagner delivered a declamation. We will not mention the nature of the piece, lest some persons should conclude that our Philothean friends are a little antiquated in their notions as to what will interest an audience at the present day. Suffice it to say, that the same piece has been delivered in every school exhibition since a short time after "Rienzi's address to the Romans." Mr. W. departed himself very well till the close, the most important point. Here he unfortunately lost his wonted energy, and nearly, if not quite, spoiled the effect of the whole recitation.

Mr. G. W. Campbell then gave an oration, whose merit hardly equaled its length. Subject, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" Unlike most orators on such occasions, Mr. C. endeavored to give his subject a practical turn. He had many good thoughts, but they were robbed of half their merit by the rather obscure manner in which they were expressed. He kept the hearer looking for the application, and left him in the end to make it himself. This may do very well in some cases, but certainly will not do in all. Mr. C. certainly brought up some very stubborn facts, which his fellow students would do well to ponder; for, truly, the most contemptible of all men is the preacher who prostitutes his calling for merely money-making purposes.

Mr. B. C. Dewese, read a creditable essay. Subject,

"Only a Drifter." The greatest fault in this, as well as Mr. C's oration, was that it left one with a feeling that it was incomplete. It left one short of that most desirable, but very unfrequent feeling, that it was so good that we would like to hear some more of the same kind. It is often the best commendation of a speech or an essay, to say it was too short; but whatever compliment it might be to Mr. D. to say this of his effort, we would not advise him to add to the length of his essay, but only hint that he should avoid all tendency to an anticlimax in whatever he attempts. His style was easy, and his thoughts good, and upon the whole, his exercise will not compare unfavorably with that of the other participants in the exhibition.

The debaters were, affirmative, Mr. J. D. Batson; negative, Mr. C. H. Caton. The question was, "Will God take the will for the deed?"

The affirmative explained the question as including only those cases in which men are willing to obey God, but in which it is impossible to do so. He certainly might have spared himself the trouble of making this limitation, for there are but two hypotheses that can be made in reference to the question, and on neither is it debatable. A thing is either possible or impossible. If it is impossible, clearly, God will require it at the hands of no man. If, on the other hand, it is possible, and a man fail, to do it, there is no will for God to accept in lieu of the deed. On neither supposition is there room for debate. The question has only to be thus plainly stated to satisfy any reasonable mind on this point. The time of the gentlemen, then, was illspent, besides, their arguments were mostly irrelevant. They ran in opposite directions, entirely. The one striving to present cases in which it was impossible to obey, and God did take the will for the deed, and the other, those in which it was perfectly possible, and God did not do so.

There was not a mutual desire between the disputants to be clearly understood. Mr. C. was evidently willing to allow a clear definition of his position to remain in the back ground. On this account, the issue between them was not very prominently set forth.

We do not mean to be censorious, but we certainly cannot too severely condemn the levity manifested in dealing with the word of God. If, as they claimed, the question is of such great importance, it should be dealt with as such.

On the irregular debate, Mr. R. C. Cave gave us quite an interesting little address, as likewise did Mr. G. W. Yancy and Mr. C. P. Williamson.

The *Clavis* was read by Mr. A. J. Garrison, its editor. This number was equal to any of its predecessors during the session. There was a judicious introduction of wit and sentiment, which kept up the interest in the paper till its close. A commendable feature of it was the absence of a long editorial by way of preface.

The Glee Club added a great deal to the interest of the occasion. Their selections were good and well performed. We hope they will not forget to appear at future exhibitions.

... CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—The recurrence of the 22nd of February is always a pleasant time for the members of our University. Besides the National associations which swell the heart of every American, it affords an opportunity for a pleasant rivalry in oratory among the Societies, and lastly, it is an ever welcome holiday. The recent celebration was not less interesting than those of former years, though unfortunately it came on Saturday, thus depriving us of an extra holiday. But the saint-like resignation with which we bore the misfortune was good to see. Indeed, had it not been for some unpleasant little occurrences in the class-room on the Monday following, it would scarcely have been known that we had suffered so great a loss.

The Chapel was filled early with an intelligent and appreciative audience, of course. Who ever ever heard of any other kind on public occasions like this. The la-

dies looked their prettiest, and smiled their sweetest, while the men were all attention from "the lean, sweet-scented, palav'rous fool," to the man who is so unfashionable as to be staid and sensible.

