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THE  
**COLLEGIAN**  
OF  
KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

---

Published by the Literary Societies of Kentucky University.

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**EDITORS:**

*C. B. EDGAR, Editor-in-Chief.*  
*H. P. BRYAN, Periclean Society,*  
*M. J. FERGUSON, Christomathean Society,*  
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*J. A. DEAN, Union Literary Society,*  
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# THE COLLEGIAN

## OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

"Educate your children and your Country is safe."

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No. 19.

### THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

LXINGTON, KY., - - - SEPTEMBER 1, 1873

#### THE STORM.

Tis night; the moon in silence flies  
Through the dim regions of the skies.  
Long since the clouds, that like a pall,  
Hung o'er the wide, expansive wall  
Of Heaven's dome, have passed away;  
While from the East the silver spray  
Of countless stars, is seen to shine  
Along the still unchanging line  
That from the regions of the Sun,  
Ere yet the race of night is run,  
Comes ushering in the deathless hue  
Of Heaven's own eternal blue.  
Just now the Sky's clear face was blurred  
With clouds, and from her heights were heard  
The sounds of eternal strife,  
As though the vault of Heaven were rife  
With discontent; and from the Poles  
There came the deep and solemn rolls  
Of thunder as it echoed far  
Above the din of Nature's war,  
And from the folds of yonder cloud,  
That seemed to gird it as a shroud,  
The forked lightning, winged with death,  
Breathed forth its all-destructive breath  
Upon the world. The dancing rain  
Poured o'er the mountain and the plain  
In mighty torrents, fierce and wild,  
That seemed in contrast with the mild  
And solemn stillness of the hour  
That just succeeds the awful power  
That carries on the wars of Heaven,  
When elements to strife are driven.  
Then too, the Wind in sullen mood  
Like the grim lion seeking food,  
Was heard to quit his mountain cave  
And speed to rouse Old Ocean's wave,  
Returning thence in awful pride  
His viewless form appeared to ride  
The steeds of Heaven, whose clattering hoofs  
Were heard upon the trembling roofs  
Of man's proud mansions; the great trees,  
That stood like monarchs in the breeze,  
And seemed to bid defiance bold  
To Summer's heat and Winter's cold,  
And towered with heads high in the dome  
Whence the deep tones of thunder come,  
Were seen to bend beneath the breath  
Of this fierce counterpart of Death,  
And bow to Earth the stately forms  
That echoed to the rude alarms  
Of Heaven's dissonance; and the Earth

That from its dim and distant birth  
Has held its own unchanging way  
Through seas of Night, and realms of Day,  
And heeded not the flight of years,  
The course of Time, the path of spheres,  
Nor ever lingered on his way  
To cull the charms of golden Day,  
Or pluck from off the brow of Night  
The meteor in its dazzling flight,  
And still amidst the countless host  
Of God's vast Universe has lost  
None of its might, was seen to shake  
And to its inmost center quake.  
And then the wild and fearful Deep,  
Which Earth's convulsions roused from sleep,  
Came striding from his ocean caves  
And hurled his white and crested waves  
High into Heaven. It was a grand  
And awful sight. The sea and land  
Together mingled, and sent forth,  
With groans discordant toward the North,  
The voice of wild commotion; and the sky,  
As if to bring its terrors nigh,  
Hung brooding o'er the darkened world,  
While ever and anon were hurled,  
From its wide jaws, the lurid glare  
Of lightning, as it speeded where  
The Thunder's forces gathered. And now  
The storm is lulled, and on the brow  
Of Heaven, is a stillness fraught  
With quiet too intense for thought.  
And as the echoes die away,  
Silence asserts a moment's sway.  
But now again the air is rent  
With lightnings from the tempest sent,  
And the oppressive quiet smote  
By the loud thunder's startling note,  
Sends forth its wild and awful shriek,  
That pierces to the heart of weak  
And trembling mortals; and the Sky,  
With echoes sounding far and nigh,  
As if to fill the complement  
Of all the woes from Heaven sent,  
Open wide the portals of the clouds,  
And from the black and gloomy shrouds  
Of her own darkness, scatters forth  
The frozen emblems of the North.  
All nature is convulsed. The dark  
And troubled Earth seems as a bark  
Astray upon the pathless seas,  
Driven powerless before the breeze  
That guides her toward the nearing shoals,  
Regardless of the immortal souls  
So soon to find a watery grave  
Beneath the surging Ocean's wave.  
The hour is fearful, and the sound  
Of thunder, echoing from the ground  
To Heaven's vault, is heard again  
From mountain peak to ocean plain,  
And the red lightning's liquid light,  
Gilding the stormy face of Night,  
Shows to the travelers frightened gaze  
The glittering, electric blaze



