

THE
COLLEGIAN
OF
KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Kentucky University.

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TERMS:

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.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

NO. 4.

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"Educate your children and your Country is safe."

Vol. 1.

Lexington, Ky., September, 1872.

No. 4.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - SEPTEMBER, 1872

THE CECROPIAN NAME AND SHIELD.

The first editorial which appeared in the Cecropian Shield which was founded in 1865—G. W. RANCK, Editor.

The original name of the city of Athens was Cecropia. It was named after its illustrious founder, Cæcrops, a great Egyptian statesman, who, according to Plato, Heroditus and Diodorus came to Attica, in Greece, more than 3,400 years ago, planted his standard upon the Acropolis and founded the most refined, elegant and beautiful city of antiquity. Time will not allow us to speak of its glories in detail, suffice it to say that the greatest men of ancient times were citizens of Cecropia or Athens, Themistocles, Miltiades, Aristoa, Socrates and Pericles, were all Cecropians. There we got our name—to say that, is to say enough. The protecting goddess of Athens and Cecropia was Minerva, or, as the Greeks called her, Athena. She was the patron of literature, science and the liberal arts. She is said to have sprung from the brain of Jupiter in full armor, that she chose Athens as her abode, and ever after placed her shield between it and danger. The glory of Athens was her Parthenon, or temple of Minerva. It was on the summit of the Acropotes, built of marble and adorned with sculptures from the hand of Phidias. Here was a stature of Minerva seventy feet high, armed with helmet, spur and a glittering shield, the first thing in Athens which gladdened the eye of the weary sailor, though miles and miles away upon the Ægean Sea.

Armed with this magic shield Minerva lead her loved Greeks to victory in the Trojan war, covered them with the highest military honors, and crowded Cecropia with Poets, Painters, Statesmen, Orators and Philosophers. Here this Society obtained the name of its paper, and here they found this shield. Could we have done better? Our Society named after the most illustrious city in the world, and bearing the Shield of that city's protecting goddess.

The Shield! that name has an air and dignity about it that history, greatness and antiquity alone can give. No other name would be appro-

priate—no other can ever stand on the outskirts of its glory. The Shield, how many strange thoughts and grand historic associations are connected with that little word. It gave confidence to the warrior servants of Abraham. Its clanging was heard at the downfall of proud and wicked Babylon. It aided in keeping the idolatrous soldiers of Titus from the sacred temple of Jerusalem. It was borne by Cyrus, Hannibal and Alexander. Rome took it and conquered; Carthage saw it and fell. It has graced pagan altars and christian sanctuaries, and has been placed between the heart and danger from the dawn of creation to the present time. Appelles painted it, Plato moralized upon it, and Homer sings his loftiest strain on the shield of Ajax. On the eve of a contest the Spartan mother said to her son, "Return with this Shield my son or upon it."

It brings to our mind the days of chivalry and heraldry, and carries us back to the brilliant tournament, knights in armor, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold. We see the mail-clad knights enter the lists with their shields shining in the sun; we hear the signal blast of the trumpet, there is a rushing of fiery steeds, waving of plumes and pennons, crash of lances, a knight unhorsed, and the victor receives the prize of beauty from the favorite lady in the court.

Look at the word in a figurative sense. The soldier shields his country from her foes. We shield our friends from slander. The protecting roof shields the weary traveler from the storm. See that mother freezing amid the snow and ice of St. Bernard—see her even in the agonies of death draw her tattered shawl around her beautiful babe to shield it from the cutting wind. Far back in the dim vista of time the great Jehovah said to the Father of the faithful, "I am thy Shield," and the psalmist of Israel says, "His truth shall be thy Shield and buckler." Webster shielded the constitution of his country, and Henry Clay shielded the life of the nation from the arrows of passion and sectional strife. All nations and corporate bodies have their Shields, the Cecropian Society has one also. In ancient times he without a Shield was a mark of disgrace; the Cecropian Society can still show her Shield.

THE SELFISH MAN.

Apparently the selfish man has no soul; his heart is encased in adamant, and his life, in self-sacrifice. He robs his own grave of every flower and every sympathetic tear; he mortgages his

physical frame, and sells his own soul, simply to satisfy his desire to replete his coffers with "sordid dust." He sacrifices the future in order to present gratification. In fact the future is a non-entity to the extremely selfish man. Himself and the present are all the objects of his vision. His eyes cannot see the miseries of the poor, he cannot hear the cries of the wretched, he has no heart to sympathize with the tears of the distressed. He turns from all to worship his coffered deity.

Society has no part in him. He thinks his own good promoted precisely as he detracts from the general good of society. He esteems personal and social benefits to be mutually at variance.—This causes him to acquire, but not to impart. He heapeth up treasures, but knoweth not who shall squander them. How strange the disposition! How vain the object! The whole mind becomes narrowed to the little circle—SELF—around which it revolves as the *subject, attribute and object* of its greatest pride. Indeed he

"Lives alone, abhorred by all,
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scaped,
But, canker-like eats through the poor man's hearts
That live about him; never has commerce
With any but to ruin them; his house
Inhospitable as the wilderness,
And never looked upon but with a curse.
He hoards in secret places of the earth,
Not only bags of treasure, but his corn,
Whose every grain he prizes above a life;
And never prays at all but for *more years*." L.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

It has been beautifully said—

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

We see at once the importance of knowing the true object for which we should live. God would not have created man in His image and granted him dominion over the works of His hand, unless an object had been in view. If we know not the object, life to us will be a failure; not only so, but after having learned the object, it must be accomplished if we would make life a success.

We might reasonably infer that the object of life is a high and a noble one. God has made man a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor. Hence nothing but what is great and good would be suited for him. An object which transcends everything low and groveling. An object far above the fashion of life, that lives through time and reaches into eternity. The fashion of this life passeth away, and there is nothing in it by which we are satisfied. How sick the soul when it sees the beauties of earth passing away, and the carnal desires of man being accomplished and soon vanishing like the mist of the morning before the rising sun. We long for something that will remain with us forever.—Such is the true object of life. It is not transient, nor is it a bubble which remains for a while, but is soon sunk beneath the waves of the ocean.—Troubles may come, and disappointments overtake us, still there will be but light afflictions if

we have only lived for the true object for which we were created. We ask what is the object?

1st. *It is not to gain wealth.* Many spend their life in adding to their estate farm after farm.—They pursue wealth by day and dream over it by night. Soon they become rich in the good things of earth, but like the man of whom the Savior spoke, who having no place to store his goods, pulled down his barns and built new and larger ones. Having stored his goods in these he says, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." But God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and whose shall these be which thou hast gained?" So is every one who layeth up treasures on the earth, and is not rich towards God.

2d. *It is not to gain power.* How many men sink their own souls by striving for power. Many love to rule in authority. To bring others under our control is one of the carnal desires of man; and many live for no higher object than to cause others to bow in reverential respect to them.

3d. *It is not to gain military distinction.* We might become ever so skillful in arms, and powerful enough to make nations tremble before us, as did Napoleon, and at the same time be an abomination in the sight of God, and bury the talent which he had committed to our improvement.

4th. *It is not to excel in science.* We might climb amid the stars and be able to measure their distances, and explain their various motions, diurnal and annual, and tell the exact time of every astronomical phenomenon, and yet fall far below the object of our being.

But fourthly. IT IS TO SEEK FOR CELESTIAL HONOR, GLORY AND IMMORTALITY. This is the original, true and great object of life, to which all secondary objects must be made subordinate, if we wish life to be a success, and to accomplish the object for which we are created.

G. A. REYNOLDS.

THE SCIENCE OF CHEMISTRY.—Of all the sciences which have so far been developed to the world, none is so nearly indispensable, or has furnished so much material for blessings, progress, wealth, health, and happiness, as chemistry. While it was regarded as a mere beautiful and intricate plaything, too subtle to be brought into general practical use, the world made but little progress in arts, sciences, and mechanisms; but as soon as it was acknowledged as the indispensable agent of all knowledge, behold, with what power the inhabitants of the earth leap forward. Nothing is impossible; nothing is left undone.

An eminent writer says: "Chemistry has added very materially to the wealth of the people generally; but it has accomplished far more than at first thought appears. It has given us better ventilation; utilized noxious substances that were otherwise repulsive or dangerous; made plain to the student what articles were poisonous, and the antidotes that render them harmless; has increased our pleasures, and made existence far more enjoyable to all, but particularly to the common laborer.—Besides, it has lengthened the average duration of human life. By the direct application of the principles of the science in the development of almost every modern art, success has been rendered more certain, and the field of invention has shone with the brilliancy of its discoveries."

But our greatest industries are, more than all indebted to this science for their principal strength and prominence. Bury chemistry, and all knowledge of it, and iron and steel would occupy the same grave. Without these, where would our civilization be, or what would life be worth?

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

(Translated, in the original metres, from Faust.)

BY KOPPA.

Scene—In a high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber,
Faust, deeply disquieted. *Time*—Night.

FAUST.

* * * * *
A fiery car on wings that bouyant hover,
Floats near me now; I mount the ready main,
To pierce through ether, paths unknown discover,
New spheres of pure activity to gain.
This lofty life, this God-approaching rapture,
Canst thou, but now a worm, canst thou then earn?
Aye, but resolved to end the ignoble capture,
Why back on Earth's fair sun—orb turn?
Asunder dare to rend the gates infernal,
By which each cowering mortal trembles fain!
'Tis time by deeds to prove the truth eternal,
That e'en the height of God man's dignity may gain.
Not from that dark abyss to quake in terror,
Where Fancy, self-condemned to anguish, torment
frames;
The threatening path still to struggle nearer,
Around where narrow-mouth Hell universal flames;
To take the step with resolution cheerful,
Tho't hurl thee conscious down to nothing, swift and
fearful.

