

THE
COLLEGIAN
OF
KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

Published by the Literary Societies of Kentucky University.

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No. 15.

THE COLLEGIAN

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - JULY 1, 1873

A VISION OF THE AGES.

Read at the Meeting of the Society of the Alumni of
Kentucky University, June 10, 1873.

BY W. B. SMITH.

I slept: but not as when, his pinions dipped
In dews Lethean, the poppy-wreathed god
Incumbent hovers o'er the weary couch,
When, open flung, the doorways of the soul
Not one intruding fancy captive hold,
While Memory slumbers on her watchful throne;
Nor yet as when, the brain by fever scorched,
Imagination with unfettered wing
Through airy nothing throws her giddy flight,
Peopling the hungry void with horrid shapes
Phantasmagoric. Other slumber weighed
My eye-lids down, wherein the mind awake
To higher light the invisible discerns,
And looks familiar on the viewless world.

Before my eyes, the veil of flesh withdrawn,
Unbounded or whose limits far remote
Still fled the eager-following gaze, a wood
Of sorrowing cypress spread its sombre shade.
Settled above, impervious to the day,
Doubt and Confusion hung, disheartening clouds;
And sullen ever, swollen oft, a blast
Raved through the forest's solemn-sounding depths.
Amid this labyrinthine error strove
The wayward tides of life in eddying stream.
Ah! sad the sight as hither thither borne
They rushed in blind contention, void of aim,
Obedient to the tempest's various voice.
Not native seemed they to this wilderness,
But oft some glance that sought in vain the skies—
The burdened spirit's voiceless dialect,
Or, when the vexing whirlwind, half in scorn
And half o'er wearied, lulled its howl, a wail
That saddened all the listening air around,
Shrill-piercing as the final shriek wherewith
An oft-deluded hope its parting ghost
Yields to the wind, bespoke dishonored fall
From sun-clad highths of being original.
Extinct their glory, their discrowned brows
Furrowed with angry thunder from on high,
They trod with ceaseless foot still round and round
The ever-circling, self-pursuing maze
Of mortal life, by Aspiration driven
That, restless, armed with Memory and with Hope,
Incessantly plied its double-smiting scourge,

Scorning delay. But Heaven's immortal love,
The fiery furnace of its wrath survived,
Not guideless left them in the wandering waste;
For, as I gazed, and while my giddy sense
Reeled sympathetic in the general whirl,
Appeared two forms whose majesty divine
Showed them conspicuous nor of mortal birth.
The one, a woman whose irradiate brow
Glowed unforsaken by the light direct
From God effused, and of her borrowed beams
She ever mindful still with steadfast eye
Struggled to pierce the low-hung gloom and blind,
Sad canopy; nor ever once escaped
Her wide-embracing glance what meteor-light
Transient, or ray from star or twin horned moon,
Adventurous dared unequal combat wage
Against the hideous dark that quickly closed
Its jaws, of prey insatiate. Her name,
On high among the immortal, joyous throng,
Was Faith—that only; other titles, men
Seeking to honor lavishly conferred,
Unmeaning many, contradictions more,
And thus the simple modesty of Heaven
With earthly pomp offended. Towering high,
Stern to view appeared the other form,
Self-centred, self-collected, undismayed,
Undoubting, by the might of inborn god
Alone, despite the many-folded gloom,
To lead his faithful followers, erring not,
Up from the restless valley to the highths
Forever mantled with tranquility.
Reason his name, who and his sister Faith
In primal harmony round the Paternal Throne
Of God once walked, discord unthought, unknown.
But now upon the night-invested earth,
Their common parentage forgot, diverse
In council who together should have striven
(And haply not in vain, since complement
Of other's being each in each received,
And in such double fullness stood possessed
Of perfect fitness for the appointed work.)
To lead mankind, bewildered and amazed,
To light from out the dark and erring wood—
Lost each from other in the far remove
And obvious gloom, dissentient notes on high
They raised and summons to the mobile crowd.
With equal confidence the glorious goal
Of happiness reconquered both proposed,
By paths divergent wide. Poured after each
A many-mingled, half-unconscious throng.
But most the woman, troops innumerable,
Thick as the fleecy vapor-flakes that crowd
To earth when Boreas, terrible in wrath,
Roars from Sierra's cloud-embosomed top,
Eager pursued, for that her easier path
Led downward to a vale horrific, vast,
Immured with cliffs precipitous and wild,
That from their foot-defying sides around
Dispersive flung a sullen prostrate gloom,
Blackening the native midnight of the wood.
In mingled stream continuous thither flowed
All nations, tongues, tribes, families of earth—
The swarthy Indian and the blue-eyed Goth,