Of Nature's batteries in play,  
 And with swift thunderbolts to slay  
 Opposing hosts, the Powers of Night  
 Stand girded for the deadly fight,  
 That even now is hurling down  
 Upon the wet and wiry ground  
 The boasted battlements of strength  
 Which Man had reared to stand through length  
 Of hoary time, and only fall  
 When lapse of years, dissolving all  
 The fantasies of earth, shall bid  
 The mountain and the pyramid  
 Return to primal dust. The peak  
 Of yon high mount that seems to seek  
 The pealing Thunder's distant home  
 Beyond the lowering clouds, whence come  
 The deadly lightning bolts of wrath  
 That lighten Earth's benighted path  
 With fitful glare, is wrapt with flame;  
 And on its highest point the name  
 Of God is writ in streams of fire  
 That seem to mount in grandeur higher  
 Toward the gleaming throne of Him  
 Whose might guides all the worlds that swim  
 The argent fields of space; and Heaven  
 Herself, as though to her were given  
 The power alone of calling forth  
 From his lone dwelling in the north,  
 Old Boreas, with his icy breath  
 To aid the warring powers of Death,  
 Seemed drawing near the trembling world  
 As if in awful wrath to hurl  
 Her shafts abroad upon the cowed  
 And quailing earth. The forests bowed,  
 And writhing in the Storm-King's hand  
 Cast forth upon the burdened land  
 Their wrested verdure, and their tall  
 Majestic trunks, with sounding fall,  
 That like the dire, discordant crash  
 Of Meteors in the onward dash  
 Of swift colliding worlds, that make  
 Terrific brag and seem to shake  
 Earth's deep foundations,—so they cause  
 A moment's lull in Nature's laws,  
 And with resistless force they seem  
 To cast the red, phosphoric gleam,  
 Back into the low'ring cloud  
 That pours upon the world a shroud  
 Of densest gloom. The frightened fowls  
 Fly screaming upwards, and the growls  
 Of angry beasts abroad for food  
 Are heard from out the mangled wood  
 Where comes the panther's startling scream,  
 Which, blinded by the lightning's gleam  
 Lay crouched beneath a fallen tree  
 Lamenting the mad jubilee  
 That rends the skies and fills the earth  
 With such destruction as the birth  
 Of earthquakes only and the storm  
 That fills this night with dread alarm  
 Can e'er produce. But the powers lent  
 By angry Heaven now are spent  
 And once again the deep and high  
 Reverberations of the Sky,  
 Begin with measured tread to roll  
 Their ponderous car towards the Pole,  
 The lightning, weary of the sport  
 From which all Nature seemed to court  
 His deadly bolts, allays his ire,  
 That burned with such destructive fire,  
 And gathered up the scattered shafts  
 Of blazing flame with which he wafts  
 Destruction o'er the world, he furls  
 His pinions worn with flight, and curls  
 His lithe and limpid form to rest  
 Upon the wide, expansive breast  
 Of over-arching Heaven. The wind  
 At last is lulled to sleep behind

Yon mountain's high and frowning form  
 That peers beyond the flight of storm  
 Or wind, and stands as though in thought  
 Disdainful, of the tempests fraught  
 With human woe. The murky clouds  
 Which long have wrapt in sable shrouds  
 The Sky's fair brow, are rolling back  
 From off the Night-queen's wonted track  
 Their somber shades, and in the high  
 And central regions of the sky  
 The clouds are rent a spot of blue  
 Displays the clear and azure hue  
 Of Heaven, and shows the wond'ring face—  
 Far in the dim and distant space—  
 Of one lone star, that seems to gaze  
 In silent wonder through the haze  
 That wraps the Earth, and bending o'er  
 The frowning Heavens seems to pour  
 A living flood of light and life  
 Upon the sphere where mortal strife  
 So late did reign. And as the clouds  
 Withdraw their dark and somber shrouds,  
 Unnumbered worlds are seen to shine  
 Along the swift diverging line  
 That marks how fast the shades are driven  
 Down the sloping verge of Heaven.  
 The silver moon is peeping forth,  
 And from the bleak and frozen North  
 The Pole-star gazes calmly down  
 On desert, hill and peopled town,  
 And seems to drop a tear of woe  
 Upon the world which, stretched below,  
 Is prostrate by the awful strife  
 With which the Elements were rife.  
 Again the prowling beasts of prey  
 Are out upon the silent way;  
 And seeking round among the trees,  
 Uprooted by the tempest's breeze,  
 Procure a rich and ripe repast  
 Of mangled bodies, which the blast  
 Surprising in the spacious wood,  
 Had crushed to earth beneath a flood  
 Of falling timbers. And the birds  
 Returning to the Earth in herds  
 Alight upon the miry ground,  
 While the scattered trunks around  
 Echo back the jargon sound  
 Of myriad voices, piercing shrill  
 Through the deep and solemn still  
 Of storm-succeeding quiet; and then  
 Recov'ring from their fear again  
 Look out upon the face of Night,  
 And stop to watch the fitful flight  
 Of meteors in the fields of space  
 That seem to plow the sky with pace  
 Akin to lightning. And the Earth  
 Is fresh as at the hour of birth,  
 Save when the raging whirlwinds made  
 Their sudden, desolating raid  
 Upon the wood and fertile plain,  
 That ne'er shall brave the Night again  
 Of Heaven's dire-avenging wrath.  
 And now no more the outward path  
 Of constellations bright and grand,  
 Is hidden by the Storm-king's hand.  
 How changed the scene in one short hour!  
 But now it seems that every power  
 In Heaven and Hell had broken forth,  
 From burning South to frozen North,  
 And brought their implements of war  
 To swell the strife that was to mar  
 Earth's beauteous verdure. And the host  
 Of warning elements, that boast  
 To guide the issues of the day  
 When Nature's powers in dire array  
 Prepare to burst upon the world;  
 And dark and scudding clouds are hurled  
 Athwart the stormy face of Heaven,



