

THE
COLLEGIAN
OF
KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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Vol. 2.—No. 4.

Lexington, Ky., July, 15, 1873.

No. 16.

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OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

LEXINGTON, KY., - - - JULY 15, 1873

IMITATION AS LEADING TO SERVILITY.

In treating of this subject our space compels us to be brief, and hence, we shall limit the term imitation, to imitation in literary composition, without regard to the ordinary and more minute pursuits of life. By imitation in literature it is understood that we mean an effort on the part of a writer or speaker to assimilate his style, diction, and manner of expression to that of some other writer or speaker, who, may have gained some eminence and distinction among his fellows. Every person who has read many authors, necessarily admires some more than others, and the admiration of different persons may be based upon principles widely different. One admires the deep and thoughtful heroics of Byron, or of Milton, while another grows weary of these sublime authors, but goes into raptures over the sweet and liquid numbers of Lalla Rookh, or The Lady of the Lake. This difference of taste is the result partly of a difference of mental constitution, and partly of mental culture. Inasmuch, then, as we have our favorite authors, we are apt—should we ever attempt to become authors—to find ourselves endeavoring, though it may be almost unconsciously, to assimilate our style of composition as nearly as possible to that of the author we most admire.

Irrespective of the dishonesty of such a practice—for a man's originality of style is his own peculiar property, and any attempt on the part of another to appropriate that style, certainly is an act of dishonesty—the energy of the mind is weakened by perverting it from its natural course, and the intellectual nature that should be independent of all outward influences, is taught to conceal all marks of God-given and inherent domination, and by crouching to the abject servility of imitation, to content itself with "aping at a distance" the well-earned fame of those great masters who have laid down the fundamental principles of all literature. Every person has originality of thought—this is one of his attributes, a principle

that is born within him; and it is natural to suppose that this, like every other faculty, was given that it might be cultivated and improved. But it is evident that imitation soon destroys all originality of thought. For instance, suppose a man to be endowed with a high intellectual capacity. In his mind there is a deep and untold intensity of strength; in his brain are the germs of great purposes as yet unformed; of vast thought as yet immature. His soul shuns all companionship with lesser spirits, and finds enjoyment in its own thoughts and in the contemplation of its own powers. This man, in his reading, finds an author whose style captivates him. He feels that could he but write in that same captivating style, earth could afford no greater boon, his ambition would be satisfied, his desires of greatness satiated, and his aspirations could rise no higher. From this hour he becomes the slave of an admired style, his soul is chained down to the servile practice of imitation, and his every thought is centered upon the degrading purpose of crushing his own capacities. As a result, his mental energies are broken and subdued, all the essential principles of his nature are dwarfed and shriveled, and his own individuality is lost, or absorbed in the all-engrossing idea of mimicry and assimilation. All consideration of what is due to his own manhood is forgotten, or disregarded; his originality of genius is destroyed by long neglect; he forgets all save the one purpose of imitating his chosen world, and becomes as very a slave as ever crouched beneath the despot's lash.

Beyond this, there is not one in a thousand imitators who meets with any remarkable success. For a man to change his style of writing is almost as difficult as to change his vernacular, and none, we will venture to say, ever becomes perfect in the art of imitation. But even supposing success always accompanies the endeavor, is the success a desirable one? Does it evince any of the gratifications of manhood? Or does it not rather uproot every principle of independence and self-sufficiency? The same person cannot be an imitator, and, at the same time, an original thinker and composer. Originality and imitation are incompatible. When one is chosen the other must be discarded. No person who has a true and noble spirit, and who rightly appreciates the dignity that should attach to every man, and particularly to a man of genius, will ever outrage his own nature by stooping to a mean and

