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THE COLLEGIAN
OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

"Educate your children and your Country is safe."

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THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - - NOVEMBER, 1872

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Upon taking charge of the Business Department of the COLLEGIAN the undersigned found a great deal of irregularity in the mailing list—many of our subscribers not receiving their numbers. This was owing, doubtless to the confusion consequent upon the departure of students during vacation—It will be our endeavor to prevent the recurrence of such confusion hereafter. If any of our friends have failed to receive the COLLEGIAN they will confer a favor by informing us, that we may make the necessary corrections.

EVAN P. GRAVES,
Business Manager.

THE FALLACY CONCERNING
MOTION.

Perhaps few of the readers of the COLLEGIAN have not met with this most famous of logical puzzles. Invented by Diodorus Cronus, the Dialectician, who flourished under Ptolemy Soter, about 300 B. C., for more than twenty-one centuries it has baffled the acutest insight to detect wherein it is vicious. Each succeeding logician seems to have done little more than to expose the inadequacy of the solutions proposed by his predecessors. As an apology, then, for the presentation of the following view of the sophism, the writer can offer nothing save his supremest confidence *that it is correct.*

Simply stated, the reasoning is as follows:

If motion is possible, the body must move either where it is, or where it is not.

But it can not move where it is, and much less can it move where it is not.

Therefore, motion is impossible.

Diogenes is said to have replied to it by walking across the floor. A very ingenious, and, doubtless, practically sufficient refutation; but the claims of logic, as the criterion of the validity or invalidity of every argument, must be otherwise satisfied. It is at once perceived that the difficulty lies in the power of the word *where*. This word is used sometimes in the strict scientific sense of exact locality, sometimes in the looser sense of relative position. Thus: strictly, the place where the book is, is simply the space occupied by it; nothing more, nothing less; and yet, if asked where is the book, one would most likely

reply—"On the table," "in the room," or something of like definiteness; in which answers the *where* of the book is evidently not defined in terms of absolute or exact locality, but in terms of relative position. Now, in which of these senses is the term used in the reasoning under consideration? Not in the latter, manifestly; for, while it is clearly impossible for the book to move in the exact place where it is, in the space by it fully occupied, it is none the less evident that no consideration prevents why it should not move about *on the table or in the room*. To maintain, then, that *where* is used in its loose, inexact signification is to abandon the sophism as puerile; for, in that case, the first assumption in the minor premiss, *the body can not move where it is*, becomes transparently false. It remains, then, that *where* is used in its strict sense as designating exact locality, occupied space. This admitted, it is now affirmed that the major premiss is simply *false*.—For it is evidently but a disjunctive statement of the simple hypothetical proposition, if a body moves, it must move *somewhere*. This *somewhere* is dichotomized into *where it is* and *where it is not*. Now it is not true either that a body *must* move *somewhere* or that it *does* move *somewhere*. A body *must* and *does* move *somewhence* and *somewhither*, but *somewhere—never*. Be it now distinctly understood, that the term *where* is used in its exact and definite sense of *occupied space*, a sense which, it had been proved, it *must* have, if the minor premiss is to be saved from transparent falsehood, and the sophism from consequent puerility. From the foregoing reasoning there is but one escape; that is, to affirm that the word *where* is used in its strict sense in the minor, but in its accommodate sense in the major premiss. If so, the syllogism presents four terms, and is convicted of *ambiguous middle*; for the word *where* is evidently the essential factor in the middle term. This subterfuge, then, avoids a material fallacy at the expense of a formal one; Scylla we shun, but leap into Charybdis.

Least to some one it may not yet be perfectly clear that a body does not move *somewhere*, and to show that the above solution is not a superficial cavil, but that it grasps the fallacy in its deepest philosophical import, it is deemed proper to institute a still minuter investigation; and this even at the apparent risk of transgressing the mentally prescribed limits of this article. "Granted," it may be said, "that a body moves *somewhence* and *somewhither*, is it not yet true that all motion must take place *in space*, and, hence, *somewhere*?"

Answer:—Space is not a condition of action, primarily, and immediately. It is the *infinite receptacle of existences*, and as such is the primary and immediate condition of *being*; of action it is only secondarily and mediately the condition. A body must *be* in space; only in the modified sense to be immediately explained, does it *act* (with) *in* space. That sense is simply this: it must *be* in space *while acting*; and, since naught but a body (existence) can act, it follows that all action must take place *in space*; but, since *a body must be in space*, means not in this space or in that space (space itself being an infinite unit), but simply in some space, it follows with equal necessity that *action must take place in space*, means not in this space or in that space (where it is or where it is not), but simply within the limits of space. Now, common sense teaches the same thing. When it is said the book moves in the room, the patent meaning is, the book is in the room while moving; that is, this some space, the room, includes the whence and whither limits of the motion. But what is this more or less than to say (which was said in the beginning) that *where* is used in its inexact sense of relative position? But in this sense, as has been shown, it can not be used in the sophism without exploding the sophism itself by rendering its minor premiss manifestly false.

It is sometimes urged that, since no body is so small as not to occupy some space, and since no space is so small as not to be mentally divisible, from another point of view is it possible that a body may move *partly where it is and partly where it is not*. It is strange that such a parallogism as is this solution should have deceived such acute thinkers as Hobbes and Mansel. A point may move, and yet it has no parts, being simply (*absolute*) *unity with position*. The difficulty has been shunned, not surmounted.

The solution of Prof. Francis Bowen, of Harvard, to which, since the development of the afore-presented view, the writer's attention has been specially directed, is still more remarkable. He pronounced it a *Fallacia a dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*. After stating the sophism as it is stated in the beginning of this article, he restates the major premiss thus: A moving body, *at any one indivisible moment*, must be either where it is, or where it is not. With the italicized proviso, he pronounces the proposition true, the reasoning sound, and the conclusion correct. "*In any one indivisible moment*," he continues, "*motion is impossible*." Now, omitting the italicized phrase, in no proper sense of the words, is this restatement the equivalent of the original proposition. For the question is not about a body *being* where it is, but about its *moving* where it is. Consistently, the minor premiss must stand, "It can not *be* where it is, &c.," a patent *contradictio in adjecto*. But such is not the sophism of The Dialectician Prof. Bowen has strangely misrepresented it in his last statement. He assumes to solve the fallacy; but before proceeding to the solution, he evacuates the fallacy of all that desiderates so-

lution. But, not to be captious, granted that *be* has the force of *move* and that the premiss is accurately stated; what then of the solution? It solves nothing, but concedes all that the sophist would claim. The Professor emphasizes, "*In any one invisible moment, motion is impossible*;" further, "In order to be *moving*, it must, at the second indivisible instant, be where it was not at the first instant." The question arises, *when* did this motion take place? Not in the first instant, clearly; for that has just been pronounced impossible.—With equal clearness, for the same reason, not in the second instant. Not in the two together; for if *no part* took place in either, manifestly the whole could not take place in the two the constituted cannot contain collectively more than the constituents contain distributively. Further, since the first and second instants are immediately consecutive, there was no time between them wherein the motion could take place. "But motion," says the Professor, "requires *time* as well as *space*." With certainty, therefore, does it follow that the motion *could* not, and hence *did* not, take place at all! Surely there is something wrong in the Professor's position. Nor is a distant search necessary. By *indivisible moment (instant)* is meant either *some time* or *no time*. But the latter can not be the meaning without intuitive absurdity.—But if the former be meant (as *must be*), then is it not true that motion in any one indivisible moment is impossible; for *the smallest possible motion can be performed in the smallest possible time*; whereof the truth is immediately perceived.

The solution of Mr. De Morgan, who divides with Hamilton the honor of the discovery of the quantification of the Predicate, has never fallen under the writer's observation. If, as is stated by Prof. Bowen, it *substantially* coincides with the latter's solution, without hesitancy must it be pronounced *substantially* false. KOPPA.

WHAT IS LIFE?

This question should be entertained by every thinking mind. It is one of vital importance; one that interests or concerns everybody. In the contemplation of it we are naturally led to ask ourselves as to what use should be made of it. Is it to be spent in days of drunkenness, debauchry and sin? No. Life is the time of man allotted to him by his Maker to prepare for that never-failing visitor—DEATH.

We are all born to die. No one, we care not whomsoever he may be, can escape it, and the moment we are born into this sinful world, from that moment we approach nearer and nearer the jaws of death. As we said before, *no one can escape it*. The king, with all his riches, with all his power; the peasant, in his poor, no-account, rudely-built hut, with nothing around him that he can call his own, not even a friend, both have to lie at the same door, and go over the same road in death. What a glorious thing it is to know that there is no royal road through death and the eternity beyond.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

"Educate Your Children and Your Country is Safe"—(Our Motto.)

With the warnings and admonitions of all our great and wise men, from the days of Washington down to the present time, ringing in our ears; and knowing that the life of a Republic depends upon the intelligence of its citizens, it is not surprising that our system of Public Schools is dear to the heart of every true American. Nor is it astonishing that, when a blow is struck at it, the whole nation is excited and up in arms.

The grand old Grecian principle that, as the children belong to the State, they must be educated by the State, has become thoroughly American, and after a trial that has brought forth the most admirable results, the American people fully appreciate the value of the Public Schools.

A daring attack has been made upon the system from two different quarters, and, in shame be it said, both are made in the name of religion, by men who truly "have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." To be brief, one party desires to introduce into these schools a system of religious instruction according to their own belief; the other goes farther, and desires the abolition of the whole school system, or else a division of the funds among the schools of the various religious and anti-religious societies. Both must be defeated, or the schools will be destroyed; for, if the first succeeds, the second of necessity follows.

