

THE
COLLEGIAN
 OF
 KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Kentucky University.

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Single Copy, one year, in advance, - - \$1.50	To the getter-up of a Club of ten, one copy gratis.
Single Copy, six months, in advance, - 1.00	Single Copies, - - - - - 15 Cents.

VOL. 1.

JANUARY, 1873.

NO. 8.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.—1873.
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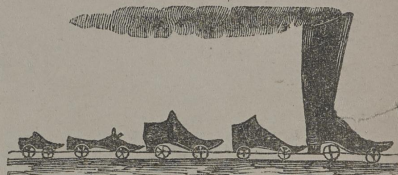
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Vol. 1.

Lexington, Ky., January, 1873.

No. 8.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - - JANUARY, 1873

ADDRESS TO THE FAIR.

Is there a man
For wisdom eminent? Seek him betimes.
He will not shun thee, though thy frequent foot
Wear out the pavement at his door. Ye, fair,
Be sedulous to win the man of sense;
And fly the empty fool. Shame the dull boy
Who leaves at College what he learnt at school,
And whips his academic hours away,
Cased in unwrinkled buckskin and tight boots,
More studious of his hunter than his books.
Oh! had ye sense to see what powdered apes
Ye oft admire, the idle boy, for shame,
Would lay his racket and his mast aside,
And love his tutor and his desk. Time was
When ev'ry woman was a judge of arms
And military exploit; 'twas an age
Of admirable heroes. And time was
When women dealt in Hebrew, Latin, Greek:
No dunces then, but all were deeply learn'd.
I do not wish to see the female eye
Waste all its lustre at the midnight lamp;
I do not wish to see the female cheek
Grow pale with application. Let their care
Be to preserve their beauty; that secured,
Improve the judgment, that the loving fair
May have an eye to know the man of worth,
And keep secure, the jewel of her charms,
From him that ill deserves. Let the spruce beau,
That lean, sweet-scented, and palav'rous fool,
Who talks of honor and his sword, and plucks
The man that dares advise him, by the nose;
Reduced by wine and women, yet drinks on,
And vapors loudly o'er his glass, resolved
To tell a tale of nothing, and out-swear
The northern tempest; let that fool, I say,
Look for a wife in vain, and live despised.

AMERICAN YOUTHS.

They are full of nerves, but all their nerves seem to be motory nerves. There is no posterior ganglion of sensation to be found in their nerves. There is no such possibility as keeping them quiet. Talk of the unceasing roll of Niagara, the ever onward progress of man, and multiply your theories in regard to perpetual motion; but the American Boy is ahead of all these. They have, as it were, mentally swallowed their motto: "Go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't," and the effect of this deglutition is to be

seen in every action, and receives confirmation from every power of their bodies.

They can out kick, out stamp, out whistle, out swear, out chew, out smoke, out throw, out drink, and succeed in getting into, and out of, more scrapes than the representatives of any other nation upon earth. They can render themselves very disagreeable, too, and with the utmost *sang froid*. Let me draw a picture of what really happened to me a few evenings ago. I was sitting in the College study-room deeply absorbed in reflecting upon the "immortality of the soul," and above all things desired peace and quiet. But in walks "Young America." He jerks open the door, stalks in, leaving the door open, you may be sure; waggishly sets his hat on one side of his head; gives you a cool, careless, calculating stare; and with a "how you was," or a "how are your by-laws and constitution," or a "how's your corpus," if he has dipped into "Bingham," takes his seat, is certain to tip the bench back until I, the nervous individual just behind him, gather myself for a desperate leap, when the bench *does* fall, for I am firmly convinced that will; is more certain, in fact absolutely certain, to throw his pedal extremities over the back of another bench, with a mathematical precision attainable only by assiduous practice, and which, if exhibited in his class, would raise him safe above "low water mark" (75); places his hat comfortably on the back of his head; pulls his hair over his eyes, fixes his gaze upon vacancy, at an angle of forty-five degrees; and, as an accompaniment to his pleasant thoughts, immediately begins to drum with his fingers the liveliest Devil's tattoo that ever caused a man to break his Sunday School principles.

He is happy! supremely happy; nothing could make him more so, unless it were a six-inch cigar, or a "chaw of the weed." This latter need he soon supplies; for noisily letting his heavy boots fall upon the floor, he thrusts his hands into his pockets; and draws forth his plug. Putting one corner of this into his mouth, which performance, from the size of the corner inserted, causes his face to make a comical grimace, the effect of which is strikingly heightened by the knowing wink he gives you, he deliberately moves the plug up and down, until he succeeds in tearing off a sufficient quantity, and from this he proceeds to extract the filthiest of all juices—*tobacco juice*. This performance is succeeded by one still more disgusting. Now is aroused a characteristic, peculiarly American, and one that is exhibited upon every occasion, that is, an ambition to excel in every

thing. He banter you for a spit, and if you accept the banter, as you will, if you are an American, then begin those spits—long spits. With a graceful curve, exceedingly flattering to his artistic taste, the spit flies onward; higher, still higher; farther, still farther, until the excitement flushes his cheek and fires his eyes, and he votes it jolly fun.

The favorite "bull's eye" is the red spot on the stove, the nearer the stove is to a white heat the more refined (?) the enjoyment arising from a center shot. Getting tired of this amusement, he rolls the dry quid into a ball, which is hurled at some companion. Or he, like the girls with apple seed, tries his fortune by trying to stick it to the ceiling, where it remains a "column of victory," and a measure of the capacity of his mouth.

But he must keep moving in some way, so out comes his knife, and he cuts some of his fanciest touches on the best bench; and looks the personification of innocence, when the President lectures upon the relapse into barbarism as evinced by the cut furniture. In fact you would take him to be an "Innocent abroad." Nor has he the remotest idea why the student just in front of him answered—sulphuretted hydrogen—when the Doctor asked him what was the perfuming principle of cologne water.

Thus he amuses himself. But these sources of amusement sometimes fail, and then he resorts to that abominable habit of whistling. How innumerable are the airs he succeeds in mastering! And what is very strange, all the airs are upon the highest key. The more variations he can introduce when at the highest and shrillest pitch, the more thoroughly is he satisfied with his performance, and with more satisfaction does he pull away at the few pioneer hairs that have grown bold enough to venture forth in spite of opposition arising from the weather, &c. He can whistle anything from one of Beethoven's grand symphonies to "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and apparently with as much ease.

He delights in a good, round, hard walnut, especially when he sees a "Thomas cat" basking in the sun, or a couple of dogs "jogging along together all so gay." The scratch, scratch of the dogs' feet upon the pavement is music to his ears. But of all the things in which he delights and into which he throws his whole soul, and from which he derives the most exquisite enjoyment, and apparently the most lasting, is to gather half a dozen jovial fellows together and swap lies. Here he is perfectly at home, and cannot be equaled; and as we now have him at home, let us bid him farewell.

VIRTUE IN PUBLIC OFFICERS.

Public officers are the public mind. Government is the practical application of that mind. Whenever there is a want of virtue in the one, or of judgment in the other, the safety of the country is jeopardized. It is, however, more frequently endangered from the former cause than from the latter; for it would be a rare thing to find a body

of men possessed of stirring virtue who would not have sufficient wisdom united with it to very creditably direct the affairs of any State. When the officers of a government become corrupt, the government itself becomes corrupt. When this is true, it either heralds the downfall of the nation, or some very radical changes in the principles of its constitution. Such changes are always attended with more or less suffering among the people. Now, in a country like ours, they will never be necessary as long as the right kind of men guide the ship of state. For this reason we insist that virtue should be a qualification of the public officer. As no man who has not a practical knowledge of what is just and right, is capable of judging correctly concerning its merits, none but the virtuous man should be invested with legislative power. But, even if a bad man were able to appreciate the good, not having sufficient self-respect to conduct himself with becoming dignity, it might still be a question whether he would be very scrupulous about consulting the interests of his constituents. Men are truest to their own selfish interests; and, hence, whatever their better judgment may teach them, you generally find them doing that which best suits their individual purposes. It is not to be supposed that a man's private life can be one thing, and his public life an entirely different thing. Whatever his heart is must come out in his deeds. True, he may act the hypocrite, but the very effort to do this will expose his wickedness.

If it is only virtuous men who can perform virtuous deeds, how very desirable it is that our public men should be of this class. But, the main question with the masses seems to be, "What are his politics?" If this question is answered satisfactorily in reference to any candidate, they do not stop to inquire what is his ability, or his character for honor and integrity. With them the "*sumum bonum*" of political excellence is the party name. This is the only requisite necessary to secure their support.

The blind enthusiasm by which unprincipled politicians are sometimes enabled to carry off the honors of office from men of real merit, is perfectly disgusting. To see base trickery, falsehood, and bribery taking advantage of popular prejudice to ride into power, crushing to the earth honor and virtue, is enough to make one conclude that all that is good and true is lost to the political world. Indeed, the manner in which the public good is sacrificed to personal ambition, makes this conclusion the only alternative.

But we can expect nothing better while bad men rule. "Can a clean thing come out of an unclean?" If the people would have their country's honor kept inviolate, they must commit it to faithful men—men who know what to do, and how to do it. They must remember that to make a man a public officer, is to give him a public recommendation. They should require every man upon whom they confer such an honor to have the same virtue that is necessary to insure their private esteem.

There need be no forfeiture of principle in all

this. We need not support a man simply because he is virtuous. He may hold principles which we regard as subversive of our country's welfare. To secure our favor, he should unite with virtue, correct views and a sound judgment. But even should he not possess the two last qualifications in a high degree, the public good would be safer in his hands than in those of a man who is deficient in the first, whatever his pretensions may be in reference to the others. If the success of any party is thought necessary, honest and conscientious men can certainly be found in its ranks to advocate its cause. If such is not the case, this one fact alone, is sufficient to justify the immediate severing of all connection with that party.

It is only when men of superior moral worth are sought out and invested with the powers of state, that the safety, honor, and prosperity of the country will be insured, for public virtue is public safety.

MY GHOST STORY.

The only peculiarity of my ghost story is, that it is true.

In 1857 I was a student at B— College, in what is now Western Virginia. It is quite a romantic village, situated in the mountains, and made up of the faculty and their families, and such trades people as have settled there for the purpose of supplying the students and faculty.

One of the chief objects of interest about the place, is its grave-yards; no cemeteries with lodges at their entrance, but such as are open to any body at any time. There were some interesting legends that hung about them that were handed down from one class to another, and were told by them in their more serious moments.