The toged Roman and the turbaned Turk,
 The stately Persian and the restless Greek.
 Nor wanting seemed, to swell the burdened tide,
 The pensive children of the Flowery Realm,
 With them who, shivering 'mid the northern spray,
 Hear ever more the wreck-unsated main
 Roar round their homes that tremble o'er the waves.
 A darkening efflux, streamed her dusky sons
 Tumultuous from out the torrid clime
 Where from exhaustless quiver pours the sun
 Down vertical his verdure-conquering shafts.
 All these the greedy vale, expanding wide,
 Eager received nor slight incumbrance felt.
 No longer now appeared the form of Faith,
 But in her stead a monster grim and dark,
 Of shape quick-varying and inconstant mien;
 Firm on the groaning ground her feet were fixed,
 And all her head the cloudy night involved.
 She, with her leaden sceptre stretched afar,
 Bowed prone to earth each once erected form.
 As when beneath the whirlwind's rapid tread
 And angry sinks the erst wide-waving corn,
 And carries with its golden glories down
 To dust the husbandman's elated hopes—
 So, underneath the subjugating rod
 Of Superstition, fell Humanity.
 In form not only, but the answering mind
 In every thought and feeling sought the earth.
 For from the dark expansion of her wings
 A nameless, shuddering horror fell; the air,
 Oppressed, the immaterial burden owned,
 And every soul, each high desire forgot,
 Relaxed throughout, confessed the dreadful load.
 Not else beneath the Bohun-Upas shade
 Who once reclines to rise may never hope,
 If faith be given the tales of mariners
 Exultant o'er the danger-crowded deep
 And treacherous, in voyage round the orb
 Terraqueous to Java or the isle
 Sumatran, vanquished thrice—tales often told
 By fitful firelight to the rural throng
 Gaping, with wonder fed but never sate—
 How thick distilled the dews of death depend
 From every leaf and scatter far abroad
 Still desolation o'er the barren heath.
 Such dismal umbrage made her pinions vast,
 And horrible, in lurid flame, on high
 The baleful effluence of her breath was rolled.
 Now madness strange or seized, or seemed to seize
 The nations congregate; on every side
 Up rose unnumbered altars dedicate
 To sun, or moon, or fixed or wandering stars,
 Earth, ocean, air, with all that each contains,
 Or animated or inanimate—
 Idols insensate, carved of wood or stone,
 Repulsive forms that not the spacious globe
 Explored from Arctic to Antarctic pole,
 Nor e'en the ravening chasm of hell could yield—
 Distorted Fancy's brood, misshaped, abhorred,
 Native to night, by silence fittest named.
 Nor hateful less appeared the tragic rites
 That fed with frequent death the hungry flame,
 Of altar-pyres, and all the earth around
 Baptized with ceaseless, infant-slaughter streams
 Of sacrificial blood. The vexed air
 Reeled swooning through its broad circumference,
 Grown dizzy with the Babel rage immense
 Of dying groans and sharp, despairing shrieks
 Of immolated victims, anguish-torn,
 Commingled with the Bacchanalian din
 Of maniac worshippers. In dreadful state,
 Uplift above his ghastly brother-gods,
 Grim-visaged Moloch horribly advanced
 His fiery form, with arms outstretched, to grasp
 The children by their parents flung to death,
 And joyful fold them to his burning breast.
 There rolled the ponderous car of Juggernaut,
 Himself that boasted universal Lord—

And from its horror-sounding axle poured
 Wide through the gloom reverberative roar
 Of bellowing thunder, mingled with the groans
 Of devotees, in frenzied suicide,
 Prostrate beneath its murder-glutted wheels,
 Crushed deep in earth to instant sepulchre.
 There, swarthy-hued, the children of the Nile
 In solemn adoration gathered round
 Osiris, Horus, and the Theban god
 Amenophis, by some else Memnon named,
 Whose jealous statue (say the fables) hushed
 Its mystic melody save when the sun,
 Dispersing wide his horizontal beams,
 Evoked brief welcome to the orient day.
 There Isis hid her conscious impotence
 Behind her awful, never-lifted veil;
 And over all, in godship tutelar,
 With echoing yelp, the dog Anubis barked.
 All these, more human, craved not gifts of blood,
 Content with fruitage of the plenteous earth,
 More odorous than from her open lap
 E'er Nature shed in aromatic wealth
 O'er Saba's favored coast, to lade the winds
 With perfume, winged, thence at eve to fan
 In drooping flight the Erythraean wave,
 But not to Heaven arose the incense-smoke;
 The indignant air refused the ungracious load,
 Which, falling slowly down the altar-side,
 With sluggard step among the valleys crawled,
 Or piled its lazy columns, mass on mass,
 Down deep within some dark and drear ravine.
 Only aloft the serpent-tongued flames
 Incessant streamed, encroaching on the dark
 Loathing to yield, and painted every face
 With tenfold horror as abroad they flung
 A lurid glare that counterfeited hell.

Far different, if doleful none the less,
 The path that Reason pointed; fewer far
 His steps who followed, but with equal zeal.
 Distant, faint glimmering through the gloom, upreared
 A mountain-range its many whitening peaks.
 As some night-wandering traveler, forlorn,
 Robbed of his path, exploring far and wide
 With restless glance the unvarying waste of snow,
 While all around the deepening winter grows,
 If chance, apparent through the blinding storm
 Tremble some distant, hope-enkindling ray,
 With quickening step pursues the gladdening light,
 Nor once forsakes it with unwavering eye,
 So Reason, to climb the dim distinguished heights
 Impatient rushed, with kindred ardor fired.
 Not him, nor yet the valiant souls he led,
 Discouraged once the wild and rugged path,
 With steep ascent and windings devious.
 Onward they pressed, with arduous enterprise,
 Precipitous cliffs o'er coming, all the wood
 Checkering with frequent counter streams of life.
 I gazed and gazing saw the multitude,
 Near and more near as drew their glittering goal,
 Wider and wider still dispersive show
 Their broken ranks; parted here and there,
 Who once with energies compacted strove,
 And common aim, their common guide or lost,
 Or indistinctly through the shade perceived,
 Plodding their painful routes, the unwearied few
 Sought independent mounts. Each summit claimed
 But scanty pilgrimage. The weaker throng
 Or stood despairing 'neath the baffling walls,
 With look still upward fixed; or else, o'ercome
 In vain attempt to thread the labyrinth
 Of bosage clothing all the mountain side,
 Careless pursued with retroverted course
 What downward widening path, by chance disclose,
 Lay obvious. All these were seen no more—
 Soon lost amid the undistinguished throng
 Urgent to reach the Superstitious vale.
 Thus oft some brook accustomed long to roll

