

Mary W. Small

THE
COLLEGIAN
OF
KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Kentucky University.

EDITORS:

- C. B. EDGAR, Editor-in-Chief.*
- H. P. BRYAN, Periclean Society,*
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Lexington, Kentucky.

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THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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Vol. 2.—No. 6.

Lexington, Ky., August 15, 1873.

No. 18.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - AUGUST 15, 1873

OUR COLORS.

BY A CECROPIAN.

White for the spotless robe
That the helmeted Pallas wore.
Red for the wine that flowed from the vine
That the hills of Cecropia bore.

White for the marble pure
That the peerless Phidias wrought.
Red for the dying rays of the sun
That the rugged Acropolis caught.

White for the lily so fair
That bows to old Attica's gales,
Red for the rose whose perfume blows
Through all of her classic vales.

White for the snowy foam
That crests the Aegean waves,
Red for the coral lips of the shells
That they rock in storied caves.

White for the shining palm
That Athens for learning claims,
Red for the blood that poured like a flood
From her countless heroes' veins.

IMITATION.

Stop, beloved reader! We cannot so far misuse the honest sunlight of this gracious morning and outrage the dictates of our own rare and saintly equity, as to act the literary inquisitor before the heresy of our victim has been fairly established *Sub judice*, therefore, let this case remain, until in the sixteenth number of this famous periodical, you have carefully re-read the leading article "Imitation, as leading to Servility." And, in the perusal, may the freshness of unworn energies invigorate thy thought and the wisdom of all life's *decennia* direct thy understanding.

And, now we crave the grace of thy attention while in the name of blue-eyed Minerva, we impeach this man of high crimes and misdemeanors. "Imitation, is an effort on the part of

a writer or speaker to assimilate his style, diction and manner of expression to that of some other writer, who may have gained some eminence and distinction among his fellows." Does imitation lie in the effort, or in the success of the effort, in the attempt to assimilate, or in the fact of assimilating? Does one's veracity consist in his effort to observe the truth, or in its actual observance? A regicide is not the man who shoots at the King and misses him. Again, what have "eminence and distinction among his fellows" to do with imitating a writer? A man may imitate whom he pleases—great Shakespeare, or lesser Tennyson, or—*nosmet ipsos*, who are known to be some degrees humbler than 'Uriah Heep.'

As thus defined, however, Imitation is pronounced—dishonest. Aye, it is dishonest to assimilate one's style of writing to that of another; and were you cognizant of the fact, sir, that all the days of your life you have been violating the eighth commandment? Is the cut of your coat an original conception with you? No? Then how you grievously sinned in rudely appropriating the style of your neighbor. Did you create that pattern for vest and shirt front? Then, uninspired by the aspirations of the humblest honesty, you have stolen the prescriptive right of your fellow-creature. Do you remain indoors, until, "in the sufficiency of your own endowments," you hit upon a style unsuggested by any thing worn from the era of the fig-leaves downward. Then issue forth clothed with originality, and remand to justice the first villain that dares assimilate his style to yours.

Imitation is not assimilation merely, but appropriation, says the writer; and here we can no longer keep pace with him in actual thought, but lose him in the anxious outreachings of imagination. Without difficulty we can understand how one sportsman might appropriate another's bullet-moulds and turn out his lead in the size and shape desired, but, O spirits of Olympus, help us to see how a writer would set about appropriating another writer's style! He not only shuts out all others from a share in the same, but denies all its emoluments to the very owner whom with high handed violence, he has just plundered.

Imitation is not only morally reprehensible, but philosophically vicious, and the writer with conscientious fidelity delineates the excruciating results that are inexorably entailed upon its practice. Milton's war in Heaven is animated, and Jupiter

hurling his thunderbolts at the Titans makes quite a lively scene; but what is the clangor and din of immortal warfare, when compared with the frenzy of human effort and the agony of human martyrdom? Listen:

"This man, in his reading, finds an author whose style captivates him. He feels that could he but write in that same captivating style, earth could afford no greater boon, his ambition would be satisfied, his desires of greatness satiated, and his aspirations could rise no higher.

From this hour he becomes the slave of an admired style, his soul is chained down to the servile practice of imitation, and his every thought is centered upon the degrading purpose of crushing his own capacities. As a result, his mental energies are broken and subdued, all the essential principles of his nature are dwarfed and shriveled, and his own individuality is lost or absorbed in the all-engrossing idea of mimicry and assimilation."