And now come down, thou cup of crystal purest,
Forth from thine ancient cover? Thou allurest
The thought denied so many years, at last.
Thou should'st at old, ancestral feasts of gladness,
From gloomy guest dispelling sadness,
As health with thee from each to other passed.
Thy varied splendor, rich, in carvings cast,—
The drinker's duty to explain in measure,
As at a draught he drained the hallowed treasure—
Hath many a youthful night in memory glassed.
Thee never more to neighbor now I tender,
Never more shall test my wit upon thy curious splen-
dor—
Thou juice that quick sleep-bringing virtue hast!
With browner flood fill up the hollow spacious!
I chose, prepared thee, portion precious!
With all my soul, to greet the morning gracious,
Be drunk this lofty pledge, this festal cup, the last!

(He places the cup to his mouth.)

Ring of bells and choric song.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is a-risen!
Rapture renew in him,
Mortal! To rain Him,
Clinging, pursuing Him,
No frailties prison.

FAUST.

What hollow hum, what tone resoundeth clear,
With power the goblet from my lips compelling?
The Easter morn's first hover of festal cheer
Announce ye booming bells, with rapture swelling?
Sing ye, e'en now, ye choirs, the song that round the
tomb,
By angel voices sung, consoling broke the gloom,
Glad tidings of new covenant telling?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Faithful, with precious
Spices arrayed we Him;
Low in the spacious
Sepulchre laid we Him;

Linen did fold we,
Cleanlily binding Him;
Ah! woe beheld we,
Here no more finding Him.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!
Love of creation, all
Transport! Tentational,
Healing, probational
Woes thou hast ended.

FAUST.

Why here in dust, with Reason wild,
Ye gentle, powerful sounds of Heaven hail me?
Peal rather there to beings natured-mild:
Hear your message will, my Faith almost doth fail me.
Of Faith is miracle the dearest child.
To yonder spheres I dare not strive, whence falling
The joyful tidings echo round;
And yet, from childhood up accustomed to the sound,
Me back again to life e'en now 'tis calling.
In solemn Sabbath stillness, once, the Kiss
Of Heavenly Love brought down its voiceless message;
And poured their fullness forth, the church bell's tones
of presage,
And prayer enwrap me in a burning bliss.
A yearning sweat, past comprehending,
Drove me through woods and meadows dew-impearled;
And, thousand beaming tear-drops blending,
I felt for me arise a world.
Then says the varied sports of youth revealing,
The freer joys of festal Spring foretold:
And back doth memory now, with childish feeling,
From step the last, the solemn hold.
Sound on, ye sweet, transporting lays of Heaven!
Tears gush again, again to earth I'm given.

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Hath the Tomb-vaulted One
Burst from His prison?
Lives He, th' Exalted One,
Glorious, arisen.
Joy-born to upper Life,
Creative rapture near?
Ah! me the cup of Life
Taste in Woe's capture here.
Him, left alone, we
Yearning, His lov'd, miss;
Ah! how bemoan we,
Master, Thy bliss!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended
Out of corruption's womb!
Death's fetters rended,
Joy o'er the Tomb.
Praise Him admiringly
Love Him aspiringly,
Feed uninquiringly,
Preach Him untiringly;
Thus find the Master near,
Thus find Him here.

* Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Frende nah?

Lit:—Is He, in the bliss of becoming, nigh to crea-
tive rapture?

The extreme condensation renders the idea somewhat
obscure. The thought is that Christ, in the joy of de-
velopment into His higher, resurrection-life, experi-
ences a rapture almost equal to that of deity in creating.

Do good to him who injures thee, that thou
mayest show thyself greater than he, and also gain
friendship.

LITERARY DISSIPATION.

Said the Superintendent of our public schools to me the other day: "Reading the daily papers is a dissipation of the mind; it is destructive of mental concentration on solid subjects; it consumes much precious time that should be devoted to a higher class of reading; it detracts from sober contemplation and profounder studies; and consequently I have stopped one of my dailies, and I propose to stop the other."

I expressed myself of the same opinion, and particularly corroborated his experience by my own. I have long been convinced that the literary dissipation of the present day, a fearful development of mental intoxication, is one prolific cause of personal impiety and church demoralization. Satan, by means of promiscuous and sensational and imaginative reading, which acts upon the soul like an opiate upon the senses, is effecting as much in the direction of social and domestic depravity and spiritual declension, on one part of mankind, and he is accomplishing with another part of the human family by the dissipation of the intoxicating bowl. For he knows that, as no two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time, if he can fill the mind of the Christian with daily instalments of political trash, and deaden the senses of his soul with literary bosh and buncombe, and inflate his imagination with visions of speculation and sudden wealth, there remains no spare room for the Word of God; no guest-chamber is held in reservation for Jesus; the Lord finds no access to the citadel of his heart; the Spirit of God is excluded by the spirit of the world.

The world dissipate means, to scatter, to melt away, to disappear, to break in parts and sink out of sight. There are many methods of dissipation: dissipation by drunkenness, dissipation by high living, dissipation by the extravagance of dress, dissipation by seeking wealth, dissipation by gormandizing; but among all the dissipations of the age, none is proving more ruinous to the church, more destructive to godliness, nor more vitiating to the tastes of the rising generation, than that of reading the promiscuous, hotch-potch, dashy, flashy, prurient literature of the day. Added to all this comes the "campaign paper," which, for bitter invective, withering sarcasm, roughness and bluntness, scandalous misrepresentation, wilful lying, uncouth words and depraved thoughts, and malice and ridicule and bombast, and brazen-faced effrontery, stands unequalled and unchallenged. It is the scavenger of all moral putridity—it is the pack-horse of all political sins.

How can a man be a Christian who, without discrimination and without counting the loss of time, reads everything that comes along? Reading everything and anything, he craves more and more of the same sort, and is distressed if he does not receive his daily allowance of literary and political miscellany. Is it any wonder so little is known of the Word of God by Christians? If the spare hours of the day are consumed in reading several dailies, and illustrated weeklies—some of them of

the most pernicious tendency—and the sacred hours of the Lord's day are spent on magazines; where, I ask, does the time come in for Bible reading, serious meditation, and communion with God, the Father of lights? How many Christians read the Word of God in their families? How many even read a religious book or newspaper?

It is a notable fact that general readers, or readers of everything, are pre-eminently superficial in everything. There must be a limitation somewhere, else there will be no advancement in any branch of learning. The man who undertakes to read everything perfects nothing, even as a mechanic who undertakes to learn every trade is master of none. There is dissipation in both cases. The preacher who reads everything every day, gives out no mature thoughts and solid arguments in the pulpit, but he will give you the effervescence of ginger-pop and soda fountains, shining as it spurts, but leaving nothing substantial. Every Christian should be extremely careful in the selection of his reading matter, and read nothing but what fills his mind with useful knowledge, and that which makes him wiser and happier, and which does not leave him unfit to commune with God. No preacher can preach successfully who does not wisely select and classify his knowledge. Neither can a Christian advance in the divine life who does not select the good and reject the bad. The glutton who is always eating, and eating everything, does not enjoy the sweets of nature and long life and happy days, as he who selects his food and eats at regular intervals.

As every Christian is responsible for his time and influence, it is morally incumbent on him that he keeps out of his heart everything that is corrupting and everything that is of a dissipating character. That which he reads, like the food which he eats, should be pure and well selected. He is as responsible to God for what he reads, as he is for every overt act of wickedness; for what he reads is taken up in his mind, and is assimilated in his moral nature, so that the thoughts of his heart and the acts of his life, are but a natural development of the moral poison which has been secreted in his soul.

—*Apostolic Times.*

MEN OF GENIUS.

Their Responsibilities.

One of the greatest misfortunes entailed upon society is the opinion that great generals are great and noble men, and that those callings which have the most gunpowder, lead, epaulettes and music about them, are the most splendid, honorable and useful. False views of glory and greatness are, indeed, not confined to those circles of earth's great ones, but, unfortunately, are extended to other circles connected as much with the animalism of human nature as they. Political chiefs and successful demagogues are everywhere hailed as men of great parts and good fortunes. Every senator is an honorable man, and every governor is an impersonation of excellency. The worship paid these political dignitaries deludes the weary into the idolatry of such offices and officials, and turns their judgment away from the oracles of reason and the true philosophy of human greatness and human happiness. Indeed, such is the mania for political honors and political office, that more

seem to desert the office. Indeed,

honor. To Rome, or as But to serve advancement indeed, in the numerous de are authors, missionaries employed as These, in the functions, sw extend not on those tempor tions, but b those benefit fields of bles multitudes of fails to comp whole vista through whic vests of eter great moral l this sort, is Wesley said devil," said t and we add, good talents.

If men are have done, b as undoubted not for havin accordance w then what im the question— good educat talent are alto in a matter of of genius in g The poet may King, as well or the advent for God as fo earth; he may litical rights a quence that g tation, might, and an endea the man of ge supremely dev the best mark exalted good.

But, finally they cultivate they select the also prosecute selves to them he that enters that runs well others, or the

Life is a gre a contest for i portance and o of genius who with, who ch it with all his self the admir a one will alw and conscience deemer and G rious race to s the cumulative of eternity! the remote labors reflecte myriads, beam

seem to desire the honor of an office than to be an honor to the office.

Indeed, we would not divest useful offices of their proper honor. To serve society faithfully, whether as a scavenger of Rome, or as an emperor of France, is an honor to any man. But to serve society in any capacity promotive of its moral advancement, is the highest style and dignity of man. True, indeed, in the great category of moral improvement there are numerous departments, and consequently many offices. There are authors, teachers of all schools, ministers of all grades, missionaries of all mercies, and ambassadors of all ranks, employed as conservators, redeemers and benefactors of men. These, in the tendencies and bearings of their respective functions, sweep the largest circles in human affairs. They extend not only to the individual first benefitted, not only to those temporally benefitted by him, in a long series of generations, but breaking through the confines of time and space, those benefits reach into eternity and spread themselves over fields of blessings, waving with eternal harvests of felicity to multitudes of participants which the arithmetic of time wholly fails to compute, either in number or in magnitude. The whole vista of time is but the shaft of a grand telescope through which to see, at the proper angle, the teeming harvests of eternal blessedness flowing into the bosoms of the great moral benefactors of mankind. To choose a calling of this sort, is superlatively incumbent on men of genius. As Wesley said of good music, so say we of good talents. "The devil," said the reformer, "shall not have all the good times;" and we add, nor the law, nor politics, nor the stage, all the good talents.