Its peaceful waters through a silent dell
 Slumbering betwixt two giant guardian hills,—
 If haply, driven by the fervid breath
 Of Eurus or of Auster up the steep
 Of heaven, some thunder-freighted cloud unsheathe
 Its lightnings on the gleaming highths, while rush
 To earth in deluge all the darkened skies,
 And down the hills resounding instant pour
 A thousand streams concurrent toward the dale,
 Impetuous,—aroused to torrent rage
 With thrice augmented volume foaming, these
 Seaward, involved in quick absorption, whirls.
 But look! the highths of proud Philosophy
 By unassisted human might are scaled.
 I saw those dauntless spirits lifted high
 Each on his conquered pinnacle. They seemed
 Load-stars of thought; or like lone sentinels
 Upon the towers of some beleaguered town,
 Whose slumber-unsubdued eyes survey
 With glance discursive all the subject plain,
 And what way e'er the hostile ensigns strive
 Instant espy nor unsupported leave
 The adverse front defendant, force with force
 And craft with craft opposing. Stood they thus,
 Victorious, discipleless: for who
 Might follow? who the difficult path obscure,
 By single footstep marked, maintain? or who
 The unfrequented summits gain save those,
 The mighty masters? Theirs, unfruitful toil;
 For cold and gleaming with eternal frost
 Appeared their highland foothold, colder far
 Than Ural's or Tukan's utmost peaks
 High towering 'gainst septentrional skies,
 Where frozen Desolation sits enthroned,
 And undisputed sceptre wields. The air
 Wrapped them about with frigid vestiture,
 And far abroad a stillness circumfused—
 The first-born offspring of despair; not long,
 For sudden trembling seized the void throughout,
 As up from hill and dale and deepest wood
 A simultaneous, myriad-voiced wail
 Arose and slowly floated to the highths
 Empyreal. Such chorus of distress
 Ne'er Haddad-Rimmon heard when Judah poured
 Her annual sorrow o'er the zealous king
 Iconoclast, fallen on Megiddo's field;
 Nor ever Gilead's oak-enveloped crags
 With groans of Israel's daughters resonant,
 Each year assembled, to lament the fate
 Of her the virgin victim of the vow
 To Ammon fraught with ruin, and to him
 The conqueror with equal woe. And thus
 It cried: "O vanity of vanities!
 How impotent the mightiest might of man!
 His faith all treachery, falsehood his truth,
 And evanescent his most lasting joys!"
 So once complained the pleasure-blasted heart
 Of David's son, the splendor-weary king,
 And catholic humanity again
 The awful truth acknowledged. But the power
 Of man equate not with the power Divine.
 For scarce was mute the murmur of the wail's,
 Expiring echoes, when from the east effulged
 The sudden radiance of the dawn; far up
 The coped sky the sun's precursive shafts,
 Shot fast and rapid, chased the flying night.
 Still zenithward the crimson-bannered morn
 Advanced triumphant; while the following orb
 Of day in state majestic slower reared
 Above the horizon his immeasured disc.
 In hopeless contest with his level beams
 Cloud after cloud at first its darkness rolled
 Athwart his glorious visage; unobscured
 The conquering star increasing splendor flashed
 Diffusive. Kindled by his touch, the top
 Of every mountain glowed; rolled from above,
 The clouds disclosed the universal blue
 Of heaven, unsullied; swifter far than when,

The hardened heart of Egypt's fated king
 Relenting, Amram's son with outstretched hand
 Backward compelled the desolating storm
 From Mizraim's coast accursed; or like what time
 The seer of Patmos in ecstatic trance
 Beheld the sixth apocalyptic seal
 Opened and heaven departing as a scroll
 Convolved. As higher still the sovereign flame
 Ascended, wider transformation seized
 The earth around: the shivering atmosphere
 Quick caught the fervor of his arrowy war
 And shaking off its icy stillness stirred
 With vernal breath the waving wood; the plain
 Blossomed in lavish luxury bestrewn
 With instantaneous flowers that wide exhaled
 Ambrosial redolence; the landscape, all
 Suffused with golden glimmer, rendered back
 A variegated splendor; through the mead
 Careless a thousand wandering streams discoursed
 In choral symphony or echoing rushed
 In hoarser cadence down the murmuring hills.
 Ne'er scene so lovely the Cashmerian vale,
 First Eden called, thence Garden of Delight,
 Presented to the eye of primal man
 Entranced, ere the malicious enemy
 With hell-engendered guile fair Eve seduced
 To fatal trespass and all earth deformed.
 But mightier metamorphosis appeared
 Within the vale of Error populous.
 As when the potent wand of Magian seer,
 Thrice waved in mystic circle, with the word
 Pronounced of talismanic virtue full,
 Headlong dismisses to the underworld
 Or scatters else, in flight precipitate
 To outer dark, legions of evil sprites;
 So from the swift invasion of the darts
 Far east of that illustrious Day-god throned
 In heaven sublime, fast fled the affrighted rout
 Tumultuous of Pagandom amain.
 Vainly they sought the friendly arms of Night
 Together fugitive; no place for her
 Or them was found upon the broad expanse
 Of earth, and faster the horizon fled
 And vanished, chased by omnipresent day.
 Their insubstantial being they resolved
 To ancient Nothing, while their votaries
 In blank amazement stared brief interval.
 For lo! emergent from the middle plain
 In mingled beauty and sublimity,
 Direct beneath the zenith-flaming sun,
 Was seen the mount Religious; on its top
 Reason and Faith their common lineage
 Confessed and common guidance of the light
 Divine. By universal impulse driven
 All nations thither flowed; the widening base
 Capacious all encircled. Happy he
 Whose steps lay nearest the summit, where all hues
 Of purpling morn, and golden noon, and eve,
 Roseate, were blended. Up the people gazed,
 Rapt into wondering ecstasy. Anon
 Heaven's azure portals, on euphonious hinge
 Unfolding, issued thence cherubic hosts
 Innumerable, making ether bright
 With swift-traversing splendor. Down to earth
 Wheeling their circling flight, they cut the air
 With rainbow-tinted plumage; in their hands,
 All instruments of harmony divine;
 Now in mid-air orbiting their shining ranks,
 Hovered suspense, a firmamental cloud,
 Of light supernal. Silent transport seized
 The listening universe, when from above,
 Below, around, in common rapture burst,
 And floated blending to the Eternal Throne,
 Music like that mysterious spherulic chant
 Hymned o'er Creation at the dawn of Time.
 If mortal echoes of immortal strains
 Offend not, and some favoring power attend,
 Thus might I say the choirs responsive sung.