And lightnings by the tempests driven  
 Pour their swift and burning shafts  
 Where the angry whirlwind wafts  
 His withering breath, appeared to bring  
 Destructive engines, and to sing  
 The dirge of Earth in discord dire,  
 While ever and anon the fire  
 Of vanished worlds was seen to play  
 Along the Moon's obstructed way,  
 And throw its quick, electric spark  
 In vivid glare upon the dark  
 And troubled Heavens. But now 'tis changed,  
 And through the unobstructed range  
 Of yonder vast and tranquil sky,  
 The Night-queen leads her panoply  
 Of golden worlds; and now the Earth  
 No more is rended by the birth  
 Of Hell-originated strife  
 By which the teeming forms of life,  
 In all its shapes were made to feel  
 The awful power of Heaven's steel,  
 Hurl'd from yon Mountain's giddy height  
 In bolts of flame, as if to light  
 The primal gloom that wrapt the world  
 When God in silence first unfurled  
 The Heaven's Star-bespangled scroll,  
 And bade the Sun begin to roll  
 His flaming chariot through the host  
 Of stars, and worlds, and systems, lost  
 And wondering in the rayless gloom  
 Through which there never yet had come  
 The gleam of Day; and myriad streams  
 Of blackened worlds threw out no beams  
 Upon the still and pulseless sea,  
 While God's omnific "LET THERE BE"  
 Was yet unspoken. But this is past,  
 And meek Tranquility at last  
 In gentle majesty remounts  
 Her peaceful throne, amid the founts  
 Of Heaven's fair, celestial Bowers.  
 And now, as in those earlier hours,  
 When first Creation's splendid dawn  
 Was seen to gild the spacious lawn  
 Of yon illimitable void,  
 With beauty seeming unalloyed  
 With after gloom; and through the calm  
 That hung o'er Nature like the Balm  
 Of Gilead on the wounded soul  
 Of contrite man, was heard to roll,  
 In strains harmonious and clear,  
 The song of every rolling sphere  
 That burns in yonder boundless sky,  
 And pours its thundering octaves high  
 Along the way that leads alone  
 Towards God's everlasting Throne.  
 So now there is a pulseless hush,  
 Broke only by the sudden rush  
 Of bursting worlds, that now and then  
 Break forth upon the sight of men,  
 Who watch their meteoric speed  
 With thoughts of fear, yet fail to heed  
 Their wondrous teachings, or to know  
 That God alone has power to throw  
 Those planets forth to wander through  
 The trackless void of Heaven and view  
 Old Universe's stores unrolled,  
 That in His hand he still does hold  
 The wandering Pleiad as it rolls  
 Its car through Heaven, while the Poles  
 Successive watch its wildered flight.  
 But time is speeding, and the Night  
 So lately rife with direst woes  
 Is drawing to a peaceful close.  
 The sky grows gray; the stars withdraw  
 Their blazing beacons, and the law  
 Of Nature, with unerring gate,  
 Brings on the Morn, as though the fate  
 Of myriad worlds hung on her train,

And as the forms of life again,  
 Emerge from out their varied homes,  
 Lo, from the East Aurora comes,  
 Sprinkling the world with rosy light.  
 The shades are driven in hurried flight  
 Before the all-conquering array  
 Of yonder powerful King of Day,  
 Whose charriot now is seen to rise  
 Triumphant through the Eastern Skies,  
 While beams of hallowed light are poured  
 Upon the world as though the Sword  
 Of Nature's wrath, had ne'er unsheathed  
 His glittering form, nor ever breathed  
 Destruction dire upon the world;  
 And ruddy Morn has now unfurled  
 Her pinions in the azure sky,  
 And Westward speeds with pace to vie  
 With yonder rolling Orb of light  
 Before whose beams the powers of Night  
 In swift confusion fly away,  
 Or mingle with approaching Day.  
 The earth is fresh; and on the face  
 Of yon clear Sky is left no trace,  
 Of the bacchanalian revelry,  
 With which the fierce, consuming glee  
 Of drunken Nature's maddened mirth  
 Poured out upon the trembling Earth  
 Its frenzied wrath. How different Man!  
 It seems as though 'twere God's own plan,  
 That every passion which he feeds  
 With tender care shall leave its seeds  
 Deep in the souls' productive soil  
 And yield but poisonous weeds to spoil  
 The heart's rich garden; and every hour  
 In which he yields him to the power,  
 Of Satan's multifarious wiles  
 And goes where hellish lust beguiles  
 His willing steps, ne'er fails to trace,  
 Upon his soul as well as face,  
 Its sure and unmistakable signs,  
 Read on his brow in furrowed lines  
 Of painful thought, while in his soul,  
 The seething seas of Passion roll  
 And on his Conscience leave a stain,  
 Which naught will e'er efface again,  
 Save only Jesus' cleansing blood.  
 How wondrous are thy ways O God!  
 My mind, in contemplating thee,  
 Skims far beyond the narrow sea  
 That girts our speck of earth, and flies  
 On memory's wing through boundless skies,  
 Where Systems over Systems wheel  
 Their ceaseless flight, nor seem to feel  
 The weight of multiplying years.  
 And lo! throughout the Universe appears,  
 From towering Mount to hidden Mine,  
 Thy hands ubiquitous design.  
 Vain, carping Man has dared to raise  
 Objections to the hymns of praise  
 Thy Saints accord thee, and to call  
 Thy worship folly, thinking all  
 The unnumbered tokens thou hast given  
 That thou didst make the Earth and Heaven,  
 Are but the fruits of some blind chance,  
 That peopled Heaven's broad expanse,  
 With spheres of every burning flame  
 As yet undimmed, and still the same  
 As at Creation's earliest dawn.  
 How foolish they who have not drawn,  
 And trying oft, still fail to draw  
 A line between blind Chance's law  
 And that of Nature's awful God.  
 Oh may thy high up-lifted rod  
 Of justice threatened, teach proud Man  
 To look upon thy works, and scan  
 With eyes perfected by thy grace,  
 Thy written precepts on the face  
 Of Mother Earth, and read thy name