If men are held responsible, not only for all the evil they have done, but also for all the good they might have done—as undoubtedly they will be; and if they are to be rewarded, not for having genius and talent but for having used them in accordance with the Divine will, and the dictates of conscience, then what immense and overwhelming interests are merged in the question—to what calling should men of great parts and of good education devote themselves? Taste, inclination and talent are altogether, and always to be taken into the account in a matter of such thrilling interest. But we speak of men of genius in general, and not of a particular class. * * * The poet may sing of Zion, and Siloam, of Jerusalem and its King, as well as of the wrath of Achilles, the siege of Troy, or the adventures of Æneas. An orator may as well plead for God as for man, for eternity as for time, for heaven as for earth; he may as well plead for man's salvation, as for his political rights and immunities; and the same learning and eloquence that gain for a client a good inheritance or a fair reputation, might, also, have gained for him an unfading crown, and an endearing inheritance. It depends upon the taste of the man of genius of any peculiar kind, to what cause he may supremely devote it. It is his duty, however, to bring it to the best market, and to consecrate it to the nobles and most exalted good.

But, finally, it is not only incumbent on men of genius that they cultivate their talents to the greatest perfection, and that they select the noblest and most useful calling, but that they also prosecute them with the greatest vigor, and devote themselves to them with the most persevering assiduity. It is not he that enters upon any career, or starts in any race, but he that runs well, and perseveringly, that gains the plaudits of others, or the approval of his own conscience.

Life is a great struggle. It is one splendid campaign, a race, a contest for interests, honors and pleasures of the highest importance and of the most enduring character. Happy the man of genius who cultivates all his powers with a reference therewith, who chooses the noblest calling, and who prosecutes it with all his might. Such a one, ultimately, secures to himself the admiration of all the great, the wise, the good. Such a one will always enjoy the approbation of his own judgment and conscience; and better still, the approbation of his Redeemer and God. How pleasing to Him who has run the glorious race to survey from the lofty summit of his eternal fame, the cumulative results of an active life, developed in the light of eternity! How transporting to contemplate the proximate and the remote, the direct and the indirect beatific fruits of his labors reflected from the bright countenances of enraptured myriads, beaming with grateful emotion to him as the honored

instrument of having inducted them into those paths of righteousness which led them into the fruition of riches, honors and pleasures boundless as the universe and endearing as the ages of eternity!

POP. LECTURES.

BETHANY COLLEGE.

Editors Collegian:

While your most excellent paper is published avowedly in the interests of Kentucky University, I am sure, from the generous and catholic spirit of its editors, that it will receive, kindly at least, any information concerning a sister institution. It has been truly said by the world's rhymist, *par excellence*—

"Man lives not for himself alone."

This is as beautiful as it is true. This same principle will apply with equal force to literary institutions. What really impairs the usefulness of Kentucky University also impairs the usefulness of Bethany College, and *vice versa*. In either case it is not so much the College for which we grieve as for the cause of education; for the intention in each case was not so much to build a College as to bless the future generations. This is the real purpose for which they were reared—when they depart from this high destiny, when they are degraded to the use of one sect or party, then their decline will be as rapid as their rise has been glorious.

We would call attention to the Bethany College of to-day. The edifice is one of the finest in America. The architecture is Gothic. It presents a front of 420 feet. In the rear of the main entrance is a tower 156 feet high, from the summit of which one has a fine and extended view of the picturesque scenery of Western Virginia. It stands upon a lofty hill, overlooking the quiet, temperance village of Bethany. The air is pure and bracing; none of your stifling, unhealthy city atmosphere. The College is situated in the famous Pan-Handle of Virginia. It is seven miles from Lagrange on the Ohio River, also on the Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling Railroad. It is 16 miles from Wheeling and 3 from Pennsylvania. "It is beautiful for situation."

Bethany was founded by Alexander Campbell in his palmiest days. It still stands as a fit monument to his great and multifarious labors as the defender of the Christian religion, the friend of universal education and free institutions, and the patron of the Arts and Sciences. For many years Bethany was the only college in the Union in which the Bible was used as a text book! Under her lead many colleges have adopted the glorious plan, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "A man's good work do live after him."

Bethany partakes more of the nature of a University than of a College. There are three separate and distinct departments, entirely independent of each other, and conferring each its own degree; the Classical Course, the Scientific Course, and the Ministerial Course. The professors in each department are men of the first order of talent, men who have held high positions in other institutions, men who stand high in the estimation of their fellowmen. Four years of close application will suffice in any one of these departments. But those years must be really and earnestly devoted to study. This, and this only, will insure success.

To a sensible young man this College offers many inducements. It is cheap. The total expenses need not exceed \$200 for a session. It is in the hill country. It thus guarantees a healthy climate. Mountaineers are celebrated for their perfect health. It is a temperance community. Its philanthropic founder, early seeing the evil effects of intemperance upon the welfare of his darling enterprise, obtained from the legislature a prohibitory liquor law. Thus we are sober. It is far removed from all the vicious, exciting, and seductive influences of city life. It is quiet and secluded, a fit place for calm and reflective thought.

To an ambitious mind there is a still greater inducement. It is the world-wide reputation which the alumni of Bethany have obtained. This certainly argues well for their alma mater. No other American college can produce such an array of talent in so short a time. There are Lard, Graham, and Mr. McGarvey; Rowe, Lamar, and Moore, Burgess, Pickette, and Neville; Whitaker, and Whitaker; Loos, and Giltner. These are all men of might; men around

whose brow honor's garland is wreathed; men who have blessed their fellow-men; men who have made their lives sublime, and who have imprinted their names indelibly upon the age in which they live. It will encourage a young man to know that he has the same training that made them great. He will feel himself prepared to enter boldly upon life's battle field, to win the victory over ignorance and error, and to earn the meek of honor. J. BEUCHAMP CLARK,
Bethany, W. Va.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

[From the German.]

Have you seen that stately castle,
Built high above the roaring sea?
Above the crags so rough and beetling
Float the gold-rose clouds forever free.

They would fain from their high homes bow,
To kiss old ocean's mirror-flow;
They would gladly take wings and mount,
To meet the evening sun's red glow.

I have in very truth beheld
That castle towering by the sea;
The moon above; the mist wide round;
'Twas a glorious sight to me.

The wind and the ocean's sullen roar,
Gave they a new and fresh prolong?
Heardst thou from out thou deep, deep halls
Harpichord and festive song?

All the winds and their kindred waves
Had gone to the inmost realms of sleep;
That hall gave forth a dirge so sad,
My very soul was forced to weep.

Saw'st thou not on the castle's brow
The noble king and his noble frau?
Waved there not their good mantles red?
Glanced not beams from their crowned heads?

Conveyed they not with pride and joy
A beauteous noble maiden there,
Beautiful as the shining sun,
Beaming then in her golden hair?

Indeed I saw the parents both,
Without the light of crowning gold;
Wrapped in mantles of grief and gloom,
Beside their child's corpse stark and cold.
J. BEAUCHAMP CLARK,
Bethany, West Virginia.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 21st, 1872.

Editors Collegian:

At the request of some of my class-mates, who are anxious to know the whereabouts of the Law Class of '72, I have prepared, and beg leave to submit to you, a short sketch of the class, and an account of the "doings" of the "boys" since Commencement day in January last. The class numbered, as you are aware, fourteen, representing almost every section of the Union—and, I may safely say, that, taken as a class, no better or more jovial set of fellows ever left Kentucky University full fledged.

"Bachelors of Laws"—Since leaving the classic halls of that splendid edifice, that still ornaments our public square, and for want of a better name is called the *Court House*, wherein we were wont to sit, and lazily listen to the learned lectures of our Professors, Johnston, Huston and Harrison, our boys have scattered, and of the whereabouts, at present, of some of them, I confess I am ignorant. Those whose movements I am informed of, are, Adams, Graves, S. O. Payne, Rentfro, Chew, I. N. Williams and Thomas. Of these, Adams is located here, and as I write, can be seen in the Court House listening to Gen. Huston pounding law into the already overwrought brain

of some poor bedeviled jurymen. S. O. Graves and Payne are at Hopkinsville, flourishing under "the style and firm name of Payne & Graves." They, at the late August election, ran for City Attorneyship of that thriving little city, and were disqualified from election, simply by the fact that they had not been practicing two years. Chew is on his father's place in this county; has been suffering a great deal since the close of the session, with sore eyes, and has not yet opened an office.—Thomas can be found at "White Sulphur P. O., Scott Co., Ky.," until this warm weather is "numbered with the things that were," when it is his purpose to make a bold dash—emigrate to the county site, Georgetown, and live, die and practice law there. And Rentfro, the clever, quarrelsome, fussy and dressy "Bob" is at Montgomery, Texas, running a portion of "the machine" for Banton & Abercrombie, of Huntsville, Texas. In other words, they have established a branch office and put Bob into it. I. N. Williams, the earnest, big-hearted soul, whose determination to know law would crop out in spite of him, is still doing business on Broadway, was "sworn in" at the June term of the Circuit Court, and attends all important trials, "simply to learn."