SEMI-CHORUS OF IMMORTALS.

Lo! Where the Star of Day,
Victor exalted high,
Scatters Night far away
Down from the vaulted sky.
And the glory fast flushing
The regions ærial,
Through the wide azure rushing
On pinions ethereal,
Hath compassed creation in radiant flight,
And robed it in garments ineffably bright.

SEMI-CHORUS OF MORTALS.

Splendors celestial,
Falling to earth,
Fulgence terrestrial
Call into birth.
And see the bright vision!
From baptism splendid,
In beauty Elysian
All nature ascended;
And the perfume of gratitude, zephyr-uplifted,
To heaven in cloudlets of incense is drifted.

CHORUS OF MORTALS AND IMMORTALS.

Let all the Seraphim
Bow down and worship Him;
And earth sempiternal
With anthems eternal
Extol Him supernal,
O'er powers infernal
Forever victorious,
High-throned and glorious.
While light from His countenance ceaselessly streams,
Life, Truth, Love, and Mercy enkindle His beams.

REUNION OF THE PERICLEAN SOCIETY.—On the 6th of June, the last Friday night of the past collegiate year, the active members of the Periclean Society, together with all of the old members whom it was possible to notify, met in their hall for the purpose of organizing a reunion to meet from year to year. Hitherto there has been no organization of this description among the Pericleans, but the necessity of one has long presented itself to many minds. Many who have left their ranks to mingle in the busy scenes of the world, are always near at hand during commencement week, and eager to visit that hall which is hallowed by so many memories of past pleasures. To give them an opportunity of doing so, and at the same time of meeting their former comrades, is the object of this organization.—They also think that it cannot but stimulate the young members of their Society to more active exertions, in order to emulate the success of those who have preceded them. In order to render the meeting as interesting as possible, it was decided that two of the old members should be appointed to deliver an oration and a poem. When the time approaches every member will be notified of it, and his presence solicited. Should unavoidable circumstances prevent any from being present on that occasion, any communication from them will be joyfully received; while those, who decide to attend, will be met with a warm and hearty welcome.

Rev. John Early, President of Georgetown College, died Friday evening, May 23d. His funeral services took place on the 26th. He had been President of several Colleges previous to the time he accepted the position which he filled at his death. From 1858 he has been connected with Georgetown College, and the duration of his term of office is sufficient to show the satisfaction he gave as President, and the loss his College has sustained.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - JULY 1, 1873

INDEPENDENCY OF THOUGHT.

This has been the theme of school-boys—and school-girls, too—and the hobby of the learned (?) for so long a time, that it is becoming a trifle threadbare. We could hope, therefore, to elicit little that is new, by following the footsteps of either the fledged or unfledged referred to, so we have concluded to make a "new departure," in our dealing with the subject. We do not promise that this will be anything brilliant or startling, for our stock of wisdom is yet too small to "declare so great a dividend."

We propose, then, to notice a little the abuses of this precious privilege, called "independence of thought." We all know that it is precious, and has been productive of many and glorious results; but, we know equally well, that many, in their treatment to it, have showed themselves the fools we always suspected them to be. This is not derogatory of the thing itself, but a verification of the old adage, "murder will out." If a man has little sense, the less noise he makes the fewer people will

find it out; but as certainly as he attempts to go "beyond his depth," he will expose his lack of that very useful article, common sense. By the way, there is a large class of persons, now-a-days, deficient in the respect last named. Everybody is willing to admit this, but the difficulty is, no one thinks that he's the man. You might search from "Greenland's icy mountains" to "India's coral strand," and you could not then find a man lacking in common sense, at least, he being the judge. Of course, you could see many who would lay no claim to genius, but their consciences (?) would allow them to go no further.

Many think that independent thought is persistence in disbelieving everything that everybody else believes, and in picking flaws in the evidence submitted to support received truths. As soon as they get sight of a mathematical formula, or catch the faintest gleam of light from philosophical inquiry, they begin to doubt everything they have ever heard, and call this original thought, while the truth is, it is the most unoriginal thing in the world. And so far from being a work of candor or good sense, it is no more than the veriest fool could do. Lest they should get no credit for knowing anything, they will bring up monstrous absurdities in philosophy, that in after time they may be famed for invention.

Under the influence of this mania for independent thought, scientists frequently ignore the laws of evidence, and without reserve set aside the matured judgments of the most eminent men. Mr. Darwin has been cited so often, that it is useless to mention him, for, of course, everyone will think of him immediately as an illustration of what we mean. We leave him, without further comment, to the tender mercies of Herr Muller.