servile action. Man's prerogative should lift him above servility, and his self-respect should teach him the sufficiency of his own endowments. And while there is something noble and honorable in true originality of thought and purpose, he should be taught to consider any departure from such originality as an outrage to his mind and an insult to the God who gave it. This is a sentiment that many will not endorse, from the simple fact that it strikes too near home. There are but few writers who are not imitators to a greater or less extent. Those few are the great spirits who control the literary world. They write not for honor, not for fame or wealth, but for the good of posterity. All others are a motley gang of parrots and magpies, chatting incoherently the same thoughts and nearly the same expressions. Why is this? Should you ask them if they copy their styles because they haven't the ability to use a style of their own, you immediately offend them. But if they have originality of genius, why do they content themselves with parroting the words and thoughts of others? The reason is, that there is too great a lack of manhood and of the spirit of independence among the authors of the present and of every age. They fail to recognize the fact that true genius should scout the idea of borrowing, and blush to acknowledge its own inadequacy to accomplish the end in view. They are slow to gather the belief, that man, though governed in most instances by surrounding circumstances, has the power within him of governing, rather than of being governed by, circumstances. And not until these facts are thoroughly understood and duly appreciated, will our authors acknowledge the dishonesty of a studied imitation, and relinquish a practice which not only leads thought into servitude, but, at the same time, cripples all, the native vigor of the mind.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

This address was delivered by Mr. J. H. Crutcher, in Morrison Chapel, on Commencement Day. Much to our satisfaction, and, doubtless to that of many other students, he has consented to permit us to publish it:

Of all the passions implanted in the human soul by the hand of a benevolent Creator, there is not one perhaps, which gives greater incentives to exertion, or which affords a more prolific source of happiness, than Hope.

Memory, looking over the past, may kindle pleasant emotions by painting upon her canvas visions bright; but these are often dimmed and obscured by clouds of gloom, while prospective Hope, eliminating from the future all except the desirable, bids us anticipate that alone. Memory permits us to pluck a rare flower here and there along the highway of life; Hope bids us ramble amidst the garden of delights.

As by Memory we live in the past, so by Hope we live in the future, and derive pleasure from

the contemplation of halcyon days to come.—The agriculturist plows and sows in hope. The mariner, reckless of his present comfort, risks his life and launches his bark upon the bosom of the tempestuous sea under the influence of hope.—Hope lights the lamp of the scholar, moves the tongue of the orator, and fills the imagination of the poet. Hope gives courage to the heart, and strength to the arm of the warrior, through the bright anticipations of the victor's crown.

Hope is expectation and desire exercised upon an object; and the energy which it inspires, as well as the happiness which it bestows, depends upon the value of the object, and the certainty of its attainment. Is an education the object of a young man's hope? then the strength of his hope will depend upon the estimation of the value of an education, and the probabilities of its acquirements; and the energy with which it is undertaken, as well as the pleasure derived from the pursuit, will depend upon the strength of his hope.

It is in the great value of the object, and the certainty of its attainment, that the superiority of the Christian's hope is seen. Its value is inestimable. Not until we are able to answer the question, "what will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" shall we be able to estimate the value of the Christian's hope. Not until we are able to exhaust the meaning of Heaven and Eternity, shall we be able to comprehend and describe the object of the Christian's hope. Such a conception bankrupts all language, and baffles the highest skill of painters and poets.—We may over-estimate the value of objects with reference to this life, and find more pleasure in the pursuit than in the possession; but not so in regard to that which is eternal: imagination's utmost stretch, in awful wonder dies in contemplating the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" and happiness, that remains for the people of God.

Here man is a pendulum, vibrating between a smile and a tear; but there, it is one eternal Summer and clouds of sorrow never come. Here our pleasures are brief, the greatest of which is but a ripple from the sea of bliss; but there our souls will be ravished with unending felicity, where there is "fulness of joy" and "pleasure evermore."

Hope is the daughter of Faith; for the sure foundation and guarantee of the Christian's hope, is the word of God, which lives and abides forever. Kingdom's may rise and fall; thrones crumble and be forgotten; the earth shall be consumed by fire, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be "rolled together as a scroll" and "pass away with a great noise;" "but the word of our God shall stand forever."

How true it is then, that, to the Christian, hope is a pleasure in prosperity, a solace in affliction, a support in adversity, and makes him a hero in the hour of calamity.

What is it that racks the brain, breaks the heart, and fills the soul with unutterable grief? Despair. What is it that causes the deepest anguish of a fond father and a doting mother over the untimely

ly death of a wayward boy? Despair. As the little boy chasing the golden-winged butterfly from flower to flower through the live-long day, lies down at night, faint and weary from his fruitless toil; so, when man comes to the close of a mis-spent life, when the death damp is gathering round the brow, and he looks backward over a life spent in the vain pursuit of earthly happiness, and thinks of disappointed hopes and neglected opportunities for the preparation for such an hour, what is it that causes him to shrink from the King of Terrors, and see nothing but the blackness of darkness in the fast-approaching future? It is deep despair.