Pray, O merciful reader, that the poor wretch, who clings with such superhuman pertinacity to life, may soon find rest in the grave. Erect over him then the *monumentum aere perennius*, with the epitaph, "Died of Imitation."

The fate of this man enables us to endorse the statistics in the writer's following statement, that not one in a thousand imitators meets with any remarkable success; *they all die in the attempt!* Nor can we suffer to pass unnoticed his exhortation to be original, "to exhibit our marks of God-given and inherent domination" "not to uproot every principle of independence and self-sufficiency" "to consider any departure from originality of thought or purpose an outrage to our own minds and an insult to God." It is because these things are neglected that we "chatter like parrots and magpies, and thus stand in mortifying contrast with the writer, who is one of "the few great spirits that control the literary world." The day may be coming, but not yet is, when thaumaturgical infants, scouting the idea of borrowing," can make choice of a vernacular; when by the powers of inherent domination, and without the superfluities of teachers, text-books, etc., they may bestow upon themselves a collegiate education, and finally, without any acquaintance with the facts of Biblical and secular history, or the laws of versification, can produce a Paradise Lost; or if aesthically disposed, chisel out the Apollo; or still, being scientifically minded, construct the telescope of Lord Rosse and resolve the sword-hilt of Orion into clusters of stars.

In the meanwhile you and I know, O reader, that throughout all Christendom, from time immemorial, the study—the early and late, careful, prolonged, and devoted study of models, with a direct view of acquiring habits of thought and methods of execution similar, thereto, has been inculcated, upheld and enforced as profitable, necessary, and right. We know that the youthful artist, having received the fullest instruction from masters living, goes to the land where he may be taught by the works of masters dead; hoping that by long study of the magical effects of light and shade in Correggio, the powerful drawing of Angel, the tender beauty of Raphael, and the amber and crimson glories breathed over the canvas of Titian, the spirit of buried art may be awakened within his bosom and the Gra-

ces be wooed to wait upon his pencil. We know that the musician seeks the celestial symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Glueck; and that with the sculptor, criticism may almost be said to originate with the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon and Dying Gladiator. We know that in literature no one is original, no not one! We know that the quantum of human energy, in direction and intensity, is a resultant; one component being the sum of in-born tendencies, the other, being a series of outward influences, in continuous operation from the very era of existence itself; that absolute originality is possible only by destroying the latter component, and since this cannot be done, absolute originality is an impossibility; that our entire constitution, in reason, taste, virtue, and faith, has been slowly and silently built up from a thousand nameless elements, and that no one is original—not one, Not Virgil, nor Shakespeare, nor Milton, nor Chancer, nor Spencer, nor Dante, nor anybody! unless our immortal contemporary whom we, for a few moments forgotten. And if thou art original, O great literary spirit, the world will forgive thy dishonesty in appropriating some one's style, for fear that, ill-heeding thy advice, others may imitate thee. And if thou wantest authority, listen to Dante's address to Virgil:

"Glory and light of all that tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have chonned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou be from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me."

HOW GREAT MEN ARE MADE.

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make ours sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

This stanza, from one of the best poems Longfellow ever wrote, beautifully embodies the doctrine "That every man is the architect of his own fortune," and is both extremely beautiful, and sets forth in the most expressive and comprehensive language the views of this great American poet, as to how a man *must* become great, if he *does* become great.

He certainly believed that the secret of success lay in self-exertion, and that we are able to control circumstances to a considerable extent, and to shape them to our support, or he could never have created the "Psalm of Life."

Then the secret of the success of great men is in their own persevering energy. "There is no excellence without labor"—is not the peculiar sentiment of one man, or class of men, but is founded on the experience of a world.

All men are to a wonderful extent born equal in mental as well as physical capacity. It is the habits of industry and perseverance that, contracted by a man, lead him so far above his fellows as to induce mankind to think him the favorite of fortune—something superior to other men.

But if you will go back to the childhood and

become acquainted with the early history of any of the world's great heroes, you will find that by slow and hard-earned steps he attained to one object after another in his career; that he is of like nature to all other men, and often feels like despairing and sinking beneath the heavy burden he is obliged to take upon himself in order to secure some object of his desire. It is by perseverance that he succeeds in grasping one object after another until, with mind and body, accustomed to severe and continual labor, he goes on at last with ease, and what was formerly a pain is now a pleasure; what before tempted him into idleness and vice, to resist which it took all his powers, now passes by unfelt like straws on the bosom of an Autumn breeze; thus obstacle after obstacle vanishes before his perseverance, or is turned to his advantage, until his nature is changed, and he is in all essentials a great man. And men, looking only on his present greatness and dazzled by it, fail to look back at the rugged path he has trodden, and on whose face he has left in many places the very blood of his sore and wearing feet.