While I was there, a young man named D—, came and entered college. He was about 18 years old; was handsome and haughty, but a gentleman. He selected his friends, and I was not one of them, and never would have been, perhaps, had not Providence so arranged it as to make him give me his hand, and tell me good-bye in token of his friendship, about one hour before he was most tragically called away from this world.

That day, at the table, a remark of mine was misconstrued by him, and he arose in a manner and with a tone of resentment that indicated he thought I would fight him. I made no such demonstration, and he left the room very angry. It was evident to the company that he was altogether wrong, and my first thought was that any man who so unreasonably deceived himself, should be allowed to find the truth as best he could. But though I say it myself, it was one time when I did right, when I could more easily have done wrong.

I left the table, went straight to his room, and went in on his invitation. He asked me if I came to fight him. I said no, and on his invitation sat down, and in a few moments gave him the true import of my remarks. He saw at once, that he was mistaken, and was evidently deeply mortified, though his false pride, as I thought, allowed no word to that effect to pass his lips. He accepted

my explanation, but made no apology. The sequel showed that he disdained words as an expression of his feelings, and that he intended his actions in the future should express his appreciation of my course. I left his room, bidding him good evening, to which he replied respectfully.

I felt piqued that he had made no apology, but enjoyed the consciousness of having done right. I was quite surprised when he came to me a short time afterward, and said:

"A party of my friends and I, are going to swim this evening, and I want you to go with us."

Had I not been fond of swimming, I should have accepted the invitation any how, under the circumstances, for now the stream was greatly swollen by reason of the mountain floods, and the water was seething, and boiling, and lashing against the rocks in a manner that was very tempting to a bold swimmer; but it was early Spring, and was very cold.

The time for going came, and I found it impossible to go. He came to find me, and met me in one of the college walks.

"Well," said he, "we are going, and are waiting for you."

I told him I was sorry, but that I could not go. I never shall forget how he looked. His expression seemed to say, though I have been willing to apologize in my way, it seems that my own fault is shown me, by his being unable to accept my apology. He started off, but had not gone more than ten steps, when he turned and came back, and said: "I will bid you good-bye." I shook his hand cordially, and said good-bye.

It was a strange proceeding for two students who met each other half dozen times a day, and who expected to meet the next day, (if he *did* expect it) but there was something, it now seems to me, impressed me very solemnly, and I bade him good-bye just as I would a friend who was going on a long journey, and he walked off out of sight.

Just one month from that day I saw him for the first time again. One of his dark eyes had turned blue by the action of the water, and stared out of its lidless socket, the other was torn out, and his hair had rotted off his skull; his skin hung in tatters, (he was naked) and my fingers sank into his decayed flesh as I helped to lift him, his body having been found seventeen miles from that place, as it floated out into the Ohio. I was told by the three or four companions who went with him to swim, that having disrobed himself, he stood on a rock and looking at one of the number repeated: "Darest thou, Cassius, now leap in with me into this angry flood and swim to yonder point?"

They all accepted the challenge, and jumped in together. But the water was like ice, and chilled them to the very bone; all but D— soon gave it up as too dangerous, but were driven by the tide, and only succeeded in getting out far down the stream, chilled and exhausted; but D— strove to gain the goal on the opposite side, but his efforts ceased, and he was swept helpless by the water, his limbs so paralyzed that he could not strike, but floating on the water. "Boys," called he calmly,

"if you can do any thing for me, now is your time."

There was a hard struggle to save him but the current was too strong, and when they were completely exhausted and cut by the sharp rocks, they dragged themselves out by the bushes, and saw him float out of sight to sink, no man ever saw where, and then there was a scene rarely witnessed in B—. Search was soon made impossible by night, with awful darkness and thunder and lightning, as if the elements conspired to intensify the horror; one month from that day we found his body. We dispatched to his friends, but no answer ever came. We thought we would bury it, but looked for his friends every day, and did not. So we concluded to set the coffin in a kind of cellar under the old church, where the door had been broken off and the aperture was always open. Near by was an old grave yard, and it was a singular coincidence, that years before, a young man named S—, brought there by Mr. Davis, subsequently President of the Confederate States, was killed by falling on the ice, just where young D— was cramped, and that his grave had been dug in this yard, and was not, until this day, filled up, and that his coffin sat on the top of the ground for *two years*, as the legend reported, because they had been arrested in the very act of burying him, by the news that his father would soon arrive.

One night soon after we had put D—s remains under the church, I was walking alone to see some friends. It was late and dark, and very still. I must cross this stream in a dark covered bridge just at the point where these two tragedies had occurred. One route lay by the wagon road, and did not go very near the church and grave yard, but the prettier route was right by both of them, and I had always gone through there in the day time, though it was some farther.

The thought occurred to me that as it was now night, and the shade was no object, perhaps I had better follow the carriage road, and though my reason had been a good one, something seemed to say to me, it may be you are afraid of that coffin and open grave and the tombstones, and to prove to myself that I was not afraid, I took the path that led right by them.

As I walked along the path that was approaching the solemn spot, I tried to fall into the same train of thoughts that I indulged in as I walked along there in the day time. I would not have whistled though, for anything, as that would have looked cowardly. It was very still, and my own footsteps sounded very strangely solemn. I would not have looked around for anything. No. I had been cultivating a romantic and studential air for some time, and knew that I commonly walked with my face to the ground. I could tell from the echo against the church walls, that I was near the little gate that was immediately in front of, and near it, and which I knew always to stand shut, because there was a weight on it, and no way to keep it open. I intended as usual, carelessly to walk up to it and put my hand on the latch, as familiarity would allow me to do even in the dark, and open it and walk through, but as I raised my head and

tried to peer through the darkness, sure enough it stood wide open. A hundred reasons flashed through my mind in an instant of time. Why it might be open, and as quick I found fallacies in all that accounted for it on natural principles. But this was not a tythe of what was unmistakably evident to me.

It was no mental hallucination, and no explanation about optical illusions, amounted to anything. I reviewed Abercrombie in one second. D— was naked when I last saw him, and there were the white legs and feet, with the white body, but no head, that stood within three feet of me, in the open gate. If a man thinks an impression once made on his mind is ever erased, let him stand as I stood. Why speak? Horrible if it should answer, and more horrible if it should not. Why not speak? What so awful as this silence? I was as a bird in the charms of a serpent. I moved forward one step. What if it should touch me? And oh! horrible, what if it should not touch me, and allow me to walk right through it? There was a low, long, deep, unmistakable groan, as if——

LIVING ISSUES.

People of to-day are clamorous for the discussion of living issues. They say this is an age of progress, and the antiquated notions of a hundred years ago will not suit this generation. Their whole employment is either to hear or to tell something new. Old theories must be abandoned; old practices superceded. There must be a complete revolution in science, morals and religion to suit the advanced stages of modern improvement. In short, opinions are about as fickle as fashions.

There is a great deal that is true in all this desire for change, but quite as much that is false. It is perfectly right that we should deal with living issues; but there are numberless mistakes made as to what these are. The doctrines of Sadducism that were in vogue two thousand years ago, are flaunted before the public as something new.—Swedenborgianism is proclaimed as a newly discovered theory that will untie the gordian knot of many difficulties. Attempts are made to account for Providential occurrences, without recognizing a higher power than a merely natural agency. These are called living issues—and this is modern progress. Now, there is evidently a mistake here. The truth is, these theories, dug from the accumulated dust of centuries, are more curious than useful, and this progress is backward. Truth renews its youth like the eagle, but these so-called "living issues" are hoary-headed and ready to vanish away. Truth, revealed when the morning stars sang together, is as fresh and as soul-inspiring as that discovered but yesterday. Truths, whether known from the beginning of time or learned to-day, are the living issues we have to grapple with; and the practice of these is real progress—progress onward and upward.

To a certain extent people are right in saying that the notions of a century ago will not suit this

age, but, unqualified, it is not true. Leaving out of view bodily comforts, and conveniences in trade and travel, this generation has little of which it can boast. Its advances in moral and spiritual development are put to shame by the noble self-sacrifice and devotion to truth evinced by the people of fifty or a hundred years ago. What they lacked in worldly advantages, they made up in moral worth; what we gain in the former, we lose in the latter. Whatever error they held we should avoid, but whatever truth they taught we should advocate. Truth is fitted to all ages and to every class of society. No change in man or advancement of man, can make any change necessary in truth, for this reason, if for no other, that it is immutable.

It is well, too, to throw aside old theories, if better ones can be substituted. Old practices should be abandoned on the same condition. But no change should ever be made simply for the sake of change. This would be puerile; yet, frequently, that no other reason can be given, cannot be denied.

It is idle to discuss any phase of science that is opposed to either morals or religion. Whatever cannot be reconciled with revealed truth, must sooner or later be abandoned as untenable. It is idle, too, to attempt to discover any religious truth not given in God's word. The living questions that should concern us, are those that teach us how to make ourselves purer and better; those that concern the elevation of mankind. No questions whose tendency is not upward, are living issues. Life is upward; death is downward. If, then, we would speculate less, and practice God's truth more, we would rise higher in the former, and save more poor souls from the latter.

EXHIBITION AT HOCKER COLLEGE.

One evening, about a week before Christmas, reclining in our traditional easy chair, before the traditional glowing fire, that threw a genial warmth into the most remote corners of the room, we were engaged in carefully studying a little piece of paste board. Under the mellow light of our students lamp we read, "Argonaut Society, Friday evening, Dec. 20th, 1872. Admit one."

When this card was given us, we were told that it would admit us within the sacred walls of Hocker College, to witness an exhibition. You may, therefore, wonder why we were studying the card so attentively. The fact is, we were trying to fathom the significance of the name Argonaut.

To help us to arrive at a conclusion, we arose, and going to the corner where our books are thrown in true masculine disorder, searched until we found an old volume on Mythology. Then we sat down to refresh our memory by reading the adventures of Helle and Phryxus and the Golden Fleece, and the voyage of King Jason and companions in the Argonaut in search of it.

We had just concluded the story when our friend Jim came in.

"Good evening, my friend, draw up a chair and make yourself at home."

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"I was just trying to find out why the Hockerites named their Society the Argonaut. What do you say was their reason?"

"Why," said he, "Argue-not, Argue-not; its plain enough; they are not given to controversy."

"O dear," said we, "you don't understand, the word is *Argonaut*."

"O, I see," he replied, "Auger-not, Auger-not, why it must be that they don't intend to bore people."

"How stupid you are, let me read you the story here it is."