Of those from whom I have not lately heard, I can only speak indefinitely—Belcher, at last accounts, was lounging 'neath the shade of a tree, and listening to the ominous creaking of a "shingle" bearing the names of "Maddox & Belcher, Attorneys, &c, Huston, Miss." Elstner was three months ago, "rusticating" at some little burg a few miles from Shreveport, La., and trying to master the Louisiana Code—(Civil Law). Of Leigh, I can only say, that I have never heard a word, and presume that he is safely ensconced in some legal den at Huntville, Texas. An occasional line, penned by him, would, I trow, be not amiss. Rogers is (or was) in a law office in St. Louis, Mo., "reading up." It is reported that Will has changed his politics since leaving his native State. I cannot vouch for the truth of the report. Snowden has not been heard from since his adventure, or Miss-adventure, on the train going home. I am unable to say where he is, and have been unable to hear from him. L. A. Williams glorieth, in a practice in "Jintown." At last accounts was doing well. As for myself—I am here. Respectfully,

EVAN P. GRAVES.

P. S.—Permit me to add that so far as heard from, none are married, and none likely to be, soon, while all are debating with themselves whether it would be wise

"To put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

E. P. G.

OBITUARY.

REID.—At the home of his mother, in Montgomery county, on the 9th ult., of congestion of the brain, WILLIAM, only son of Mrs. Mary and the late Henry Reid, aged 27 years. Mr. Reid was ill but a short while.

During the period of its location at Harrodsburg, he was a student of the University, and leaving it, carried with him the name of a true man, the hearty commendation of his Professors, and the good will of every class-mate. In the death of Mr. Reid society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and his country a most valued citizen. His family have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly Review:

You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town and made by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she effect

a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cording.—She is quite aware, however, that the garment is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should any thing peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no gold art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The devil came up to earth one day,
And into a court-house he wended his way,
Just as an attorney with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the points in a case.

Now, a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For to his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very curious the reason to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
Why none of these lawyers had ever been caught.
And for his own pleasure, he had a desire
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer, who rose with a visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave,
And the devil was really greatly amused
To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

As soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing then quickly arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
And made him a villain, of all men, the worst.

Thus they quarreled, contended and argued so long,
'Twas hard to determine the one that was wrong.
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:

"If all they have said of each other be true,
The Devil has surely been robbed of his due;
I'm satisfied now, 'tis all very well—
For these lawyers would ruin the morals of hell.

"They've puzzled the court with their villainous cavil,
And I am free to confess they have puzzled the Devil;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone;
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."—*Ex.*

While Adam slept, God from him took
A bone; and as an omen
He made it like a seraph look,
And thus created woman.
He took this bone not from his pite,
To show her power ample;
Not from his feet, to designate
That he on her might trample;
But 'neath his arm to clearly show
He always should protect her;
And near his heart, to let him know,
How much he should respect her.
He took this bone, crooked enough,
Most crooked of the human,
To show him how much crooked stuff
He'd always find in woman.

A JUST DECISION.—Mr. Coleman, of Providence, has just received his \$3,800 from the New York and New Haven Railroad for ejecting him from the cars when he had paid his fare. We mentioned this case some time ago, and it will be remembered that Mr. Coleman had a ticket from New York to

New Haven, which he offered for his fare in going between the same points in the opposite direction, and the court has settled that it was a sufficient consideration. He had to fight the powerful corporation four years, every inch of ground being contested by the best legal talent that could be obtained, and he finally triumphed. Every citizen owes him a debt of gratitude for his resolution and persistence in carrying the struggle through to the not very bitter end. It has settled a very important point regarding the rights of passengers, and shown that we still have citizens who dare to maintain their rights even against a railroad company.—N. Y. Mail.

RUSHING INTO PRINT.—Editors often come in contact with men who get furiously angry at a refusal to print their grievances, or think him very "slow" if he does not jump at the first opportunity to publish some alleged dreadful fact about a public man which he, the complainant, has just found out.—Such men should be thankful that there is such an institution as the cool, experienced editor, to stand between them and the public, or they would be apt to commit some unpleasant follies in a life time. Let a man who is terribly angry about his dinner not being ready on time, sit down and write just what he would like to say about it, and then put it away for the next day's reading. He would be convinced that the greatest fools on earth are those who "rush into print."

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.—Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you make it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.—Professor Winlock, of the Harvard College observatory, has recently begun the publication of a remarkable series of astronomical illustrations. The ten numbers already issued include admirable delineations of a number of celestial phenomena as they are seen in the great refractor of the observatory when looked for with well-trained eyes. First in importance come the three remarkable plates showing the various appearances of the solar prominences in their natural colors, a brilliant sight. Some of them have all the grace of well contrived fireworks, though the scale tells us that they have a height of from fifty to one hundred miles. A plate showing six successive views of one spot on the sun is equally interesting; every important variation of those strange rents of the photosphere is well shown here. The gray, sloping funnel with deeply channelled sides, the black bottom, the tortuous white bridges spanning the chasm, the feathery streams of gas cloud whirling from the abyss, are all marvelously well shown. There is a plate of Jupiter, which gives in print, for the first time, something fitted to convey an adequate idea of that noble form. The drawing of the cloud bands and the tint of the equatorial copper-colored zone are wonderfully well done. There are three figures of lunar craters, or rather groups of craters. One has but to compare these exquisite drawings with work which has been done before on the same objects to see how great the advance has been. The artist has caught not only the difficult detail of the surface, but also the peculiar features of expression dependent upon the airless condition of the moon. All the drawings are by L. Trouvelot, who has brought the rare combination of an artist's skill and an astronomer's eye to the work. Now that celestial physics has come to be a part of our elementary astronomy, such drawings have a high value as teaching agents, and deserve a place in every school in the land. As graphic representations of celestial phenomena they are as much in advance of similar work as were the great photographs of the moon by Rutherford at the time of their publication, and they will, along with those admirable representations, do much to enhance the reputation of our astronomers.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Ky. University.

EDITORS:

W. C. GRAVES, Periclean Society,
J. J. HALEY, Christomathean Society,
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Drawer 269, LEXINGTON, KY.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - SEPTEMBER, 1872.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

The existence and prosperity of political government, monarchical or democratic; the maintenance of national honor and national reputation does not depend, in whole or in part, upon the centralization of power, the recognition of exclusiveness in party rights, or a servile acquiescence in party dictation, but upon the scrupulous preservation of *principle, equity and justice*—a strict adherence to the fundamental items of its political creed—not the frothings of demagogues and partisan hacks. So soon as cliques, clans, ambitious aspirants and lawless organizations, begin to play a conspicuous part in the control and direction of State legislation; when the official representation of a people begins to prostitute its sacred trust to degrading, mercenary schemes, for the sake of sordid gain and the promotion of selfish interests; when opposition between contending parties exist for the sake of opposition, antagonism for the sake of antagonism, bitterness and animosity because of candid dissent and honest disagreement, then is government, republicanism, liberty, freedom, misnomers of the most glaring species, and politics but the ferment of excited competition and partisan acrimony. When such indications are manifest in every passing breeze, the seed of trouble is rapidly germinating, and will ere long bear the fruit of ruin and utter dissolution.

If I have not strangely misread "the signs of the times," and more strangely still misconceived "the spirit of the age," some of these unhappy symptoms are to be distinctly seen and felt, even to a

bounding throb, in the pulsations of modern politics. Let no one imagine, now, that I am going to hurl a shaft at monarchy, or attempt to display a little rhetoric in a tirade on the French Revolution, English Parliament, or the Paris Commune. Surely not. With the greatest conceivable pleasure I leave this most delectable task to the fertile pen of the young American orator, who, when fledged and plumed for his flight, is sure to light in France and walk the streets of Paris; flit through Germany, draw largely from its intellectual fountains of plentitude; gloat over the destruction of Papal supremacy; pay his respects to belligerent Russia; nod at Poland, wink at Spain, Portugal and Switzerland; give a back-handed fling at poor, unfortunate Ireland; invade the magnificent realms of Egypt, and talk of the pyramids; to Greece he flies and talks of literature, science and the arts; to Rome, and waxes eloquent on politics and war; to England, pours out the vials of his wrath on aristocracy and "blood"; back to America, he closes out on brains, Republicanism, free institutions, liberty and Democracy. Who would not leave this important and responsible task to such an one? Indeed, for a self-important sophomore to attempt to supercede Pope or Addison in the translation of Homer's Illiad, would be no greater presumption than a contrary course. Having a little home-work to do, and being a somewhat prosaic and matter-of-fact "quill-driver," it would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to describe, with even a passable degree of respectability, this circuitous and lofty track of oratorical genius. I will hence be excused for declining to attempt it.

Instead, therefore, of scaling Illian's topmost towers, to knock out the stars of heaven with my exalted head, and with microscope in hand to take a vast, comprehensive, far-reaching, universal "outlook" into both past and future, I propose to stay on the ground and take a modest "inlook," confining my inspection to American politics and the limited circle of the living present. But now to the point in hand.

I have already indicated that the political tendencies of the age exhibit obvious signs of degeneracy and rapid corrosion. To the support of this position I am now committed; not, however, as the exponent of any political party, neither as defendant or assailant of any political dogma whatever. By no means. I am not writing to subserve any purpose of this kind. I am writing simply to expose error and to vindicate truth, let this strike who it may or cut where it will. I have never aspired to be a politician, high nor low, great nor small; yet I must claim that I know a few things about politics, even if it turn out that I learned it over the shoulders of Ulysses S. Grant, or through the specks of Horace Greeley. This is said to be pre-eminently an age of progress. Well, I suppose it is; for that is what connoisseurs say. But a great deal of it always struck me as crawfish progress in the first degree—*right plumb backwards*. Now, it may be, that the zealous progressionist will chide me just a little for this kind of talk; and he may go so far as to characterize it

nonsense and reckless foggism; but the justice of the characterization is left to be determined by the facts. The time has been, even in the memory of one so young as the writer, when something like justice could be done, at least, in the execution of civil law. But what can be said in commendation of more modern adjudication? When greenbacks are involved, where is anything in modern judicial procedure that would suggest to any living man the idea of fairness and impartial equity? If packed juries, bribed witnesses and unscrupulous pettifoggers are thought to be commendable features, or necessary adjuncts to an honorable and equitable judicature; then crown it with gems and diadems rich, racy and rare. Away with the jurisprudence of Blackstone, we progress men have a more excellent way! All that is necessary under this benign reign of favor to exculpate the criminal, no matter how black the deed or glaring the crime, is just the Almighty Dollar, a little influence, and a few honest friends to help him pull the wires. This, and he is sure to get clear. The philanthropic lawyer does not scruple to espouse his cause, and shed over his persecuted client an ocean of tears; while the jury, no less susceptible, touched with sympathy and submerged in the milk of human kindness, absolutely cannot resist a verdict in his favor; and what if the course does criminate the innocent and clear the guilty! Whose business is it? There is money in it, and who is such a blockhead as not to supple his joints just a little for the money?