Thus it is that men are deluded and cry out at the mention of any great name—"Oh! he was a natural genius, and was born to rule." Now no doctrine can be more false, and at the same time more dangerous; for it throws a damper over the aspirations of youth, keeping many from attempting to climb the ladder of fame and gain a place in the memory as well as the affections of posterity by untiring industry and perseverance.

We have but to turn to the lives of great men and read their history to be convinced of this.

What won for Washington a name and fame, excelled by none, and an imperishable place in the affections of his people? Go to the many hard fought fields of the Revolution. In times of defeat and disaster, behold how his stout heart, by industry and perseverance almost incredible, overcame every obstacle and proved equal to every task; how he met with a sober determination alike prosperity and adversity. And did not Washington then labor for what he got?

How did Napoleon get his great name and power? True he styled himself the "Child of Fate," but his fortune was the work of his own hands, and the result of his own energy. In the transaction of his business he did everything with his own hands or inspected it with his own eyes. Toulon, Egypt, Italy, Austerlitz, and a host of other hardy contested fields bear witness to his almost superhuman exertion, and testify to his great vigilance and industry. These were the keynotes to the success that made him the "Terror of Europe."

In this connection the name of Marshal Massena claims our attention. He entered the army of the French Republic as a private, and it took him fourteen years of continual service and the most vigorous exertion and valor to attain the place of Sergeant; but he always had one object in view, and afterwards he deservedly rose to the highest military position, that of Marshal. He was accustomed to say that the position of sergeant

was the step which, above all others, cost him the most labor to win.

It is said of "Stonewall" Jackson that when he entered West Point he was the dullest boy in his class, but he was a continual worker, and at the end of four years graduated about seventeenth in his class. But those who knew him, say that if the course had been ten years instead of four, he would have graduated first in the class, and the truth of this is demonstrated in his course in after life.

Hundreds of such examples might be cited, but these are sufficient to show how great men are made. It was their unconquerable energy and perseverance that achieved them greatness, and this is the price demanded of all. Then if you would gain distinction, if you would rise above the common walks of life and be a benefactor to mankind and an honor to yourself, begin immediately to lay the foundation by going to work now, and here determine to do well whatever you attempt, conquering in whatever you undertake, though it cost you a sea of exertion. Every victory will strengthen you and make the next more easy, while every defeat will sap your energies and weaken your determination, making you an easy victim instead of an easy victor.

Then cultivate these habits and the road before you will become clearer and easier until you find yourself traveling pleasantly along the path to success—every effort a pleasure rather than a task. In short your nature is changed with your habits, you are no longer a slave, but a master, success and happiness crowning your efforts.

D.

Thomson, the poet, had an uncle, a clever, active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated Jame's indolent, dreamy, "feckless" character with impatient displeasure. When the first of *The Seasons*—"Winter"—had been completed, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's skepticism; and propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but turning it round and round in gratified admiration, exclaimed, "Is that really our Jamie's doing now? Weel, I never thought the cratur wud hae had the handie a't to do the like!"

We have a natural and unaffected manner of asking to call, which we commend to inhabitants of less favored States than Arkansas. Some stiff and affected people "present compliments and solicit the honor," etc. We do it in an easier way: "Say, Sis Sal, Dick says chain up pup, and put an armful o' lighterd in the corner; for durn his cats if he ain't gwine to have a mess o' gab with yer ter-night." "No he ain't, nuther." "You bet Car'line Smirls" is. I seed him buyin' mor'n a pint o' grease for his ha'r." "Blast old Roper if I fix up a bit, there.—*Record.*"

"What is that, children?" asked a young pastor, exhibiting to his Sunday-school a magic-lantern picture of a poor sinner clinging to the cross towering out of story waves in mid-ocean.

"Robinson Crusoe!" was the instant reply.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - AUGUST 15, 1873

CECROPIAN ANNALS.

The annals of the Cecropian Society commence with the first session held by Kentucky University in Lexington, after the removal of the institution from Harrodsburg. A provisional organization of the Society was effected in Morrison College, on Friday, October 6, 1865, but this gave way to a complete government on Friday evening, November 17, 1865, when the present Constitution, with the Cecropian name, shield, motto, colors, &c., was adopted, and the first regular election of officers took place. It has been the custom of the Society to celebrate, by an "open session," or other literary entertainment, the anniversary of the adoption of its Constitution. The first Cecropian President was George W. Ranck, who wrote most of the Constitution, suggested the name and colors of the Society and the name of its paper. The motto was selected by W. L. T. Price, from the *Aeneid*, ixth book, 641 line.