We proceeded to read the story to him, and when we had concluded, our friend burst out with, "O! I know, they are going for some one's wool; or else they are wolves seeking sheeps clothing; or else they intend to fleece some one; or else it is because they are female Merinoes (Mariners); or else it is because of their naughty (cal) style; or else because they are going after some one's gold; or else"—

"Stop!" we cried, "you won't get done in a week at the rate you are going on."

"Well," said he, "I will give you but one more reason, and I am sure it is a good one."

"Very well," we replied, "let us have it."

"It is," said he, "because they are being trained for a court-ship, and ultimately to sail upon the *mare*."

In a fit of exasperation we seized a piece of coal. He fled from the room.

A few evenings after this, we stuck the card in our pocket and walked around to Hocker College, determined to see what this exhibition would be.

We found the Chapel already nearly full, and soon after our arrival the President of the Society, Miss May Jeffries, who, by-the-by, looked very pretty, and conducted the proceedings with all the professional ease and grace of an experienced theater manager; Miss Jeffries, we say, announced that President Graham would open the exercises, which he did, with a few very appropriate remarks, followed by prayer.

The first in order was an Overture, "Poet and Peasant," performed upon the piano by Misses Z. and E. Mills, which was excellent, and would have been warmly applauded if Prest. Graham had not requested the audience to forbear.

The curtains were then drawn, and we listened to the reading of the Log Book of the Argonaut, which was really very good. After giving a brief account of the launch of the Argonaut, and the favorable winds that had so far attended their voyage, it gave a description of a sail they had seen. The name of this craft was *The Collegian*, and what particularly attracted their attention on board of her, was an article called "*Even Agreeable*."

This article seems to have set the crew of the Argonaut wild with excitement. The Log did not say why, but we suppose it was because they saw in it something that resembled themselves; some-

thing that was very familiar, and reminded them of many moments of the past. Reproachful memories, we suppose, from the fact that they did not like the article, and concluded that the maker of it must be a monster of the most hideous aspect, whereas "he was as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

Next, the writers of the Log became poetical, and described in easy verse a series of antics, cut by some young law students upon the stage of Morrison Chapel. They were struck by a strange way the lawyers have of pumping out their words with their right arms; and they seem to have been amazed at seeing one young man pour great quantities of water down his throat, which, by some mysterious process, was at once generated into gas and spouted from his mouth like the waters of an artesian well. We think the Argonauts are capital at writing verse, and request contributions from them. Many other good things were read from the Log, which we have not time to notice.

The fair Editress was Miss N. Scott, who wore a black silk dress, trimmed with such bewitching ruffles, that we feel sure our sentimental editor would have written an addition to his "Loves" if he had been present. If we dared, we would remark that Miss S. is the possessor of a very pleasing face, and a grace that the aforesaid editor would liken to that of a gazelle.

Again the curtains were drawn, and Miss N. Little, arrayed in tarlton, with her golden hair falling in rich profusion over her shoulders, stood before us. She delivered a recitation entitled, "Authors, the Benefactors of Mankind." The selection was good. The young lady should either have made more gestures or none. It sounded too much as though it was being read. It must be very difficult for a young lady to make a good recitation, and we doubt that any one could have done any better than Miss L.

Following the recitation was a song and chorus from Lucia Di Lamermoor, solo by Miss R. Scott, and chorus by about twenty-five young ladies. Miss S. sustained her part well, but the chorus was at times defective in time. She sang the highest notes with ease; and was charming in a light silk dress, black velvet waist, and blue ribbons.

Fearing that the audience might become too unhappy from hearing the plaintive notes when Lucia did-lam-her-more, they next gave us something humorous in Miss Jarley's Wax Works. In this collection was the fat boy, who killed himself by eating too much; the woman, who devoured her own children; Mary Queen of Scots, &c., &c. Lastly, was exhibited a young man whose erect hair and staring eyes made him frightful to look upon. He was introduced to us as the student of Kentucky University who was frightened to death by the small pox. When little Nell had wound him up, he rushed frantically across the stage, and grabbing his traveling-bag, shot off amid the shouts of the audience. A student in our rear told us that the young ladies had made a mistake; he saw that student rush down the street one moon-light night, and he solemnly avows that the

youth was only jumping a board bill. The wax-works were fine and highly amusing. In this we saw for the first time the regular bloomer dress, and to be candid, we do not like it.

Miss E. Mills then read an essay, subject, "Nobody," which we pronounce excellent, without fear of contradiction. Miss M. wore blue and black velvet, lovely ruffles, (we have only lately begun to appreciate ruffles,) and a very fine suit of hair.

This was followed by an Overture from William Tell, performed by Misses N. Little and C. Mitchell, which was truly grand. We have never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Tell play, but we do not believe that he himself could have done better than did these young ladies. Although we used every effort, we were unable to see the performers.

Miss R. Scott read an essay, in which she compared the "good old times" with the present progressive age, and which, considering her thread-bare subject, was quite good.

After the essay, we were treated to something that was perfectly beautiful as well as instructive. It was a colloquy between Old Father Time and 1872. The latter was seated upon a throne, and disputed with the aged despot, calling up visions in tableaux, of the seasons that had passed within her reign. These scenes were made wonderfully beautiful by the aid of colored lights. Engaged in this were Misses Lucas, Webb, Harget, Hayen, Little, Patrick, Gross, Mitchell, Chew, Arnold, Farra, Landram, Barkley, Browning, Moore, Graves, Harwood, Walker, Graham, King, Scott, Payne and Jeffries.

During this performance some straw caught fire behind the curtains, which would have created alarm but for the calmness and presence of mind of Prest. Graham.

The last upon the programme of this delightful evening's entertainment, was the Tower Scene in the opera of Il Trovatore, which was well sung by Miss M. Arnold and Z. Mills. We did not like the appearance of the young man that showed himself at the tower window, he looked spooney and effeminate, and wore a mustache that would have disgraced a freshman.

Benediction by Prest. Graham.

EVERY HUMAN FACE A PROPHECY AND HISTORY.

"Though Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate," and memories of the past are buried in forgetfulness, the historical and the prophetic are strangely and beautifully blended in the human face; histories the sage oftentimes cannot interpret, or the chronologist date, and prophecies as vivid as the mysterious handwriting on the wall, but which, alas! there is no Daniel to interpret. Upon the yet unfurrowed brow of tender infancy all, all is shadow, all is prophecy; the shades of coming events sweetly linger with the light of innocent smiles, and in their blending tones present a picture painted by the divine artist. Memory has no page in that bright volume, sorrow has no written there a line, nor has crime left as yet one

dark chapter, but all is a bright volume of prophetic truth. Each circle of time adds its record, and the fulfillment of the prophetic becomes itself the historical; yes, the handwriting of time, the historian of historians, is deep and indelible as if written like the sins of Judah. Who has not looked into a soft shadowy eye, and read there as in a mirror of truth a volume of heart histories, or seen like the shadows of Heaven in some deep-valleyed lake, the shades and sunshine of a poetic temperament, lingering in prophetic beauty, in ominous sadness, in those serene indices of the soul within! Who has not turned from the melancholy blue, or the soft, deep, lustreless black, to the flashing of a fiery eye, or the black resting place of malignant feelings, quiet impulses, strong passions, and read there a record of wounded sensibilities, of hasty crimes, of wrongful acts. One the dark history of sins untold, one bloody prophecy of crimes innumerable. Who has not shuddered at the curling lips of scorn, and read unconsciously the same sad history? Nor watched the drooping corners of a melancholy mouth, or the firm and compressed lip of decision, and not seen more to fear or admire than the most eventful page could afford? Who could look upon the high and thoughtful brow, the broad and noble front, and not read of mighty achievements and mighty deeds? Ay! the prophecy is on the infant brow, and the history on the cheek of age, which all may read who will; one, too, fraught with the deepest interest, because characterized by the greatest variety. 'Tis true, the young face is but an unwritten tablet, but those mystical truths are gradually unfolded and brought in easy succession before the reader; and each page has its beauties. The laws of health and longevity are first traced, or a life of bodily pain and suffering is seen in the pale wan visage. The lines of a pensive mould of mind, a clearly delineated, or the sunshine of a happy heart, distinctly seen; a life of deep study and patient research, truthfully foretold, or a careless holiday dream-life, is depicted on the whole countenance. In after years the deep furrows of sorrow, disease, and suffering, or the still deeper lines of thought, tell of the ravages of time and care, and become a vast volume; yet the same spirit of inspiration which in infancy was prophetic, beams in a gentle smile upon the brow; and the last revelation of time becomes a prophecy of the future, bright, beautiful, and to mortal eyes unseen, save in that holy prophecy—a happy, peaceful death.

BE DETERMINED.

The earnest man wins way for himself, and earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than you are, either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it—I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me—I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot

is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step forward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another: Learn to say "No," with decision; "Yes," with caution. "No," with decision, whenever it resists temptation; "Yes," with caution, whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given, is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. I have frequently seen in life a person preferred to a long list of applicants, for some important charge which lifts him at once into station and fortune, merely because he has this reputation, that when he says he knows a thing, he knows it; and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it. Muse, gentlemen, over these maxims; you will find it easy enough to practice them, for when you have added them together, the sum total looks very much like—a Scotchman.

AT REST.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Rest, weary hands,
Under the silent sands—
Toil is no more thy share;
Banished from thee are pain and care;
Under the friendly sands,
Rest, folded hands!

Sleep, azure eyes,
Under the changing skies.
Ne'er shall the glistening tear
Tell of sorrow hovering near.
Under the changing skies,
Sleep, tearless eyes!

Lie, weary form,
Safe from afflictions storm.
Never again shall pain
Crush thee within its iron chain.
Sheltered from every storm,
Lie, painless form!

Rest, true, kind heart,
Far from all griefs apart,—
That which hath laden thee,
Lightens at last, and thou art free.
Far from all ills apart,
Rest, sweet, kind heart!

Fly, unbound soul,
Home to thy heavenly goal,—
Find there, to lose no more,
The well-loved ones that went before.
Home to thy cherished goal,
Fly, blessed soul!

THE ESSENCE OF LAZINESS.—The indolent habits of the Orientals are well illustrated by the following *bon mot*, which, in the regions of the East, has assumed the character of an adage: "No man should run when he may walk, walk when he may stand, stand when he may sit, or sit when he may lie down."—From ORIENTAL SPORTS, by Mrs. Fannie R. Feudge, in the December number of Lippincott's Magazine.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Ky. University.