The Cadets marched in from Woodland in full uniform, headed by their not inferior band. They appeared to a right good advantage, too, and made a military display not entirely unsuited to the day.

When the time came for beginning the exercises the Marshals ushered in the Speakers, one from each of the five Societies, and handsome fellows they were too. Of course, the girls all admired them. It was natural that they should, and natural that the young men should enjoy it. Right here we might as well introduce the programme:

Music—Prayer.—Union Literary Society.—C. F. Wing, Greenville, Ky. Subject—Progress.

Music—Christomathean Society.—J. M. Lee, Reedsburg, Ohio. Subject—The Human Heart—Its Aspirations.

Music—Cecropian Society.—Wm. Myall, Paris, Ky. Subject, LaFayette.

Music—Periclean Society.—W. S. Jones, Richmond, Ky. Subject—Science and Literature as Influenced by Religion.

Music—Philothean Society.—L. N. Early, Petersburg, Ky. Subject—Luther—The Secret of His Success. Music—Benediction.

President Milligan occupied the chair, and at his request the exercises were opened by Prayer by Rev. Mr. Rand. Mr. Wing then proceeded to address the audience. The greatest fault of his speech was its length. The audience became somewhat wearied, and if we mistake not, Mr. W. did too. His subject is a frequent one, perhaps, we might say, a trifle stale; yet, he had some good thoughts, which stripped of their redundant verbiage would have been interesting. It was unfortunate that Mr. W.'s parents arrived a little too late to hear his address. We are sure they would have been proud to hear him, and proud of him after hearing.

Mr. Lee acquitted himself very creditably. His appearance was easy and his gestures natural. He treated his subject well, and seemed to gain the earnest attention of the audience. A very commendable feature of his oration was its brevity. It was not long enough to either weary the speaker or the hearers. Some of our other speakers might take a lesson from Mr. Lee in this particular.

The eulogy pronounced by Mr. Myall on LaFayette, was not too high or too enthusiastic. Mr. M. recounted some of the principal acts in the life of his hero, and pointed out the motives that led to them. He did this in an earnest and impressive manner, and although his speech was long, he succeeded in keeping up a good interest to the close. We have heard many speak admirably of his effort, and we do not hesitate to say that he deserved all the praise he received.

Mr. Jones is well enough known to the public as a speaker and writer not to need any commendation from us. His appearance in public is sufficient guaranty that we shall hear something good. He did full justice to himself on this occasion, though, of course, we do not mean to say that either his address or its delivery was perfect. Both, however, were very creditable to him. He expressed many good thoughts, and with a freshness and vigor that will leave no transient impress on the minds of the hearers. His subject is one that is of practical interest to the world just now, and one that is eliciting the attention of many older heads than his. The manner in which Mr. Jones managed his subjects showed that he had bestowed not a little thought on it, and we are sure his effort was appreciated by the thoughtful among his hearers.

The interest of the audience had begun to flag when Mr. Early arose. Nevertheless, he had good attention, and deservedly. Had his oration been long he would not have been able to keep up the interest, but fortunate-

ly it was short. Mr. E. did well, but, of course, this was not surprising for we expected nothing else. But we can do little more than mention his address, as we have done with the others. It would doubtless be interesting to note the manner in which each handled his subject, together with the end aimed at and the comparative success of the parties, but time will not permit.

The music of the occasion was good, as is usual with that given by Saxton's Band. President White, in behalf of the Societies, then thanked the audience for their unusually good attention, he having taken the place of President Milligan, who had retired on account of his delicate health. The benediction was pronounced by Eld. Arnold.

## Among the Colleges.

... President Gilman has been elected a member of the California Academy of Sciences.

... The late Sir David Baxter has bequeathed £50,000 to the University of Edinburgh.

... The Vassar girls want a telegraph station with in the college walls. What next?

... The latest movement at Ohio Wesleyan College is class sleigh-rides. It is a "mixed" college.

... Ex-tutor Otis has been appointed professor of modern languages at the Institute of Technology, Boston.

... Virginia University Magazine complains that the medical students carry the subject for dissection to their rooms, and that the odor is not agreeable.

... Five dollars is the prize at Chicago University open to any student who can sing a college song without blundering.—*Volante*.