Set forth in rolling worlds of flame  
 Upon the ruddy face of Night.  
 And may he never need thy might,  
 Displayed before his frightened gaze  
 In one all-destructive blaze  
 Of lightning in a liquid flood,  
 To teach that thou alone art God.

**THE REAL DANGER OF MATERIALISM.**—The danger from materialism is not, as we usually incline to think, corruption of morals by degradation of the soul. Too much use, for censure's sake, has been made, against this system, of the seeming ease with which its professors have convinced themselves that they cut up by the roots the very principles of morality and duty. History proves, by examples too infamous, that barbarism and license are the privilege of no philosophic sect.—The real enemies of society always have been, and always will be, the ignorant and the fanatical, and it must be frankly owned that, if these exist within the pale of materialism, there are quite enough of them outside. The danger in the doctrine which reverses the natural relation of things, and asserts that spirit is a product of matter, when in truth matter is a product of spirit, this danger is of another kind; materialism is fatal to the development of the experimental sciences themselves. If, in such a case, the example of men of genius might be appealed to, how eloquent would be the testimony of the two greatest physicists of this age, Ampere and Faraday, both so earnestly convinced, so religiously possessed by the reality of the unseen world! But there are other arguments. "All that we see of the world," says Pascal, is but an imperceptible scratch in the vast range of Nature." The claim of mere experimentalism is that it may sentence men to the fixed and stubborn contemplation of this scratch.—What folly! All the history of the development of the sciences proves that important discoveries all proceed from a different feeling, which is that of a continuation of forces beyond the limits of observation, and of harmony in relations, overruling the singularities and deformities of detached experiences. To hedge one's self within what can be computed, weighed, and demonstrated, to trust such evidence only, and bar one's self inside the prison of the senses, to hush or scorn the suggestions of the spirit, our only true light, because it is a spark of the flame that vivifies all—that is, deny it or not, the condition and the subject state of materialism. Only reason can conceive the fixity, the generality, and the universality of relations, and all *savants* admit that the destiny of science is to establish laws possessing these three characteristics; but to admit that is to confess by implication that partial, incoherent, imperfect, relative details must undergo a refining, a thorough conversion, in the alembic of the mind, whence they issue, with so new an aspect and meaning, that what before seemed most important becomes as mere an accessory as it is possible to be, and that which looked most ephemeral takes its place among eternal things.—F. PABLOX, in *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

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Published by the Literary Societies of Ky. University

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - SEPTEMBER 1, 1873

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**

This issue of the COLLEGIAN is away behind time, and we feel that you have a right to demand a reason. It happened that but one Editor was in town at the time it was being made up, and he was called suddenly away, leaving it in charge of Mr. White, our business manager. White is, and has been, a hard worker for the COLLEGIAN, and he would have attended to the issue promptly, but he was suddenly ordered by his employers to Louisville upon business.

We are sorry for the delay, but give you all warning, that you will look longer still for the COLLEGIAN if you don't all pay up.

Notwithstanding the wars and rumors of wars in the University, the prospects for a fair attendance is good. Let none of these controversies cause any man to look back from the plow. The University will open as usual, every department, with its full corps of Professors.



## OMNES ROIBANDI.

The aim of this article is the scientific location of the burden of proof. This is an end not only of speculative interest, but as well of practical moment. It is no uncommon thing that disputants do not understand each other. Much word war might be avoided by a clear appreciation on the part of each debater of both his own and his opponent's logical responsibilities. But this is impossible until it be certainly settled on whom lies the burden of proof. I answer: *On the affirmant of the particular proposition, explicit or implied.* It is scarcely needed here to remind the reader that there must always *be* such an affirmant. If the parties do not believe contradictory propositions, there is no issue, and can be no debate between them. But if they so believe, then there must be a particular and a universal proposition in controversy, (for none others can be contradictory), the affirmation of negation of either of which is equivalent to the negative or affirmation of the other. Thus: A. and B. are at issue; A. then, must affirm and B. must deny that *all X is Y*; but in so doing, B. must affirm, and A. must deny that *some X is not Y*. Strictly, therefore, there is no such thing as *the* affirmative or *the* negative; there are *two* of each. Otherwise, I repeat, and it must be evident, then neither is, nor can be, issue or debate. This consideration, alone, is sufficient to show that the locating property must be sought elsewhere than in the quality of the proposition. The quantity alone remains unsearched. It is affirmed that, in every debate, particularity attracts the burden, and now to the proof. So far as I know, the position here assumed was first distinctly enounced in a thesis written for the Class in Logic, of the College of Arts, of Kentucky University, session of 1868-9, by Mr. Haden M. Young, of the class of 1870, now a practising lawyer of the city of Louisville, and a logician and *muta physician* of extraordinary critical ability. That gentleman's argument was something as follows: He first showed the thorough inadequacy of the scheme of antecedent probability as developed by Dr. Whately in that author's *Rhetoric*, as well as the glaring sophistry of Dr. Carson's celebrated demonstration of the (so-claimed) self-evident (!) truth that *he who affirms, must prove*. He then advanced, as a dictate of plainest reason, that the burden must rest then, where resting, the objects of the debate would be most completely subserved. By a careful examination of the capabilities of proof of the various modes and figures, the particular proposition was then fixed upon as the proper support of the *Omnes Probandi*. While this reasoning is regarded as perfectly conclusive, it is clear that it neither exposes nor professes to expose the *a priori* necessity for such a location. To show that such a necessity exists, to determine its nature, and thereby to supplement Mr. Young's most valuable addition to Applied Logic—such are the objects immediately in view.