The Greekling, too, under the same influence, doubts the correctness of all translations, and makes a wholesale disposition of the best authorities. His presumption is only exceeded by our contempt for him. He talks learnedly of the roots of words, and the wonderful discoveries he has made, together with the great advantages arising from the study of languages generally, and of Greek especially, and from his great height, looks down in lordly pity on those unfortunate men who have more sense, but not so much "cheek," as himself. The truth is, the fellow's discoveries are his own mistakes in the cases of nouns, and the tenses of verbs, and the advantage of the study has been to show to the world what no logic could ever convince him of, viz: that he is an ass.

The theologian, feeling that he has not talent enough to attain distinction advocating the plain and practical truths of the Bible, and fearing that he might be accused of pinning his faith to some other man's coat sleeve, (why not tail?) "sets up for himself." Whatever is singular, or likely to excite the curiosity, or influence the passions, of a class of men as devoid reason and religion as himself, however heretical it may be, he adopts it into his creed. Any interpretation that has been put upon a passage by other men, must be rejected. Any doctrine that has long been received by the Church, must be

modified. He is an independent thinker, and has a right to differ from whom he pleases. He tries to impress his teaching on others, but, at the same time, woe to the man who attempts to be "independent" in another direction, and to assail his positions! Such a man is narrow and bigoted in his views, and unchristianlike in spirit. So says our free thinker. But it is needless to point out more of the theological freeman's peculiarities, for examples are so numerous, and so notorious, that everybody is acquainted with him, and, we may add, detests him, except, of course, his satellites.

The lack of independent thought has been the bane of the world, and the results at which we have hinted above, flow from a reaction. But the reaction, not being guided by reason, has led to many absurdities. The man who is not capable of determining the difference between thinking for himself, and a wholesale rejection of all received truths, must ever depend on wiser heads to direct him in the right way. But there are few men thus incapable, if they would prevent their love of notoriety from getting the better of their judgment, and would have less fear of holding truths in common with other persons, lest they should be thought to receive them simply because other men do.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

There seems to be a strong undercurrent of prejudice in the minds of many, that science is an enemy to religion; especially those branches which grasp after the profound secrets of Nature; which endeavor to explain the great laws by which her works are regulated, and break the spell of mystery which veils her face. Are science and religion enemies? Certainly they should not be. The same great God is the author of both. Yet, no doubt, there are some who, taking but a one-sided view of Nature's great works, or with a view to establishing preconceived notions, hastily conclude that they may all be accounted for on some law of natural development governed by blind chance, and thereby do away with all necessity of a Creator, or one great first Cause. But the profound students of nature are enabled by studying her works to get an exalted notion of the attributes of her God.

Still there are many who think that the man who devotes his life to solving these great problems of nature, and applying them to the requirements of life, must be something of an infidel or atheist; when, in fact, he has a grander and nobler idea of the true God than they ever conceived. Were the false in both swept away, it would be seen that *true* religion and *correct* science are not enemies; for besides having a common origin they also have a common end to ameliorating the condition of mankind.—So it may be fairly presumed that they are not radically opposed. Looking at both from early history on down and also taking into account their own internal evidence, we see that religion is essentially stationary, while science is always progressive; the one being revealed directly to

man from his Maker, the other only hinted at and left for his ingenuity and industry to develop.

Thus the union into which they were forced during the dark ages was naturally hurtful to both, and gave rise to the idea that science was an enemy to religion; especially have all branches of Natural History been opposed on their first introduction, as in enmity to religion. It has been objected to these, that in their revelation of nature they make out a different history of the Creation from that taught in the Bible. But this objection has been ably and triumphantly met by many learned and pious authors, and instead of these discoveries invalidating the Mosaic account, they have thrown light on it, showing, indeed, even by it, the grand proposition of Geology—that *time is long*.

It is only recently that these branches have been allowed to be taught in the University and public schools of France, and not a great while since they were decried in England and in America.—This certainly shows that they were considered unfriendly to religion by the great majority of the people, and many are yet who think so, for how often are persons heard to say that the study of Natural History tends to make one an infidel or skeptic, if not an avowed Atheist.

Is not this strange and contrary to reason, that the study of the works of God should make men renounce Him as the author of all? That the study of Botany, as to the mysterious growth of the vegetable world, of Zoology in explanation of the development and progress of the animal kingdom, and of Geology as to the means employed, the time consumed, and the plan pursued in the great and slowly effected work of the creation and preparation for man of the earth, proving the immensity of time, and recording the births of rivers and mountains, should lead men into Atheism?

To this it may be replied that many men of strong minds and great learning have been led—while in pursuit of such studies—into skeptic views; but it should be remembered that men are naturally covetous of distinction as well as inclined to doubt, and possessing learning and ability sufficient to defend themselves, hold such views for the sake of notoriety—contrary to their own convictions. But allowing to the majority honesty in the expression of their views, men are naturally fond of speculating and theorizing, and having searched out the truths and published them to the world, they are met oft times with a storm of opposition and denunciation sufficient to drive to authors to extremes. When they know that truth is with them it is natural they should refuse to give it up, even though it be declared in opposition to revealed religion; and true to the human principles of resentment and pugnacity, they refuse to retract, and are often as it were driven into skepticism, when the fact is their doctrines are not opposed to religion, but circulated to ameliorate the condition of man and give him a higher and nobler idea of religion and of God. Thus, almost in self-defence, some of the greatest intellects have

been driven to oppose religion, by the very persons who erroneously supposed they were doing God service, supporting and upholding His religion.

