

Miss Helen King  
University of Kentucky  
Lexington

The Alumni Association  
University of Kentucky  
will commemorate the 100th anniversary  
of the birth of  
James Kennedy Patterson  
Saturday, March 25  
Lafayette Hotel  
Lexington, Kentucky

1833

7 P. M.

1933



Mr. Salzer: — Did not use this, Senator  
Stanley sent me a specially edited manuscript  
Thank you  
YR

Twice ten thousand aspiring youths of whose plastic lives he was at once the architect and the inspiration, have eternally inscribed upon throbbing hearts and the tablets of love and memory, the ineffaceable story of his nobility and his worth, and that story as a proud and tender tradition shall pass from father to son, so long as yonder bronze shall defy the wasting tooth of Time. For him there is no need of "storied urn or animated bust." This University is the fitting and eternal monument to James Kennedy Patterson.

It's green and undulating campus was acquired by his keen foresight, it's umbrageous trees planted by his tender hands and watered by his loving care. The foundations of it's imposing halls were set by his skill, and by his tireless energy, his transcendent genius and his indomitable will were laid one stone upon another.

Were I asked where is the monument of James K. Patterson, with one hand I should point to the University and with the other to the accomplished manhood of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

#### THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

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*Oblained from M. Sulzer.*

Address of HONORABLE A. O. STANLEY delivered at the unveiling of the statue to JAMES K. PATTERSON at the University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky., June 1, 1934.

An honor it is, and a coveted privilege to be permitted today, by your gracious leave, to pay a deserved tribute to the great President of this University.

Monuments, after all, are for the living not the dead. He whose semblance is cunningly wrought by the sculptor's art needs no such assurance of an enduring fame.

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only trade, a "block cutter" was not to be obtained and after months of vain endeavor to find employment in the mills of New York and New England, we find the poor emigrants swept westward toward the thinly peopled frontiers of the new world.

President Patterson has left us a graphic picture of his early life in America.

"My father" says, he, "whose health was never robust, knew little or nothing about farming. Scottish villages and calico printing establishments do not furnish the best training for a man who at forty-two years of age is expected to take up a remote uncleared farm and make a living thereon. \* \* \*

"Hence it was that more and more upon the energy, untiring industry and practical economy of my mother depended the upbringing of the family. \* \* \*

"My mother was anxious not simply to keep her family respectable but to keep them just a little better than her neighbors. The making and the mending, the cooking and the dairy work, the washing and the ironing, the direction of much of the farm work, all fell to her lot. For weeks at a time during busy seasons of the year she was up until midnight, snatching a few hours of sleep when she could. She rarely expressed the regret that I know she must often feel at having left 'her ain bonnie hoose in Alexandria.' The majority of the inhabitants were quite illiterate. \* \* \* My father could go and enjoy them and laugh with them and at them. But not she. Even had she felt the inclination, which she did not, the round of household duties would have prevented her. She missed the companionship of Scottish folk, she missed the village Kirk, but she never complained."

And so, amid the privations and desolation of the wilderness, her infirm spouse, her children and her God "became the ocean to the river of her thought."

From 1843 to 1849 not one of her five sons was within a school-house, the nearest was too far away and there was no surplus money to pay even the low rates of tuition charged.

But, says he,

"My mother supplemented the lack of schools by her own activities. She taught the elder ones to read the Scriptures, to learn the Shorter Catechism, and to memo-



rise the Metrical version of the Psalms."

This maimed lad of thirteen, who had never been within a school-house in six years, by penury and humble birth at once oppressed, amazes me alike by his indomitable courage and his insatiate thirst for knowledge.

The crippled like the deformed, according to Bacon - "are commonly even with nature."

But that sunny and heroic spirit knew no self-pity, no bitterness, no repining.