If space would permit, it would be an easy matter to present any amount of reason for the position assumed, but as it does not, the subject will be touched only in the briefest manner possible.

In regard to the first party—taking aside all the tangled web of controversy—the question is plainly but a new phase of the old question of Church and State. Henry Brougham in his work on Political Philosophy (as quoted by the learned Stanley Matthews before the Supreme Court at Cincinnati) defined a religious establishment thus: "But there is one establishment which appears in compatible with the existence of a democracy or at least compatible only under restrictions hardly reconcilable with its hearty growth, and that is *a system of religious instruction endowed and patronized by law, with a preference given to its teachers over the teachers of all the other forms of belief*—in other words a religious establishment." Certainly no one will object to this definition.—Now, are not the public schools "endowed and patronized by law?" Is not "a preference given to its teachers over all others?" Does not the Bible contain "a system of religious instruction? But some one will say, if that be a religious establishment, let us have one." From all such citizens may the State be delivered; and, with great love for the church we can add, from all such members, may the church be delivered. Have not the nations of the world seen enough of Church and State? Surely they have. Look abroad at the action of Austria, Italy and Great Britain. Has not the

church seen enough of Church and State? Let Catholics look at the history of England before the emancipation, and Protestants at the history of the Roman Church for the past thousand years.

The effort of the first party is, moreover, in direct opposition to the fundamental principles of the Republic. Our government recognizes, tolerates, and protects, every religious belief; but, while it protects *all*, it lends its power to *none*; and this is not only well for the State, but for all true religion.

Shall America, the refuge of the persecuted, and the land of the Pilgrim fathers, become the persecutors? May Heaven defend us from so dire a calamity. Moreover, it would be manifestly unjust to teach Christianity only, in a school where the Jews, and for that matter the Chinese, have as much right as we to send their children. Measure your scheme, my Christian brother, by the golden rule, and see its dimensions. Suppose "John Chinaman" should overrun your locality, out-vote you, and put the works of Confucius in your school? Ah, that is a horse of another color, isn't it? Or, suppose the Jews should read to your children the Talmud? "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affection, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as the Christian is?"

But they say that a school where religion is not taught is godless. An arithmetic without religion in it is godless, and so is a grammar. When you send your child to the music teacher, you do not expect him to receive religious instruction; neither should you when you send him to the mathematician or grammarian. The public schools retain the children but about five hours out of the twenty-four; if you are really in earnest, when you have taught your own children, you can find those children who need your instruction, in the alleys, by the highways and hedges; take them in, you have plenty of time before school opens again.

As to the second party mentioned, (those who desire a division of the funds) their plan is but on foot, and has not yet been much agitated; but they at work and will soon deal heavy blows.—Their plan is less dangerous to Church and State, but much more so to the school system.

Their scheme is not a new one, it has been tried in France and the results will not stand in comparison with those of our system. It is not necessary to state that its evils are numerous, and that before an American Protestant would agree to pay taxes for teaching Catholic doctrine, or a Catholic for a Protestant, they would vote to abolish the whole system of school tax, and then a long farewell to all our greatness. We may ventilate our views upon this scheme more fully at some future time.

The steam heating apparatus at Yale has been out of order, which gives the *Record* something to be funny about, while the more dignified *Courant* grows. This is perhaps an index to the difference in character of the two journals.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Youth and early manhood find no greater pleasure, no more infallible source of joy and amusement than in dreading away the fleeting hours. Waking dreams of future happiness fill the brain, and visions of future distinction and glory intoxicate the soul; and so vivid are these ideal pictures, that nothing but the touch of the all-powerful hand is wanting to render them real.—But alas! our “Castles in the Air” are but the feeble conceptions of our brain, and are dispelled by the first rays of the sunlight of reality.

Those whom sad experience has taught that those workings of the imagination are but “Castles in the Air,” are wont to indulge in sharp reproofs against what they style, idleness of youth. But he who no longer yields to the seductive allurements of day-dreaming, who cares not longer to lift himself by the powers of his imagination above the realities of life, above the turmoils and contentions of those whose petty souls have not a thought above themselves and their own actions, who can no longer lose the bitter consciousness that life is but a cheat at best, and dwell amid his air-built castles, is poor indeed, though the wealth of the Indies glitter in his coffers. When the spring-tide of youth is flushed by the hopes and aspirations of coming manhood, when with steady step we advance along the well trodden path whose flower-burdened borders lend a charm to our upward course through life, we are prone to loose the restraints upon our imaginations, and in rapid flight to outstrip the laggard step of time, and explore those beautiful castles, whose far-glittering domes are the beacon lights of hope. When the spring day of youth is slowly wasting into the “nightfall of age,” when the shadows of the past grow deeper and deeper as life draws to a close, we look back with a mingled emotion of pleasure and pain, through the long vistas of time, upon the ruins of air-built castles; and though like Solomon, we have found that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, still we dwell with peculiar pleasure upon these, the cherished objects of our youthful desires. When the God of infinite love implanted in man that blessed power of creating in fancy those immaterial castles, whose fair proportions lure him into almost believing that he looks upon a thing of reality, he gave to him a balm for his hours of deepest affliction.

I have scaled lofty mountains, and from their rugged peaks have gazed upon out-stretched nature in all her beauty. Far away I caught a glimpse of a little hamlet, so nestled among the forest trees that it seemed half hiding from the busy and excited world that hurries on unmindful of aught in which it is not interested. All that could offend the eye was lost in the distance, and nothing was seen but what was pleasing. For surely “distance lends enchantment to the view.” But in my imagination arose a scene far grander, far more beautiful than this. Heaven’s elysian fields passed before my enchanted vision, and

scenes were pictured whose beauties no human tongue could tell.

I have wandered along winding streams, whose waters were perfumed by the touch of drooping flowers, and over whose placid surface floated the music of the evening breezes, as they sighingly told their own sad story, and I caught the gleam of that far distant stream upon whose banks stand groupes of happy angels, from whose hearts swell strains of heavenly music in honor of their Lord and Master. I have “looked up into the unclouded blue, where the sweet regent of the skies sails in serene majesty among her retinue of shining stars, and seems to gaze down with pitying love upon the planet which God intended for a paradise, but man converted into a hell.” And then it was that the meteoric flashes of my imagination revealed to my enraptured vision a world peopled with beings of love, whose souls were attuned to a higher harmony; and in the distinctness of my conception I have stretched forth my hands to grasp theirs as friends from foreign shores.

Let no one maintain that these imaginings are in vain, that there is no real benefit in building “Castles in the Air,” whose toppled walls and crumbled columns too soon force us back to the real.—For as the architect first “builds” upon the spotless paper those castles whose beauty and whose grandeur, charm and awe every beholder; so we, in the hopefulness of youth, build in air our lofty castles whose future glory already crimson the advancing years. But as the pendant dew-drops glisten for a moment in the morning sun and tinge the floweret with a brighter hue, then drop and are no more. So our “Castles in the Air” for the moment, hold us spell-bound by their beauty, then crumble away and are no more.

WHO WILL BE GREAT?

In the casket of human virtues, there is not a brighter jewel than the desire of true greatness.—At no age are the true exempt from this aspiration. Youth, in his life of visions, views in the dim distance domes spires, with emerald boughs entwined, and pavillions green, as the home and hope of coming days. And age, leaning on his staff, not seldom asks his God for days, in which to correct the wrongs of an imperfect life.

On the scroll of common error, is found the one in which a name is taken for greatness. A youth once said that he would be known to coming generations, if to accomplish it, he should have to become the worst of all men; he never became either great or famous. The monument often casts its shadow on the grave of a nobler man than he whose memory it stands to plead. Passers talk more of the quality of the marble, than of the virtue of him who sleeps under it. What of worth is an expensive monument, without a great life for the epitaph? Better

“Raise not a stone, carve not a line;
But leave him alone in his glory,”

Or write the unfavorable truth, as on the tomb of Timon the man-hater:

"At last I've bid the knaves farewell;
Ask not my name—but go to hell."

The greatness which is the offspring of circumstance is often better dead than living. Did Alexander the Great live now, he would be Alexander the Small. Napoleon the I. would find more than one Wellington. These men have both left us more of name than good example.

Assumed greatness is transitory, like morning flowers, which bloom prettily until the sun develops their superiors, to bloom when these have faded and gone.

Pollok writes truly of mistaken greatness:

"This last was honor called, and spirit high,
Alas! 'twas mortal spirit, honor which
Forgot to wake at the last trumpet's voice,
Bearing the signature of time alone,
Uncurrent in eternity, and base."

He will be great, who has the prudence to start aright and the will to be resolute after the tenth failure; he who relies more on his energy, than on his father, or on his wit; he who listens at what an old man says, "he ought to have done;" he who cannot be repulsed by the browbeating of a jealous enemy; he who is not surprised at not being perfectly happy or contented; he who can direct his mind from evil habits. A great ocean and a great soul are newer still; he who remembers that there are few who have not been praised, and that *Solomon* was the *wisest* man; he who would rather change, than be wrong, but would fall by a conviction of truth; he who would not live in a tent because Abraham did, or refuse to become learned because his father is not; he who counts every day a little life, and remembers that he yet may have an *age* in which to reflect on the deeds of each day; he who understands life to be a finger-post, pointing man's eternal home.

In publishing the following communication, we feel that we owe our readers a word of explanation, and perhaps something of an apology. It is one of the laws of COLLEGIAN that it shall not contain anything partizan or controversial in religion or politics, and we will always endeavor to abide by this law. Possibly the Editors did wrong in admitting "Timothy's" review of "G," but now that "G." asks the privilege of answering his reviewer, we cannot refuse it.