The people, however, have accepted one science after another as not hurtful to religion, which at first was denounced as atheistic; and under an increase of light—religious and educational—it may be hoped that all this prejudice will soon pass away, and while religion remains food for the soul, science may go on in uninterrupted course, elevating the temporal condition of man, and placing him in a position better suited to rendering acceptable service to God. D.

FROM KENTUCKY WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

MILLERSBURG, KY., June 13th, 1873.

Editors Collegian:

The public exercises of Kentucky Wesleyan University opened on Friday evening, June 6th, with an entertainment given by the Eucleian Literary Society. Although the exercises were good, yet there was, upon the part of the speakers, a lack of that distinctness of articulation and animation in delivery which have ever rendered this Society worthy of bearing the name Eucleian. The "Casket," ever the repository of intellectual jewels, did not wholly disappoint expectation, being read in a pleasing and animated style by its editor, Mr. J. W. Bryan.

Friday evening, June 7th, was occupied by the Philomathean Society. This Society, eager to excel in every particular the rival entertainment of the previous evening, augmented the decorations by adding flowers and pictures to evergreen wreaths that had adorned the chapel. An incident still more highly excited the feeling of the picturesque, especially with the ladies. Just as the strains of music broke upon the evening air, a little bird dashed through a lowered window and, wheeling around the chapel, perched upon the portrait of Lee that hung, ensconced in a festoon of cedar, high over the center of the stand. Here it sat until the deep tones of the invocation pronounced by Bishop Marvin had hushed upon the evening breeze, when it again found liberty in the open air. The speakers cautiously avoiding every fault of the previous evening, girded themselves with the determination to succeed, and they did not fail of having it said of them that their's was the best society entertainment ever given in the Chapel of the University.

On Sabbath morning, Bishop Marvin preached the baccalaureate sermon. The march of his mind through his subject showed his hearers why he was Bishop.

Monday was occupied in public examinations in the recitation rooms.

Tuesday evening, at 4 o'clock, the address to the Alumni was delivered by Rev. M. D. Reynolds. It was terse, classical, beautiful. At 8 o'clock Rev. Thos. J. Dodd delivered the annual address to the two literary societies. This is unanimously pronounced the ablest thing of the week.

Wednesday, at 8 o'clock A. M., the regular Commencement exercises opened. The graduates were two in number, Messrs. John J. Dickey and Jas. W. Bryan. Mr. Dickey delivered the first oration, Subject: "Will our Civilization Endure?" This oration was characterized by thought and a thorough inves-

tigation of the subject, and the happy manner in which it was delivered won for the speaker the hearty commendation of the audience. Mr. Bryan followed. Subject: "Enduring Monuments." This gentleman has long been regarded as the finest speaker in the University, nor did he lose any of his former reputation. His beautiful oration was delivered with a fervid eloquence that won for him rounds of applause.

The degrees were then conferred, and the exercises closed by a thesis from President Arbogast. John Darby, A. M., Prof. of Natural Science, has been elected to the Pres'y of the University. J. W. H.

Our Boys.

(A. and M.)—ORR, J. H., is practicing medicine in Carlisle, Kentucky.

(Bible)—T. J. WILLIAMSON is flourishing, like a green bay tree, at Plattsburg, Mo. He presides over a male and female Institute and wants somebody to teach the languages and higher mathematics, as well as keep house for him! Who can fill the bill?

(Arts)—A. H. GREEN—We learn with deep regret of the death of this old and honored member of the Cecropian Society.

Mr. G. was a student of the College of Arts from '68 to '70 (if we remember correctly), and was a very popular man, as he deserved to be, for his was of a truly lovable nature. He died of consumption, on the 14th of May, after suffering for nearly three years.

(A. and M.)—HUGH CLANCEY has been teaching near Millersburg during the past year, and informs us that he is now busy reading poetry, preparatory to his summer's campaign among the ladies. Such sentiments as that would naturally lead us to suspect that he wants to get married. He speaks very highly of the COLLEGIAN, and shows his appreciation of its merits by wishing to renew his subscription. Please forward his papers, Henry.

(Bible)—W. K. AZBILL, who has recently returned from Indianapolis to Columbia, Kentucky, is engaged in establishing a school in the latter place called "Columbia Christian College." A sufficient amount of funds is already secured to insure success in erecting buildings, and we think that the great popularity enjoyed by Mr. Azbill, together with his well-known ability and industry, will certainly secure a liberal patronage.

(Bible)—JOHN AUG. ROGERS, handsome and a good chess-player, has entered the drug business at Parksville, Ky. We suppose he drives a fine trade, for his bill-heads represent him as compounding prescriptions at all hours, day and night. We don't see how he can keep up at that rate, but that is none of our business. Boys, if any of you take the cholera anywhere near Parksville, give Augustus a call. He will kill or cure every time, we warrant.

(Arts)—JESSE WILLIS BONNER, class of '70, the *litterateur par eminence* and man of Belles Lettres of Kentucky University, has recently turned his back upon the flowery plains and vales of Poetry and the Fine Arts, and climbs with tireless foot the rough ascent of Law. Truly, another Blackstone! We suppose he is doing well, as he could not find time to attend the Alumni meeting. He is located

at Nashville, unless the cholera has dislocated him. He will be happy to see any of his friends who may become entangled in illicit polemics, or inadvertently disregard the distinction between *mine* and *thine*.

(Arts)—CHARLES JACOB BRONSTON, first-honor graduate of '69, is spreading himself as a lawyer in Richmond, Ky. He is wedded to his profession, and she brings a handsome dowry. He has been urged to run for the Legislature, but being constitutionally tired, declines to *run* under any circumstances; besides, he seems disposed to eschew political honors, any way. He is still a single, not a double, man, and carries on warfare against feminine hearts as relentlessly as ever. How soon, Carolus, shall we hear you exclaim:

"I will! I will! the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last?"