Thus for the bread that perishes, marauders and midnight assassins are turned loose to prowl through the country, right in the very face of law (?) and without the fear of punishment, to repeat with daring insolence their wicked depredations and hell-deserving crimes. Shame on such lawless procedure in the name of law! In the name of outraged humanity, how long will it continue?—While to this rule there are honorable exceptions, it is hardly a questionable fact that the bar stands sadly in need of reformation at this point.

As a second specification of political corruption, may be mentioned the shameful and scandalous means resorted to by party candidates to secure their election to office. I allude to the practice of buying votes. In Kentucky, especially, this contemptible custom has become so wide-spread among office-seekers that few, if any, ever pause to question its legitimacy, or to ponder its deeply immoral and debasing tendencies. On the contrary, it is indulged in with impunity, and tamely allowed by the judicials of our country. When the day of election draws near, countless greenbacks are to be seen afloat in the hands of scavengers and party tools. Great barrels of "old bourbon" are purchased and sent to the most favorable localities in the voting precincts of the county, under the supervision of some good, loyal fellow, who is appointed to sit astride the lovely thing, and distribute the healing contents thereof as the necessities and exigencies of the case may demand. To aid in this noble, generous and humane work, numerous runners, loaded down with bottles,

are dispatched throughout the country on "treating" expeditions of mercy; and nothing less than four strong horses would be any accommodation to a candidate on Sunday preceding the election. All is bustle, excitement and commotion. Even the more religious and deeply-pious of the community abandon the discussion of predestination, final perseverance, and infant baptism, to visit their neighbors and discuss the more inviting theme of politics and the probable issues of the coming contest. Irish shanties are visited, negro huts frequented, men made "tite," women supplied with coffee, and the devil made happy in prospect of a plenteous harvest. So the election comes on. The scene is an inimitable commingling of the sublime and the picturesque. Lurid eyes glare, men puke, fight, and wallow in the street; alternate white clouds and black overhang and environ the scene; frantic screams rend the air as if the numberless hosts of perdition were bursting out upon the world; hats go showering up like balloons; men are stripped in tatters and tags; candidates hugs negroes; hardies pour gallons of "old bourbon" down obstinate Irish, while wags and renegades are being led to the poles and voted. Thus the magic scene closes—thus the victory is won and the victory lost.

With the rustic plebian, coffee, whisky and shirts are now no longer rarities of the rarest kind; but the most common commodities. He is happy, and most transcendently jubilant; not only in view of what he has, but in prospect of a new supply when the present gives out; for the man has promised it, and will certainly redeem his word. Very soon, of course, the bounty does exhaust. Scantiness begins to look him in the face, and the rugged monotony of former life to return. The distinguished official is now approached by his humble constituent with all the politeness of a Chesterfield, and reminded of his fine speeches and fair promises in time of need. But lo! what think you? He has absolutely forgotten it all! Don't know anything about it. Too busy to talk to him.—Treacherous memory any way. Ah! gratitude, and even veracity is a scarce article now. If met in the street, the poor fellow is completely ignored; if in the social circle, he is discountenanced, hissed at as a wreck, and connived at as a species of the *genus homo*, scarcely above the ourange outange, ape or ass. Why? Because he "sells out," as the vulgar express it. He is justly regarded as a man of no honor, no pride of character, no firmness, no principle; yet the man who *influenced* him to do it—who was the prime mover in the transaction—is regarded as honorable, reputable, upright; as worthy the suffrage of an intelligent public—the legislative, senatorial or congressional chair of his country—as worthy a voice in the control and government of this great national Republic.—Shame! Shame!! Shame!!! Suppose I were to in cold blood instigate the murder of my neighbor, and then hire another man to perpetrate the deed. Which think you would be the more criminal of the two? Would he be condemned as a murderer and doomed to a corresponding fate, and I acquit-

ted as innocent? I think not. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

I find in the original analysis of this article a third and fourth specification, but my space is more than exhausted, I hence cannot discuss them now; for the present, then, I desist. H.

ADDRESS TO THE PERICLEAN SOCIETY.

Fellow Pericleans:

By an order of the Senate, passed last session, I can no longer be your editor. It was decreed that no member of any College, while a member of said College, shall have membership in a Society of any other College of the University. I expect to be a member of the Law College next term, and therefore tender my resignation of the office of Periclean Editor.

If there be a spot in Kentucky University, around which cluster many fond and sweet associations, it is the Periclean Hall. It was there that some of the strongest and tenderest ties of friendship were formed, and it was there that some of my happiest hours were spent. I shall never forget, while memory lasts, the warmth with which I was received into your fellowship. A stranger in your midst, I was received as a brother. Remember this, that an act of kindness is long remembered, and be true to strangers when they enter your Hall; give them Periclean hospitality.

Though separated from you, I am still one of you,—I am a Periclean.

It is with the deepest regret that I leave the Periclean Hall. I promise, though, that I will do, as I have done in the past, every thing in my power, to promote the honor, glory and prosperity of the Society. For the many honors that you literally showered upon me, fellow-Pericleans, receive my warmest thanks.

Most respectfully, W. C. GRAVES.

RELIGIOUS DEBATES.

Christianity exhibits her thousand sects, and each sect thinks itself infallible. Popish infallibility may be a monster of absurdity, but sectarian infallibility is unquestionably right. Now, in my humble opinion, the infallible sect is just as absurd as the infallible Pope of Rome.

"I know I am right" is one of the worst forms of bigotry. How can a finite mind, limited in its capacities, know that it is right! We admit that man must be true to the revelations of consciousness, whatever they may be, for consciousness is the condition of all knowledge; but as the revelations of one man's consciousness may differ from the revelations of another's. How are we to decide which is right? There is a difference in the capacities of human minds. Truth may make a deep impression upon one mind, upon another a very faint one, and upon another none at all. When a debater then says, "I know I am right and that you are wrong," he virtually affirms a deeper penetration and a superior mind. God has given to him an unerring instrument, and to his oppo-

nent an erring one. O, mortal! How much room is there for charity.

It is rather astounding, but nevertheless true, that debaters now-a-days even go so far as to decide man's eternal destiny by the strict rules of logic. All the peoples were wandering in the mazes of darkness and error, until there suddenly dawned upon an astonished world a great Somebody, and then all was light. The way of salvation was veiled in impenetrable darkness, until the appearance of this wonderful man. The Savior did not bring light, but darkness into the world. He made salvation depend upon the human intellect. His revelation was no revelation, that is to inferior minds. If this be true, what say you to human responsibility? If my Maker has given me an inferior mind, a mendacious witness, and it informs me that I am in the right way, when I am in the wrong, what am I to do? I have used all the means in my power, and, yet, I am wrong, fatally wrong! I fancy that some one will here say, you must look to the superior mind for light, but what am I to do, when there are two or three lights, each claiming to be the superior, and I cannot decide myself which is? Suppose, for instance, that we take a Catholic, who appeals to Saint Peter, and a Protestant, who appeals to Saint Athanasius. We will suppose them to be equally gifted, both men of classical ability, unquestioned veracity, and true honesty. The Catholic tells me that I will be certain to go to hell, if I don't think just as he thinks, and the Protestant tells me that I will go there if I do. In this case, both are superior lights. I must confess that the water is a little muddy just here. I am in a dilemma, I know not what to do, says the poor, ignorant, sinner.

We consider religious debates, nevertheless, as productive of some good. They are especially beneficial to the debaters themselves, for, they bring into exercise the faculties of the mind, causes it—the mind—to energize freely, and thereby strengthens and develops it. We cannot conceive, however, that they are of any great service to the common mind,—the mind of the masses. Very few minds can follow debaters through their long, tedious and logical processes, and still fewer can understand their learned criticisms in the Greek, Hebrew and Syriac tongues. Hence all their erudition is of no avail, so far as the vulgar are concerned. It is not our purpose to derogate from the merits of learned theological disputations, for we think that they have been of incalculable benefit towards dispelling the clouds of intellectual darkness that once overspread the Christian world. But, we cannot believe that the Savior of the world has left the way to eternal life, so dark and mystified, as to make the salvation of the untutored rustic, depend upon the logical deductions of a human being. No, no, he died for all, the learned as well as the unlearned, the wise as well as the foolish. He made the way to eternal life so plain "that the wayfaring man, even though he be a simpleton, need not ere therein."