The ideal and emblematical combination of the Society name, shield and motto is represented by

Minerva, the patron of the liberal arts, standing upon the summit of the Acropolis, and protecting Cecropia or Athens, the home of literature, with her shield, while she directs the toilers up the rugged path of learning to the stars of immortality. The names of those who organized the Society are displayed under year, "1865," on the Cecropian roll of members, which is kept hanging in the Society hall.

The Society commenced the formation of a library, from books apportioned to it from a collection left by extinct societies of Transylvania and Kentucky Universities. Additions are made to it every year. Part of the furniture of the Society was bought with cash donations from F. K. Hunt, M. C. Johnson, J. B. Bowman, Lighter Huffman, and other liberal gentlemen.

The first public entertainment given by the Society was in conjunction with the Pericleans. It took place in the College Chapel, Friday evening, December 8, 1865, and its object was to raise funds to aid in furnishing the Society halls. The debate on this occasion was an extemporaneous one between the Presidents of the respective Societies. The Cecropian charter, which now adorns the Society hall, was passed by the Kentucky Legislature in February, 1866. In June, 1866, the Society respectfully protested against the restrictive action of the Faculty in regard to the Literary Societies, and declined to give its regular public entertainment. The Annual Cecropian Re-union, consisting of all who are and have been members of the Society, was organized June 24, 1868. This association holds a meeting at the close of every session. Its objects are to promote the interests of the Society and perpetuate the friendships formed during College days. The Cecropian roll of members, which is annually printed at the expense of some "old members," was first gotten up in 1868. The banner now used by the Society was purchased in 1870.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received and, though briefly, have examined with pleasure Prof. Kendrick's "First Four Books of the Anabasis," from the publishing house of Sheldon & Co. In preparing this edition, which is mainly designed to aid the elementary study of the work, the author has made free use of the editions of Kuhner, Kruger, Hertlein, Rehdantz, and Vollbrecht, Dindorf's Oxford Edition, together with the commentaries of Authon, Owen and Boise.

The text is mainly that of the latest Teubner edition of Dindorf, preference being given to the readings of other critical texts, however, when there seemed to be good manuscript authority for the change.

Among the particulars which commend this edition to especial attention are to be found an excellent colored map (Kiepert's), delineating the route of the Ten Thousand, an *Itinerarium* from the edition of Macmi-chael, and a complete vocabulary. The notes, though condensed, are clear, critical, and, to the extent of our examination, satisfactory. We know of no other edition of the work that combines so many points of excellence.

INSANITY IN ITS RELATIONS TO CRIME: BY W. H.

HAMMOND.—We with pleasure acknowledge our indebtedness to D. Appleton & Co, 849 and 855 Broadway, N. Y., for the above book. We have given it a careful reading, and find it *unusually interesting*, as well as *instructive*. No doctor or lawyer should do without it, while to the intelligent juror it is almost a necessity. Rarely have we read a work which we so gladly recommend to every one. The mechanical execution of the book is almost faultless.

THE Annual Catalogue of Kentucky University has made its appearance, and is in a style commensurate with the importance of the University to which it belongs. Its appearance has been improved by the addition of pictures of all the buildings belonging to the University, which old students cannot but take pleasure in recognizing. It also contains the announcement of the new Medical College, which has been organized since June, and which will begin the second Monday in September.

FAR AWAY.

The following poetry, from the *Harvard Alumnus*, we think worthy of being re-published in our columns, as it appears to be peculiarly adapted to the case of so many of our intimate friends:

How oft, amid the scenes of pleasure,
Sadly our hearts are beating measure;
And though rare beauties greet the eye,
Our lips can scarce repress a sigh!
Though giddy fortune smile in favor,
And friends press round us blithe and gay,
Our sweetest joys must lose their flavor,
If those we love are far away.

Surrounded by the ball-room's graces,
By flowers and fans and lovely faces,
When smoothly, dreamily I glide
Upon the music's pulsing tide,
My thoughts with secret treasure laden,
Are roving from the bright array.
And picturing a dark-eyed maiden
More fair than all, but far away.

While turning o'er the musty pages
That hold the treasured words of sages,
Whose minds with deft or doughty stroke
Could split a hair or fell an oak,
Oft times my rebel thoughts will wander
To dearer words than books convey,
And over cherished accents ponder,
That fell from one now far away.