The Law of Parsimony, often called Occam's Razor, from its frequent use by the Invincible

Doctor, is of universal philosophical recognition. *Entia non multiplicanda sunt praeter necessitatem.* No literal translation can exhaust the meaning of this pregnant sentence. Perhaps the following paraphrase, by a species of dilution, may render it intelligible. *No more principles are to be assumed in the explanation of any set of plac namena than absolutely necessary.* Now, it must be manifest that every proposition, explicitly or implicitly, is the statement of some principle governing and explaining in some aspect a certain set or part of a certain set, of phenomena. Nor is it less clear that every universal proposition assumes the existence of but *one* such controlling and explanatory principle, while every particular proposition must assume the existence of at least *two*. Thus: We daily see many and complex phenomena of life and death. What law or laws regulate them? Three suppositions are possible, all being organism a mortal, or none are, or some are, and some are not. The two first are universal propositions, and it is plain that each reduces the complex manifest to a single formula. But the third supposition requires two particular propositions to express it, and failing to reduce them to unity, demands two principles in the generalization of the phenomena in question. Now, for *living organisms X*, and for *mortal* put *Y*, and the general truth of my position must become evident. But the Law of Parsimony forbids the unnecessary multiplication of principle or the affirmation of particular propositions. Under its law every such affirmation must lie until proof of justifying necessity be submitted. But this is nothing more than saying that the Burden of Proof rests upon the affirmant of the particular proposition. Clenching, then, the argument, I would say that philosophical presumption favors the Universal and disfavors the Particular, which it looks upon as an *exception* to be admitted only upon the presentation of necessitating proof.

If any one except to the Law of Parsimony as itself of questionable authority and by no means an original dictum of intelligence. I can only reply that philosophers with one voice admit it as an immediate deduction from the tendency of the mind to unify its knowledge—a tendency universally felt, and properly recognized as the determining cause of philosophy itself, but of whose further nature and genesis we can say little or nothing. But who can say more of the *pon stee* of any ultimate principle of thought?

An ingenious friend has suggested that a trickster might take advantage of the principle thought to be established, and by always stating his position as a universal contrive always to throw the burden upon his opponent. But I can see no difficulty. If A, unable to prove that *any* star is inhabited, should affirm that *all* are, thus hoping to put himself on defensive, B would effectually counterrail this manœuvre by rejoicing "*none are*" and reminding A that to affirm *all are* assumes, as already proved, that *some are*, which is exactly the point in dispute.

I am convinced that many excellent debaters,



so to say, *unconsciously* practice the theory herein maintained; furthermore, that a careful analysis of every properly conducted discussion would show a continued shifting of the *onus* from side to side according to the quantity of the sub propositions controverted; lastly, that much mutual misapprehension might be prevented, much tangled web of argument undone, and much more satisfactory results attained, in every debate, by a strict adherence to the doctrine herein briefly sketched.

KOPPA.

### Our Boys.

(A. & M.)—WORTHAM, A. letter from Eben R. informs us that he has completed his law studies.

(Arts.)—HEADLEY, H. B., will not return to College, on account of bad health.

(Arts.)—MOORE, W. G., intends to attend the medical lectures at Philadelphia this fall.

(Arts.)—MCGARVEY, J. W., is employed at the Transylvania Printing Office, and will not be at College during the coming term.

(Arts.)—WOLVERTON, BRUCE, has been spending his vacation at Hornesville, N. Y. We are looking for him back every day.

(A. & M.)—McCULLOUGH, ROBT., is spending the vacation at Woodland, where he and his mates are having a pleasant time.

(A. & M.)—CHILDS, H. W., is also at Woodland. We are in hopes these gentlemen will work for the COLLEGIAN among the boys coming in this fall.

WING, C. F., wrote me some time since that he was having a splendid time, which he always has, and was at Greenville, Ky. It is most probable he will return.

WARFIELD, F. R.—Is employed in the bank at Cloverport, where he is much in favor with his employer.—Frank is well, and as clever as ever.

(A. & M.)—PORTER, A. J., whose arrival we noticed in our last number, was married to Miss Ruth Bell, near Elizabethtown, a few days ago. They have gone to Sherman, Texas.

(A. & M.)—J. G. Strunk is residing at New Albany, Ind., and conducting a Commercial College which is well attended. We hope that he will meet with great success in his undertaking.

(Arts.)—HINTON, J. H., has left College to return no more. He has succeeded in raising a school near Bowling-Green, Ky., and is engaged there as a pedagogue. From this it appears that the Methodist pulpit will not get the benefit of his brains for a while if ever.