We must believe, then, that all true, honest and

sincere followers of Christ constitute his Church, and will inherit eternal life. It matters not to what denomination of Christians they may belong, if they have conscientiously selected the course that they believe to be right, using all the means that has been placed in their power, they must be right, that is, they will be accepted by an all-merciful God. Here is where the revelations of our consciousness differ from the revelations of the debaters. They affirm that nobody is right, except he thinks just as they think, nor will he be saved. They say that Christian unity is very desirable, but it is only possible, on the condition, that the whole world embrace their peculiar tenets. Now, if Christian unity consists in making all men think just alike, it is neither desirable, nor possible. The different opinions of the different sects of Christendom are the necessary consequence of a difference in the constitution of human minds. Minds being differently constituted cannot see all things just alike. My idea is expressed in the following language: "Some persons are disposed to mourn over the fact that Christians are divided into such a number of denominations, which they conceive to be an evil, and they earnestly long for the time to come when all these things shall be done away. It is indeed to be regretted that a greater degree of harmony and charity does not prevail among the great denominations which compose the mass of Christians, and that the time should come speedily when all shall love one another with a pure heart, fervently, is most devoutly to be wished. Still these differences of opinion are the inevitable consequences of freedom of opinion on *any* subject, and as the Bible has not clearly marked out any *forms* of church order and discipline in which the chief differences consist among evangelical Christians, it can never be expected that all will agree upon this subject any more than upon any other. And on the whole it is best that they should not; and it was wise in the great Head of the Church to leave these things, *non-essential*, as he has, that different denominations may by a holy rivalry "stir each other up to good works."

Debates do not tend to produce Christian unity, but diversions. They raise up champions and defenders of each sectarian cause. And as the strength of a position depends more upon the ability of its advocate than upon its own intrinsic worth, the superior logical debater will be more convincing in his arguments, and will, consequently, have the greater number of followers. Even though he be wrong, weak minds will yield to the force of his logic, adopt his sentiments, and defend them to the end of the world. Hence a body of bigots or fanatics are formed, who believe, or hypocritically pretend to believe, that they contain the whole body of truth completely, and boldly declare their own infallibility. A self-constituted body of popes, who never ask what is truth, but erect temples over our land consecrated to implicit faith, and as Justin truly observes, "He who enters in there to worship must leave his

understanding at the door."

We venture to say that there are no nations on earth that entertain feelings of such bitter rancor towards each other, as the various religious denominations of our country. The antipathies manifested in debate are incompatible with the true spirit of Christianity. We have seen two religious debaters, cheered on by their respective friends, in their warm zeal, not for their cause but for victory, driven almost to the point of madness. In a dispute over mysteries, about which neither of them seem to know anything, the most indecent language was used, and the most abusive epithets applied. Each charged the other with misrepresentation, outright lying and dishonesty. Ah! Infidelity stood there laughing at the contest, and the non-confessor, with a mind confused and perplexed, thinks that there is wrong somewhere, that they both cannot be right, and begins to question the simplicity of the Gospel. Thus it is when sectarians differ on account of mysteries which lie far beyond the reach of human vision, "in the heat and acrimony of the causeless contest, religion, the glory of one world, and the guide of another, drifts from the splendid circle in which she shone, in the comet-maze of uncertainty and error."

Since divisions are inevitable, that is, differences of opinion about the meanings of certain passages of scripture, why not in order to have a greater degree of harmony, all unite upon that one grand central thought of Christianity, "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God." If a man believes this proposition with all his heart, and does as far as his knowledge extends comply with the will of his Savior, is he not a good Christian? And should he not be received as such? What more could he do than use the means in his power? But, each sect has the only true platform of Christian union, and all the others must come over to that. What folly! When will men learn to think as they ought, and respect the opinions of those who differ from them. We believe, that if it were in their power, the sects would draw the sword in defense of their dogmas. Thanks to the genius of Republicanism, that even though the voice of our sects, "be clamorous and bitter, their hands have been disarmed from the powers of persecution." If they were not, the cross would soon be crimsoned with blood, and innocent victims would again writhe upon the altar of the peaceful Jesus. Cease, O, Christians, cease your bickerings. The sweet spirit of Christianity did not appear among us, in the form of fury, and in the act of demon, to create strife, contentions and divisions, to stir up evil passions, and excite suspicions, jealousies and animosities; her mission was peace, not war; she came to heal, not to irritate, "in the character of his precepts, breathing the air, and robed in the beauties of yon other world to which she would lead us; with no argument but love, no look but peace, no wealth but piety; her creed comprehensive as the arch of heaven, and her charities bounded but by the circle of creation!"

G.

A TREMENDOUS EVIL.

Alcohol is the disturber of our peace, the producer of misery and the terror of mankind. The immense quantity of intoxicating liquors made and sold in our country, demonstrates to us the truth of the proverb, "The love of money is the root of all evil." In this traffic men invest their thousands and their millions, in order to gain their thousands and millions more. Here they invest money to ruin the human race; to pluck the most beautiful flowers of humanity; to cause this world to be one scene of desolation and horror. Of the evils thus caused, we might enumerate many—many, that might cause the eye to sparkle with anger, and the cheek to burn with shame. But so often have they been displayed with oratorical excellence of almost irresistible force, that "this people have closed their eyes, their ears are dull of hearing, and their hearts are waxed gross." How strange that men, sensible in other things, allow this evil to proceed on his way unmolested, carrying destruction, devastation and horror. We see this demon abroad in our land, even at our doors, and yet we raise not our hand. Like the gambler, he seeks admittance to our good graces in order to steal our wealth. Like the lawyer, he can conscientiously plead both sides of the case. And, like the physician, he must kill some in curing many. How any man can expel from his door the poor beggar, without suitable clothing to shelter him from the piercing blast, and without one morsel to sustain his sinking frame; and at the same time spend much for what he knows will be his ruin, but too truly proves him to be irrational.

But why do men thus invest? Is the traffic conducive to piety, to wisdom, to civilization, to anything great, noble or good? Are its ways not evil, and that continually? Thousands see their danger, and yet they rush madly on. Yearly 600,000 persons, and these chiefly young men, in the United States alone, become drunkards; and nearly one-sixth of this number fill drunkard's graves. The noblest of our youths often are encircled in its endless maze, proceeding on their way to eternal ruin. Colleges, Universities, the Bench, the Bar, the Senate, and even the Pulpit, by this evil have lost many of their most talented members.

All other crimes of earth together cannot furnish so great destruction to the human race; neither can they alienate as much property. In this traffic \$15,000,000 are yearly carried to destruction.—Yearly, sensible (?) men employ this amount in the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating drinks, and as a result of their investment 200,000 wives and children are sent to the poor-house. Are men mad? Have they lost all reason? We have placed men in office to frame laws for the government of this people. Have they not betrayed their trust? Have they not almost ruined that which they were sent to save? Instead of encouraging civilization, this beautiful jewel is fading. Vice is sought and supported rather than morality, and the spreading of misery rather than the pleasures of peace.

Near the city of Kingston, in Lake Ontario, is a

beautiful little place called Garden Island. Its present population is about 1000 persons. Twenty years ago the people passed a law that no liquor should, on any pretense, be brought on the island. Let us now look at the happy effect of such a law rigidly enforced. Not a pauper, and not a policeman can be found among the inhabitants. And not a case has come before the magistrates during the past fifteen years. But what a different picture does our own land present. Prohibition was not in the vocabulary of our officials. They have licensed more than 130,000 places to sell spirituous liquors. More than 400,000 persons are engaged in dealing out the deadly draught to their neighbors and friends. Love! oh, love!! Where art thou? Surely thy heart has become adamant, and thy lips have been chilled in death. But these are not all, 180,000 more are engaged in the labor of the various distilleries. Here there are 180,000 persons engaged in sending their fellow mortals to immature graves. Three years ago statistics showed the capital employed in the manufacture and sale of beer alone to be \$105,000,000, and that 56,663 persons were engaged in the traffic. All this goes on under the sanction of our rulers, and yet they tell us we are free. They bring us into bondage, and then they cry, Liberty! Liberty!! The annual cost to the United States, arising from crimes caused by this traffic, is about \$40,000,000. By this means alone, 100,000 annually are sent to prison; 200,000 children are reduced to worse than orphanage; 600,000 become drunkards, and 60,000 pass into drunkards' graves without God, and without one solitary ray of light to cheer their dying moments.

In conclusion, let me say that it is no mean cause for which I plead. It is the cause of humanity. I plead for the miserable wife, the disconsolate mother, the helpless orphan, and the broken-hearted and distracted widow. I plead in behalf of suffering morality, neglected and abandoned for revel and riot. Does not a voice arise from the dismal mansions of the dead, saying: Ye sons of dissipation and excess! Ye prodigals, who riot and wanton with the beneficent gifts of a bounteous Providence! Do you not behold the companions of your revels, and the condemned victims of your folly? See you not the father's pride and the mother's joy, snatched from their fond embrace and hurried on to an untimely tomb? See you not the flower of youth and beauty shedding its fragrance and displaying its glory, but ere the gentle dew has been deposited to enliven its leaflets, it has sickened, has withered, and has died? Oh, then, DESIST!

L.

WALKING.—Walking briskly, with an exciting object of pleasant interest ahead, is the most healthful of all forms of exercise, except that of encouragingly remunerative, steady labor in the open air; and yet multitudes in large cities, whose health urgently requires exercise, seldom walk when they can ride, if the distance is a mile or more. It is worse in the country, especially with the well-to-do; a horse or carriage must be brought to the door even if less distances have to be passed. Under the condition first named, walking is a bliss; it gives animation to the mind, it vivifies the circulation, it paints the cheek, and sparkles the eye, and wakes up the whole being, physical, mental and moral.

THE PRESS.

When Philip of Macedon, at the head of his invincible phalanx, threatened to destroy the liberty of Greece, the eloquence of Demosthenes called her patriotic sons to arms, and fired them with an enthusiastic courage that dared every danger, and struck consternation into the ranks of her foes. Thus was speech, wielded by a single man, rendered so powerful, as, for a time, to save the imperiled liberties of a nation. But Greece was small, as to territory, and the waves of passion, excited by the great orator, broke, only when they had reached her farthest shore. Had she been much larger, the greater distance would have abated the force of these waves, and their influence would have been lost in the ocean of human thought and activity. So that, even the sublimely patriotic appeals of Demosthenes would not have been equal to the task of preserving the liberties, and institutions of his country. What Demosthenes, in his day, was to his small country, the *Press*, in our day, is to our larger nations. If sudden danger threaten them with destruction, our Legislative and Executive authorities are speedily enlightened as to their duty, and quickened to activity by the *Press*, while their proclamations and orders, rendered legible to every one by type, speed away to the humblest cottage in the remotest provinces; accompanied by eloquent appeals from able and influential men, calling upon the citizens to rise and meet the exigencies of the period. Thus is the *Press* the great tocsin in the hour of peril.