When bright the winter grate is gleaming,
And I in slippers ease sit dreaming,
My evening task laid by complete,
And fling the reins to fancy sweet,
Before my eyes a scene is flitting,
A future year, a future day,
And at my fireside I am sitting
With one who now is far away.

Quaint Scottish humor is well illustrated by a good story told by Mr. Gough:

Two sparks from London once came upon a decent-looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with, "You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."

"Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way."

"Ah! you can see America here, I suppose."

"Farrar than that."

"How is that?"

"Yu jist wait tule the mists gang away, and you'll see the mune."

Our Boys.

(Arts).—GIBNEY, VIRGIL has returned to New York.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Ranck, Radley, Laxon and others for favors.

(A. & M).—PORRER, A. J., is visiting his friends at Elizabethtown, Ky. He is living in Sherman, Texas.

(A. & M).—WILLIAMS, J. M., graduated at Allegheny College last June.

(A. & M).—FITZGERALD, WILLIAM, is teaching a school in the vicinity of Crab Orchard Springs. He is in good health and to the ladies talks love.

(Arts).—LOGAN, WM, is engaged in a bank in Nicholasville. He calls on the ladies frequently and adroitly turns the conversation on married felicity.

(A. & M).—JOHN DABNEY dropped in on us a few days ago, looking as natural as if he had not surprised us almost to death.

(Arts).—WILL OWENS, so popular among the old Transylvania ball nine, is now practicing law in Georgetown, Ky.

(Arts, '72).—ALLEN, J. L.—Luney has finally decided to leave us for the coming year, having accepted the Professorship in a College at Richmond, Mo. With deep regret we give him up.

(Arts).—CORRY & DICK STEVENSON are here spending the summer, and are the very picture of health. Both graduated at Delaware, Ohio, June '73. Are now residing in Louisville, Ky.

(A. & M).—RADLEY, JNO. W. From a recent letter we find our old chum and fellow editor, Capt. Radley, is in Elizabethtown, Ky., and thinks of studying law this fall.

(Bible).—HALEY, J. J.—Another "knight of the quill," was in our sanctum last week. Haley has been South some eight months, and has just returned, looking to be in usual health.

(A. & M).—BARKER, M. S., has been spending his vacation at home, near Louisville. We are glad to learn that our old friend Mack expects to return next season.

(Arts).—HARRIS, M. K.—After the close of the term Milus lingered around Lexington for a week or so, as if loth to quit some fair damsel. He however did manage to quit her, and is now at home in Gallatin, Tennessee.

A. & M.—STOKES, WILLIAM is in the city, and spends his mornings at the Lexington Library; three evenings in the week he learns the "Boston Dip." We think he is becoming proficient from what we saw at the pic-nic.

(A. & M).—WILSON, H. T., is now at his home at Birmingham, Ky. After leaving College he went South in search of health, but we are sorry to learn he did not receive much benefit.

(A. & M).—MERIWETHER, C. M., is at home in Clarksville, Tenn. On his return home from College he picked up a lady's veil in the cars: he presented it—she smiled. We understand that poor "Hick" is entangled in a net more delicate than the veil.

(Arts).—FINLEY, J. W., has been studying law at Dal-

ton, Georgia, during the past year. It is not known yet whether or not he has been admitted to the bar, but in due time he will become one of the legal profession.—That he will succeed, we doubt not.

(BIBLE).—LYLE—MANGUM.—On the evening of February 19th, at 8 p. m. by Elder T. B. Larimore, of Florence, Alabama, Elder T. J. Lyle and Miss Lou. Mangum, both of Collierville, Tennessee, were happily married. May continued happiness be theirs.

(ARTS).—L. Y. LEAVELL, whom all will remember with feelings of pleasure on account of his generous and kind disposition, returned to his home in Lancaster, Ky., at the close of the session, where he is now enjoying the sweets of his rural home. "May he live long and prosper."

(Bible).—EDGAR, C. B.—"Charlie" has been traveling for the Transylvania Printing and Publishing Company nearly all summer, and we presume has had some pretty gay times, but he is rather reticent when he returns home, but this we presume is to make every appearance of business.