But, gentlemen, here the thing must stop! We are not averse to witnessing a good fair fight, and in fact would rather enjoy seeing "G," who is opposed to controversies, in one, but you must get out of our office to do it. EDITORS.

G.'S REVIEW OF TIMOTHY'S REVIEW.

"He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool, and he who dare not is a slave."

When we cannot write what we conceive to be the truth, without one curb or restraint to disturb our pen, we shall cease to journalize. Obsequious to no man on this sublunary sphere, and attering to no sect or party under the sun, we

shall with unfaltering step pursue truth, in despite of the scoffs and scorns of an infidel world, the frowns of power, the whines of bigotry, and the opposition and discountenance of friends and kindred. We have great respect and veneration for age; but we cannot yield, where truth is concerned, to age, even though she wear a wig on her head as white as Alpine snow.

1st. We charge our reviewer with misrepresentation and unfairness. He has garbled our sentences from beginning to end, and made them mean what the author never intended. He, evidently, either did not grasp or comprehend our thought, or intentionally misconstrued our meaning. In case the former be true, it certainly would have been the part of wisdom in him not to have attempted a refutation of that which he did not adequately understand. If the latter be true, it is incontrovertible proof that he is not an honest seeker after truth; for, he would not then have perverted our sentences. Again: We charge our reviewer with cowardice. We think it unworthy of a brave man, and much less of a critic, to make an assault under the guise of a *nom de plume*.

2d. Timothy says: "G. cannot prove that Christianity exhibits one sect in the *scriptural* use of the term." What he means by *scriptural* use of the term, we are at a loss to conceive. The word sect means the same thing in Scripture that it means anywhere else. It has not one meaning in sacred history and another in profane. The same idea is in the word, whether used in a scriptural or in an unscriptural sense. It is from the Latin, (*seco*, I cut, part, separate, divide,) and the Greek word used by Paul, (*schisma*, from *schidzo*, I split, rend assunder, divide,) means the same thing. Since, then, *secta* means division, and *schisma* also means division, there is an identity of meaning. Now *schisma* must be a scriptural word, for it is used by Paul in his writings, and Paul certainly used scriptural language; wherefore, there must be such a thing as a sect (*schisma*) in the scriptural use of the term. Will Timothy now say, that Christianity, that is, the religion of Christ does not exhibit any sects (*schismata*, divisions) in the scriptural use of the term? There are certainly numerous bodies of persons professing the religion of Christ, and if he does not call them sects, what does he call them? We merely wish to have a name for them. We called them sects because we thought sect a very good name. If he prefers bodies or denominations of Christians, all right and good, there is about a thousand of them, and we merely wished to express that idea. We must infer, though, from what he has written, that he regards all denominations of Christians, except that to which he belongs, as bodies of heretics. If he does not regard the sects as Christians, he certainly places them beyond the pale of Christianity. Let us try his consistency.—Here, he leads us to believe that the sects are not Christians, but a little farther down, he admits, that "all true, honest and sincere followers of Christ constitute His church." Now there are but two alternatives. Either the sects compose a

part of Christ's Church, or they are not honest and sincere. We do not believe that Timothy will dare assume the responsibility of the latter alternative. Then, he believes that the sects are Christians, and he does not believe it.

3d. Timothy says: "Cease to look into your mind to learn what is right, and hear the sayings of the Savior and do them." How are we to hear and do the sayings of our Savior, if it be not by means of mind? Mind or consciousness is the condition of all knowledge, whether revealed or not. 'Tis not the eye that sees, nor the ear that hears, but the mind. The physical eye and ear are merely organs of the mind, or media of communication. Truth is revealed in the Bible, but unless it comes within the sphere of our consciousness, it will do us no good. Mind is the ultimate appeal. By means of mind only, can we learn the will of God as revealed in the Bible. We know what is in the Bible only as we have the faculty of knowing.—The faculty or power of knowing may be strong in one man and weak in another. Thus arises the different interpretations of God's will.

Some minds consider one thing as His will, and some another. The superior mind can know God's will more perfectly than the inferior, because, it has a more expansive faculty of knowing in general. We would recommend to our reviewer, before he writes anything more about mind, to learn, at least, the alphabet in the science of mind.

We did say that religious debates were productive of "some good," and had been of "incalculable benefit." There is an apparent inconsistency here, but not a real one. When we said that religious debates were productive of *some good*, we referred to modern religious debates; but when we said that they had been of *incalculable benefit*, we referred to the religious debates of former times, before the introduction of printing, and the multiplication of books. When books were costly, and few persons could read, mankind depended to some extent on religious debaters; but books are now cheap, and knowledge is disseminated among the masses, and almost every one can read for himself; and if he wishes to get a knowledge of the truth, he will not listen to debates, but will read some exhaustive treatise on the subject.

We wrote, in our former piece, in the spirit of irony, that "debaters now-a-days even go so far as to decide man's eternal destiny by the strict rules of Logic." Our reviewer seems to be alarmed for the safety of the Gospel of Christ. He thinks that we are proclaiming to the world a new gospel, when we are only using a little irony. We cannot believe that a reviewer so intelligent could be ignorant of what irony is. He, certainly, then, intended to misrepresent us, and ridicule us on a misrepresentation. He has transformed himself into an "angel of light" to deceive our readers.

4th. Timothy quotes G. as saying: "If a man conscientiously selects the course that he believes to be right, using all the means that has been placed in his power, *he must be right*." The sentence is incomplete, and does not convey our idea,

We wrote, that if a man used all the means that had been placed in his power, he must be right, that is, he would be accepted by an all merciful God. Why did our reviewer leave out this qualifying clause? We think that right absolute belongs to Deity, and only right relative to man.—We never affirmed that the man would be absolutely right, nor did we affirm that the "conscience guides man unerringly right." Timothy asks: "What is right in religious matters? Is it honesty? An Infidel may be honest." We ask, what is right in reviews? Is it dishonesty? If so, a dishonest reviewer may be a Christian. Where did you learn your ideas of right? Did you learn them from the Bible? No; I know it is not taught there, that a reviewer should misrepresent the person reviewed.

5th. Timothy says: "The more bitter rancor we have, the more holy rivalry of course." Ah! Paul never taught you this, Timothy—where did you learn your theology? Did you learn it from the Bible College? We know you could not have learned it from the Bible; for it is there taught that we should "love one another with a pure heart, fervently." We would remind you, dear Timothy, that holy rivalry does not follow from bitter rancor any more than love from extreme hatred. The difficulty in your mind is this: You regard bitter rancor and division as synonymous. It may be that *you* hate all men that differ from you in opinion, but all men are not constituted just like you. There are many men who love persons that differ from them. We remember a Baptist preacher, who took unto himself a Presbyterian wife, and she never would give up her religion, yet he loved her devotedly, and she loved him.—It is possible, then, to love those who differ from us, and we think that you can do it, Timothy, if you will only try. We are commanded, as you know, to love our enemies. If we comply with this apostolic injunction, we cannot entertain bitter rancor. We, therefore, do not approve divisions that stir up bitter rancor, but only such as stir up holy rivalry. We do not think that you can prove that divisions necessarily create bitter rancor. Let us try your consistency again. Here you lead us to believe that divisions must produce bitter rancor, but a little farther down, you "think G. is very reckless in the assertion of the bitter rancorous feelings of the denominations towards each other." Bitter rancor must result from divisions, and yet, we have divisions without it; for Timothy says, the denominations "worship together, commune at the Lord's table together, and call each other brother and sister, and are social and respectful." If they do this, they certainly do not entertain bitter rancor. Such divisions we approve, where there is love and charity out of a pure heart.

6th. Why did G. oppose debates, since debates produce divisions, and he is in favor of divisions? Debates tend not only to produce divisions, but bitter rancor also. We wished to have the divisions without the bitter rancor, therefore, we opposed debates. Timothy contends for the unity

of Christians, yet, he favors debates, which produce divisions. We contend for the unity of Christians, wherefore, we oppose debates. Unity with him is for all the world to think just as he thinks about religious matters. Unity with us is for all Christians to love one another, to have "charity out of a pure heart," to believe with all the heart that Jesus is the Christ. Such unity as we contend for is possible, but such unity as Timothy contends for is impossible. We dare assert that there are no two men in any denomination of Christians that have the same opinion about the meaning of every passage of Scripture. We do not believe that it is essential that they should have; nor do we believe that the Savior, when He prayed that they "all might be one," meant that they all should think just alike.

There are many things in this review that we might have noticed, but feared that we would be accused of introducing "denominational peculiarities" into our paper. We do not seek, nor do we shrink from controversy. We have a daily routine of studies, and do not wish to distract our attention; but if Timothy desires to protract this controversy, we promise to furnish replies. We hope, though, that he will select some other medium of communication than the COLLEGIAN.—We think that the Apostolic Times, or some other religious paper, would be a more suitable medium.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The November number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is at hand with even more than its usual amount of interesting reading matter. It contains: From the Field to the Fireside, an interesting and nicely illustrated account of the whole process through which your newspaper has gone. The London Season. Monody upon the death of J. Buchanan Reid, by G. H. Baker. Mission to Costa Rica. Strange Adventures of a Phaeton. Torpedoes. Sketches of Southern Life, by T. C. De Leon. In the dark. An evening with a Spiritualist. Aimee's Story. Minor Stories, by Shauly. A Modern Philosopher. Explanation. Private art collection of Philadelphia, etc.