(Arts.)—BERRY, B. F., has been variously employed at his home at Pleasant Hill, Mo., since he left Lexington. We heard that he was farming for a while, and afterwards that he was teaching school. What he is doing at present we cannot tell.

(A. & M.)—BOARD, C. A.—Is making preparations to commence teaching at Big Spring, Ky., where he has prospects for a good school the coming year. He is keeping up the study of law with a view of graduating yet at the University.

ROGERS, N. & T., are at home at Lilly Pond, Georgia, working on the farm. They are well, and as good friends to the Collegian as ever. We hear from them frequently, happy to say. Send them their papers punctually, Henry.

(H. & M.)—T. E. BROWN has been boarding in the country near Lexington during vacation. It is a little surprising that he fell by accident upon a boardinghouse where there were two young ladies. He has succeeded in convincing them that he is very smart already. If any thing more occurs we will report.

A. & M.)—CHATHAM, C. C., left College in May last on account of ill health. "Chat" is now engaged in teaching a class in the art of telegraphy, near Danville, Ky., and expresses himself delighted with the country, and especially with the ladies. He intends returning to College next session.

(Bible)—DEWEESE, B. C., the Philothean editor, is in Jacksonville, Illinois. From a letter recently received from him, it appears that the "fair sex" of that place receive no little attention from him. That is well, Bennie, but remember one of Lexington's fair daughter's claims the exclusive privilege of looking up into your eyes, and saying: "Thou art mine, and mine only."

(A. & M.)—FITZGERALD, WM. "Fritz" is conducting a flourishing school near Crab Orchard, Ky. He is getting to be a champion croquetist, and as a general result, a general favorite among the ladies. He has not married yet, but knowing as we do the fame his neighborhood enjoys for its beauty,—together with his susceptibility—we would not be surprised to hear at any time that he had concluded to resign the sweets(?) of single blessedness.

(A. & M.)—BARKER, H. S. We had the pleasure on our return from College this summer to call on our old friend Henry in his office in Louisville, Ky., where he is studying and practicing law. He is connected with a good firm and we can confidently predict for our friend great success in his profession. If any of "our boys" get in trouble in Louisville, in the station house or anything of the kind, they will do well to give him a call. Let us hear from you frequently.

(Bible)—WOOLERY, W. H., is spending vacation at his father's, near Antioch Mills, Ky. He is commonly known among the students as "Og" the giant of Kentucky University, being the largest man who ever graced its halls. His heart, too, like that of Mr. Deweese, has been touched with cupid's dart. A few evenings ago returning home from a visit to his loved one, he was riding quietly along in a deep reverie.—As he was crossing Licking river, a fish jumped up and his horse jumped out from under him. He sank beneath the silvery wave. He has been with his mother ever since.

(A. & M.)—We had the pleasure a few days since of meeting at a social picnic our old schoolmates and friends, E. H. Shellman, P. Hardin, S. R. Payne, T. N. McGlothlan, P. R. Henderson and F. P. Morton. It is needless to say we had a pleasant time, for old schoolmates always have pleasant remembrances to recall, and as this was a day for pleasure, we enjoyed it to the fullest extent. Some of the "boys" had sparkling eyes and dimpled cheeks along, to smooth the path of life, and the more unfortunate of us could but envy them their company. The boys are all well and enjoying the vocation finely. Most of them expect to return, but so far as I can learn none expect to marry soon.

(A. & M.)—DABNEY, JOHN C. We have just heard from, and are happy to learn that he has taken a very



prosperous school at South Elkhorn, five miles from Lexington, where he is well satisfied and convenient to visit his old friends in the city. He was urged to take charge of the Military department and also a professorship in the "Murry Institute" Calloway county, Ky., but thought, all told, it would pay him better to accept of his present situation. We hear he was in the city last Saturday, but failed to see him, but hope hereafter he will either give us a call or let us know of his whereabouts. It is needless to add any comment upon his ability, energy, &c., as a teacher for all are immediately impressed with his good qualities.

### University News.

Josiah B. Skinner intends to return to the College of Arts this year.

Until the Colleges open again there must of necessity be but few items in this column.

We understand that Lesley N. Earley of the Bible College will act as Tutor in the College of Arts.—Glad are we to hear it.

Hocker Female College will have an unusually large attendance this year. It certainly deserves to be very popular, for it is a first-class institution.—The building is superb, the internal arrangements are very complete, and the corps of teachers is most excellent.

The old barracks in the rear of Morrison Buildings has received a coat of whitewash! Other great and expensive improvements have been made, showing great liberality, if not recklessness upon the part of the Committee. Had the funds held out, we would doubtless have had a coat of whitewash upon the new fence around Morrison Chapel.

All the old students, and especially the graduates of '70, will be pleased to learn that W. B. Smith, who since his graduation, has been rendering the University good service as Tutor in the College of Arts while pursuing his studies, has been appointed Prof. of Natural Sciences, at Woodlands. Prof. S. is rearranging the course and preparing to give the boys some interesting work. The course will be extended to three and a half or four years.

Knowing Prof. S's enthusiastic nature and brilliant acquirements, we predict for him great success in his new field. His services as Tutor have won for him great praise from every quarter, and he richly deserves his promotion.