(Arts).—ATKINS, F. A.—Frank Atkins, whom we all liked so well, has just returned from a short trip for his health. He says Shelbyville is to him the best place to spend his time this hot weather. Well, Frank, we don't wonder. Not having married while in S— he is still found at his old stand, Purnell, Carpenter & Co.'s

(Bible & Arts).—JOE TYLER is here again. A hearty welcome to you Joe, and we are extremely sorry that any thing we have said has injured your prospects for matrimony. We hereby apologize, (as we are not the fighting editor), and do you the justice to say that you will do very well,—if the girls can not do better.

(Arts).—HICKEY, JAS. C.—Through the kindness of President White, we have looked over the announcement of the Henderson (Texas) Male and Female College, in which we find the name of James C. Hickey as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science. The course of this College seems very full, in some instances almost putting our own full course to the blush.—Success to the new "Prof."

(Arts).—AMMERMAN, J. B. We have just received news that our "well-beloved" friend has left Kentucky to take up his residence in Texas. We do not know yet what business he intends to engage in, but suppose he will teach school at Dallas, which, we learn, is his destination. He will there meet his old friend and room-mate, J. S. Daugherty. His natural good sense and industry cannot but render him successful.

A sailor being about to sail to India, a citizen asked him where his father died? "In shipwreck." "And where did your grandfather die?" "As he was fishing a storm arose, and he with his companions perished." "And your great grandfather?" "He also perished from shipwreck." "Then if I were you I would never go to sea." "Pray, my Philosopher, where did your father die?" "My father, grandfather, and great grandfather died in bed." "Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed," retorted the son of Neptune.

(Arts).—BRADLEY, J. A., is another deserter of Kentucky University; for we find him attending a college at Macon, Georgia. For those, who left our College for the N. W. C. University, there is some excuse, for there they had girls for companions; but Mr. Bradley has not even this. If this was not a free country, we would say that he ought to be forcibly withheld from following the dictates of a defective judgment. Well, let him go. It is some consolation to know that if he does carry

with him sound sense and good application, he will add but little *beauty* to Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

(Arts).—BRYAN, H. P.—The other day while seated in our sanctum(?) imagine our surprise at seeing a negro boy, a smile playing upon his face from ear to ear, walk up to "Haleie" and say: "Boss, will you please write me a love letter." Haleie tried to beg off, but all in vain; the darkey insisted that he had been told that Mr. B. was very successful in this style of composition, and never did he desist until Hal completed the 12th page.

We have not learned what success the darkey's hopes attained. W.

(Arts).—NOEL, J. M.—We have been made happy by the receipt of a letter from our old friend. Much he tells us of himself and his doings, that would be interesting to those who knew him, but space prevents us from telling any but the leading points. He is teaching school at Sugar Valley, Georgia—whence the place obtained that name we cannot tell—perhaps from the fact that the girls are so sweet. His school, he informs us, amounts to sixty or seventy scholars, which young teachers know is doing well. He speaks of the pleasure the COLLEGIAN gives him, and vows devoted attachment to the Periclean Society, which he is endeavoring to imitate on a *small scale*. Could we welcome so faithful a student and true a friend back to our midst, nothing would give us more joy; but, if that be impossible, he can rest assured that his attachment to his College and Society is not misplaced.

We have threatened once or twice to have a column of "OUR GIRLS," but this issue is going to risk one on

"OUR PROFESSORS."

Prof. A. R. Milligan has just returned from Pennsylvania, and seems improved by his trip.

Adj. Prof. J. G. White has just returned from Mercer county, and looks healthier than we ever saw him, and still says "It's nice to be a father, &c., &c."

Prof. McGarvey is in Missouri, where he will spend some three weeks.

Prof. Pickett spends his vacation in this city this year, and we frequently have the pleasure of a bow.

E. E. Smith will not teach the coming year, having resigned his position.

Prof. W. B. Smith is in Danville, and still becomes poetical when he thinks or speaks of Chicago. But—how can he help it?

Regent Bowman has been at home nearly all summer, and informs us that he has every indication of a fine school this fall. His arduous labors appear to agree with him, as he seemingly improves under them. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him in June by the University of Missouri, and with pleasure do we thank her for the deserved compliment to our Regent.

The Board of Curators of the Missouri University, at its last session, conferred upon John B. Bowman, Regent of Kentucky University, the honorary degree of L. L. D. No man in our Commonwealth is more deserving of the honor. For sixteen years Regent Bowman has toiled unremittingly to found and endow a great, free, catholic university for the masses. Kentucky University, with which he has been so long identified, owes its existence and usefulness to him.