The October numbers of *Littell's Living Age* have been read with much delight. They contain excellent selections from the very first-class of Magazines, such as *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *Westminster British Quarterly*, *Contemporary*, *Blackwoods*, *Frazer's*, *Dublin University*, *Spectator*, etc. We believe in their motto, "These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away," and well do Messrs. Littell & Gay winnow.

In looking over our college exchanges we have reason to be satisfied with the appearance at least, of our COLLEGIAN.

In regard to the matter, we do not feel called upon to draw any comparisons, and indeed, it would be hard to do, since most of the college papers contain very little that is written by the students, while ours so far, contains nothing else.

We regret that through some unknown cause, all the numbers of the *College Courant* do not reach us. Its columns are examined with the greatest interest, containing matured thoughts upon most interesting subjects. We are largely indebted to it for our college news.

The *Westminster Monthly* is light, but the October number contains a good address, delivered before the graduates, by Rev. J. A. Quarles, entitled "The Republic of Letters."

The *Yale Courant's* heart is gladdened to find that one of

their Professors does not think that the marking system is the *summum bonum* of human existence, and delivers a short but sharp protest against "marking books, monitors, compulsory chapel and their long train of attendant evils." We say, agitate! agitate!

The *Yale Record* gives the following as the political opinion of Yale: For Grant, 446; Greeley, 126; O'Connor, 4; Douglas 1, J, Black, 1.

The *Cornell Era* is a handsome sheet, but it contains little that is of interest to any beyond their walls, when we except an occasional article from a Professor.

Want of space forbids further comment. More anon.

OLD HOME.

No sickness there, nor any care nor grief,
Nor any night.
There we shall clasp our long lost friends again,
With new delight;
And not alone as Lord's redeemed saints,
Shall we be known
By those who left us long ago to weep,
But as their own.

No cold neglect, ingratitude, nor guile,
Will there distress;
No heavy hours, no lonely days and nights,
No weariness;
No longing for sweet peace that never comes,
No scalding tears,
That, falling, wash away the life and strength
More than years.

No dreading and no longing for the grave
And its deep rest;
No mournful eyes; nor any hopeless hearts,
Among the blest,
When eyes gaze wistfully in other eyes,
No deadly pain
Cleaves the poor heart, and burns like fire within
The tortured brain.

When hands are clasped in loving, clinging hands,
No cheek grows pale,
And from no lips bursts mournful forth,
The parting wail.
Then the sick heart, forsaken and unloved,
That long hath bled—
The lowly outcast wanderer of the earth
Is comforted.

Oh, home! My home! When shall these weary feet,
Press thy dear soil?
When shall I rest from all my pain and sin,
My care and toil?

LUCK AND LABOR.—Two boys left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labor can do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon, luck or labor? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck lies abed wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slides down to indolence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

Which is likely to do the most for you, boys?

THE COLLEGIAN

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - NOVEMBER, 1872

With the present number of the COLLEGIAN begins a new era in its existence. By the experiences of the former editors we hope to profit. The difficulties under which they labored were particularly trying to young editors; and for this reason: The COLLEGIAN is almost entirely dependent upon the patronage of the old students, patrons, and friends of the University, and hence it was, and is, the object of the editors to make it especially attractive to them, and by this means to secure its permanent existence. But the majority of the issues were made during last vacation, when everything connected with the University was at a stand still, and when there was an absolute dearth of college news. All the patrons of the paper will appreciate their zealous efforts in bringing the COLLEGIAN up to its present standard.

With the beginning of the new session we shall try to infuse a new vigor into our paper, and if our exertions meet with the success we desire to attain, we are in hopes that we will be encouraged by a response in the shape of fresh subscriptions.

As each department of our paper is under the care of a special editor, we are confident that this management will, by arousing an emulation among the editors to make their departments excel, produce good results.

Articles from the members of the different faculties of the University have not appeared as yet, but now that the labor of arranging their classes is over, we promise our readers something from them.

Contributions are solicited, and especially from old students of the University, who thus have a pleasant method of communicating with their friends, and at the same time have the opportunity of making the COLLEGIAN a more readable paper, and this last should be the object of all students.

To our contributors we would say—make your pieces concise. When you begin to write an article, write in large letters at the top of your paper the editor's maxim: "Economy of space and your readers attention," and do not neglect to think of its truth while composing your articles. We have already been compelled to reject several pieces on account of their length.

WHY WE ARE HAPPY OR UNHAPPY.

There was, perhaps, never a truer sentiment uttered than that "the world is what we make it." It is true that there are many things over which we have no control, but these are not what make up life. Great boulders here and there may give an imposing appearance, but the little grains of sand make the mountain. So great events may give importance to life, but little things are life itself. Consequently it is upon these little things that happiness depends. Great deeds do not accumulate such a stock of felicity that we may draw on it for a life time; every day must find happiness for itself.

None but the fatalist will contend that man has no volition, whatever, in matters involving his temporal well-being; that there is an inevitable necessity decreeing that every man shall realize a predetermined degree of joy and of sorrow. Now it is indisputable that all *do* experience both of these, and, in the lives of many, the latter seems to predominate; but that this is the fiat of Jehovah is most emphatically denied. Ask the sorrow-stricken and the care-worn to critically examine their own lives and note where their trouble began, and the cause of it, and I feel safe in saying that the major part, if honest with themselves, would answer that it began with the violation of some law of their being, caused by their own indiscretion. The lives of many have been made a burden by a hasty word or a thoughtless deed; small though it may have been, its terrible conse-

quences show its importance, and the wisdom of giving due attention to all of like character.

It being true that a large per centage of man's misfortunes is brought on by himself, it is also true that those thus incurred might by a proper course be avoided. It is always possible to escape the penalty of a law by not violating it; and all unhappiness is but the result of a non-compliance with certain laws having their foundation in the very nature of man. No man can be happy and do violence to these. The world seems to be blinded to this fact, and insists on attributing to Providence, what is due to its own perverted conceptions of things. Men form judgments from a partial examination of the premises, or from biased opinions previously conceived. As well might we attempt to judge of a man's character from the shape of his boot. Whenever we are called upon to form a conclusion respecting any subject, we should bring to bear on it a mind free to receive the truth, and willing to receive nothing less. Everything bearing on the subject, either directly or indirectly, should be studied most intimately, otherwise we are likely to be involved in error.

As was indicated in the outset, there are sorrows that are inevitable, deep, heart-crushing sorrows. Friends die, and those who are dearer than friends, sundering chords earth can never bind up; but these are not the bitterest draughts in our cup. They may even be our greatest blessings. Is there danger of our hearts being weaned from Heaven by an earthly love? Then God may kindly sever the tie that the spirit may be saved in the great reckoning day. The corroding cares, however, that drive sunlight from the heart and smiles from the lip, envyings, jealousies, and soul-stabbing underthrusts, engendered by the union of incongenial natures, unhallowed pride, and lawless rivalry, are some of the cankers that eat away the very foundation of our social, as well as our moral enjoyment. Some men are too proud to be happy, others are too mean; some are too avaricious, others too profligate; some are too suspicious, others too credulous; for the extremes of all these are vices. A man should be proud enough to respect himself, but humble enough to do his duty; avaricious enough to take care of his God-given means, but liberal enough to spend them freely when the proper occasion demands it; suspicious enough not to be ensnared by sophistries, yet credulous enough to accept the highest truth—Christian truth.

If it is true that our eternal happiness is dependent on our conduct here, is it any less true that our temporal well-being depends largely on ourselves? Is the latter of such immense importance that it should be left entirely to the supreme direction, while the former is given only on the condition of obedience? Surely, if God had intended to make the one or the other the subject of an irrevocable decree, it would have been the more important, and, as He has not done this, we infer that He has made the less, even more dependent on man's own actions.

But how is man to escape the unhappiness that weighs on him so heavily! Were he possessed of an unerring judgment, and an unyielding moral firmness, he could be perfectly happy, for he could always choose the right, and no influence could induce him to relinquish it. But, fallen, and weak and erring as he is, there is no excuse for so many disappointments in his life.

It is a well known principle that to give expression to any sentiment strengthens it. This accounts for the preponderance of vice over virtue; for men pet their vices and cherish their sorrows. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body." Indeed, so great an influence does this principle have that the Apostle declares that "the tongue defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature." Sometimes men get to believe the most improbable theories from constantly asserting them, and they frequently talk the smallest grievances into the most stupendous misfortunes.—They like sympathy, and thus work themselves into a state of unhappiness in order to obtain it, when their troubles are really too insignificant to deserve notice.

Now, who can deny that this power which exerts so great an influence for evil, would, if turned into the proper channel, wield an equal influence for good? Fire is one of the mightiest elements of destruction, yet the world could not do without its service. In this one principle lies the great secret of ameliorating man's vices and sorrows. Its exercise would go far toward divesting him of that selfishness which detracts so greatly both from his capacity of being happy, and his power of making others so. No selfish man can be happy, for happiness is too great a thing to dwell in a heart too narrow for any but its own interests. Strike selfishness from the heart and you open the flood gates of enjoyment.

Then, again, everything should be viewed in the best possible light. "Count it all joy when you fall into manifold trials." Many persons practice the contradictory of this. With them it is all sorrow when they are tried. This is because they expect all joy to come from without, than which there never was a falser theory. The very brightness of earth is borrowed, and its beauties reflected—borrowed from a warm and genial heart—reflected from a God-like soul. Hence it is that under like circumstances, some are repining, others, content; some complaining of their misfortunes, others thanking God for His blessings; some doubting, others believing; some despairing, others rejoicing in hope. The tone of a man's mind gives coloring to every thing around him. According to this, his surroundings are pleasant or painful, attractive or repulsive. Happiness is radiate, not convergent, and of necessity must depend on the condition of the mind. All the paraphernalia of earth can not give the longed-for boon if this is not properly directed.