(Arts)—MILLIGAN, DIXON A., well remembered as one of the most accurate and diligent students ever connected with the University, writes from Coitsville, O. Nervous congestion, induced by intense application, caused him to leave us in April, '72. He no more despairs of completing his course, however, than an old maid (excuse us, antiquated damsel, we mean) despairs of getting married. He is gardening and reports a fine crop of cut-worms and potato-bugs for the present season. Agriculture agrees with him, and he is a good, moral, religious boy, despite the seeming profanity of his initials, for which he is not at all responsible.

(Arts)—KERN, R. H., after leaving Kentucky University, spent several years in the University of Virginia. During the past year he has been teaching, and as soon as his pecuniary affairs will justify him in the step, he intends to begin the practice of law. He has determined upon St. Louis as a place of location. All the boys who were in college during the session of '68 and '69 will remember Bob as a genial and agreeable companion and a diligent student. His name may be read upon the Cecropian Roll, and even to this day he is mentioned in the Hall as having been one of the most enterprising members of the Society during his connection with it. We need not predict his success, but will merely add that whatever may be his fortunes he has the best wishes of all "Our Boys." We think he ought to subscribe for the COLLEGIAN, though.

(Arts)—JAMES LANE ALLEN, classical orator of '72, has been teaching the young idea how to shoot, near his country home. All parties confess they never had such a teacher before. At present he is fattening up, so that he may be able to *fill* the mathematical chair in Richmond College, in Richmond, Mo., next September. Many eyes will wander in vacancy when he leaves. The COLLEGIAN will expect to hear from him often, but we warn him in time, that his eagerness to conceal his spelling will furnish no good excuse for his thoroughly illegible chirography. This last word is used purely in deference to your taste, Lanie; don't conclude, dear reader, that he always speaks Greek—only semi-occasionally; ordinarily his composition is a model of chaste eloquence, and may be easily understood with the help of an unabridged dictionary. We are neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, (in fact, there is no *profit* about this whole establishment), nor yet, again, are we at all related to "Old Probabilities," yet we have no

hesitancy in saying that from Lanie Allen uniting, as he does, severe logical power, accurate judgment, and delicate sensibility, the Literature of Science and Art may, in after years, expect some most valuable contributions. He has written but little as yet, but like the Irishman's owl, is keeping up a "prodigious thinking."

Among our Exchanges.

... *Harper's Bazar* for July 12th, is before us, and instinctively we turn first to the last page, to see the funny pictures. We always do, for we are always thrown into a state of high glee by those comic hits. On the inside are two very amusing cuts of the effect of the circus upon the village boys. How proudly they march beside the elephant, and when the circus has gone how earnest the effort of every boy to stand upon his head! The literary matter is first class, and the fashion plates simply "sweet."

... *Littell's Living Age*.—The last number completes vol. 2d, new series. We have gathered them together and sent them up to the binder, with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction, for we consider a volume of *Littell* almost the most valuable addition that can be made to a library. We have spoken so often of the merit of this eclectic, that we feel that our readers must understand us. It is really a very cheap magazine, since it furnishes some 3500 pages of reading matter per annum for only \$8.

Wood's Household Magazine for July is ahead of any previous number, and when we consider its usual standard excellence, this is rare praise indeed. It is *household*, not only in name, but in character, and its table of contents shows a wonderful adaptation of articles to the individual members of the family circle. "Sim's Little Girl," a temperance story by Mary Hartwell, "Weather-tough Block," by Karl Kase, "How the Vow was Kept," by H. V. Osborne, "Lunatics at Large," by Rev. F. W. Holland, and "The Declaration of Independence," by J. B. Wakely, D. D., are among the noticeable articles. The Children's Department is crowded full, and contains a poem in baby-talk, which, without doubt, will be very acceptable to the little ones. The price of the magazine is one dollar a year.

Harper's Magazine for July contains very many pleasing articles; among them we notice the following: "Jack Ashore," a beautifully illustrated article giving an insight in 'o Jack's life and habits upon shore, especially in the port of New York, together with an account of the efforts that are being put forth by the friends of humanity, to ameliorate his condition. "National Standards and Emblems," another illustrated article, contains a fund of historical information. There are two papers upon foreign travel in this number. The first, "Sicily and the Sicilians," is well written and quite descriptive of that interesting island. The second, "General Sherman in Europe and the East," written by his aid-de-camp, gives us a lively idea of their pleasant trip. Both articles are beautifully illustrated. The "Russian Policy in Asia" is an appropriate article, now that the Shah's visit to Europe has turned the public eye to the east.

The great Spanish statesman, Emilio Castelar, contributes his seventh paper to this number, entitled "The Republican Movement in Europe." Besides many short articles, we find "Signers of the Decla-

ration of Independence," by Benson J. Lossing, with twenty-three fac-simile autographs; "The Rev. Gabriel McMurray's Conversion," "Recollections of an Old Stager," and "Was it a Failure?" Charles Reade's thrilling story has reached the eighteenth chapter, and the interest increases with the progress of the plot. The poetry of this number is unusually good. "On a Picture of the Water Dolorosa," and "Down by the Brook," are little gems. "Improvisations," by Bayard Taylor, and *Heliotrope*, are also good. The *Easy Chair*, *Literary*, *Scientific* and *Historical Records*, together with the *Drawer*, are, as usual, replete with items of value.