Among our Exchanges.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Among the notable articles contained in the issue of the *Living Age* for the last month are the following:—Lectures on Darwin's Philosophy of Language, by Prof. Max Muller, from *Fraser's Magazine*; The Count of Montalambert, *Quarterly Review*; French Marriage, *Blackwood's*; The French Press, *Cornhill*; The Death of Mr. Mill, *Fortnightly Review*; Baron Reuter's Bargain, *Spectator*; The Marriage Market, *Chambers' Journal*; The Traveler's Calendar, *Macmillan*; The Creeds of London, *Chambers' Journal*; The Persian Language, *Saturday Review*; Luther and the Two Students, *Good Words*; The Deposition of Peter the Third, *Athenaeum*; Cleanliness vs. Godliness, *Chambers' Journal*; Traditions of Sterne and Runyan, *Macmillan*; Maiden Aunts, *Liberal Review*; The Pope at Home, *Chambers' Journal*; Station Amusements in New Zealand, *Spectator*; Links in German Literature, *Tinsley's Magazine*; The Brontes, *Cornhill*; Persian Etiquette and Peculiarities, *Globe*; etc., etc. The numbers also contain installments of *The Parisians*, by Lord Lytton; *Innocent*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *The Two Brothers*, by MM Erckmann-Chatrian, and *The Prescotts of Euphillon*, by the author of "Dorothy Fox." The subscription price of this 64 page weekly magazine is \$8 a year, or for \$10 any one of the American \$4 magazines is sent with *The Living Age* for a year. LITTELL & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD for August is received and contains the usual twenty-eight pages of beautiful music and interesting reading. The Musical World is furnished at the low price of \$1.00 per year, while the music in each number is alone worth that amount. The publishers offer this month to send specimen copies of the "World," together with their large new *Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music*, FREE to any one writing for them. This new catalogue gives full description of thousands of beautiful pieces of music, and is invaluable to all musicians. Send your address to S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland, O., and receive the above free.

THE CENTENNIAL is a monthly, devoted to the interests of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which is to be held in Philadelphia in 1876. In recommending it to our readers, we add a short extract from its columns:

"Our Subscription List is filling up, yet not as rapidly as we should like to see it (for we except to count the names by tens of thousands), but nearly every mail brings us something; and this number of the *Centennial* goes to bona fide subscribers from Maine to California. We cannot help saying just here, however, that many of the friends of the approaching Centenary seem to have forgotten that this is the First literary offspring of the great patriotic movement towards a grand national family demonstration and jubilee in 1876, and its prompt, hearty and recognized support is nothing less than a patriotic duty. The transfer of the Centennial Grounds to the United States Centennial Commission on the Fourth of July; the Proclamation by the President of the United States that an Internal Exposition will be held in this city in 1876, and the publication of a newspaper in the interest of this

grand and sublime event, are three important things worthy the respectful consideration of every citizen and patriot."

Miscellaneous.

Water.—A clear fluid once used as a drink.

My Dear.—An expression used by a man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

What vegetable is anything but agreeable on board a ship?—A leek.

A person who will cheat in the game of croquet will cheat in the game of life.

Why should young ladies set a good example? Because young men are apt to follow them.

A thief was caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and hit him with a stave.

A Kentucky editor speaks of a local genius who has been a persevering contributor to the office wastebasket for several years.

A Scranton household is enjoying an era of peace. The lady of the house put her tongue to a flat iron to see if it was hot.

"HIGHER UP."—The ladies do their hair up so high now that they have, it is said, to stand on something to put on their hats.

"Ah," yawned a dull old bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison." "To those in solitary confinement," added a witty young lady.

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply; "but if you have no objection, I'd like to see the show a little longer."

"Cannot something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted on our streets at night?" asks a Cincinnati paper. There can. Just have the girl's mother tuck her into her little bed about eight o'clock in the evening, and lock the door on her.

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property, without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If any thing is left, it may go to Terence M'Carthy."

"Where are the men of '76?" shouted a patriotic orator.

"Dead," responded a sad looking man in the middle aisle. The orator seemed to be disturbed by the information.

Freshman poetizing:

The college bell strikes six,
And while the deepning shadows crowd
One on the other, and the wind howls loud,
While stars perceive not the universal cloud—
I fear I'm in a fix.

Soliloquizing:—For I have flunked to-night.

There was a certain darkey owned a pig, and one day he gave him a bucket full of mush. Said the darkey: "He eat de whole bucket full of mush, and den I put de darn little cuss in de bucket, and he didn't fill it half full." The question for philosophers to settle is, what became of the mush?