When Rome had, by successful warfare and plunder, attained national greatness and wealth, with all their accompanying vices, the office of Censor was given to Cato. This vested him with power to censure vice and immorality by inflicting a public mark of ignominy on offenders.

During the lifetime of this greatest and best of the Roman Censors, the keen edge of his critical acumen cut many an ugly excrescence from the body politic, as well as waged an uncompromising warfare upon the licentious and vulgar pleasures of the Roman people. But when the old Stoic, unable to stem the tide of misfortune, had virtually renounced his philosophy by taking his own life, no one was found so austere and rigorous as he to fill his place in the Censorship.

So long as Rome was a great nation, its ablest and truest patriots felt,—deeply felt, the need of some vigorous mind and unbiased judgment to expose with unsparing hand the vices and corruptions, that so swiftly bore the nation to destruction. But no second Cato was found.

Are we exposed to the influence of like corrupting and destructive vices? We most certainly are. But we have in the *Press* a Censor, more liberal in views, far more practical in judgment, and less biased by prejudice than Cato. Since, whatever may be said of Cato's great talents, many of his public plans, and private traits were narrow and selfish in the extreme. But the *Press*, seeing from a thousand different points of view, animad-

verts with sarcastic wit and scathing critical ability upon the manners, habits, customs, and costumes of the day. But the reader will ask: with how much effect? With more, perhaps, than you at first think. Take, for example, the custom of owning slaves in the United States. (I regard slavery as a dead issue, and recall it merely as an example with no reference to its political bearing, or moral status.) Can any one calculate the influence that the Northern *Press* wielded in effecting its removal? Can any one doubt, but that it might still have existed had not the Northern *Press*, in so pathetic, and often extravagant a manner, depicted its abuses? Did it not educate Northern children to look upon a slave-holder as an individual devoid of emotions of sympathy or compassion for his fellow-beings? Thus if slavery were beneficial, the Northern people were made to believe lies, and greatly injure their country by removing this beneficial institution. If it were an evil, more by the influence of the *Press*, than by any other, the Northern people were prepared, in a few years, regardless of previously existing laws, to unite their millions of voices in one loud and long amen to the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, extending freedom to the African race in America.

As a second example, take the great national curse of the United States, *Intemperance*. Five hundred thousand men are engaged in the criminal employment of manufacturing and selling intoxication beverages. Criminal, because they are engaged in supplying 500,000 drinkers with that which robs the families of these consumers of two millions of dollars worth of the comforts of life, per day. Besides, they render themselves strangers to that peace of mind, and elevation of soul, which arises from an approving conscience, and bring upon the families of their customers, poverty, disgrace, and often crimes of the darkest dye. Criminal, because, having made 300,000 children orphans, it thrusts two-thirds of them, as paupers, upon the sympathies of the cold world. While we have no other thought to console us, than, that it is better for them to become orphan beggars, than that they should continue to be the ill-treated children of drunkards, who, however noble, when they commenced to drink, were brutal monsters when death summoned them to quit, and render an account to God.

Criminal, because, aside from the millions of treasure of which it robs us, it not only takes away the lives of 100,000 of my country-men, but turns an equal number of souls, blackened by a drunkard's crimes, unprepared into the nethermost hell. Criminal, because it robs in the habitations of widowhood 60,000 of my country's noble and beautiful women, in whose defense *man* would so readily enlist in any other warfare than that of driving Intemperance from the land.

When, as a patriot, I look upon this picture, and reflect that our station houses, our jails, our penitentiaries and our insane asylums would sink into insignificance for the want of inmates.—That

domestic peace and propriety would spread genial influences over my county, if no intoxicating liquors were used on its shores; the wish bursts from the depths of my heart, that the Press, backed by the strong arm of prohibitory law, abetted by the approving voice of Christianity, would unite all its powers to drive Intemperance from the land.

Islamism requires its devotees to abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages. Hence the Turks are a sober people. So might the Americans be made, if influences sufficiently potent were brought to bear upon them. But you ask, when and where will such an influence be found? In my opinion, the Press alone, united against the evil, would, in a score of years, as it did slavery, number Intemperance among the things that were.

J. W. H.

Our Boys.

'70. (Arts)—ALLEN, R. W., was in our city last month, having been summoned home to attend the funeral of his father. He has our sympathy in his sad bereavement. He is doing unusually well in New York city, being engaged in the same hospital as Dr. V. P. Gibney, who has likewise just been home on a short visit, after an absence of two years. The Doctor has been evidently working very hard.

(Arts)—C. E. WILLIAMS, JR., was in our city during commencement week, but made himself so very scarce that we saw nothing of him. A week ago he was again here, and we found him just as companionable as ever. His "sides" though scattering, are becoming. He hopes to return in '73 and continue until graduation. Is still residing in Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

(Arts)—CHARLES W. CONNELLEY returned home shortly after session closed, and since that time has been busily engaged in trying to kill time. But as Charlie never was of a blood-thirsty disposition, he has interspersed his bloody work with some study. He will return in a year or two to take his "Sheepskin." He will be up at the beginning of the coming session to see his old schoolmates.

(A. & M.)—CLARK, D. H.—HENRY W. WHITE having returned from his summer trip through New England and Canada, reports having seen Cadet Clark at West Point during July, where he seemed to be enjoying the hot weather "muchly." Warm hearted and hospitable by nature, the "Cadet" is always glad to see his old friends from Kentucky University. His standing in his class ('73) is such as reflects credit upon our University.

(A. & M.)—WEBSTER, J. F.—In passing through Cynthiana, White reports he had the pleasure of seeing the Lieutenant, who is making the best use of his vacation. He will return this fall.

(Arts)—FOREMAN, T. T., returned from the University of Virginia and spent his vacation here with his friends. Study certainly agrees with Tom, as we never saw him looking so well as at present. He will teach in this State the coming year.

(A. & M.)—MEFFORD, ARTHUR H., has, since he left Kentucky University, graduated in the Law School at Lebanon, Tennessee, and is now practicing law at Clarksville, Tenn. Still a bachelor.

(A. & M.)—WILLIAMS, GEO. W., has a large peach orchard on Tennessee Ridge, between Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and is gathering a "golden" harvest in this Summer's fruit. He has not yet thrust his head into the noose matrimonial.

(A. & M. & Com.)—ALF ROBERTS is farming in Logan county, Kentucky. He has a fine place, and is doing well. Proof conclusive that he is a man of genius, is, that he is farming successfully without a wife.

(Arts) FUGAR, FELIX is living with his father in Logan county, Kentucky. He is practicing agriculture, with the intention to commit matrimony, the first chance. Sensible boy.

(Arts)—C. M. DAY, whom most of the boys remember as a good fellow, has, since he returned home, Christmas last, been working on his father's farm near Clarksville, Tenn.

(A. & M.)—HENRY and MAX BARKER, of Louisville, have been, since the close of the session, visiting their relations in Todd and Christian counties, Kentucky, and Montgomery county, Tennessee. They have been having a fine time, being quite popular with the young ladies. It is currently reported that they have occasionally tried to dance, and consequently there have been no earthquakes—the surrounding country having been sufficiently shaken without them. Dance lighter, boys.

(Arts)—WHITE, JNO. D., graduated in Law at the University of Michigan '72, and in company with some friends, has during the summer, been North on an extensive tour.

'65. (Arts)—NOOE, J. A.—Prof. Nooe was in our city last week. He is still Principal of the high school at Lawrenceburg, Ky., and is doing well. He is fitting his boys for good college men, as was he himself while with us.

'70. (Arts)—DUNLAP, G. W. Jr, passed through our city a few days since, but did not honor us with a call. Now, George, you must mend the error of your ways and do better. Come and see us, and tell us how your female school is flourishing, and whether your matrimonial statistics are in reality as madame Rumor says.

(Arts)—BEN HUDSON, too, treated us like George, in fact these young Lancaster "Profs." pass us by in silent contempt. Never mind, boys, if you don't do better, we won't come to your funerals. Hudson is still the Principal of the Lancaster High School for males, whereas George has the Female High School.

(Arts)—E. LESLIE WORTHINGTON is going to Ann Arbor this fall to study Law.

(Art.)—WILLIE W. HEDGES will not return this fall, having accepted a position in a bank at North Middletown.

(Arts)—TIBBS TAYLOR was here last month, and seems improved by the summer sun. He goes to Louisville in a few weeks.

(Arts)—D. M. POTTER has been absent all summer on a visit East. While at New Haven, Connecticut, he was sick for some days, but at last accounts had about recovered. He has thoroughly "done" Washington, Baltimore, New York, New Haven and other places.

'70. (Arts)—HOLMES, D. B.—Holmes graduated at Harvard Law '72, and then having "done" the Great Peace Jubilee, came on to New York city, where he spent some days very pleasantly and profitably. Then as if loath to do so, came on home. His "sides" give to him decidedly the appearance accredited to the young English Barrister. He will not practice here, but goes West this fall.

'71. (Arts)—HAZLERIGG—James H., while, on a flying visit to Mt. Sterling, Ky., last week, we had the pleasure

of a hearty hand-shake with this staunch old Periclean champion. He was looking the picture of health. He is prosecuting his studies at law, and expects to enter upon its practice soon, at Mt. Sterling.