Summing up the whole matter, it appears: 1. That man primarily brought sorrow into the world by disobedience, 2. That he has by a continued

improper course brought on himself many trials and disappointments, and much suffering, not immediately entailed by the first transgression; and 3. That he may, by a judicious course, free himself from a large part of these secondary punishments.

But if he would free himself entirely from the fever and disappointment of life, and rise high above its heartachings, let him "fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole happiness of man."

Our Boys.

(Arts)—FOREMAN, T. T., is now enjoying the honors and emoluments of a pedagogue. "Tom" has a comfortable position in Bardstown, and carries his newly acquired dignity of "Prof." exceedingly well.

(Arts)—BRYAN, J., has returned to the Bellevue Medical College, New York city, and comes forth this spring a full fledged M. D. "May I never die till you set a leg for me," Joe.

(Arts)—Cecil, GRANVILLE, married the charming and accomplished daughter of ex-Congressman A. G. Talbott, and is quietly cultivating his farm near Danville.

'71. (Law) SMITH, J. SOULE—Our witty and talented friend, J. Soule Smith, having graduated with honor, began the practice of law in the office of Kinkead & Buckner. For a while he added to the labor of his profession the duties of the "Local" of the Daily Press, and is now Editor of the Observer & Reporter. "Josh," if your success are commensurate with the anticipations and heartfelt wishes of your friends, the ladder of fame will contain no round not pressed under your foot.

'70. (Arts) SMITH, W. B., having received the highest honors of his class, accepted the position of tutor in the College of Arts, and is now discharging the arduous duties of that position. "Harry Stottle" makes a better pun than ever, and is a very popular teacher.

(Arts) SMITH, E. E., holds the position of tutor in the A. & M. College, and is at the same time prosecuting his studies with the intention of graduating next year.

(Arts)—FINLEY, J. W., is studying Law in Dalton, Georgia, and would be glad to hear from any of his friends. His picture is before us as we write, but we do not intend to show it to his Kentucky sweetheart, for either Blackstone or "Gooberpens," we are not assured which, does not agree with him.

(Arts)—TANNER, J. M.—After leaving the University Mr. Tanner graduated at Princeton, and taught for two years in Philadelphia. His many Periclean friends will be glad to hear that he is back again at the University, and has matriculated in the Law College.

'69. (Law)—BRYAN, M. T., having graduated in the College of Law, located in Covington, where he has remained ever since, and has gradually built up a lucrative practice. "Lant" is handsomer than ever, and is a great favorite with his lady friends.

'68 (Arts)—SCOTT, WALTER—And who does not remember him, one of the greatest favorites that went to the University? Walter and his lovely wife are living upon his farm five or six miles from Lexington on the Harrodsburg pike.

'69. (Arts)—BRONSTON, C. J., graduated in '69, and during the following year studied Law at the Virginia University. He immediately began the practice of Law in Richmond, Ky.,

where he now is. Charley is succeeding, and is one of the most promising young members at the bar, and we predict, and accompany our prediction with a hearty wish for him, that he will in a few years hold a conspicuous position in the legal profession.

(Arts)—WOODWARD, J. R.—This old and tried Periclean is now a student in the Northwestern Christian University, at Indianapolis. He writes us that the University is a mixed school, and that it is lots of fun, but very detracting, to sit next to a pretty girl and conjugate *amo*. We understand that he intends to write a series of newspaper articles on the advantages of mixed schools, and we do not doubt but that he will convince many, since he is so thoroughly convinced himself.

'71. (Arts)—HARLAN, B. J., is also at Bellevue Medical College, and at last account was deeply absorbed in materia medica, and was surrounded by genuine skeletons and "dead men's bones," which, says our informant, were rather trying to the nerves of an uninitiated.

(Arts)—McPHESSON, J. O., when last heard of, was enjoying himself in New York, but intended leaving in a few days for Philadelphia, for the College of Pharmacy, where he will be during the coming session. "Mac," thy friend the "Major" sighs for thee. Since writing the above we hear he has reached Philadelphia, where he and Will White are rooming together. A jolly pair.

(Arts)—COX, W. E., is at present in New York city, in the bunking house of Donnell, Lawson & Co., and writes us that "bunking beats going to college so far that he does not like to mention it." We will venture to say that friend Cox has not found the ladies of New York so much handsomer than our Kentucky girls that "he does not like to mention it."

(Arts)—GORE, D. C.—Who would have thought it? but it really is true that D. C. is now engaged in teaching school in Paris, Missouri. We were led to believe that he had chosen politics as his profession. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

(Bible)—HALEY, J. J., one of the ex-editors of the COLLEGIAN, is now attending Northwestern Christian University, at Indianapolis, Indiana. Our good wishes go with him. We trust he will keep us informed of his whereabouts, and not forget the happy hours of "auld lang syne."

(Law)—WORTHAM, J. S., is practicing law in Litchfield, Ky. He is still enjoying the miseries of a bachelor, though his business would justify his enduring the bliss of matrimony. May success attend him.

(Bible)—DAVIS, J. M.—After leaving college "Jerry" married and settled in Chauncey, Ohio, where he combines the professions of farmer and preacher.

'72. (Bible)—MCGOWAN, L. D., has returned to his native county (Henry Ky) and is teaching and preaching. In a late letter he informs us that he is still anxiously expecting the "occasion."

(Arts)—WAYMAN—Our handsome young friend, Samuel P. Wayman, passed through Lexington a few weeks since, and vouchsafed us a few minutes of his precious time. He is residing at Independence, Ky., and is engaged in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," (not shot guns, but A. B. C.'s) and is doing well. As a quill dasher he is a decided success, his article in a recent issue of the Good Templar's Advocate entitled "Forgiveness," being of no mean merit. Sam is a regular contributor to the Advocate. We wish him every success that can attend him, both as a teacher and essayist.

(A. & M.)—H. T. EALS of "brass button and short coat" fame passed through our city, recently, from Frankfort, where he had been attending the session of the Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T. He is the picture of health, is doing well, and is seriously thinking of taking unto himself "a rib."

(Arts)—SMITH, W. L.—This genial old Ceeropians name first graced the roll of that Society in '66, and was a faithful member for his stay in College, has sold his farm in Franklin county at a good figure, and is thinking of changing his profession, leaving the practice of "Agriculture" for the more pleasant one of Coke, upon Lytleton. A hearty welcome is yours, friend Will, both to the fraternity and to Lexington.

'72. (Law)—ROGERS—Will F. Rogers, of '72, dropped in upon us during the past month. He is in the enjoyment of most excellent health, and is becoming really handsome. Will is doing very well in St. Louis. He was in this part of the world for the purpose of gathering evidence in some suit he has in St. Louis. His "shingle" reads: "McKinstry & Rogers, S. E. Cor 3d and Pine, St. Louis, Missouri; No. 19, 2d Floor." write to him, '72, and you will be repaid for your trouble.

'67. (Arts & Bible)—MYLES—Albert Myles has been in very poor health ever since graduation. He has in turn tried Missouri, Minnesota and Kentucky, but in each his health seemed to become worse. He has recently gone to Denver, Colorado, where he has decided to remain. It will gratify his many old friends to know that at Denver, he is gradually, but surely recovering his former health.

(Law)—O. C. BRISON honored the COLLEGIAN with a short visit a couple of weeks ago. "Oll." is looking as well, and is as handsome as of yore. He is a practicing lawyer at Louisiana, Missouri, and is doing well. He will soon be a candidate—for what, we do not say—leaving our readers to judge on what ticket he runs. He is on the editorial staff of the Louisiana (Mo.) Journal. Success to you, old friend in your journalistic career.

(Arts)—BRYSON informs us that Sam Locke, Wick Mason and "Bud" Kirtley are in Mexico, Missouri, and doing well in their respective callings. Locke is with his father, who is clerk of the County Court office. Mason is teaching, and Kirtley is a "sub" banker.

Among the Colleges.

.... Oberlin College has one thousand students.

.... The University of Minnesota has two hundred and fifty students.

.... The University of France has one hundred and nine Professors.

.... The Students of Dickinson College are now holding daily prayer meetings.

.... The Karen College, in Rangoon, was opened May 28, with seventeen pupils.

.... F. G. Weeks, of Skaneateles, N. Y., has given \$500 to the Johnson College, Mo.

.... The law class of the Wisconsin State University numbers twenty-three members.

.... Yale is soon to receive two more invoices of Chinese students, numbering collectively 131.

.... Dartmouth proposes to erect a new library, for which a large portion of the money required has been subscribed.

.... Twenty thousand dollars of the proposed Jubilee fund of \$300,000 for Richmond College has already been paid in.

.... There recently graduated at Howard University, in Washington, thirteen colored law students one of whom was a woman.

.... The French College for Journalists will be opened on

the first of January, next. M. Saint-Marc Girardin will be its President.

.... Dr. R. Eckels, formerly of Cloverdale, Indiana, has recently been appointed to duty in the Law College of Bloomington, Indiana.

.... Miss Ann White, of Appleton, Wisconsin, has been added to the faculty of Lawrence University. She is a graduate of that institution.

.... It is reported that the Turkish Government has placed an injunction on the progress of the new building for Dr. Hamlin's College on the Bosphorus.