### Among our Exchanges.

Having but just returned to our editorial chair from our vacation, we have not read up the magazines and other exchanges for the month, and can only look them over hurriedly, giving the mere tables of contents.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY—CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.—I. The Glass-Sponge, by Samuel Lockwood, (illustrated). II. The Constitution of Matter, by Fernand Papillon. III. The Great Nebula in Orion, by R. A. Proctor. IV. Old Continents, by Prof. A. C. Ramsay. V. Magneto-electric Illumination, by William Crookes. (Illustrated). VI. The Study of Sociology—Preparation in Biology, by

Herbert Spencer. VII. The Intellectual Powers of Birds. VIII. Hypnotism in animals, by Prof. Joseph Czermak. IX. Tongueless Speech, by Dr. W. J. Youmans. X. The Late Prof. John Torrey, (Portrait). XI. Editor's Table; Aims of Scientific Education—Classics as a Preparation for English—"Too materialistic." Literary Notices—Foster's Prehistoric Races of the United States of America—Smith on Foods—Youmann's Second Book of Botany, etc. Miscellany—Fish Culture in New Zealand—New Theory of Boiler Explosions—Scientific Education in England—The Hotchkiss Revolver-Cannon—Fertilization of Flowers—Madeira as a Health Resort—Industrial Occupations of Women—Effects of Freeczing on Wine and Spirits—What Darwinism means, etc., etc. Notes.

Harper's Magazine for September is at hand, and contains the following:

General Sherman in Europe and the East (Second Paper)—Col. J. C. Audenreid; with ten illustrations. The Night Song—Alfred H. Louis. Ten Days with the Deaf and Dumb—Mary Barrett; with seven illustrations. Pulpit Flowers—William C. Richards. The Protestant Cemetery at Florence—O. M. Spencer; with four illustrations. At an Old Grave—Harriett Prescott Spofford. Leonora Christiana in the Blue Tower—R. H. Stoddard; with two illustrations. Colonsay and Oronsay—Judge Wm. W. Campbell; with three illustrations. John Stuart Mill—Moncure D. Conway; with a portrait. Patience—Richard Realf. The Bones of our Ancestors—Miss Constance F. Woolson. My Neighbor's Garden—Elizabeth Ake; Allen. Hawaii-Nei (Second Paper)—Charles Nordhoff; with nineteen illustrations. Only a Singer—Carl Spencer. A Simpleton—A Story of the Day—Charles Reade. The Twelfth of August—James Grant Wilson. Number Two—Rose Terry. The Republican Movement in Europe (Ninth Paper)—Emilio Castelar. Recollections of an Old Stager. The Bull Pup—C. P. Cranch. My Blindness and Albrecht von Graefe—The Rev. W. H. Milburn. The Trotting Horse in America—Hamilton Busby.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—We do not find the latest numbers of this always welcome magazine upon our table. We conclude that some of our literary friends of good taste have been so charmed with it that they have entirely forgotten to return it to our desk.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.—We are becoming quite interested in this solid family magazine, and always find something enticing within its covers. The stories are good, and the general character of the periodical is such that every one must welcome it the family circle. In the September number we find contributions from the pens of Mary Hartwell, Prof. Selah Howell, Eleonor Kirk, J. Chambers, H. V. Osborne, Sarah Robertson and other gifted writers. We anticipate some pleasant hours over this number. May Wood's never grow less.

HARPER'S BAZAR continues to come along regularly, and is a valuable sheet with its well written stories and entertaining small article. The illustrations can't be beaten, and are a treat in themselves.

Many persons have quickness to discover their faults who have not energy enough to eradicate them.



## TALKING WITHOUT A TONGUE.

A still more remarkable example of the retention of the powers of utterance, after loss of the tongue, is that of Margaret Cutting, whose case was brought before the Royal Society of England in 1742, and again in 1747. This girl lost her tongue by what was supposed to be a cancer, when four years old. The disease first appeared in the shape of a small black speck on the upper surface of the tongue, and rapidly eat its way quite back to the root. One day, while the surgeon who had the case in charge was syringing the parts, the tongue dropped out, the girl immediately thereafter, to the great astonishment of those present, saying to her mother: "Don't be frightened, mamma; it will grow again." Three months afterward it was completely healed, with not a vestige of the tongue remaining. At the age of twenty this girl was carefully examined by competent gentlemen, who report in the 44th volume of the "Philosophical Transactions" as follows, regarding her condition: "We proceeded to examine her mouth with the greatest exactness we could, but found not the least appearance of any remaining part of the tongue, nor was there any uvula. . . . Notwithstanding the want of so necessary an organ as the tongue was generally supposed to be, to form a great part of our speech, and likewise to be assisting in deglutition, to our great admiration she performed the office of deglutition, both in swallowing solids and fluids, as well as we could, and in the same manner. And as to speech, she discoursed as fluently as others do. . . . She read to us in a book very distinctly and plain, only we observed that sometimes she pronounced words ending in *ath* as *et*, *end* as *emb*, *ad* as *eib*; but it required a nice and strict attention to observe even this difference of sound. She sings very prettily, and pronounces her words in singing as is common."—Dr. W. J. YOUNG, in *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