Winchell tells the story of a stranger meeting an Irishman leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a brick house by his side, when the following dialogue ensued: "Is that a funeral?" "Yes, sir. I'm thinking that it is." "Anybody of distinction?" "I reckon it is, sir." "Who is it that died?" "The gentleman in the coffin, sir."

REVENGE IS SWEET.—A green young man, who was working for a farmer as "hired man," felt himself slighted when the girls of the neighborhood had a party, to which they did not invite him. After sulking about for several days, he finally hit upon a mode of revenge, and said to his employer's daughter, "You can tell the gals that I'm a-goin' to have a party of my own, and I won't invite nobody."

Inquisitive Freshman to a Senior—Where do the Faculty get "sheep-skins" for Seniors to carry off at Commencement?

Senior—They kill Freshmen.

Freshman walks off, meditating on the uncertainty of all human things, and wondering whether he has learned why so many who enter college fail to graduate.—*Beloit Monthly*.

A Senior was met on the Flag-Pole Delta by two Englishmen who were visiting Cambridge.

Inquiring Englishman—"Will you kindly inform me what that inscription is on the flag pole?"

Student (reading)—"Washington, 1776."

Englishman—"Ah! some one connected with the College?"

We vouch for the truth of the above.—*Advocate*.

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once thought you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

"Mr. President," exclaimed a member of a debating society, "our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon, on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog."

TRANSLATING.—A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *Mors omnibus communis*. The editor said that it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community. At the same time, he said, the sentence was evidently constructed by some idiot, who thought he understood French, when he didn't, and consequently several important words were left out.

SHOULD WE ANNEX THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Sandwich Islands do not offer favorable inducements for the emigration of American farmers or mechanics. It is probable that capital will be drawn

thither more abundantly in time, to be used in sugar planting, and it is quite certain that this industry, prudently managed, in good locations, can be made sufficiently profitable to reward the risk. But a sugar plantation needs at most four or five white workmen besides the manager. For farming, in the American sense of the word, the islands are entirely unfit. To annex them, therefore, would be a blunder; for it would be to burden ourselves with an outlying territory of no use or value to our own people, and containing a population not homogeneous with our own. It is probable that the future population of the island will be a mixture of Chinese and Hawaiians, and that these will live happily there, and produce sugar and rice for export. The present government is mild, just, and liked by the people. The natives are very strongly opposed to annexation; they have a strong feeling of nationality, and considerable jealousy of foreign influence, and annexation to our own or any other country would be without their consent.—CHARLES NORDHOFF, in *Harper's Magazine for September*.

RECEPTION OF GEN. SHERMAN BY THE SULTAN.—When the party had once entered the hall the order of precedence was announced to them by Servia Pasha through Mr. Brown, the dragoman. Only at that moment was it discovered that Lieut. Grant was to go first, and as the son of the President of the United States, to be received as a prince royal. It was too late to do anything by way of explanation, and though "Fred" went forward very reluctantly, he accepted the situation, and, followed in order by Gen. Sherman, Mr. Booker, and the rest of the party, approached the staircase, where, on the landing at which it divided, was standing Abdul Assiz, Sultan of Turkey, who, shaking Lieut. Grant by the hand, turned, motioned him to continue up the stairway, and walked by his side, without paying any attention to the rest of the party. The Sultan conducted them into a very handsome room, which looked out upon a most beautiful scene, embracing the Bosphorus, Golden Horn, and city of Stamboul. After entering the room the Sultan received Gen. Sherman very courteously, and seating himself, motioned the party to do likewise. After a short pause he began the conversation in Turkish, which was translated by Mr. Brown. Mr. Boker made a short speech recounting the history of the visitors. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and at its termination the Sultan accompanied the party to the head of the staircase, where he shook hands with Lieut. Grant and the General, simply inclining his head to the rest. Abdul Assiz is rather stout, about five feet eight inches in height, has large dark eyes, grayish hair and beard. He was dressed in loose snuff-colored pantaloons, black coat, cut like that of an Episcopal minister, and patent-leather shoes.—Under his coat he wore a white flannel shirt, on his head the fez, and on the little finger of his right hand an immense ruby ring. He assured the general and his party that they should have access to every object of interest.—From "General Sherman in Europe and the East," by Col. AUDENRIED, in *Harper's Magazine for September*.

EFFORTS OF SUCCESS.—If you would revenge yourself on those who have slighted you, be successful; it is a bitter satire on their want of judgment, to show that you can do without them—a galling wound to the self-love of proud, inflated people; but you must reckon on their hatred, as they will never forgive you.

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