... Cornell College is to have an addition of two professors. This will make twelve chairs occupied in this institution.—*College Herald*.

... Prof. Tyndall has very generously donated the proceeds of his late lecturing tour in this county toward establishing scholarship for young men wanting to pursue scientific studies.—*Chronicle*.

... "How beautiful," said a divine to our President, "to see so many young men with their eyes reverently lifted toward heaven." The young ladies occupy the gallery.—*Exchange*.

... The running expenses of Shurtleff College, in Illinois, are \$13,000, while the income is only \$8,824. At that rate they won't have a Shurtleff (t) there in a little while.—*Chronicle*.

... An effort is being made to raise an endowment fund of \$20,000 for the female department of the Iowa State College by getting each female member of the Congregational churches in the State to give one cent a day for five years.

... It is rumored that several studentesses of the Ann Smith were on a high and lofty gum-drop "bust" on Christmas day. As we have not yet ascertained the exact state of the case, we can say nothing positive on the subject.—*Exchange*.

... The University of Wisconsin has lately received for its library about 400 volumes from Norway, the result of a concert given for the purpose by Ole Bull. It already had upwards of 200 Norwegian books and the

collection is now a fire one, probably inique in this country.

... The embryo Boston University (Methodist) lost heavily by the late fire. Its property consisted almost exclusively of the estate of late Isaac Rich which was mostly invested in elegant stores, all but one of which were consumed.

... The University of Californian has received from Hon. Edward Tompkins a donation of land valued at \$50,000, for the purpose of founding a professorship, to be called the "Agassiz Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature."—*Exchange*.

... The glory of Vassar is departed! Its riding-school is no more. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, least they who were once envious, should wag their heads, and say "Aha! the horse and his rider are brought low!"—*Vassar Miscellany*.

... Among the committees for the United States to the Vienna exhibition, we notice the names of President White as a member of the committee on education, teaching and instruction, and Professor Caldwell, on chemical industry, also on food as products of industry. Cornell is well represented in both sense of the phrase.—*Era*.

... "The Union University of New York," has been recently formed by the consolidation of Union College Schenectady, and the Law School, Medical College and Dudley Observatory at Albany. Each institution will retain its own trustees and hold its own property. Their mutual relations are to be adjusted as experience may suggest. No radical change is contemplated, but it is expected that each department will derive benefit from its connection with the others. The distance between the two cities is seventeen miles.—*Exchange*.

... President White, of Cornell, has seriously impaired his health by his unremitting labors at the University, which he has done so much to organize on a grand scale and build up to the highest point of efficiency. It is feared that he will have to take a season for recuperation. He has a corps of admirable professors, but the salaries paid them are disgracefully small for a first-class institution. Mr. Cornell has no right to exact pecuniary sacrifices because he has worked for next to nothing when poor and made the community rich by his munificence when he became wealthy.—*Golden Age*.

... Mr. Cornell offers to give \$500,000 more to the University, on condition that the Trustees shall raise an equal sum, from other sources. There is hardly a doubt that this condition will be promptly complied with, and thus a million dollars be added to the already large endowment. Mr. Cornell's example should inspire in other wealthy men a similar liberality towards other institutions of learning. Pres. White, since his connection with Cornell, has given it in different ways \$100,000. He is reported to have seriously impaired his health, by his constant and arduous labors.

... We are glad to see that there is a prospect of a liberal government appropriation to the Scientific School. A bill before the Senate and which has now passed the House provides for an appropriation to those agricultural colleges named in the Act of 1862. If this act should pass, Sheffield would be in to the tune of \$625,000. Of course with such an endowment the scientific department would be greatly increased in usefulness. Now then let us hear of a bill providing for similar appropriations for seats of classical learning throughout the Union.—*Yale Courant*.

... Work upon a new library building, as well as on

the Gymnasium will be commenced in the spring. The plan for the library building has already been drawn. It is to be situated to the north-east of Graduates Hall, and is designed to contain, not only the college library, but also those of the literary societies. The proposition to remove the society libraries from the rooms which they now occupy, was made by the President a few days since. This we think the societies should accept, for it will protect their valuable libraries from fire and the spoiler, while arrangements may be made so that each society may control its respective library.

A reading room is also talked of. This, and the printed catalogue of the College library are the most urgent needs of Union.—*Union College Spectator*.