On the other hand, what is it that binds up the broken heart, calms the troubled heart, and brings peace and consolation in the midst of affliction? Hope. What is it that causes the Christian mother, in the depth of her grief, to look upward through her tears and bless the hand that holds the rod of affliction, and exclaim in the language of one of old, "the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"? that causes her to plant the myrtle and the evergreen—emblems of immortality—where the green grass grows above the little mound beneath which sleeps all that remains of her first-born? It is Hope, founded on the belief that He, who triumphed over Death, Hell, and the Grave, and carried captivity captive, is able to wake her sleeping babe, robe it with immortality, and give them a glorious reunion at God's right hand in Heaven.

Hope cheers the faint, gives strength to the weak, and makes the Christian a hero, in time of persecution and peril. Hope disrobes Death of his terrors, and "makes a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are." The fiery fagots may kindle round the stake, and the furnace be heated seven times hot; yet, inspired with a Christian's hope, he can, like the martyrs of old, march up to Death as to a friend, and take from his outstretched hand, the victor's wreath of immortality.

To us, beloved Professors and Classmates, this hope is indeed a blessing. To-day we part; on earth, perhaps, to meet no more; but pangs of parting are alleviated by the thought, that when we leave this place, around which cluster so many hallowed associations, and go forth to try the sterner realities of life, we have this hope in common, which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, reaching to that within the veil, to enable our frail barques to ride serene the tempestuous sea of life, and anchor us all at last in the haven of eternal rest.

Animating Hope! when clouds of gloom gather round the soul, and we, faint and weary, are well nigh ready to fall by the wayside, and the battle of life give over, thou dost cheer us onward "to fight the good fight of faith," and "lay hold on eternal life."

Confident Hope! all earthly hopes are uncertain: objects may rise like beautiful visions before the raptured eye, and fascinate and cheer us with their bright promises; but when we put forth the hand to grasp them, they burst like bubbles on the

ocean, and are gone forever, leaving naught but disappointment; whilst thou art the same unfading, increasing, confident Hope.

Sustaining Hope! when afflictions come, and worldly pleasures flee; when friends forsake, and foes deride, when the pleasures and follies of earth are receding, and Eternity is opening to view, thou art a friend to support us in all these trials; and when the night of death comes, thou canst enable us to fall asleep in the arms of Jesus, to wake and behold the beauties and glories of an endless day.

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade:—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunders shake the earth below,
Thou, undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."
MAY 21st, 1873. J. H. C.

Misery loves company, so does a marriageable young lady.

The Danbury News remarks that "the dearest object to a married man should be his wife, but it is not unfrequently her clothes."

Susan B. Anthony says she wouldn't be frightened at standing face to face with Satan. But how would it affect Satan?

Bright Boy.—Mother if you won't let me duck that old turkey, I know what else'll stop her settin'. Just cut off her head and I'll bet she'll lay.

The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon means to keep out of.

"Ye are the children of the devil," was the text of a divine in the morning, and in the afternoon he said, "children obey your parents."

A transcendental teamster says it took two lives to pull his wagon through the snow drifts, last week. "Life is but a span," says he, "and I had to yoke two span to go through."

A little boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "And bless mamma and Jenny, and Uncle Benny," adding after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hutchinson."

CONCLUSIVE.—A fat old gentleman who had been bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog, came to Jonah in a towering passion, declaring it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defence: 1st, by testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I can prove that nothing would make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a calf; 2d, he is blind and cannot see to bite; 3rd, even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his age, fatness, and severe lameness; 4th, granting his eyes and legs to be good, he had no teeth; 5th, my dog died six weeks since; 6th, I never had a dog.

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LEXINGTON, KY., - - - - JULY 15, 1873

BE YOUR OWN DIPLOMA.