The serene philosopher rose upon his maimed body as a stepping stone, There was, says his biographer -

"No sensitiveness. 'The little game leg' he would say, patting it affectionately, 'was the architect of my fortunes.' "

As a little lad "he hitched his wagon to a star". And from the "pun-  
chin" floor of a cabin in an Indiana clearing to the presidency of a great  
University, he confidently pursued "the even tenor of his way" but the  
hard thorny path is literally sublit by that brave and radiant spirit. A  
stranger alike to repining and despair, in his aspiring soul glesmed the  
bright waters of Lowell's fountain:

"Ceaseless aspiring  
Ceaseless content  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element;  
Glorious fountain  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant  
Upward, like thee."

His old friend W. B. Smith says of him -

"He revelled in chronicling facts, hunted them  
with the keen scent of a blood-hound marshalled them  
as a shepherd his flocks."



His father's "big ha" Bible and a volume on "Introduction to the Sciences" apparently the only books on the place, he read "from beginning to end, again and again, until all that I could assimilate I had made my own."

Fortunately, Joseph Mowbray, an Englishman, with a library, bought an adjoining farm to which he generously gave the hungry student free access. There the delighted lad revelled in Furgeson's Roman Republic, Hume's England, Spanish Discoveries, Pope, Dryden and Plutarch's Lives, and, says he -

"Meanwhile I levied upon other persons in the neighborhood who happened to have any books at hand. I remember once hearing of a copy of Rollins Ancient History, owned by a man named Fox Draper, who lived five miles away. Taking my father's horse, I rode to borrow it, only to learn to my chagrin that it had been sold to a man ten miles distant. I continued my journey however, and came home in triumph with four the volumes."

At last by the help of a kinsman we find him at Hanover, cooking his own food, living on less than a dollar a week, then graduating with the honors of his class, and the mother there to witness his triumph.

Upon being asked if she was not proud, with her Scottish accent and piety she answered - "No prou, but thankfu".

#### THE TEACHER

This untaught teacher entered upon the profession he adorned at the age of seventeen.

"When the school closed" says he, "I received fifty dollars for the three months. This I disposed of as follows: My board (One dollar a week) was fourteen dollars; from Mr. Jones I bought a sow and pigs of a far better breed than we had at home, paying him five dollars; some debts which father had incurred for spraying the orchard I paid; and the rest, two dollars, I kept for myself."

After the school at Driftwood Bottoms, others follow with a like liberal stipend. In his next budget we find the following interesting item.

"I discovered a cooking stove the newest type,



which with the accompanying utensils was \$17.50. My Mother had gone with my father to a neighboring county to attend the Sacramental service of an associate Presbyterian Church and, upon her return, she was greatly astonished to see the cooking stove with the utensils set up ready for use.

And the man who built a University said -

"I have always considered this one of the greatest triumphs of my life."

He did with his might what his hands found to do and each school is succeeded by a better one.

We next see him in Kentucky "impressed by the better quality of the land and the more cultivated methods of living", in charge of a school near Newcastle, the compensation being "one hundred and fifty dollars for five months work."

Here his landlord, a big-hearted blacksmith by the name of John Holland, "was" says he, "greatly devoted to the game of chickens and made heavy draughts on my time, which I could ill spare from my studies." But, "after he left, I studied an hour, went to bed about eleven, got up regularly at four, took a cold bath in a wash-tub filled with water the night previous and was ready for three hours study before time to begin the day's duties."

The assiduous young scholar's fame grows apace, and the honor graduate of Hanover next finds himself principal of the Presbyterial Academy at Greenville, luxuriously ensconced in the comfortable home of Edward Ramsey, where "a black boy built his fires, took his boots to shine, carried his messages, did his errands," and he is "passing rich" at six hundred dollars a year, with a sweetheart to boot.

ERA OF STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION

After having served successively as Principal of Stewart College,



Clarksville, and as President of Transylvania University. We find him at last established as a member of the faculty of the New Kentucky University. This period from 1867-1875 is the least eventful of his checkered life, and perhaps, the most happy and serene. Surrounded by a loving wife, his young children and his books, it was none the less an era of prodigious intellectual activity. It was the period in which he could read "to weigh and consider" - it afforded the essential opportunity "in the still air of delightful studies" for the formation of the mighty man presently to emerge from his cloister, as the winged butterfly from its chrysalis.