### Among our Exchanges.

... The *Packer Quarterly*, edited by the young ladies of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, is a very handsome Magazine, and gotten up in the best style.

... The *Magenta* is a new Harvard Semi-Monthly, issued in pamphlet form, of twenty-four pages. Its ability seems about up to the average of College Journals; its tone and style is kindly and genial, and we bid it God speed.

... We can, with a will, join in the general chorus of praise to the young ladies of Vassar College. Their *Vassar Miscellany* is certainly second to no College Journal in the Union, and makes us feel like awkward boys. There is one of the few college exchanges that we read with any pleasure.

... D. P. Faulds, No. 70 Main street, Louisville, has our thanks for a beautiful piece of music, being a *Fantaisie* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Ernest Zoeller. It is a very pretty arrangement, and is handsomely published. We commend Mr. Faulds' establishment to those purchasing music.

... The last number of *Harper's Bazar* has some beautiful illustrations of the funeral, lying in state &c., of the late Emperor Napoleon. It has the usual number of pretty fashion plates, patterns, &c., all of which is of great interest to the ladies. "London's Heart" and "Murphy's Master," are still continued, and are good stories. Subscribe for it, and send it to your sweet heart.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The February numbers have been received, and are found to contain a great deal of interesting reading. There is so much that we can give but the contents. "The Progress of Medicine and Surgery," from *Edinburgh Review*; "On Some Peculiarities of Society in America," *Cornhill Magazine*; "The Azores," *Dark Blue*; "A Visit to Shaml's country," *Frazer's Magazine*; "The Germans in America," *Spectator*; "The three Interests in Old English Literature," *Contemporary Review*; "Heroism," *Cornhill*; "Some Curiosities of Criticism," *Frazer's*; "A Slip in the Fens," *McMillan's*; "Paganism," *Good Words*; "An Ugly Dog," *Cornhill*; "Mr. Froud's English in Ireland," *McMillan's*; "Emperor Alexander," *British Quarterly*; "Brantome," *Cornhill*; "Emperor Napoleon," *Economist*; "Overwork," *Saturday Review*; "Dr. Carpenter's Mental Acquisition and Inheritance," *Spectator*; "On the Hereditary transmission of Acquired Psychical Habits," *Contemporary Review*; "Bookshelves," *Pall Mall*; "The Migration of Useful Plants," *McMillan's*; "The Misfortune of a Geologist," *St. Paul's*; "Winter Fare," *Dark Blue*; "Instinct Demoralized," *Dublin University Magazine*; "Sir Tray; An Arthurian Idyl," *Blackwood's*. "His Little Serene Highness" is continued throughout the month, and is an excellent story, translated from the *Platt Deutsch* of Friz Renter.

In addition to the long list we have enumerated, there



are some twenty minor pieces, besides the poetry, which is usually of the highest order.

"The wicked flee where no man pursueth." A very amusing battle has been going on for some time among our college exchanges, which we have enjoyed not a little for reasons that will appear as we proceed.

In our November issue we spoke of the *Westminster Monthly* as light. They retorted with, "The COLLEGIAN is heavy." The *Southern Collegian*, of Washington and Lee University, feeling (we suppose) that they only, of all the Collegians, could be intended, became infuriated, and published a wood cut of an ass as an authentic likeness of the *Westminster* editor.

In the meantime, another claimant for the title of "heavy" appears. The *Griswold Collegian* states that the *Westminster* referred to the *Collegian of Mt. Vernon*, and suggests that "pot should not call kettle black." The *Dickinsonian* now rushes into the fray, and "goes for" that *Southern Collegian*, after which the melee becomes general.

After the combatants have exhausted themselves and withdrawn to breathe awhile, the *Westminster* steps up and explains that they were criticising the *Collegian of Kentucky University*, and there is where our laugh comes in.

Gentlemen, we thank you for so gallantly fighting our battle for us, and have no doubt you feel better, since most of you were fairly spoiling for a fight. We propose that you shake hands all around, and while the *Westminster* is laughing with us at your mistake, we feel so good natured that we will retract our first criticism, and pronounce it quite the reverse of light.

... *Harper's Magazine* for March has an unlimited variety of instructive and entertaining matter, profusely illustrated with sixty-nine engravings.