EDITORS:

- W. S. JONES, Periclean Society,
- C. B. EDGAR, Philothean Society,
- M. J. FERGUSON, Christomathean Society,
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All communications, whether business or otherwise should be addressed to

THE COLLEGIAN OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY,
Drawer 269, LEXINGTON, KY.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - - JANUARY, 1873

ANECDOTES OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

Judge Marshall's simplicity of character and absent-mindedness have been the theme of a number of anecdotes. The one best known is about his puzzle over the buggy and the sapling. Turning aside one day to avoid one of those awful mudholes which abound in Virginia country-roads, the axle of his buggy encountered a stout sapling. The sapling was between the hub of the wheel and the body of the buggy. Too big to bend down and too supple to break, this sapling seemed to the judge to be wholly unconquerable. What to do he knew not. He got down out of the buggy the better to apply his great intellect to the knotty subject and to study it thoroughly up. While pondering it vainly, a negro man came along.

"Uncle," said the chief-justice, "I wish you would tell me about this sapling. I can't get over it, and I can't get around it, and I don't want to stay here all day and miss court. What do you think I had better do?"

The negro could not repress a broad but silent grin. "Why, ole marster," said he, "I spec' de bes' thing you kin do is to back yo' buggy till you git 'clar of de saplin,' den turn de hade (head) of yo' hoss, and den you kin 'void de saplin' and go to cote slick as goose-greese."

"Thank you—thank you kindly, uncle, I should never have thought of that in the world. You are a man of superior mind. There's half a dollar for you." And the judge drove joyfully off.

Another anecdote, illustrating the same simple-mindedness and easy good-nature, has, so far as I am aware, never been in

print. It is this: When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Col. Pickett, father of the Confederate general George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Col. Pickett was a man of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for their splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat, and high-spirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage-driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it going, no doubt, for liquor.

The judge called him up without delay: "Dick, what is the reason Col. Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half carry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick, not expecting the attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said: "Mars John, look at you—is you fat?"

"No," said the judge—"decidedly not."

"Well, look at old miss (Mrs Marshall)—is she fat?"

"No."

"Den look at me—is I fat?"

"No."

"Den look at yo' horses—is dey fat?"

"No."

"Now den, you jes' look at Kunnle Pickett. He fat, his ca'idge-driver fat, his horses fat, his dogs fat—all fat. De troof is, Mars John, fat run in de Pickett fam'ly, and it don't run in our'n. Dat's all."

"Well," said the judge, after a little reflection, "there is a good deal in that. It never occurred to me before."

He turned back into his study, and Dick was never troubled any more.—From OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP, in the December number of Lippincott's Magazine.

THE FUTURE LANGUAGE.

The influence of the French language has been rapidly getting weaker and weaker during the last half century. After the brilliant conquests of Napoleon Bonaparte the language became widely popular. It was the medium of diplomatic exchange and the gossip of polite society. It spread like a fashionable epidemic across the Western hemisphere, and was studied assiduously in America. At this time, it is obviously waning. As Paris has ceased to dictate fashions, so she has ceased to dictate the tongue in which the world carries on its intercourse. The German language is gaining on the French in all the capitals of Europe, and bids fair to supplant it to a considerable extent.

But the English language is gaining perceptibly on both. Its study has of late attracted increased attention in all the great capitals of Europe, and some knowledge of it is becoming more and more essential in commerce and letters. The French and German languages are not spoken by more than sixty millions of people in the aggregate; while the English language is spoken by at least seventy millions, and this number is increasing rapidly. Not less than three hundred thousand Germans and French lose hold upon their own tongue annually, and substitute the English for convenience, while the number of English and American travelers invading every country of Europe grows larger every summer. The populations of France and Germany become thinner and less numerous constantly, while within the present century it seems certain there will be one hundred million English-speaking people on this continent alone. In Italy the study of the English language is now being prosecuted with considerable enthusiasm, and the fashion is gradually spreading through the colder North. The fact that those whose native tongue it is, are multiplying faster than any other civilized people, indicates that the English is to be the language of the future, and that they will be wise who master its idioms and meet manifest destiny half way.—Chicago Post

... Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is still lecturing on "The Coming Girl," just as if she could tell whether it is to be a girl or boy.

EYES.

What a variety of eyes there are in the world! There are loving eyes, admiring eyes, longing eyes, inquisitive eyes, jealous eyes, envious eyes, malicious eyes, smiling eyes, tearful eyes, meddlesome eyes, penetrating eyes, and eyes that look and yet see nothing; besides many other kind of eyes which in their own peculiar way, are peering into the world's mysteries.

A good way to make loving eyes is to be true, devoted and thoughtful of home comforts.

To attract admiring eyes, be cheerful, tidy and industrious.

To cure longing eyes, call in and give some supper to the poor, half-starved little creature, who is gazing in at your bountifully supplied table.

To satisfy inquisitive eyes, let them see the very thing they had rather not.

To avoid jealous eyes, be neither distrustful nor do that to another which you would not have done to you.

To avoid envious eyes, be squint-eyed, pock-marked, hump-backed, squatty, disagreeable, and no sort of use to anybody.

To keep clear of malicious eyes, die at once and go to heaven.

To cause smiling eyes, speak kindly, deal gently and be light-hearted and merry, remembering life is to enjoy.

Have tearful eyes whenever the heart is full. It is a good way to work off troubles and lighten the spirit.

To avoid meddlesome eyes, stay at home, lock all doors and draw the curtains. Then if they look through the keyhole, throw hot water on them, if you are over-sensitive; otherwise go ahead with your own affairs in your own way, and let them meddle.

Penetrating eyes must lock up and try to forget all the secrets discovered of the shortcomings of others, only remembering the beautiful things which the blind cannot see.

For eyes that look and see nothing there is no cure, excepting an awakening of soul or intellectual energies. Will it not be heaven when all eyes see clearly and from kindly motives. —*Elm Orlou.*

The dedication of the statue of Sir Walter Scott took place at Central Park, November 2d. Wm. Cullen Bryant was present as the orator of the day. At the close of his well conceived and powerful oration, the venerable poet was heartily applauded by the intellectual and appreciative audience which surrounded him.

Our Boys.

(Bible)—STRAWN, G. H., is in Sangamon Co., Ill., teaching.

'70. (Bible.)—BOOTH, D., is now teaching school and preaching in Monroe county, Mo.

'71. (COMMERCIAL.)—STONE, ED., married a good girl and went to farming.

'70. (Arts.)—HOLMES, D. B., is practicing law in Kalsas City, Mo.

(Arts.)—JONES, C. B., is attending Centreville College, Danville, Ky.

(A. & M.)—OLIVER, T. J., has returned to his home in Missouri.

(Bible)—HOVIOUS, R. H., who went home on account of the small pox, is not expected to return this session. If he succeeds matrimonially, he may come to College next year.

(Arts.)—MILLER, J. C., is attending school in Harrodsburg, Ky. Jack is as full of fun as ever, and we have it on good authority, that he is handsomer than ever.

(Bible)—LEMMON, JOHN and JAMES, are at Athens, Menard Co., Ill. The former is preaching and the latter teaching.

They are doing well, and have the good will of all who know them.

'70. (Bible.)—GRAVES, J. A., after graduating, married Miss Aubrey, of this city. He remained in Kentucky a short time then went to Nevada City, Mo., where he is now spending his time preaching.

(Commercial.)—HANSBROUGH, J. K., went to Nevada City, Mo., where he is engaged in the practice of law, finding this more agreeable than measuring calico. He married some time ago, but had the misfortune to lose his companion.

(Bible.)—INGRAM, R. H., was called home a few weeks since, on account of his sister's illness. We regretted to see him leave before the close of the session, and especially for such a reason. Our sympathies go with him.

(Bible)—HARDIN, J. H., was in the city during Christmas week. He has been preaching and teaching in Columbia, Ky., for some time past, but is expected to leave there soon. Not known yet when he will go.

(Bible)—HAGERMAN, B. C., spent his holidays in Lexington. New students go away from the city to enjoy themselves; old ones come back to it for that purpose. Tibbs Taylor (Arts) accompanied Campbell.

Our friend and co-editor, Mr. T. M. Myers, is lying at his boarding-house very ill. We deeply regret his illness, both on his own account and on account of the readers of the Collegian, who will miss his spicy editorials.

(Bible.)—KINNIFICK, EDWARD—All old University students will be grieved to know that Mr. Kinnifick is now in the Asylum for the Insane, at Lexington. His friends entertain very little hope of his recovery. He was taken to the Asylum last Spring.

(Bible.)—BAUGH, J. W., is at home near Franklin, Tenn. Since the death of his father, Joe has been managing the farm, and writes that he has been very successful. He has energy and ability, and these combined will break down every barrier in his progress.

'68. (Arts.)—WILLIAMS, C. R., the "honor-man" of the class of '68, has just recovered from a long and very dangerous attack of typhoid fever. It gave us a real pleasure to meet him again. He is still looking badly, but is fast regaining health and flesh.

(Arts.)—MOORE, W. S., is attending the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, and writes that he is very much pleased with the University, but that really he often longs to be back in his old quarters, where he could once more hear sweet voices singing, "I am waiting under the window, love."

(Arts.)—REMY, C. H., was one of the victims of the late Pennsylvania railroad accident, and is now at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. Curt is seriously though not dangerously injured. He has our sympathies in his sufferings, and our good wishes for his speedy recovery.

'72. (Bible.)—HAWKINS, J. T.—In the October No. of the Collegian, a notice of this gentleman's marriage was inserted. This is all a mistake, and we gladly correct the error, because we might, otherwise, incur the charge of having spoiled his prospects. He visited Lexington a few days ago, and informed us that he had been preaching in the vicinity of Frankfort, in co-operation with J. K. P. South. He still believes in us, and trusts that we are not false prophets.

(Bible)—ANDERSON, W. L., is attending the Theological school at Meadville, Pa. He gives a glowing description of the superior accommodations afforded by that institution; but these consist mainly of bodily comforts. We think he will agree with us that the old University is unsurpassed for competent instructors; and we hope he will not forget old associations.

(A. & M.)—COLLETTE, J. R.—The friends of Mr. Collette will be pleased to hear that he is doing well practicing law in Washington, D. C.

We call special attention to the advertisement of Mr. Collette. Any persons entrusting him with business, will have it promptly dispatched. We hope none of his friends, and especially none of his old classmates, will forget him, when they have anything in his line.