(Arts)—CALK, THOMAS—We also had the pleasure of calling upon Thomas at his place of business, and can testify that his soda fount yielded a beverage that is very palatable. He seems to be doing a thriving business.

(Arts)—E. C. FOX is principal of the flourishing school at Clintonville, Bourbon county, Ky., known as the "Bourbon Institute." He has just succeeded in having new buildings erected, and is anticipating a prosperous future.

(A. & M.)—DEAN, J. A., is spending the vacation at his home in Breckinridge county. He and our old friend Lieut. C. A. Board, seem to have been making *raids*—not upon the poultry, but upon fair ladies. We suppose, however, that the damsels were not badly frightened, and will weep tears of sorrow when their heroes depart for school in a few days.

'71. (Bible)—WILMETH—C. M. Wilmeth is now residing in McKinney Texas. After teaching for some time, he has now given himself to *Preaching the Word*, in which his brother, J. R. W. is also engaged, upon the borders of Mexico. We also learn that R. C. HORN resides in McKinney, Texas, engaged in the Ministry. These were three worthy students of Kentucky University.

Edward R. Johns '73, and Pearce Barnes '74, of Yale, have been spending their vacation in our city. A look at them shows the fine athletic training, which it is the privilege of Yale's son to enjoy.

Among the Colleges.

KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.—During the Summer months our College buildings have been undergoing repairs; so that, although we must, for another year, forego the advantages of the magnificent and modernly constructed buildings, which the Regent has in contemplation, yet, we hope not to be less comfortably situated, the coming year, than we were the last. Quite a number of students are already coming in, and the prospects for the session of '72-'73 are as good as they were for '71-'72. There will be no material changes among the Professors or Tutors. Prof. J. D. Pickett much improved in health, has returned from a few weeks visit in Mason county.

Our President, H. H. White, has returned from his Summer tour through the New England States and Canada. He appears hale and cheerful; and in his systematic and urbane manner, has entered upon the discharge of such duties as pertain to his office, preparatory to the opening of the session; which is on Monday, September 9th.

SAYRE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—This, one of our leading Female Schools, under the able directorship of H. B. McClellan, begins its 19th annual session on Monday, September 9th. For catalogue address H. B. McClellan, Secretary Sayre Female Institute, Lexington, Ky.

Texas has lately inaugurated a common school system that provides well for the education of her youth, and also provides for the payment of teacher's salaries from \$50 to \$100 per month.

HOCKER FEMALE COLLEGE.—This new and prosperous Institution begins its fourth annual session on Monday, September 9th. The secured services of Prof. and Madame DeCastro, born and educated in France, and eminently successful as teachers in some of the best institutions in Paris and in the United States, will place the Department of Music and Modern Languages, in Hocker College, far in advance of what is usually found in Female Colleges. For catalogue address T. Logan Hocker, Secretary and General Agent, Hocker Female College, Lexington, Ky.

THE LEXINGTON BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE, under the conduct of Dr. Ryland, opens its halls for the reception of pupils on Monday, the 2d of September. We understand that there is a prospect of a goodly number of students. There is no material change in the corps of teachers of last session. The Musical Department is still under control of Prof. Hofer, a native German, who has acquired a wide reputation as teacher and instructor in this art. Catalogue, address Dr. R. Ryland.

EMINENCE COLLEGE, Ky.—This College closed its 15th session June 7th, in quite brilliant prospects. Its Female Department received 83 matriculants and its Male Department 77. In all 160 students. Its number of graduates (13), compares favorably with those of other years.

"The buildings stand upon a beautiful, elevated site, about one mile from the depot. The grounds are tastefully laid out and ornamented with evergreens and forest trees. Broad gravel walks winding among the trees furnish attractive promenades during all fair weather. The borders of these are handsomely decorated with rare and beautiful flowers, so that while the young ladies seek recreation, they not only enjoy their fragrance and admire their beauty, but can also improve their botanical knowledge. Sheltered among the trees are beautiful vinesclad bowers, affording delightful retreats for quiet study or prayerful meditation. In fact, all the surroundings serve to refine, purify, elevate, and thus prepare for the duties of subsequent life.

All will be pleased to hear that the very eminent and highly respected President, W. S. Galtner, will continue with this Institution.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.—This College can boast of its 125 Commencements. The graduating class of the past session numbered 92. The degree A. M., was conferred upon 40. Between four and five thousand dollars were distributed in Fellowships and Prizes.

Miscellaneous.

When the human heart once admits guilt as its associate, how every natural motion flies before it.

It is an old and true saying, that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and from some examples we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

That marriage can never be attended with honor, or blessed with happiness, if it has not its origin in mutual affection.

Though a man should generously adapt himself to his place, there is no necessity for him getting tight because he is in a tight place.

WOMAN AS THINKERS.—"Trust the first thought of woman, not the second," is an old proverb, and Montague says that "any truth which may be attained at one bound, women will

reach, but that which needs patient climbing is the prize of man."

"Married well," means, now-a-days, yoking two fools with plenty of money or land to justify the folly. Heart, brains and works have gone out of date.

Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can; her second husband poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket!

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its due? The tear is rendered by the smile lucid above the smile itself.

A Dutchman thus describes an accident: Vonce, a long vile ago, I vent into mine able orchard to climb a bear tree to get some peaches to make mine vrow a blume pudding mit; and ven I set on the toppermost branch I vall down from the lowermost limb wid one leg on both sites of the fence, and like to have run it outside in.

A GOOD WOMAN.—I account a pure, beautiful, intelligent and well-bred woman the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister and wife such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of the home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence. As an element of society, she invites into purest demonstrations all that is good in the heart, and shames into secrecy and silence all that is unbecoming and despicable.—There may be more of greatness and of glory in the highest developments of womanhood, but, surely, in womanhood God most delights to share the beauty of his holiness and the sweetness of the love of which he is the infinite source. It is for this reason that a silly young man, or a vicious old one, makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may write worthy to young women.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

PAT'S EXPLANATION.—"I say, Pat, is it true that you have taken the pledge?" said Mike to his friend.

"Indade it is true, and I'm not ashamed of it aither," replied Pat.

But Mike, thinking himself well qualified, sought to convert Pat. He said, "and did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach?"

"So he did," replied Pat, "but my name's not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON INTEREST.—No blister draws sharper than the interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in a spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistles, which swarms new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than to be at ease upon interest.

.... The surest way to loose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

.... There is one part of the world where all the belles are diving bells. The girls of the island of Hirnia, opposite Rhodes, are not permitted to marry till they have brought up from the sea a certain quantity of sponges, which abound on that part of the coast of Asia Minor; or even before they can give proof of their agility by taking them from a certain depth. Divers couples are made happy every year.

LITTLE SINS.—A little hole in a ship sinks it; a small breach in a sea-bank carries all away before it; a little stab in the heart kills a man; and a little sin, as it is often improperly called, tends to his final destruction. A little drop has been many a man's ruin—every drunkard began with a single glass.

.... Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless and injurious to society.

.... An almost inexhaustible supply of richly variated marble has been discovered on the shores of Lake Champlain, and it is expected that "Champlain marble" will take the place of the imported varieties.

There is but little reason for doubting that British coal was used in small quantities in the days of the Roman occupation of the British Isles, as it has been found amid the remains of Romanish civilization in the city of Uriconium and elsewhere. The first record, however, dates back only to the year 1180.

The only link which is now needed to complete Puck's girdle around the globe is the connection of our Pacific coast with the islands of Japan. Mr. Cyrus Field, to whose energy we are largely indebted for the success of the Atlantic cables, is endeavoring to secure the establishment of a line from Vancouver's Island to Hakodadi, and thence to a Russian naval station in Siberia. Three other trans-Pacific lines are also contemplated.

A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate."

"Tis false," as the girl said to her lover when he told her she had beautiful hair.

.... Some of the magnesium cements used in India are remarkably firm and durable. They begin setting in two or three hours and become hard in a few days, continuing to harden for many years. When used for plastering, they have been found within a fortnight to be "harder than any stone, except granite, marble, and stones of the first degree of hardness."

.... Our conversation should be such, that youth may therein find improvement, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.

.... Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, the latter elevating him for a fall.

.... An Irish schoolmaster wrote the following copy for one of his pupils: "Idleress covereth man with nakedness."

.... A student defines flirtation to be—"Attention without intention."

.... A classical invalid being asked if he was ill promptly replied—*sum sic*.—*Ex*.

Mr. James Kelley, a wealthy Pennsylvanian, has given \$250,000 to found a school in which poor boys shall be taught different trades.

There are 700 Japanese attending schools and colleges in the United States at the expense of their government. Each one has an allowance of \$1,000 a year.

"Paddy," said an angry lieutenant, "you are out of step." "No, yer honor," rejoined Paddy; "I'm the only man in the company that has the step at all."

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COLLEGIAN of KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Believing that the publication of a paper would promote the general interests of Kentucky University, and would also furnish additional facilities for developing the writing talent of its students, the LITERARY SOCIETIES thereof, jointly, propose to issue a periodical under the above title, to be conducted by Editors, one chosen to represent each of the five Societies of the University. Owing to the extended usefulness and increasing popularity of this great *Institution of the West*, the permanent success of such an enterprise is thought, after mature deliberation, to be an urgent necessity. Confident that all who have ever been students of the University, and the public at large, would respond to this conviction, we have been induced to undertake the present work.

It is proposed that this paper shall contribute, as best it can, to the advancement and cultivation of a high order of ETHICS AND LITERATURE; at the same time no pains will be spared to make the MISCELLANEOUS department of special interest to all, and especially to the students and patrons of the University. The expression of all partisan political sentiments, and of all denominational peculiarities, will be, for reasons readily perceived, scrupulously excluded from its columns.

Contributions will appear, from time to time, from the different members of the respective Faculties of the

University, who, with the Regent, heartily concur in the propriety of this publication.

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