Francis Bacon, the greatest of English scholars, when about the age of the young professor writes his Uncle, Lord Burleigh -

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

The soul of Patterson seems to have been fired by a like ambition. His capacious mind "was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought."

Books, in the phrase of Bacon, were literally "chewed and digested". Upon the shelves of his library were "many quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore." Poems prior to Burns, the Sagas of the Saxons, tracts of histories, rare copies of Juvenal and Horace, treatises upon every obscure subject, and in many languages. He mastered Sanskrit, unaided, and delved into higher mathematics.

He went joyously, eagerly to his studies as a bee to the blossoms and as the bee transfers the sweets of all the flowers into its own honey, he assimilated the finest thought of the sages of all ages, till they became literally a part of his own intellectual being.

To that perfectly disciplined intellect, the closest application was not so much a labor as an irresistible impulse.

The attendance doubled, additional lands were acquired, and on all sides



"There are quick spirits" says Byron, "who can tire of naught but rest."

History made him wise, mathematics subtle, philosophy profound, and the natural sciences revealed to him the hidden forces and mysteries of nature.

His mastery of the classics afforded a diction, copious, ornate and polished as Parian marble.

#### THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Such was the man who in 1873 became President of the A & M College of Kentucky.

"It had a mass, a charter, a yearly income of nine hundred dollars and nothing else."

Says President Patterson -

"It must be borne in mind that when detached from Kentucky University this College had nothing. It had no farm for experimental or other purposes; no buildings, no machinery, no geological or mineralogical cabinets, no chemical or philosophical apparatus, no museums, no farming or garden implements, no stock - absolutely nothing."

Upon this bare rock the dauntless optimist proposed to erect a great university.

The good City of Lexington, conscious of his ability and inspired by his courage, responded with heart and purpose. The contagion spread. The whole state for the time thrilled to the inspiring thought of a "State University" - a great temple of learning, free from sectional or denominational bias or control -

"These gates were open wide  
And all who would might enter in  
And no one was denied."

On April 28, 1880, the Legislature voted an annual appropriation of one-half cent on the hundred dollars for the support of the University. The attendance doubled, additional lands were acquired, and on all sides



new buildings were in course of erection. The ring of the mason's trowel and of the carpenter's hammer were music to the ears of the new president.

Then a storm cloud appeared on the hitherto cloudless skies.

"The denominational colleges" says Isabel Hardy Politt, "had not awakened to the importance of the half cent tax till after it had been passed. \* \* \* But now, on a commanding site of fifty acres within the city of Lexington, with fifty thousand dollars for buildings, with a federal income of ten thousand dollars, supplemented by a state tax already yielding ten thousand dollars annually, with the dangerous principle of state aid established and with state interest as a corollary, it aroused every denominational college in Kentucky to the manna common to them all. Counsel was taken by their representatives and everywhere it was constantly rumored that an assault on the tax would be launched in the next Legislature.

"By October 1881, work had come to a standstill on the buildings, for the funds were entirely exhausted. Appeal was made secretly to every bank in Lexington, but the same response was received from all; that in view of the imminent attack by the denominational colleges and the practical certainty of the abolition of the tax, the condition of the college seemed too precarious to justify the extension of credit.

"It was at this crisis that James E. Patterson, staking his all on the future of the A & M College, took to the Northern Bank of Kentucky the savings of his life, and hypothecating every dollar of securities that he possessed, borrowed the money to carry on the building."

"It more stirs the blood to rouse a lion than to start a hare."

It was in this tragic hour, with his back to the wall, his last dollar staked on the turn of a card, encompassed round about by foes, legal, ecclesiastical and political, that James Kennedy Patterson rose to his full stature.

In this determined and concerted effort to repeal the tax, no stone was left unturned. In the public press every appeal was made which might excite the prejudices of the pious, the avarice of the rich or the credulity of the ignorant. The expediency and the legality of the act were alike assailed.

I have often wished that some great artist might yet immortalize the



never to be forgotten scene on that eventful night when the fortunes of James K. Patterson and the fate of the University of Kentucky trembled in the balance.