.... Dr. Winchell, President elect of Syracuse University, is now at Syracuse, and will supervise the issue of the new catalogue of the University, and represent its interest at the Central and Western New York Conferences.

.... Mr. John M. Bruce, of New York, has given \$25,000 as an endowment fund for the library of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Including this gift about \$125,000 has been added to the productive fund of the seminary within the past six months.

.... The trustees of the Lehigh University, an institution founded by the Hon. Asa Packer, who has given already nearly a million dollars to thoroughly establish it and make its tuition absolutely free, have invited Prof. H. Wilson Harding, of Bethany College, West Virginia, to accept its Chair of Mechanics and Physics.

.... Mr. John C. Green, a wealthy merchant of New York, who has already erected the beautiful library building of Princeton College, at a cost of \$120,000, and Dickinson Hall at a cost of \$100,000, at the last commencement gave \$200,000 to endow the scientific school of the college. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, also gave \$100,000 to the college.

.... The co-education of the sexes is making remarkable headway in this country. Four colleges in New England, among them the Universities of Vermont and Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania; Oberlin and Antioch Colleges, in Ohio; the State Universities of Indiana and Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Kansas make no distinction on account of sex.—*Cornell Era*.

.... Liberal education. One-fifth of the students of the graduating class at Dartmouth College, N. H., or 14 out of 69, are Roman Catholics. This mingling of Protestant and Romanist young men, not only in our public schools, but the more advanced institutions of learning cannot fail to liberalize the mind, and to break down the narrow and bitter prejudices which, if fostered, lead to bigotry and sectarian hate.

.... The other evening a studious Freshman, being interrupted in his vigorous "diggings" by the devotions and praises of a certain orthodox sect assembled in a place of worship near by, gave vent to the idea that those howlers were a nuisance, and ought to be interdicted. His Sophomore chum in holy horror objected, as they were strictly an evangelical church, but wilted at the suggestion that it was a "rough joke on *Evangeline*."—*Cornell Era*.

.... We never heard until now of James Kelly, of Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, but we have conceived the highest respect for his good sense, as well as his liberality. He has given \$250,000 for the establishment of a trade college, in which poor boys are to be taught any trade they wish to learn, free from cost. Mr. Kelly's college will not interfere with older institutions of learning, but it can hardly fail to lessen the average attendance at the Pennsylvania State prison.

.... The Agricultural College of the Nebraska State University is to be opened the coming Fall. S. K. Thompson has been elected Professor of Agriculture, and Samuel Aughey, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry. The other Professors

have not yet been elected. An experimental farm of 440 acres, one-half mile north of the city of Lincoln has been secured, and improvements commenced on it. An arrangement has been made by which a part of the farm is to be occupied by the buildings of the State Fair, which are now in process of erection.

.... A senior brings us a direful tale of woes. There dwells above him in the college called North a freshman. Now this freshman aforesaid, "not having the fear of the Lord before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil," is accustomed to open his window at the hour of 11 P. M., and to "yowl." And the words whereof he "yowls" they are "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." And he ceases not until he hath completed the whole four stanzas thereof.—Whereof, said senior prayeth that said star may cease to twinkle least happily he, the said senior, be driven to extinguish both said star and said freshman.—*Record.*

.... The usual junior honors were presented by the class of 1872 at Dartmouth College on Tuesday of last week. The knife to the ugliest man, to Mr. J. B. Richardson, Vershire, Vermont; the spoon to the greatest eater, to C. W. Badgley, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; the spurs to the man most addicted to the use of translations, to E. C. Crawford, Fort Wayne, Indiana; the spade to the most industrious student, to Doane Cogswell, Bradford, Mass. The customary one week vacation, in the middle of the spring term has been abolished, and the winter vacation prolonged to four weeks. The tuition has been raised from \$39 to \$35 a term.

EAST TENNESSEE UNIVERSITY.—This institution, situated in Knoxville, Tennessee, consists of three colleges—Arts, Mechanical and the Agricultural, and under the general management of Thomas W. Humes, S. T. D. It has a corps of some twenty professors, some of whom are graduates of the most eminent colleges of Europe and America. Its government is military, and under the control of Lieut. T. T. Thornbrough. The battalion consists of about 300 cadets. Large donations have been made to it, both by the United States and the State of Tennessee. It has splendid college buildings, libraries, &c., &c. The general plan of the University is similar to that of our own. We think that the health, happiness and prosperity of the students at E. T. U. would be enhanced if a club of twenty or thirty was formed for the COLLEGIAN.

University News.

Students will please notice those who patronize our advertising columns, and show their appreciation of the same by patronizing them in return.

.... Every morning in Chapel at A. & M. may be heard two declamations. The boys now have an opportunity to display their oratorical power. It is unnecessary to add, some have but little.

.... Among the University arrivals of last month are T. L. Brooks, from Australia, and T. H. Jennings, from New Zealand. They both matriculated in the Bible College. The fame of Kentucky University has surely reached the uttermost parts of the world.

.... We learn through the *Cornell Era* that Prof. Winchell, of Michigan State University, (formerly of Kentucky University) has been elected President of Syracuse University.

.... There is now connected with the A. & M. College, a telegraphic school, under the charge of Mr. Clemmon, who is a very competent instructor.

.... For the benefit of those forlorn students who are so much interested in the young ladies at Hocker College, we have been at no little trouble to learn that they take their morning walk just at daybreak. If you will get up and

dress while it is yet dark, and take your stand as the N. W. corner of Morrison College, campus you may get a glance at them.

.... We have no pardon to ask for stating that old "Aunt" Vinah, so long and so favorable known to the A. & M. boys, as the most honest cook that was ever on the ground, is dead. We deem it our duty to say that during her stay at Woodlands, she gained the good will of all the students. Nothing can be said derogatory to her character. She was a *Christian* woman. Peace to her ashes.

KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.—We are pleased to learn from Regent Bowman, that the University of Kentucky has opened under the most flattering auspices. During the first week nearly four hundred young men were enrolled in the several colleges from all parts of the continent, and they are still arriving daily. Already the following States and countries are represented: Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Oregon, California, New Zealand and Australia. The prospects are that there will be the usual attendance of six or seven hundred students. We are glad to state that the Institution is moving on under its present management most pleasantly and prosperously.—*Exchange.*

Thursday, the 24th, was quite a gala day in Lexington.—During the forenoon the Odd Fellow's turned out, headed by a body of soldiers and a full band, and in the afternoon the citizens were treated to a grand review and procession of the "Forty-Tooth" regiment of "Rag-tags," "Hash eaters, &c. We will state for the information of non-residents that this latter affair is a weak imitation of the New Orleans Mardi Gras.

During the afternoon, every student who was not compelled to be in a lecture room was upon the street, where were assembled the population of nearly the whole city and surrounding country. The procession of masqueraders was quite amusing, and contained a number of good hits. It seemed to afford especial delight to the children and "our girls" of Hocker College, who, dear creatures, had been marshalled into line and marched down to see them. The "Hockerites" occupied the windows and balcony of the new Bank building, corner of Upper and Main streets, and presented a very pleasing appearance, especially to a large throng of students upon the opposite side-walk. Poor fellows, they did not seem to pay much attention to the rag-tags, their thoughts and eyes being upon more elevated objects. We wonder why the Managers of Hocker College do not allow the young ladies to hold a general reception, say every Saturday evening. It would, we believe be pleasant to the young ladies, and have such a mellowing effect on the students.

The procession disturbed even the dull routine at Morrison College, the senior class in mathematics, with their Professor, taking a recess while they passed by, and Prof. Peters, we understand, lectured to what newspaper-men call empty benches.

.... On Friday evening, the 18th, the Cecropian Society gave an exhibition in their hall. We had the pleasure of attending, and were highly entertained by the exercises.—After a valedictory by the former President, Mr. Myall, who acquitted himself with credit. The performances were well introduced by a neat little inaugural from President Myers, who thus gave us a foretaste of what was to come. The Declaration—"The Defense of South Carolina"—was delivered with a spirit and with a finish that reflected much to the reputation of Mr. Lumpkin as a declaimer. Our good-looking friend, Mr. Forrester, followed with an excellent oration upon "The Triumphs of Reason over Force." The conception was well elaborated, and the subject handled in a manner that pleased the audience, who testified their appreciation by a hearty round of applause.

The debate was conducted by Mr. Myers upon the affirmative, and Mr. Pettv upon the negative. Though the subject—"Is a Republican Form of Government Conducive to the Wel-

fare of France?"—is an o'd one, yet the gentlemen succeeded in making it exceedingly interesting. They were frequently interrupted by applause, which well indicated the appreciation of the audience. Their animated expressions showed how thoroughly they entered into the spirit of their subject, and the readiness and skill with which they met and parried each others arguments, speak much for their abilities as debaters.

The bright scintillations from the "Shield" glanced hither and thither among the audience, showing up some amusing foible of a fellow Cecropian, or exposing some luckless Periclean to a laughing crowd. Mr. Daugherty's editorial was very commendable, and the whole paper was chaste and free from anything that was not in keeping with the dignity of a Society paper.

In closing our article, we cannot refrain from thanking our Cecropian friends for the delightful music which they provided for the occasion. Mr. Saxton also has our thanks for treating us to such well selected pieces.

An open session of the Philothean Society was held at their hall, October 18th—the first of the College session.—The Philotheans have won a reputation for their abilities, and we believe they deserve it.

In time past the Society has turned out some fine men, and doubtless will do so in the future. This being the case, they are by far too modest, and should appear once in a while in Morrison Chapel and give the public a chance to see them. Their hall is too small, and is not at all comfortable. Nevertheless, their performances are always well attended, and their hall usually filled to its utmost capacity. Such was the case upon this occasion.