The Popular Science Monthly for July is unusually interesting, perhaps because we have read it with unusual care. "The Physiology of Death," by Fernand Papillon, brings us face to face with the dreaded monster, and we are pleased to grow familiar with his (as commonly conceived) repulsive features. Few can read this attractive article without receiving, not only much rare and valuable information upon a subject new and strange to most of us, but also a deepened impression of the significance of Life as well as of Death, without pondering, with unwonted earnestness, those mighty, wide-embracing questions, What? Whence? Whither?

"Early Hindoo Mathematics," by Prof. Holden, revives for us the thought of 3,000 years ago. Besides the actual knowledge obtained through its perusal, it expands our views of humanity, and awakes in us a universal sympathy and feeling of brotherhood with the race, thus to converse with the spirits of the past, and see the infancy of our knowledge in the manhood of theirs.

"Evolution and Mind," by Dr. Radcliffe, is a timely and earnest protest against the excessive development of the evolution hypothesis and its forced application to problems, to whose solution it is wholly inadequate, at least in its natural-selection phase.

Dr. Carpenter's article on "Acquired Psychical Habits," is highly entertaining and suggestive.

"Venus on the Sun's Face," contains nothing new in thought or presentation.

Spencer discusses the *Theological Bias* with his usual vigor of thought and wide command of illustration.

The frontispiece contains a portrait of John Stuart Mill, and the life and character of the great thinker, are sketched in a collection of admirable notices. We have not space for further particularization. The Editor's Table, Miscellany, &c., are, as usual, interesting.

Eleven ladies from the medical department will be authorized to kill or cure, next week.—*The Chronicle*.

The first female graduate of Michigan University has been offered \$3,000 a year and her expenses to tell what she knows in a Japan school house.—*Olio*.

A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from saw-sages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original bark. He calls it the sulphate of canine.—*Argus*.

We learn from the Marietta *Olio* that that institution is promised the munificent gift of \$50,000, on condition that the friends of the school raise \$150,000, over one-half of which has already been raised, with fair prospects for the remainder.

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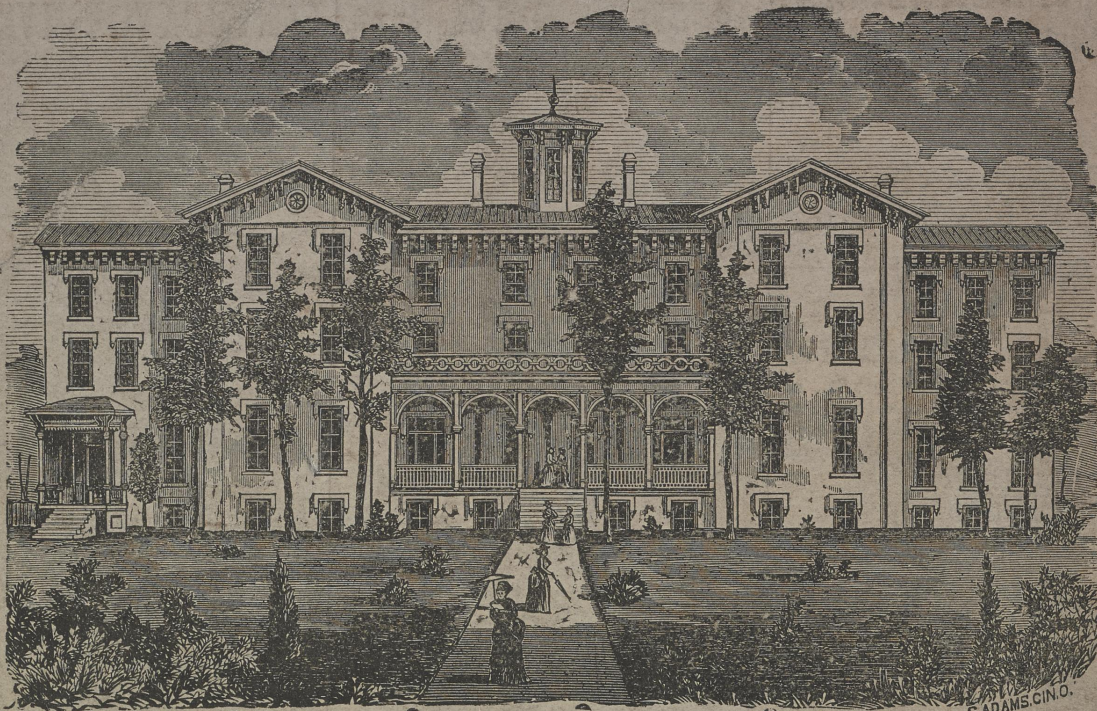
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societies of K.V.*

Article on "Science and Religion"

"There seems to be a strong undercurrent of prejudice in the minds of many, that science is an enemy of religion; especially those branches which grasp after the profound secrets of Nature; which endeavor to explain the great laws by which her works are regulated and break the spell of mystery which veils her face. Are science and religion enemies? Certainly they should not be. The same great God is the author of both. Yet, no doubt, there are some who, taking but a one-sided view of Nature's great works, or with a view to establishing preconceived notions, hastily conclude that they may all be accounted for on some law of natural development governed by blind chance, and thereby do away with all necessity of a Creator, or one great First Cause."

At first, natural history and geology were received in France and England and America with suspicion as leading to atheism. Now gradually accepted. "Is not this strange and contrary to reason, that the study of the works of God should make men renounce Him as the author of all?" Why should the study of zoology and geology which show the mysterious processes of life and the great amounts of time involved in development lead men to atheism? True that some men, proud of their new found knowledge become arrogant because they have sometimes been abused for their speculation.