In the legislative chamber every Representative in his seat, the galleries crowded by eager spectators of the historic battle. Upon the one side President Beatty. I knew him well and can now recall his fine and classically chiseled features, his majestic mien, his gracious address, the very model of a college president, and at his back the heads of six great denominational institutions; and towering above them all the leonine head of William Lindsey, legislator and jurist, of renown, massive, ponderous and formidable, every inch of him, and arrayed against them all the frail figure of Jas. K. Patterson leaning upon his crutch. There he stands with the eye and beak of an eagle. Serene, sublime, undaunted, ready, almost eager for the fray. Strange paradox was he, the gentlest and most combative of men. He loved his friends and he enjoyed his foes, nothing pleased him better than controversy. In the forensic arena, he literally "drank delight of battle with his peers."

And now in the midst of a silence that could be felt, this simple champion bids defiance to his embattled foes.

Never since the days of Crittenden and Clay had men heard such an impassioned flow of flawless English. The force and majesty of Chatham, the luxuriance, the wealth of classic allusion and the comprehensiveness of Burke and the fine scorn and flashing wit of Sheridan were his.

"An extraordinary occasion" said he, "calls for my presence before you tonight. In the history of education in Kentucky no parallel to this, so far as I know has occurred. An institution founded through munificence of the General Government, a munificence similar in kind to that which forms the ground work of the common school system of the State, whose endowment has been generously increased by the Commonwealth, whose special object has been



to provide a liberal and practical education for the masses, is assailed, not by the people, not by the legal or the medical profession, not by the wealth, but by the Ministers of the Gospel. And why? Not because its course of study is defective, not because there is any lack of efficiency in its instruction, not because its moral or religious tone causes disquiet to good people, none of these things; but because it furnishes tuition too cheap and educates too many."

That reply, crushing and conclusive, will live in the memory of lovers of this institution with Pitt's answer to Walpole, with Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings, with Webster's reply to Hayne.

The friends of this institution may today reverently thank God that that classic utterance gave to Kentucky forty-one years of the love and labor of the penniless Scottish exile for the nurture and development of all that is best and finest in the intellectual life of the Commonwealth and upon it, as upon its very foundation stones, rests the University at this good hour.

In the words of Richards. Stoll, capable and stalwart champion of the University whom the great President loved to love -

"He has done more for the upbuilding and elevation of our citizenship than any other man. Honoured himself by other universities, he has honoured this University. His name and that of the University of Kentucky are synonymous. He has been our father; we are his children."



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

*Patterson  
Memorial  
Banquet  
1933*

The James Kennedy Patterson memorial program, planned by the University of Kentucky Alumni Association for the birthday centennial of the man who, for 41 years, guided the destinies of the University of Kentucky, will take the form of a dinner meeting Saturday evening, March 25 at seven o'clock at the Lafayette hotel, to which all friends of the University and of the late president are urged to come.

The highlight of the evening's program will be the broadcast of 30 minutes of the program, from 9.15 to 9.45 p.m., thru the University of Kentucky extension studios of station WHAS, Louisville, radiocasting over a frequency of 820 kilocycles. Dr. Frank L. McVey, president of the University of Kentucky will preside as toastmaster at the banquet and will introduce the radio speakers who will be Dean F. Paul Anderson of the University College of Engineering and Mr. Alexander Bonnyman, Knoxville, Tenn., prominent alumnus of the University and chairman of the Patterson Memorial committee, who has been invited to speak concerning the Patterson memorial.

Dean Anderson has chosen for his subject, "A Foundation", and radio friends and alumni of the University will welcome this opportunity to hear the popular engineering dean pay tribute to the venerated President Patterson. Reservations for the dinner may be made by writing or calling the office of the Alumni Association, University of Kentucky.

Other prominent speakers at the banquet will be Mr. G. N. Manning, Lexington, alumnus and secretary of the Patterson Memorial committee and Mrs. Mabel Pollitt Adams, Tampa, Fla., author of President Patterson's biography.