The Society was opened by President Geslin, who introduced, and with appropriate ceremony, installed the President elect, Mr. Crutcher, also Vice President Matthews and Secretary Erb.

This business being disposed of, the entertainment was opened by Mr. Caton with a humorous declamation, which was good, and brought forth peal upon peal of laughter.

Mr. Early followed with an oration, "Write Your Name in Heaven," which was an excellent piece, and deserves publication. Mr. E. is an easy, fluent speaker, but is rather bashful for so good-looking a man. He may have been conscious of the admiration of the ladies, which would easily account for his modesty.

The young ladies will please take the hint, and not stare so much.

Next on the programme was a debate, upon the question: "Does Sectarianism Retard Christianity?" Mr. Conyers affirmed, Mr. Matthews negatived. This was quite a lively affair, but owing to a mutual misunderstanding, the combatants did not clash much, but spent their time in chasing each other about.

The committee decided in favor of the negative. The criticisms were good. The "Clavis" was read by the Editor, Mr. Batson, which has among other virtues, that of brevity, and was well read. The Philothean's can, and do give good entertainments. May we be present at their next.

Upon Friday evening, October 25th, the Pericleans held their first open session of the year. Notwithstanding the rain their hall was densely packed, with a gay company of ladies and gentlemen. Among the former were several of Lexington's belles. By the way, our University open sessions must be pretty good entertainments, if we may judge from the crowds that are attracted by them. But some one suggests, the people do not pay any attention to the performance, and occupy the time in conversation and correspondence.

Now that we consider the matter, it seems that there may be some truth in the statement. Well, be that as it may, it is certainly encouraging to the Societies to have such large audiences.

Speaking of corresponding, is this not a queer practice of circulating little *billet doux* at public entertainments? It is, we believe, unheard of anywhere else than about Lexington. We think a little of this a good thing, perhaps, and often very convenient, but surely the thing is sometimes run into the ground, and when there is such an immense number passing about it becomes a great annoyance to those who are

paying attention to the performance. Pardon us if we again digress a little. Speaking of annoyances reminds us that there are a number of perfect nuisances at nearly all our Society entertainments. We speak of a company of boys, who are so low and ill bred that they cannot conceal it in public. They come in, take an out of the way seat, and then begin a series of tricks that are only fit for a circus or bar-room. They stamp, hoot, speak loud, throw "spit balls," and all the time keep up a silly fit of laughter at their own vulgarity. Others stay outside the door and there treat the audience to cat-calls, &c. In honor to Kentucky University be it said, most, if not all of these are town boys.

Now, we suggest that this thing be abolished at once. Let the Societies appoint men to keep this element in order. If it becomes necessary, they should be dragged out, or gently heaped down stairs by a pair of boots. We are sure the audience would be pleased with such a digression in the order of exercises. If we ever see a college boy up to any of these dirty tricks, we will give him an opportunity to see his name in print. Now for the Pericleans.

President M. K. Harris occupied the chair—calling upon Vice President L. Y. Leavell, to take it while he was engaged in debate.

The overture by Saxton's full band was fine, and elicited much applause.

Mr. Jas. T. Hill was then introduced by the President, and delivered a declamation. We will only say that we heard a number of persons remark that it was the best part of the evening's performance. It was certainly excellently delivered, and reflected much credit upon our young friend. We hope he will often appear before us at the Periclean open sessions.

Mr. H. was followed by Mr. Culin in declamation. Mr. C.'s efforts were well received, and considering that it was his first appearance before the Society, he should feel encouraged.

Next came an oration by Mr. A. F. Campbell upon Progress of Civilization in the West. Mr. C. being from the State of Oregon, and having been raised upon the Pacific Slope, certainly has had opportunities to observe its condition, and although still a young man, has doubtless seen much of its progress. Mr. C. labored under some embarrassment in the beginning of his address, but warming up came on all right. He was well applauded by the audience, especially the fairer part. Mr. C. being a handsome man you know.

This was followed by the debate. Question: Was Burr a Traitor. Affirmative, Mr. Hinton; negative, Mr. Harris. The delivery of the gentlemen was good, and the subject pretty well handled. No doubt they were unable to spare time to inform themselves fully, so as to make very elaborate arguments, but their debate was upon the whole very creditable to the Society.

The Periclean "Owl" was then read by its Editor, Mr. Moore, who received close attention from the audience. The matter in the "Owl" was good, but there was too much of it, and we became somewhat tired before its close, notwithstanding it was well filled with spicy jokes and anecdotes. We would suggest, however, that personalities are not witty, and that although the audience may laugh, the victim cannot but be offended. Can't our Societies be a little more refined in their wit? By the way, this thing of writing parodies on the Lord's prayer and other parts of the Bible is in very bad taste, if not sacrilegious, and falls very harshly upon many ears. We hope that we will never be again called upon to notice this practice of writing that has become by far too prevalent.

Saxton's music between the different exercises was highly appreciated by the assembly, especially their vocal quartette, "Is there room among the angels," of which we never tire, and which always brings forth tremendous applause. Pericleans, we unite with very many in thanking you for a very pleasant evening.

We saw our special artist was present, and he appeared to be sketching. We suppose he will have something for the COLLEGIAN from his pencil.

A witness under cross-examination, who had been tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at last asked for a glass of water. "There," said the Judge, "I think you had better let that witness go now, as you have pumped him dry."

Selections.

TIME.—Longfellow writes thus: "Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid ruins of the past. I shall see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away like a youth from the house of his father. Broad-breasted, and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain passes. And at length, in old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and through its grave passes into the great ocean which is its eternity. Thus shall it be with thee."

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Crittenden, of Kentucky, was at one time engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his effort with the following striking and beautiful allegory: "When God, in His eternal council, conceived the thought of man's creation, He called to him the three ministers who waited upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them: 'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice: 'Oh, God, make him not, for he will trample upon Thy laws.' Truth made answer also: 'O, God, make him not, for he will pollute Thy sanctuaries.' But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, looked up through her tears, exclaimed: 'Oh, God, make him—I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread!' Then God made man, and said to him: 'Oh, man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother!' The jury, when he had finished, were drowned in tears, and, against evidence and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a verdict of not guilty."

ADVICE TO WRITERS.—It is said that the senior editor of the New York Observer laid the foundation of his fame as a writer by a single article, which he was persuaded to rewrite and condense two or three times after he had offered it for publication, and which thus prepared, was copied all over the country. The Observer gives the following good advice to writers:

Omit the beginning of your essay. Most writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine that a newspaper article, like an oration, should have an exordium, an argument, and conclusion. Not at all. The argument is all that is wanted.—That is, state your case, say your say, and stop. Do not take time and space to get into the subject, and more to get out of it; but come to it instantly, and stop when you are done.

Dr. Griffin used to say that he could put the five volumes of a Bible Commentary into one volume, and not lose an idea worth retaining. We believe he could have done it. And so could we.

Be short. The time is short, the world is very fast now, and readers of newspapers do not want long articles. Pack your thoughts into short words, sentences and short essays. If you never do a great thing, never do a long thing.

Come to the point. If you have no point, lay down the pen, and do something else rather than write. It is not every one who can write for edification, and you may not be one who can.

Write the article two or three times over carefully, making it shorter each time. Write on one side only of the paper. Write legibly. Keep a copy of what you send to the press. Editors do not return manuscripts. We cannot undertake to, and we so state every week, but are every week asked to. It is impossible to make the reasons plain to writers; but it is out of the question.

Be very modest in your estimate of your own productions, and do not fret if others esteem them even less than you do.—*Exchange*

A DISTINCTIVE CLASS OF ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MEN.—In the heart of my deep admiration and enthusiasm for these beautiful homes of letters, these academic groves and porches of English classics, there was always a gnawing worm of envy that Americans have no such schools, never can have; and it

is not the same thing for them to come here; at best they can feel as stepsons. I think many of them would love and reverence these hallowed haunts more than the young Britons do who have the privilege of calling them their own, and my countrymen might gain a grace which they lack. I lost my way one afternoon in the mazes of inner courts and fellow's gardens, and came out upon a green bank where a young man was lying under a tree; he had not the college gown on, but was dressed in a rough gray suit and a straw hat with a ruby ribbon, which looked as if it might have been a young lady's sash. I liked the looks of his back before I saw his face, and asked him the way; he sprang up, and with an ease, simplicity and frankness which one would not find, alas! from Boston to New Orleans, told me through which archway to turn, in a voice so clear and deep and fruity that it was a pleasure to hear him speak. Then I turned away, and he bowed and dropped on the grass again as easily and naturally as he had got up. Now some of my readers will wonder what in the world I mean; others will understand me; but I walked away trying to analyze this young fellow's attention, and why our young fellows do not have it. I came to a good many conclusions, none of which were satisfactory. Our self-consciousness is partly in fault, and this might be helped, though it is not easily got rid of, but it is partly that we want the mellowing influence of venerable and beautiful surroundings; and the worm of envy gnawed again. There is a class of men—I have seen too many not to believe that they belong to a class—on whom this influence of the university seems to rest like a halo all through after life. They are sometimes to be met in London, but more often in out-of-the-way country villages, generally in the personages. Whatever their profession, or whether they have one or not, they love books, and besides that taste, nearly always have a hobby, be it architecture, philology, Homer, Horace, archaeology, heraldry, or gardening. They are seldom rich, but always open-handed; they are not men of rank, but there is not a stoop in their whole nature; they are pious, kind, hospitable, courteous, refined, apt to be a little shy and pensive, yet ready to warm into cheerfulness and gentle geniality at the first spark of sympathy and kindred taste. Their intercourse has a rare charm, and they are quite unconscious of it themselves. Unfortunately, these men have no influence that I could perceive; though they belong to a class, their class have no solidarity. They are not much interested in general questions, public measures, or the events of the day; they are seldom called upon to speak or act upon such matters, and are more wont to have prejudices than opinions; they constitute no society, they follow no leader, they make no school. There is something about these men which always make me melancholy.—From *A Summer between the Four Seas*, by Mrs. Sarah B. Wister, in the October number of Lippincott's Magazine.