## OUR YOUNG AND OUR OLD MEN.

There is the more need of bringing students out of their dens to study the life of nature, now that a certain superficial study of nature tends so often to blind them to the life and soul of things, and to put mechanism in the place of mind. Whatever may be the reason, there is not the same ideal enthusiasm at our universities as some years ago. The old faiths do not dominate young men as once, and the patriotic fire of ten or twelve years ago has to a great extent gone out under the discussions, strifes, and scrambles of politics. France and England tell very much the same story. Legouvé, in his brilliant book on *Fathers and Sons*, writes that no Frenchman has any spark of enthusiasm till he reaches the age of forty; and the average Oxford student who sets the pattern for Young England, seems to care more for health, muscle, and "plenty of coin," as the phrase is, than for the old devout ways or the new radical reform. Lord Lytton's story of *Kenelm Chillingly* is a true and good book for our time, and shows well the falling off among our young men from the high ideal of the best days and characters. Of course there are among us, and every where in Christendom, young men of the noblest type and of flaming convictions and earnestness, but the leading character tends more to the plucky athlete and the dashing gentleman than to the thorough scholar and the ideal thinker. It is never well to croak about the present time, or to insist that youths of twenty-one

shall have the gray beards and ripe wisdom of three-score-and-ten. Yet there is something noteworthy in the fact that our old men are often taking the lead not only in careful thinking and grave experience, but in bold enterprise and cheerful humor. Our great poets and our best statesmen are men long past the heyday of young blood, and certainly the men who have led on the new times in Europe and America have not been chickens either in age or temper. Seward and Bismarck have been our leading statesmen in the new future of the Anglo-Saxon race; and if we are looking for true love of nature and quick sense of the changes and the meaning of human affairs, we must remember that Emerson has just passed seventy, Bryant is near eighty, and that Tennyson and Longfellow are having quite Homeric heads and faces.—Dr. SAMUEL OSGOOD, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

## SINGLE TEXT SERMONS.

A writer in the English Independent pointedly enforces the idea that to base sermons on a single text, sometimes containing only a few words, is a "grievous mistake, and one that has shorn the pulpit of its attractions or power." The writer thinks that all pastors should expound some part of the Scriptures at every service, both morning and evening, not in the way of what is called a running comment, nor by a system of drawing inferences from passages, and far less in that dry mode which continually reminds one of the lexicon, and which would coolly devote ten minutes in determining whether the word "therefore" looked backward or forward, but with an exposition worthy of the name, and one that brings out in a clear manner all the truths in the passage, and applies these to the people who listen.

"Dear me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body."

Mrs. Partington wants to know why some of the sewing machine advertisers do not call their machines the "Ceres." Her nephew, who is learning the heathen misogyny, tells her that Ceres first taught sewing.

A Frenchman, soliciting relief of an English lady, said gravely to his fair hearer: "Madame, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von vite vid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make bread out of but de perspiration of my own eyebrow."

A Kentucky farmer refused to look at a sample sewing machine recently, as he always "sewed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing machine on his farm; "for," said he, "give me a harness tug or a barrel-stave and I can make my family toe the mark according to the Scripiter."

"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."



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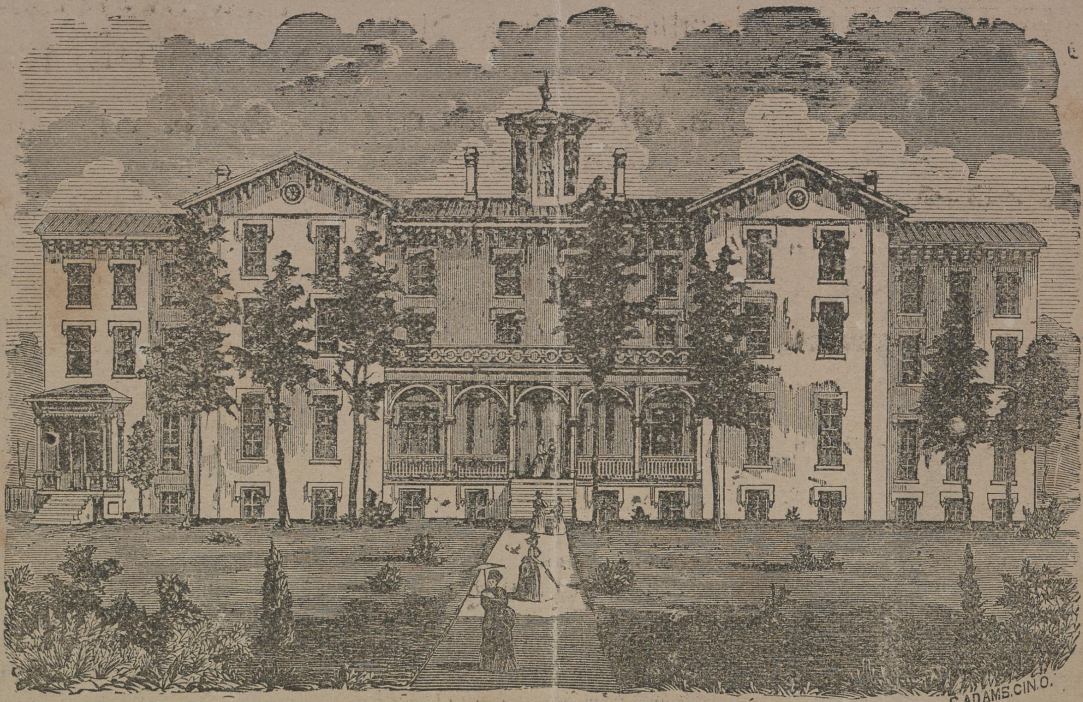
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