At the outset we are initiated into the mysteries of "Life on Board a Man-of-War," by Commander Wm. Gibson, who, in a very spirited and somewhat poetic style, follows the ship from its going into commission through the characteristic features of its cruise, which are also effectively represented in illustrations.

Then we saunter "along the Elbe" with Junius Henri Browne, giving our attention mainly to that remarkable and romantic region known as the Saxon Switzerland, between Aussig and Dresden, and to the noteworthy features of the latter city—the capital of Saxony. Mr. Brown's article is beautifully illustrated.

From Saxony we are transferred to Baltimore in the last century, as shown by "Aunt Eve," a colored centenarian, who, in the hands of her "interviewer" Mr. Frank B. Mayer, becomes a very graphic historian. Her characteristic narratives receives an additional interest from Mr. Mayer's admirable drawings.

Then, from the pen of the Rev. Wm. F. Ward, we have a very instructive paper, entitled our "Our Debt to Cadmus," being a history of the formation of the alphabet, profusely illustrated.

The new scientific work by Flammarion, on the Atmosphere, furnishes the materials and illustrations for Mr. Conant's entertaining paper, "Earth and Air"—full of curious information concerning la fata morgana, sand-columns, the Provencal rain of blood, locust and beetle showers, the freaks of lightning, and other atmospheric phenomena.

Mrs. P. W. R. Ver Planck, in her graphic sketch, "A Birthnight Ball," takes us to the Swedish capital of former days, when the late King, Charles, XV., was alive, and gives a brilliant picture of the festivities of the court on the occasion of the King's birthday.

The attention now being given to legislative reforms in connection with the revision of State Constitutions, renders very timely and useful the paper on "Constitutional Limitations," by Franklin B. Hough.

Equally timely in connection with the interest awakened by Mr. Hudson's recent work on Journalism

is Mr. S. S. Conant's article on "Newspapers, and Editors."

Chas. Reade, in this month's installment of "A Simpleton," gives us a genuine description of a formidable dress-makers bill, and its moral significance. Miss Thackeray's "Old Kensington" loses nothing of the freshness and charm which have thus far fascinated its readers. And Wilkie Collins, in "The New Magdalen," still holds his readers in suspense, and the denouement of his story in abeyance, as is his wont. In addition to these remarkable serials, there are two excellent short stories—"My Tramp," by Anna M. Hoyt, and Peggy's Pandowdy," by Mary N. Prescott.

### Miscellaneous.

... Vassar College has 387 pupils.

... East Tennessee University has about 250 students.

... The Alumni of Dartmouth number 3,685.

... Drew Theological Seminary is so full that several applications for admission have been declined for lack of room.

... Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., has been pervaded by a powerful revival of religion. There were 55 converts.

... The Liberal Catholics of Montreal oppose the establishment of a University in that city under Jesuit influence.

... The Seminary at Auburn, N. Y., wants a contribution of \$200,000.

... Rutgers College, N. J., is to have a new chapel, costing \$50,000. Dimensions are about 60x120 feet.

A shoe-dealer on Broadway advertises, "Woman's Rights—and Lefts."

Hotel keepers are people we have to "put up" with.

It is considered cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want his autograph.

Which would you rather, that a lion ate you or a tiger? Why, you would rather that the lion ate the tiger, of course.

A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

Washington's tomb is adorned with one of the neatest cod-liver oil signs that a gifted fence-dauber ever slapped on any prominent object in that vicinity.

... They use mules for pulling the Cleveland street cars and the drivers are not allowed to swear while on duty. They are given a full day each week, however, to go to the woods.

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

... Thayer College at Kidder made a good opening for the first regular term and year, having about forty students in attendance.

A Danbury sport wears a ten cent silver piece on his shirt bosom, and calls it a dime and pin, which it certainly is.

An Essex street boy made a very handsome snow-

man about seven feet high Saturday, and robed it with his mother's sixty dollar shawl. He is saddest when he sits.—*Danbury News.*

A newspaper in Ottawa county, Kansas, has the following: "Last week we announced the marriage of a young friend, and now it becomes our pleasant duty to announce that he is the father of a bouncing boy."

When a new town is started out on the plains, Chicago drummers camp out and wait for the new stores to be completed, to sell the owners a bill of goods.

There is only one paper in Illinois that did not thrill the world with the announcement that "the old year is dead," and that one said, "Tomorrow the old year dies."