'72. (Bible.)—MOSEER, M. S.—“Mose” is at Bell’s Station, Tenn., teaching school and dipping snuff with the ladies. He says, however, that this latter employment does not agree with him at all, and here is the syllogism he sends us upon it: “Dipping snuff does not make homely people sick. I dipped snuff and it *made me* sick. Therefore I am not homely, or, in other words, I am good looking.” He adds, “you see that this syllogism is in-come-at-able,” and every one who knows Moser, will admit that it is so. He says, though, that he “dips” merely for politeness’ sake, and what wouldn’t a man do for that? He contemplates returning to college next year if he does not marry. We think if this is the only obstacle, he will come. Without wishing him any ill luck, we hope *nothing* will hinder his return.

University News.

... For account of the exhibition at Hocker, see editorial columns.

... Who is the meanest man in the University? The man that don’t take the Collegian.

... Most of the brave (?) boys who fled from the city on account of small-pox, will return when our recess closes, which is the first Monday in January.

... Many of the students have gone to their homes to spend the holidays. Others, whose homes are too far away for that, have gone to the country, some on a pleasure trip, and some to preach the gospel.

... Subscribing for the Collegian should be a condition of entering the University. If any student can have a clear conscience who has not subscribed, it is conclusive evidence that that faculty is not in a healthy condition.

... The members of the Bible College remaining in the city will have prayer meeting every morning during the recess, in lieu of the chapel exercises. They extend a cordial invitation to any members of the associated colleges who may wish to meet with them.

... On Christmas Eve, at the Broadway Christian Church, the hearts of the children were made glad by the yearly visit of Old Santa Claus. The old fellow has been hoary-headed ever since we can remember, but he never seems to grow any older. As it is a secret, we will not tell by whom he was personated on this occasion, but of course every one recognized the voice of our young friend, A. F. Campbell.

... We learn that there was an open session of the Union Literary Society on the same evening the Philocean held theirs; but we have been unable to obtain any report of it from one who was present. Of course we could attend but one of the exhibitions, and the above must be our excuse for not noticing our Union Literary friends further, for the present.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ASHLAND.—A large party was given by the Regent on Christmas-eve, to which the senior classes of the various colleges were invited. Six rooms were thrown open to the guests. Many distinguished persons were present from different parts of the United States. Quite an array of beautiful ladies, rendered the occasion peculiarly interesting to our senior classes. The table was loaded with everything that is pleasing to the appetite. The Regent and his estimable lady by their polite attentions, rendered the evening pleasant to all the guests.

THE LIBRARY.—The University Library contains many valuable works not found in any other in the country. It consists of about ten thousand volumes, upon law, medicine, theology, history, science, art, etc., to which the students enjoy the rare privilege of free access.

For convenience during the shorter days, the Library hours have been changed. It is now open from 3 to 4 P. M., on Fridays, and from 10 to 12 A. M., on Saturdays. Books should be returned, or renewed at the expiration of three weeks.

GANO KENNEDY, Librarian.

MASS MEETING OF THE STUDENTS.—There was an enthusiastic meeting of the students in Morrison Chapel, on Saturday evening, 14th ult., to consult in reference to the interests of the Collegian. The rain on that evening prevented as large an attendance as we had expected, yet the results were very gratifying. It showed that there was no disposition on the part of those present to let the paper suffer. There were speeches from a number of the gentlemen present, which made the meeting quite interesting. Taking everything into consideration, the number of new subscriptions taken was large. We call special attention to the example of Mr. J. W. Radley, which every student would do well to emulate. Mr. R. pledged himself for 15 new subscribers, and gave his note, due in thirty days, for the money. We say to every member of the University, “go thou and do likewise.”

HUSTON CLUB.—On the evening of December 6th, the Huston Club gave their first annual exhibition. This is a new organization, which grew out of an act of the University Senate prohibiting any student from being a member of a literary society not in the college of which he is a member. Hitherto, our young lawyers have appeared to the public through other societies. Consequently, to persons unacquainted with them, they were not distinguishable from other men, unless the characteristics of a lawyer are so marked as to enable an audience to recognize him from his appearance or his speeches. But now that the members of the law school appear to us as such, we are not called upon to discriminate only so far as circumstances compel us to do so.

The exercises were introduced by a short address from the president, W. C. Graves. In this, he said their object was not show, but improvement, and the sequel discovered the fact that improvement was needed. He also eulogized the profession of law, saying that most of our presidents and legislators were taken from among members of the bar. Of course, there was no hint here that he had chosen that profession that would be most likely to gratify his ambitions.

Mr. Henry Johnson followed with an oration. But perhaps this expression needs modification. Doubtless he *had* the oration, and judging from the part he was able to deliver, we think it equal to any other portion of the exercises; but, unfortunately, his memory was at fault. We hope he will not be discouraged, but bear in mind his subject, “Success, the crown of effort.”

The debate, upon the question, “Should a man who has formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, from newspaper accounts, be allowed to act as juror?” was conducted on the part of the affirmative, by Mr. W. H. Spencer, and on that of the negative, by Mr. Joe Clore. In justice, we must say that this was neither as interesting, nor as well prepared as we had anticipated. But this, no doubt, as was suggested by one of the speakers, was occasioned by the nature of the subject, and the limited time allowed for preparation.

Next came an oration, by Mr. J. G. Wintersmith. His subject was, “A firm consciousness of right, a guide to duty, and a true source of the enjoyment of success.” His earnest, sprightly manner was quite a relief after the debate. He seemed to feel deeply what he said, and succeeded very well in interesting the audience. Toward the close of his address, he became somewhat humorous, which, more than anything else, called forth bursts of applause. It is strange, yet true, that in a popular assembly, the finest thoughts are often overlooked, and whatever is merely witty, is greeted with delight. So in Mr. W.’s speech, many good things were received with indifference, while others, very ordinary, and perhaps even reprehensible, were loudly applauded.

The most interesting feature was the excellent music given

by Saxton's band. If there was nothing else to entertain us, it would be worth our while to spend an evening listening to this.

As to the merits of the exhibition, we will say nothing further, than that the Huston Club need not be discouraged. What the president himself thought of it, may be gathered from the fact that he made a speech at the close, by way of apology, (for what we will not say,) complaining that people expected more of lawyers than of anybody else. Now, whether they do or do not, they certainly have the right to expect that lawyers will, at least, do as well as other men.

PHILOTHEAN SOCIETY.—According to the announcement in our last month's issue, this society gave a public entertainment December 13th. As is usual on such occasions, a large and attentive audience was present, larger than their hall could well accommodate.

The exercises were begun by a declamation from Mr. Robert. This was short, interesting, and well delivered. Taking into account the fact that this was Mr. R.'s first appearance in public, without flattery, we can say, his manner was altogether creditable.

Just here, there was a rather awkward pause, occasioned by the non-arrival of Mr. Garrison, the orator. We will say nothing of the cause, for every body knows Mr. G. to be a great favorite with the ladies. Nor is this remarkable, for he is certainly a handsome (?) man. We protest, however, against his allowing devotion to the ladies to cause him to trespass upon the patience of an expectant audience. But perhaps it was not *his* fault. If not, we would gently hint that punctuality is another requisite of "a good house wife," or at least of a desirable companion. His subject was, "Work and wait." Whether the *whole* assembly were paid for their "waiting" we presume not to say.

The debate was the most interesting part of the exercises. The question, "Is it right to enforce the observance of the Sunday law?" was well discussed on the part of the affirmative by H. L. Geeslin, and on that of the negative by C. B. Edgar. Both the gentlemen seemed to feel the importance of the subject, but there was not a perfect understanding between them as to its exact bearings. This, no doubt, is accounted for by the fact that it is so difficult to have a clearly defined logical issue between two parties, especially if one of them is conscious of a weak cause. The spirited, and sometimes sportive manner of the disputants, kept up a lively interest in the discussion till its close. The decision was awarded to the negative.

The irregular debate was excellent. In this the following talented gentlemen entertained the audience: Prof. J. W. McGarvey, G. W. Yancey, J. B. Jones, and C. C. Moore. The thoughts suggested by these speakers will doubtless be of value to those who wish to investigate this question.

The "*Clavis*," edited by Mr. Early, was short and well written, at least that part written by himself. We were somewhat disappointed, though, in the paper; for just when we were looking for the best, it closed. It would have been an advantage to have more life in the paper. We do not mean by this that Mr. E. should have pandered to the morbid taste of the public, by introducing any low wit, but what we do mean is, that a little more wit of a high order would have added to the interest of the exercise. This is especially necessary to make the more solid matter palatable to a mixed audience. Some of the verse, which we suppose was contributed, might have been improved. Lest some one should conclude we are merely trying to find fault, we will say that as these were the only faults of the "*Clavis*," what must its virtues have been?

We cannot close without paying our respects to the Glee Club, that entertained us so well. Their pieces were judiciously introduced, well executed, and had quite a pleasant effect. We hope this will not be their last public effort. We would advise them not to become too public, however, lest it should excite the envy of some of their fellow musicians.

Upon the whole, the exhibition was creditable to our Philo-
thean friends, and we think all were repaid for their attendance.

... A Wisconsiner has invented a bedstead with a partition, intended to protect sleepers from each other's baleful breath. In families where onions are regularly consumed, the invention has reaped some golden opinions.

Among the Colleges.

... The whole number of students in Cornell University is 494.

... The graduates of American College number 36,000.—*University Herald.*

... The \$100,000 proposed endowment of Lombard University at Galesburg, has now been fully secured.

... The North Georgia Agricultural College begins its first session Jan. 1st, 1873, under the presidency of D. W. Lewis.

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

... The Baptists of Kentucky are about to establish a college for the education of colored preachers.

... The North-western Normal school at Republic, Seneca county, O., has a full corps of teachers, and is under the control of Prof. J. F. Richard.

... The Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama, is situated in Auburn. It will begin its next session in February, under very encouraging auspices, to both its funds and faculty.

... A fund of \$1,000 has been established at Brown, to furnish premiums to those young men entering the University, who shall have excelled in their mathematical studies.

... The Baptists of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are making a united effort to endow Acadia College with \$100,000.—*Qui Vive.*

... G. L. Surber, formerly a student of the University, is now on a visit to the United States to solicit contributions for the purpose of establishing a Bible College in Australia. Over \$25,000 have already been pledged.

... UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, (Madison, Wis.)—The number of students registered this term is 435; of this number 412—gentlemen 270, ladies 142—are in the college proper, and 23 in the law class.

... President Elliott, in a letter to the Boston Advertiser, says that each of the 621 undergraduates of Harvard College cost it \$95 more than he paid it during the years '70-'71. The corresponding amount for the years '71-'72 was \$100.

... The College of New Jersey, at Princeton, has just issued its catalogue for 1872-73. The institution has 16 instructors, 2 lecturers extraordinary, and 7 fellows. There are 98 seniors, 90 juniors, 99 sophomores, 82 freshmen and 7 students in general course, making a total of 376.