The first book ever printed was the book of Psalms, by Faust and Schaeffer, A. D. 1457. It was printed on one side only of the leaves, after which they were placed in the binding and pasted back to back.

A BOY'S PURPOSE.—When Warren Hastings was a lad only seven years old, he lay one day beside a little rivulet that flowed on toward the river Isis, and there he formed the purpose which was his guiding star through life. His parents were in reduced circumstances, but descended from a noble family. The boy's ambition was to win back the lost estate of his ancestors—to make Daylesford his own. To this purpose he steadily adhered. Every aim and effort of his boyhood was associated with this purpose. It seemed like the romantic day-dreams of a boy, very likely never to be realized. The young Hastings sat on the same bench in the village school with the peasant children with whom he played, and to an outward observer there was little to distinguish him from the rest. But the world in the boy's heart was as different from their hopes and aspirations as if he belonged to another planet. He held on to his great life-purpose of winning back his family lands all through his youth and manhood. Through his checkered life-history this was like a star ever leading him on. And success at last crowned his efforts. He was able to buy the beautiful fields and parks of his ancestors, and re-

build the mansion; and here the last days of his toilsome life were spent.

You may become what you will, if you only work for it with all the powers God has given you. Choose, then, some worthy ambition. Do not let it be riches or honor among men, or anything the Lord does not esteem. Choose some great, noble purpose on which you can ask His blessing.—Then work for it with all your might, and you will not fail of the victory.

We clip the following lines from *Littell's Living Age*, which for beauty and simplicity, can scarcely be surpassed:

HUMAN LIFE.

After a while—a busy brain
Will rest from all its care and pain.

After a while—Earth's rush will cease,
A weary heart find sweet release.

After a while—a vanished face—
An empty seat—a vacant place.

After a while—a name forgot—
A crumbled head-stone—unknown spot!
"THE OTHER S."

FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS.—The census tables of "occupations," just issued at Washington, afford material for instructive study. According to the last enumeration, 12,500,000 inhabitants of the United States are engaged in the pursuit of gainful occupations, and out of this aggregate 2,698,000 are of foreign birth. Analyzing the returns applicable to immigrants, we find that 949,164 were born in Ireland, 836,502 in Germany, 311,779 in England and Wales, 72,000 in Scotland, and the remainder in Scandinavian countries, France, Japan, and British America. There are 308,000 Germans engaged in manufactures of various kinds, against 264,000 of Irish birth. The common laborers and domestic servants appear in the following proportion: Germans, 96,432 unskilled workmen, and 45,866 domestic servants, making a total of 159,298, out of an aggregate of 836,502, Irish, 229,199 unskilled workmen and 145,966 domestic servants—making a total of 375,155, out of an aggregate of 949,164. The Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians are chiefly engaged in agriculture. The English, Scotch and Welsh are principally employed in manufactures.

The number of miners in the United States is 152,000; of carpenters, 334,900; of shoemakers, 171,000; of tailors, 161,000; of operatives in mills, 224,500. There are also 62,000 physicians and surgeons, 44,000 clergymen, 5,286 journalists, and 40,000 printers. Probably one-quarter of the number of persons engaged in these avocations are of foreign birth. Immigration, therefore, has added very largely to the sources of our national wealth during the past decade, and it is likely that the next census will show an increase still larger; the Germans especially revealing a desire to leave the Fatherland, with its meagre wages and its inaccessible lands, for the freer and broader country which offers them good pay, constant work, and as much as they choose to buy.

India-rubber trees, it is said, occupy a belt of land around the globe for five hundred miles south of the Equator. These trees yield on an average three table-spoonfuls of sap a day, and can be tapped for twenty successive seasons. They stand so close to each other that one man can gather the sap from eight trees. In a tract of country thirty miles long and eight miles wide, there have been forty-three thousand India rubber trees counted. In Europe and the United States there are one hundred and fifty manufactories of India-rubber goods, employing five hundred operatives each, and consuming over ten million pounds of gum every year.

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazine has moved twenty kilometres out of Metz." He therefore sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometres had been removed and the innocent people of Metz were no

longer endangered by those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometres in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

TOUCHING LETTER.—The schoolboy who writes the following letter exhibits a degree of affectionate solicitude lest his parents should be worried about his health which is very charming: "dear Ma, i wright tow tel you i am very retched and my chillyblains is worse again. I have not made any progress and I don't think I shall. I am sorry to be off so much expense but I do not think schule is of any good.—One of the fellows has taken the crown hout off my new hat for a target. I said you would not like it. He has also borrowed my watch to make a water wheel with the works but it won't act. Me and him have tried to put the works back but we think there is some wheels missing as it won't fit. I hope Matilda's cold is better. I am glai she is not at schule. I think I have got consumsion. The boys at this place are not gentlemen but I suppose you did not know that when you sent me. I will not to get bad habits. The trowers have worn out on the nees. I think the tailor must have cheated you. The buttons have also come off and they are tore in the back. I don't think the food is good, but I should not mind if i was stronger, the piece i send you is off the beef we had sunday but on other days it is more stringy. There are black beedles in the kitchen and sometimes they cook them in the dinner which can't be wholesome when you are not strong. I of the boys has tuned one not a cooked a raw one and it will dance when you whistle 'down in a coal mine' which make him think of his happy home. Dear Ma, I hope you and my dar papa and sisters are enjoying of yourselves and do not mind me being so oncomfortable because I do not think i shall last long. I am Yours Affectionate JOHNXY.

"P. S.—Please send me some morey as i owe eight pnce. If you cannot spare it i think i can borrow of a boy who is going to leave at the half quarter and then he won't ask for it back praps you would not like me to be under a obligashun as his parents is trades people and i think you deal at their shop, he lent me some last half and i think he told them at the shop. i did not mention it as i dessay they have put it into your bill."—*Ex*.

Miscellaneous.

The other day a Freshman, while strolling in the cemetery, came upon a tomb with the inscription MDCCCLXIV above the door. He sat down and studied it for some time, but not being able to make it out, he took out his note book and pencil and wrote it down. Happening soon after to meet a fellow-student, he produced his paper with the remark: "I say, what's this fellow's name, I can't make any of it out but the M. D. which stands for Doctor of course.

The above suggests a good thing that happened last session, but which may be new to many of our readers. A Freshman coming into Lexington on the cars was solicited by the 'bus man to buy a ticket. "No," said he, "I believe I will ride upon the College Campus."

"Small-pox here" and "Rooms to Rent," are the announcements on one door of a house in Detroit.

The Cleveland Leader mentions an organ-grinder of that city as "an old veteran suicide inducer."

A lady, in reply to some guests who praised the mutton on the table, said: "Oh! yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great epicure."

This is a personal item in the most approved style of the Western papers: "Jacob Bumgander blew into the muzzle of his gun to see if it was loaded. It was. Funeral on Sunday."



THE PERICLEAN OPEN SESSION.

Taken by the Collegian's Special Artist, and Engraved at an Enormous Expense Especially for the Collegian.

.... Editing a newspaper is very much like raking a fire—every one thinks he can perform the operation better than the man who holds the poker.

.... Here is a personal advertisement in a French newspaper: "El'za you can return to the house, the boil on my nose is gone."

.... A Western editor in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber says: "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

.... Theodore Tilton says in his paper, "Save me from a God who damns." An acquaintance replies: "We should like to do it, my boy, but the thing is impossible."

.... A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *mors omnibus communis*. The editor said that it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community.

.... One Missouri editor says of another, that: "His ears would do for awnings to a ten-story wholesale hog-packing establishment."

.... A Leavenworth editor sat down in a reserved seat already occupied by a hornet. He stands up when scissoring his editorials now.

.... Boston girls are up to everything. One of them, at twenty years of age, is in the Indian Territory publishing a paper in the Choctaw language. Her younger sister is thinking of going to China, there to publish a journal in the Chinese.

.... The following pathetic note was picked up on a Dan-

bury, Conn., street: "Dear Jane—I hope you ain't mad because I didn't larf at you when you l'ft at me last evening at the post-office. I ain't prowld, dear Jane, but I have got a bile under my arm, and I can't larf as I used to as Heaven is my judge. Yours truly, Henry"

.... Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands, that some fellow by luck, holds on to it.

.... Somebody having applied to an editor for a method by which he might cure his daughter of her partiality for young gentlemen, is kindly informed that there are several methods of reform. The best are to put her in a well and drop a few loads of gravel on her head, or to bind her ankles to an anvil and upset her out of a boat.

.... A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up facing the North. "Now, what is that before you, John?" "The North, sir." "And what behind you, Tommy?" "My coat-tail, sir," said the boy, looking behind him.

.... A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she, "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

.... The grand jury ignored a bill against a negro charged with stealing. Before the judge discharged him from custody, he called up the accused and said to him: "You can go now, John; let me warn you never to appear here again." John replied, with a broad grin. "I wouldn't be here dis time, only de constable fotched me."