Billings produces long columns of figures, with verbal explanations, to prove that mosquitoes are born of poor but industrious parents, but have in their veins some of the best blood of the country.

A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his subscriber was a coffin maker.

An eccentric but benevolent Danbury man, hearing that several thousand working girls lost all by the Boston fire, shipped them sixteen volumes of patent-office reports.

The other morning Jenkins announced the price of tickets, in an advertisement of his coming lecture as follows: "Tickets fifty cents. Children supplied at the same rates." During the afternoon he received orders for three and a pair of twins.

The Memphis *Appeal* tells of an Irishman who got laughed at for making faces over some persimmons, and who retorted thus: "Ye's may grin, ye mutton-headed idiots; but I can lather the sowl out iv the man that spilt vinegar over thim plums."

A little boy who sang, "I want to be an angel," in Sunday-school, with so much energy that he almost choked himself, confessed to an enterprising reporter that he really wanted to be a captain on a canal boat.

It was Daniel who said, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase." He clearly referred to reporters in this remark, and this suggests the idea that Daniel was in that line himself; it is certain at all events that he was allowed to pass in free to see the lions.

One of the saddest sights of this season of the year, is a young man who has waited outside of some church of a cold evening until he is chilled through, only to see the object of his heart's affection walk off with some rascal who has been inside toasting his sinful shins at the heater. It is trying to one's nerves.

A Northampton paper gives its readers warning that the original poetry drawer is to be cleared out at any cost, and consequently publishes two pieces, with the statement that there is more coming. The editor admits that he has no knowledge of poetry, but likes to publish it because it pleases the authors. The unfortunate remark will probably lead to a regular inundation of poetry.

There is said to be an old sea captain in Oregon, who carries a small silver watch that has been through the rare experience of Jonah. It was swallowed by a fish, having been found some time ago in the stomach of a salmon. Like the prophet of old, it remained in good working order and announces the time with rather more accuracy than did he of Nineveh.

That was a good, though rather a severe pun, which was made by a student in one of our theological seminaries, when we asked, "Why is Professor—the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all giving it up, said: "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'great awakening.'"—*Index.*

A writer in the Kansas Magazine has measured the type used in a copy of a New York paper, and also that used in a popular volume of travels. The former was found to contain about 960,000 "ems," while the later, a book of 591 pages, measured only 836,000 "ems." In other words, the single copy of the newspaper, which sold only at four cents, was equivalent to a book of 680 pages, or 89 more pages than were contained in a volume that sold for \$3 50.

When some men come to you, it is like sunrise. Everything seems to take new life. Other men bring night with them. The chill shadows of their society falls upon every innocent gaiety, and your feelings, like the birds of evening, stop singing and go to their roost. Away with those fellows who go growling through life, all the while passing for birds of paradise! He that cannot laugh and be gay, should look well to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

POPULAR DELUSIANS.—That you are going to study harder next term and get up a higher standing.—That the chapel was intended by the faculty to be a study room.—That your class-mates will respect you more for expressing your opinion freely.—That you can dodge writing essays and orations.—That a poor exercise is better than none.—That you can get up early Monday morning and get your lessons.—That general knowledge will pass you through examination.—That your paternal ancestor will send you more money than you ask for.—*Yale Courant.*

A hop in your walk is a halt, but a dance upon nothing is a halter. One finger by itself may be a numb, but ten fingers are a number. A deal of gold may be a plumb, but a dealer in lead is a plumber. You may sometimes put sauce into a cup, but you should always put a cup into a saucer. You're a fool if you're a walker in a pond, you're a philosopher if you ponder in your walk. A cough makes you wheezy of the chest, but of the chest you can easy make a coffer. A steel is what makes a blade sharp, but a blade that makes a sharper is a stealer.

The trials which befall us are the very trials which we need. The little daily excoriations of temper speedily heal themselves, but when the pain lasts, they have an errand to accomplish, and they accomplish it. These, as well as greater sufferings, are ordered. They must be submitted to with patience, resignation and meekness; and if they enable us to see ourselves, and gain a victory over our pride, they are of great value. Instead of vain and impotent wishes to fly from them, or the circumstances which occasion them, it is the part of manly virtue to bear and forbear, and by grace to wax stronger and stronger.

"Gentlemen's pantaloons upholstered here," is the sign near a skating park in Titusville, Pa.

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