... The annual catalogue of Colby University shows a total of 52 students, distributed as follows: Seniors, 11; juniors, 8; sophomores, 18; freshmen, 15. The courses of study are now open to young women on the same terms as to young men.

... Bates College, at Lewiston, Me., has issued its catalogue for 1872-73. Rev. O. B. Cheney, is President. The students number 115; in the college course, 96—seniors, 19; juniors, 20; sophomores, 18; freshmen, 39. The Theological Department has 19 members.

... Williams College has determined to spend \$5,000 in the improvement of its grounds, provided its friends will furnish the money, a part of which has already been contributed by Mr. Wm. G. Harding, of Pittsfield, and Mr. H. G. Knight, of Easthampton.

... The Ministry of Public Instruction has decided upon strengthening the teaching staff of the Berlin University by

two new ordinary professors of law, a professor of Slavonian languages, an historian, an archaeologist, a professor of art, and a physiologist. Similar appointments will be made to other Prussian Universities.

... Harvard College suffered by the Boston fire to the extent of \$562,000, including the value of the land, and it will cost \$500,000 to rebuild. Toward this it has \$100,000 good insurance, out of \$216,000, for which it was insured. The permanent loss is thus reduced to \$400,000. "This," says President Elliot, "we must beg."—*Ex.*

... WACO UNIVERSITY, TEXAS.—President Burleson gives us the information that this fine institution has opened with two hundred students, and that the prospects were never so universally encouraging. They have a faculty of nine teachers, very comfortable boarding facilities, perfect health, superior apparatus for illustrations and experiment, powerful microscope and telescope.—*The Baptist.*

... The library of Wesleyan University has just received quite a valuable collection of books, presented by Mrs. J. Barnes, of Middletown. It consists of the law library of Jonathan Barnes, Esq., who died in 1861. There are also some Spanish works and a few French and Latin, making in all four hundred and seventy-four volumes. The latter relate mostly to the history, geology and religion of Peru and the West Indies. Several were printed in 1700, and one bears date 1552. Mr. Barnes graduated at Yale College in 1840, and he began to practice law in 1813 in Middletown. For thirty years he was a trustee of Wesleyan University.

... It is understood that a school of art for practical instruction of students and amateurs will be established in Washington in connection with Mr. Corcoran's munificent gift to the city—the Corcoran Art Gallery. The best professors will be engaged, and thus the gallery will be an institution of drawing, painting, sculpture, etc. The original design was to make it simply a depository of paintings where the people might pass an hour or two pleasantly, but this failed to fully realize the benevolent design of Mr. Corcoran, and he determined to vitalize and utilize the gallery by making it a positive instructor in matters of art.—*College Courant.*

... DREW SEMINARY.—Mr. Drew's plans for the "Drew Seminary and Female College," at Carmel, New York, are completed. The building is to be of stone. The length of front is four hundred feet, the depth of the center two hundred and thirty-five feet, and of the transepts of the wings eighty feet. There are a hundred and seventy-five dormitories, eleven lecture and recitation rooms, twenty-five music rooms, a chapel to accommodate an audience of six or seven hundred, a studio and art gallery, rooms for cabinets, apparatus and library, offices, parlors, society-rooms, reading-rooms, etc., besides the rooms for the domestic arrangements of the house. The cost will be great, the contract for masonry being \$230,000.—*Ex.*

... By the recent burning of the Illinois Female College, at Jacksonville, a loss was sustained of about \$50,000, which was covered by insurance, for \$35,000. Prof. Demolter, President of the College, lost about \$3,000 worth of furniture, etc., which is uninsured. There were about sixty young ladies in the college at the time, all of whom escaped with their wardrobes and books, and have been provided comfortable quarters by the citizens. This is the third time this college has been burned in nine years. Several persons were severely injured while endeavoring to save the building. A new and better building is to be immediately erected.—*College Courant.*

... The National Academy of Science, a new and very select body of scientific men has recently been holding a three day's session at Cambridge. Among those who were present and participated in the discussions of the body were, Profs. Agassiz, Pierce, and J. D. Whitney, of Cambridge; Prof. Verrill, of Yale; Prof. Packard, of the Peabody Institute; and Prof. Young, of Dartmouth. Prof. Agassiz showed the recent acquisitions he had obtained for his museum to the society, and gave an account of the testimony of the rocks of South Amer-

ica, confirmatory of his glacial theory. He also expressed himself strongly against the Darwinian theory of development. The next meeting of this association will be held on the 7th of this month.

... The Methodist Colleges of Tennessee are in a flourishing condition, according to the recent report on education made to the Halston Conference. Emory and Henry College has had during the past year 183 students in attendance. Martha Washington College which has been \$15,000 in debt, has now come into possession of \$16,000, so that if there has been no accruing interest on the indebtedness of the past year, the Trustees have enough in their hands to liquidate all her debts, and have a balance of \$1,000 in the treasury in favor of the college. The college is now under the presidency of Major R. N. Jones, A. M., late of the University of Virginia, who enjoys the confidence of the Conference. Tuition in the Collegiate department is given free to the daughters of ministers of the gospel in the regular work.

... PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.—The University of Pennsylvania, the sixth oldest American college, leaves its old building on Ninth street this fall, to occupy a magnificent structure erected in West Philadelphia, at Thirty-sixth and Locust streets. The new edifice is 254 feet by 124 deep in the center and 102 in the connecting wings. It is in the collegiate Gothic style, but built in Greek symmetry. The material is mainly that beautiful green serpentine which is becoming so fashionable in Philadelphia, and is found on that bank of the Schuylkill. The building cost \$235,000, exclusive of furniture and apparatus, and is one of the most attractive and magnificent pieces of architecture in the staid Quaker City. The combination of coloring in the stone of the exterior is especially beautiful.—*Ex.*

Among our Exchanges.

The Harvard Advocate, in its last issue, gives us plenty of its wonderful poetry, but that is all. The prose is dry, tame, and unprofitable.

The Nassau Literary Magazine, of Princeton College, is one of the largest and handsomest magazines among our college exchanges. Its contents varied, and upon the whole, good.

The Virginia University Magazine, for November, contains many excellent articles, together with some school boy compositions. As it is quite a large volume, we suppose the editors have to fill up with such material as they can obtain.

The Dartmouth, another college magazine, comes to our table this month for the first time. We have not had time to examine it thoroughly, but it looks interesting, and doubtless is so.

The Denison Collegian, is also published in magazine form. Judging from the December number, the students of Denison University must be much given to wooing the Muse, some of them with questionable success.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE FOR 1873.—This well known magazine presents in an inexpensive form, considering its three and a quarter thousand large pages of reading matter a year, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a satisfactory completeness attempted by no other publication, the ablest essays and reviews, the best serial and short stories, the finest sketches and poems, and the most valuable biographical, historical, political and scientific information from the entire body of foreign periodical literature. It is, therefore, invaluable to American readers as the only thorough, as well as fresh compilation of a generally inaccessible, but indispensable current literature; generally inaccessible because of its great bulk and cost; indispensable because it embraces the productions of the ablest living writers in science, fiction, poetry, history, biography, politics, theology, philosophy, criticism and art.

Among the distinguished authors lately represented in its pages are Matthew Arnold, Chas. Kingsley, George McDonald,

Miss Thackeray, Max Muller, Karl Blind, Prof. Tyndall, Sir Robert Lytton, Prof. Huxley, James Anthony Froude, Jean Ingelow, The Duke of Argyll, Prime Minister Gladstone, Miss Mulock, Erckmann-Chatrian, Arthur Helps, Fritz Reuter, Julia Cavanagh, Tennyson, Browning, etc., etc.

Besides continuing the productions of the leading British authors during the coming year as usual, it is to begin about January 1st, the publication, serially, of one of the finest productions, translated expressly for it, of the *Platt-Deutsch* novelist and humorist Fritz Reuter, who is pronounced the most "popular German author of the last half century," and whose writings, in the language of Bayard Taylor, "are the 'wonder and delight of Germany.'" A charming Christmas story by the same author is promised about Christmas time, and the number containing it will be sent free to new subscribers beginning with the new volume, January 1st.

The *Living Age* is generally pronounced "the best of the eclectics." No other periodical is so comprehensive, and in the great and growing multiplicity of quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies, it has become almost a necessity to every person or family of intelligence and taste. It should not be overlooked by any of our readers in selecting their periodicals for the coming year.

The subscription price is \$8 a year, which is cheap for the amount of reading furnished; or for those desiring the cream of both home and foreign literature, the publishers, (Littell & Gay, Boston,) make a still cheaper offer, viz.: to send for \$10 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year. Possessed of the *Living Age* and one or other of the leading American monthlies, a subscriber, in the language of a cotemporary, "will find himself in command of the whole situation." Certainly the amount of the best current literature of the world thus offered cannot otherwise be obtained for the cost.

The January number of the *Popular Science Monthly* lies before us. Owing to its late arrival, we have been unable to bestow upon it that degree of attention which even our cursory examination of its contents has convinced us it earnestly invites, and would richly repay.

The frontispiece presents a woodcut of Dr. David Livingstone; and among the contents will be found a brief biographical sketch of him, with a subjoined succinct, but carefully prepared *resumé* of his most important discoveries, from the time of his first African expedition in 1852, down to Mr. Stanley's meeting with him at Ujiji, Nov. 1, 1871. The information afforded of the geographical configuration of the country is full of interest and value. It is to be hoped, that having prosecuted to a successful issue his researches among the waters of Kua and Manyema, Dr. Livingstone will return, and himself furnish the world with the well ascertained results of his long and perilous explorations.

The article from Mr. Herbert Spencer, being his sixth paper upon the study of sociology, is devoted to a consideration of the "Subjective Difficulties Intellectual," which operate to embarrass the correct interpretation of sociological conceptions. As the unquestioned eminence of the author would justifiably presuppose, it is throughout remarkable for powerful vigor of original argumentation and accurate, yet richly varied culture. Those who are familiar with the philosophical principle underlying Mr. Spencer's style, the conservation of intellectual force, will be delighted to observe throughout this article a logical and structural arrangement agreeable thereto.

In "Spontaneous Movements in Plants," Bennet opposes by carefully collated and interesting data, the generally received theory, that voluntary motion is a sure characteristic for distinguishing the animal from the vegetable. Although the author ostensibly holds the position of a negative critic, the implicit scope of the piece coupled with the direct bearing of his quotations from Mr. Darwin seems to warrant the conclusion, that agreeably to evolution, he holds that the highest organisms of the lower kingdom emerge by insensible gradation into the lowest forms of the higher.

In the article "Light and Life," translated from the French of Servant Papillon, in *Revue des deux Mondes*, the author attempts to systematize the results of experimental research into the manifold effects which light exerts upon life in all its forms. The conscientious industry with which the writer conducted his

researches is not unequalled by the admirable skill with which the information therefrom obtained is methodized and arranged.

The article "Art in the Stone Age," though chiefly designed as a commendatory review of Mr. Evans' work upon prehistoric archaeology, entitled "The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons and Ornaments of Great Britain," will be found to contain interesting original speculation in the same line of thought.

Among the contents are also to be found "A New Phase of German Thought," continued from the December number; "Evolution and the Spectroscope;" "Cultivating Wild Flowers;" "The Velocity of the Zone;" and "Astronomical and Physical Observations." The miscellaneous is replete with items of scientific interest and value.

RELIC OF THE DARK AGES.—The great, aristocratic schools of England—Eton, Harrow and Winchester—still maintain the brutality in their discipline which has marked them for long years past. A short time since the Monitors at Winchester decided to examine the boys in the slang expressions in vogue there. One of the bigger boys refused to be examined, whereupon the Monitors decided that he must be thrashed or "tunded." He appealed to the head master, who informed him he must submit, and he did, receiving thirty cuts with an ash stick seasoned to the toughness of whalebone. Five of these ash sticks were broken over his shoulders. The Monitor who gave this "tunding" was not expelled, but was merely asked to apologize for the act, which was authorized by the rules of the school.—*Ex.*

NAPOLEON.—Napoleon I, wrote shortly before his death: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, founded empires, but upon what did we rest for the execution of our views? Upon force. No one but Jesus has founded an empire on love, and at this moment millions of men would die for him. It was not a day nor battle that won the victory over the world for the Christian religion. No; it was a long war; a fight of centuries, begun by the apostles, and continued by their successors. I see all the kings and powers of the earth on one side, and on the other I see no army, but a mysterious figure, and a few men scattered here and there through all parts of the world, who have no rallying point but their faith in the mysteries of the Cross. I die before my time, and my body will be put into the ground, and become the food of worms. Such is the fate of the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep wretchedness and Christ's eternal kingdom, proclaimed, loved, and spreading through the world!"

Our people are perishing, not "for lack of knowledge," as the Jews, but from a surfeit of incomplete knowledge, a "froth skimmed from the depths, with which they poison themselves. It has become the custom among half read and non-thinking people to chatter of Darwinism and Tyndall's theory of prayer, and Bastian's so-called discoveries, without a single definite idea as to what has been proved or disproved by science of their old religious faith; but with a vague grandiloquent habit of setting God and Christ and the prayer learned at their mother's knee loftily aside in behalf of faith in their monkey origin or some new and striking experiments, or Bacteria boiled or unboiled.—*Ex.*

Selections.

THE SUN THE SOURCE OF LIFE.

Lavosier somewhere says: "Organization, voluntary movement, life, exist only at the surface of the earth, in places exposed to light. One might say that the fable of Prometheus' torch was the expression of a philosophic truth that the ancients had not overlooked. Without light, Nature was without life; she was inanimate and dead. A benevolent God, bringing light, diffused over the earth's surface organization, feeling, and thought." These words are essentially true. All organic activity was very clearly at first borrowed from the sun, and if the earth has since stored away and made its own a quantity of energy, that sometimes suffices to produce of itself that which originally proceeded from solar stimulus, it must not be forgotten that those living forces, of startling and complex aspects, sometimes our pitiless enemies, often our docile servants

have descended and are still descending upon our planet, from the inexhaustible sun. The study of animal life shows us by striking instances the physiological efficacy of light, and the immaterial chain, it may be called, which links existence with the fiery and abounding heart of the known universe.—*Popular Science.*

BEAUTY OF FORM DEPENDENT ON SUNLIGHT.

The correspondence between perfection of forms and heightening of luminous intensity proves true in the human race as in others. Aesthetics, agreeing with ethnography, demonstrate that light tends to develop the different parts of the body in true and harmonious proportion. Humboldt, that nice observer, says, speaking of the Chaymas: "The men and women have very muscular bodies, but plump, with rounded forms. It is needless to add that I have never seen a single one with any natural deformity. I will say the same of so many thousands of Caribs, Muycas, Mexican and Peruvian Indians, whom we have observed during five years. These bodily deformities and misgrowths are extremely rare in certain races of men, especially among people who have a deep-colored skin." No doubt there is great difficulty in conceiving how light can model—can exert a plastic power. Yet, reflecting on its tonic effect on the outer tegument, and its general influence over the functions, we may assign it the part of distributing the vital movement orderly and harmoniously throughout the whole of the organs. Men who live naked are in a perpetual bath of light. None of the parts of their bodies are withdrawn from the vivifying action of solar radiation. Thence follows an equilibrium which secures regularity in function and development.—*Popular Science.*

ORY.

At a late scientific meeting at Cambridge, Mass., Prof. Agassiz made a speech of which the following is a report:

Thursday's session closed with a broadside delivered by Prof. Agassiz at the development theory, and a warm defense of his position as a scientist. His subject was announced as "Critical Remarks about Scientific views entertained upon Theoretical grounds." The Prof. at the outset promised to be brief, and observed his promise; but he left no doubt upon the minds of any one as to his position. As I grow older in the ranks of science, said the Professor, I feel more and more the danger of stretching inferences from a few observations to a wide field. I see that the younger generation among naturalists are at this moment falling into the mistake of making assertions and presenting views as scientific principles which are not even based upon real observations. I think it is time that some positive remonstrance be made against that tendency. The manner in which the evolution theory in zoology is treated, would lead those who are not special zoologists to suppose that observations have been made, by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground from one field of observation to another, to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of assertion, then it is time to protest. He thought it was intolerant to say that he was not on scientific grounds because he was not falling into the path which was occupied by those who maintain that all organized beings have been derived from a few original progenitors.

Other supporters of the transmutation doctrine assume that they can demonstrate the changes to have taken place by showing certain degrees of resemblance; but what they never touch is the quality and condition of those few first progenitors from which they were evolved. They assume that they contained all that is necessary to evolve what exists now. That is begging the question at the outset; for if these first prototypes contained the principle of evolution, we should know something about them from observation, and it should be shown that there are such organized beings as are capable of evolution. I ask, Whence came these properties? If this power and capacity of change is not inherent to the first progenitors, then

I ask, Whence came the impulses by which those progenitors which have not this power of change in themselves, acquire it? What is the power by which they are started in directions which are not determined by their primitive nature? From the total silence of the supporters of the transmutation theory on these and other points, he did not think it worth while to take the slightest notice of this doctrine of evolution in his scientific considerations. He acknowledged what the evolutionists had done incidentally in scientific research; none had done more than Mr. Darwin. He believed he had been injured wofully by his adherents. He was a far better man than most of his school made him.

AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

I went to hear that music, in order, if it might be, to rid my mind of an absorbing, irritating, personal annoyance, which I knew it was unworthy to ponder over, having graver and nobler anxieties, but could not, for the life of me, dismiss from my thoughts for more than a few moments. The ignoble worry—for it deserved no other name—perpetually reappeared, more exasperating and more persistent after each enforced banishment from my mind, and—as the French say of *le naturel*—every time I chased it away, *il revenait au galop.*

It chanced that the piece was a quintette by Mendelssohn, and one which was new to me. It opened with a long-drawn *sotto-voce* sigh from the violoncello, instantly responded to by a rapid, irritable, indignant little phrase from the first violin, which plainly exclaimed: "God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!"

This roused the other four instruments, all of whom endeavored to soothe and explain, and matters appeared to be getting less agitating when the viola—who, to speak the truth, had merely been repeating, without much earnestness and in a sort of mechanical way, the explanations of the others—suddenly caught up the first violin's point of view, and exclaimed: "God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!" This produced a general protest: "But we do understand! don't you hear what we say? why don't you listen?" etc., etc.; to which the first violin added: "Why that's precisely what I say! "God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!"

The viola was somewhat confused at this, and declared that the violin had no occasion to be angry, for that, after all, she was supporting his view of the case; and the two continued for a short time agreeing very amicably together, murmuring "just so," "exactly," "of course," in quite friendly fashion, when the second violin burst out indignantly in his turn, scornfully remarking that it was all very well to go on flattering one another in that way ("They always do!" put in the double bass), but the real fact of the matter was, that not a single one of them really understood—

"Not understand!" shouted the first violin and viola together, "why we understood from the very first that—" "And so did I," said the double bass, "I saw at the beginning that—" But here the second violin grew quite desperate, and fairly shrieked out, "God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!"

To describe the fury with which all turned upon the second violin at this, would be impossible. The violoncello tried hard to interpose, and even declared, with some asperity, that matters need never have gone so far if, instead of interrupting him at the very first word he uttered, they had only heard what he had to say; he even made what seemed to be an attempt to say it, sufficiently loud to be heard above the clamor of the others, but in vain; and his voice sunk at last into a monotonous, grumbling protest, which he kept up until the other four, who, with ever-increasing violence, continued asking each other, all at once: "God bless my soul, how is it possible you do not understand!" suddenly came to an abrupt close, evidently from sheer exhaustion and want of breath.

A moment of silence ensued, and the violoncello then repeated his first sigh, more softly and still more sadly than before, and as none of the others had energy left to quarrel with him, remained mournfully master of the situation—*St. Pauls.*

DEAN SWIFT'S RESOLUTIONS.—The following resolutions were drawn up by Dean Swift, to be observed "when I come to be old." Not to marry a young woman. Not to keep young

company, unless they desire it. Not to be peevish, morose or suspicious. Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people. Not to be covetous—the hardest of all to be kept. Not to be over severe with young people, but to make allowance for their youthful follies and weakness. Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it. To desire some good friends to inform me which of those resolutions I break or neglect, and to reform accordingly. Not to talk much, nor of myself—very hard again. Not to hearken to flatterers, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman. Not to be positive or opinionative. Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

"SOMETIME."—The following is one of Mr. Prentice's little waifs, so many of which appeared in the Louisville Journal in its palmiest days:

"Sometime." It is the sweet, sweet song warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the song of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call "Sometime." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "Sometime;" when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and the sorrows of life are over, then there is a place and the rest of God. Oh, homestead, over whose roof falls no shadow, or even clouds; and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon eternal hills and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty on high, those who love God, shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping "Sometime."

GOOD MANNERS.—If good manners are not to die out among us, reverence must be restored. The old man must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness towards women, will end in behaving with politeness towards each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration of others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quietly and effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness, we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.—*Temple Bar.*

HOME FRIENDSHIP.—Our best friends are at home. Those who love us best, would do most for us, who are most interested in our lives, and would weep bitterest tears were we to die—dwell under the shadow of our protection. How, then, ought we to feel towards them and treat them? If they are our best friends, we should be theirs, and if we are their friends, we should show it. Concealed friendship does not do much good. If a mine of gold is on our hands and we know it not, we are not much better off for it. Many people have a strange way of showing their friendship to the members of their own home circle. They are exacting, cross, unruly, fretful, in love. They mean no harm, they mean not to break the cord of friendship, or mar its sweet symphonies—but somehow forget that home friendship should be treated more delicately and kindly than others, because it is better, and more immediately affects our happiness. It should be one of the constant subjects for which we should live—to respect and improve, deepen and strengthen the home of friendship. In this we live. It is the fountain of our sweetest pleasure, our best life. Into this fountain no bitter drugs, no poisonous drops, should be put. We should keep it clean and pure. We should cherish it as the apple of our eye. No word or act of ours should disturb it. What is so

near to us and essential to our happiness, should be preserved at any expense. Home friendship is our richest treasure below the skies. It is better than gold, rubies, land, fortune, learning, fame, or power. Nothing of an earthly nature can compare with it. Then we should treat it as our best treasure, and be true to it. Every member of the home circle should be a faithful friend of all the rest, and show it by friendly words and acts.

It is indeed a pleasure to speak of any publication, when it is deserving of commendation. Such are our feelings while writing this notice of the *Collegian*, published by the Literary Societies of Kentucky University. It is not as neatly gotten up as it might be, but taken altogether is a creditable affair; the matter which it contains, being of a solid and readable character. We wish it well.—*Ec.*

A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse; and the Yankee on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a swap, but did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog when he was touched by the spurs.

Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform the trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom.

The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter, the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream, over which the horse carried the rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he had reached the middle of the stream, he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and so endeavoring to spur him up to more vigorous action, down sat the old horse on his haunches. "Look here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "what does all this mean?" "I want you to know 'stranger,'" cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that thar, hoss will pint fish jest as well as he will turkeys."—*Exchange.*

INCREASING IMMIGRATION OF SWEDEN.

A correspondent of the *Financier* says that one of the first objects of interest to the commercial visitor in Sweden is the outflow of immigration towards the United States. This writer says he saw at Gothenburg some five hundred persons of both sexes embark for England *en route* for America by the Inman and National lines. The immigration from Sweden and Norway is large, and constantly increasing, but by reason of its route through England some of it is unduly credited in our statistical returns, to the latter country. As for the character of the immigrants, it is all that could be desired. They are of the best class of peasants—pious, clean and hardy. There are few or no bad characters among them. They emigrate simply because their own country is cold and comparatively sterile—so rocky that large farms are impossible, and so undiversified in its industrial character that Agriculture is substantially the only resource of the poor, and Agriculture, too, at great disadvantage of climate, tools and markets.

The following suggestion is added: The cost of the passage to America is but thirty odd American dollars, but such a sum is a small fortune to a peasant, and hard to raise. Some one of our South-western States could quadruple the price of their lands and fill their waste acres with some of the finest emigrants in the world, by sending a ship to Gothenburg with the offer of a free passage to the land of liberty and life. Let our great landholders, some of whom reside in New York, but try the experiment, and my word for it, it will pay handsomely.

A Louisville man who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boot.

Miscellaneous.

... As the flint and steel stricken together produce fire, so the conflict of men's minds elicits truth.

... The Chinese in their college, call Euclid, "The Science of How Much."

... The three stages of Darwinism are now said to be, positive, tail; comparative, tailor; superlative, tailless.

... Bad manuscript makes an editor think sometimes that he keeps a house of correction.

... Advertising reminds people of things they had been wanting all along, but had forgotten all about.

... The English papers call the steam whistle the "American devil." We know better. The devil is the youth that comes down stairs and asks for copy.

... The latest example of laconic reporting is: An Indian opened a can of nitro-glycerine with his tomahawk, and left. Search resulted in "no Indian."

... Somebody inquiring at the Springfield, Ill., post office for a letter for Mike Howe, received the gruff answer that there was no letter there for anybody's cow.

... "Driver, are you running on time to-day?" asked a passenger in an omnibus. "No, sir," was the keen reply, "We are running for cash."

... "Old style garments made here in the latest style," is the rather obscure announcement made by a tailor's sign in Boston.

... "Can you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

... A man in Pittsburgh, Pa., who committed suicide, is advertised for identification as follows: "Deceased has a moustache, five feet seven inches long."

... A woman, called up to attend the dying beside of a friend, was deprived of the melancholy pleasure by the delay occasioned in borrowing a breast-pin suitable for the occasion.

... In Massachusetts a man cannot vote unless he can write his own name. Were this a general qualification in some States, there would needs be less voters or more scholars.

... Boy presents a dollar bill in a Hartford bakeshop. Little girl, who is acting chief clerk: "My father is very perpendicular about taking torn bills."

... Asks the Rev. William J. Potter, "Is it not more honorable to have raised ourselves from the apes, than according to the popular view, to have fallen from the angels?"

... An Alabama editor alludes to his rival as a "reservoir of falsehood and a aqueduct of medac'ty;" whereupon his rival retorts by referring to his contemporary as a "bottomless pit of infamy and an earthquake of blasphemy."

... The following announcement appeared recently in an English paper: "St. James' Church—On Sunday next, the afternoon service will commence at half-past three, and continue until further notice."

... An exchange asks—"What is a bustle?" We could not tell, and as a young friend of ours has recently married, we propounded to him. After blushing quietly, he thus explained: "It is a thingumbob!" [Now what in the world is a thingumbob?]

... PHONOGRAPHY.—A phriend phheeling phunily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing: "4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4 4lorn 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4aging 4ces."

... A young man who went West a few months ago has sent only one letter home. It came Friday. It said, "Send me a wig," and his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

... An original Pennsylvania editor comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "An airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whisky, wickedness, and other religious matters. Vox Populus, Vox Belzebub."

... A Wyoming legislator recently advanced the following proposition in a debate on female suffrage: "No woman ain't got no right to set on a jury unless she is a man, and every lawyer knows it, and I don't believe it anyhow."

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

... One of the editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer recently saved the cook of a canal boat from drowning, and has received a letter from the girl's father, saying, "You have saved the gal, and she's your'n." No cards. So says a floating paragraph.

... The man who set up all night weighing a ton of coal with a pair of steelyards, and by the painful, to see that he had received full weight, thought he was ahead a few pounds until he remembered that he had not deducted the weight of the pail.

... A down East editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last that "the beet that beet the beet that beet the other beet, is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets. [The editor is unacquainted with the Great American Traveler.]

... Somebody tarred the lamp-posts on State, between Madison and Randolph streets, on yesterday, to make them shine. Nearly everybody that passed that way felt of them to see what made them so bright, and then "danged his buttons" all the rest of the day. It came off.—Chicago Times.

... Rip Van Winkle's sleep was a mere nap compared with that taken by Dr. Sykes in Watertown, N. Y. The Chicago Tribune, in noticing his death, says Dr. Sykes died in the house where he had lived seventy-one years, and "on the bed where he had slept forty-one years."

... The following "notis" is posted in Lincoln county: "Ce hear. Eye don't want emiboddi that has hosses which has of the Eppizatick Innflewnza, or any uthur infurnel name, to cum thru this gait under penalty of havin' of their, the hosses, tules cut off cloas behind their, the hosses, years. Keep shi. Mountaineer."

... A colored man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye see, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockings she wouldn't get none. Now, ef I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be takin' de shoes an' stockings right out of my mudder's mouf."

... Since newspaper postage has been reduced to one cent for every two ounces or fractional part thereof, it is said that a great many papers which are placed in the office never reach their destination. Persons wrap up two or three papers, frequently weighing four or six ounces, attach a cent stamp and deposit the package in the post office, and that is just as far as it ever gets. Uncle Sam agrees to carry two ounces of newspaper—not four—for one cent.

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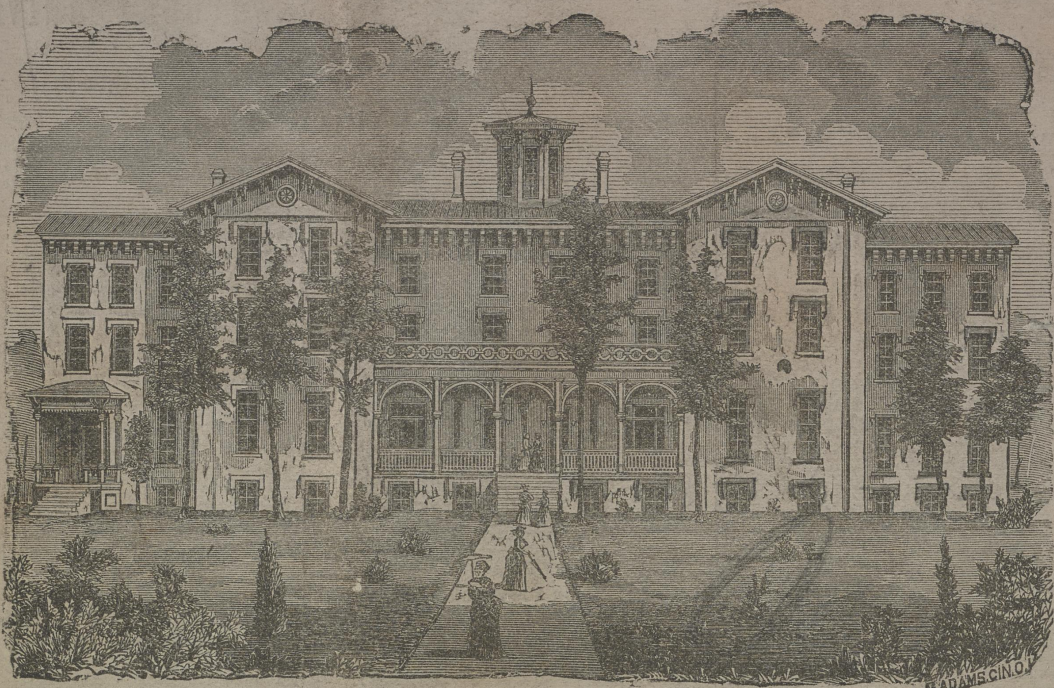
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