The following Address was delivered in Morrison Chapel, Kentucky University, on Commencement day, by James B. Jones, of Bethania, N. C., a member of the graduating class, who has kindly consented to let us print it in our columns:

Every investment calls for a proportionate return. In the work requisite to secure a diploma, both professors and students have made an investment. How this is to yield a profit, I am, in part, to show while the watch ticks away eight minutes of eternity. The question for solution is this:—How shall every man be his own diploma? Will he do this by framing these mementos of toil and hanging them in some conspicuous place? Could self and diploma be made one and then changed into the beau-ideal of an illustrious artist, this might secure a world-wide reputation; but the cries for knowledge that are wafted to our ears by every breeze, it could not answer. These are not

to be stilled by pedantry. They do not grow quiet at the approach of imposture. The hour has come, and now is, when humbugs must be waked up by the trump of ability, industry and integrity. Truth says, do not seem, but be. Profession with the pen and with the lip, must yield to expression in the life. He who wraps himself up in his "sheep-skin" and lies down to rest in self-conceit, will awake to find that he has a sheep's brain as well a sheep-skin. Trust not in the past. Diplomas, like druggist's labels, vouch for the quantity and quality put into the earthen vessel. They do not say how much has evaporated or passed back into unconsciousness. Nor do they prove that all knowledge "lives, moves, and has its being" in us. God has so so made mind that, though forever filling, it is never full. Its ceaseless cry is knowledge. On this it feeds, grows, and expands.—While it may rejoice over past victories and take pleasure in the independence of present possessions, its chief delight is in the work of the future. From the depths of our own souls, and from the heights of heaven, comes the same advice: Work out your own physical, intellectual and spiritual salvation, for God will work in you both to will and to do.

Here you are ready to ask, what is that work? I reply, a work of appropriation, of transformation. Create, we cannot. God only creates. Creation ceased when Elohim rested from his six day's work. From then till now, it has been man's province to have dominion, to appropriate. Yes, a gracious God holds out the keys of knowledge to the industrious. Take them, he exclaims, unlock my store-houses and use for the good of my people and the glory of my name. Penetrate to earth's remotest depths. Read on the rocky pages of strata after strata the history of myriads of creatures that lived in other ages. See in them my infinite wisdom, goodness, and power. Behold all that now inhabit the earth, air, and sea. On Pope's poetic wing

"Go, fly through vast immensity pierce,
See world on world compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star."

Then know that all these are yours to use. Extensive dominion! All ours, and we God's. From no good thing are we excluded. Nature shuts her doors only against indolence and ignorance. Her warm invitation is, "Seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." These are the sources whence materials are to be drawn for appropriation. They are as inexhaustible as their infinite Creator. Before the immensity of these resources, the stoutest heart and strongest mind are almost paralyzed. The only relief is found in the fact that man's constitution and the organization of society call for division of labor. The highway to success is unity of purpose and unity of action.

The superficial may strive for universal scholarship; but the successful will be content to make a single thought the center of life. Around this

Eliza Cradley
Eagle Creek
Cradley County
Agricultural
Miss Mary Correll
Cradley County
Harro

Miss Mary Somells
Miss Mary Correll

July 15, 1873.

OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

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will every other thought be made to revolve. As the convex lens concentrates all the rays of the sun within its compass upon a single focus, so let unity of purpose and unity of action apply all the knowledge at command upon some chosen work. No narrow and contracted sphere of action is advocated. Widen this in every direction as far as time, health and capacity will permit; but keep every accession of territory within appropriating reach of the center. Extent thus made brings power; any other is weakness. Let each man, then, select and occupy his appropriate department in the great drama of life. No one of them is exclusive. Each is more or less inclusive of every other. If one borrows, the other lends.

Does a man intend to be a linguist? Language may draw accuracy from figures, and life and beauty from the animal and vegetable world. Is he a scientist? A thousand anglicized words may proclaim that Latin and Greek are raised from the dead and made as immortal as his deductions. Do you aspire to be a mathematician? You may change the theoretical into the practical. Build railroads; tunnel mountains; bridge rivers; construct steamboats; erect factories; strike the mountain with your scientific wand and let the people have iron and coal; make the rivers and oceans their servants. No herald need then proclaim, this man understands Euclid. The Mt. Cenis Tunnel needs no inscription to perpetuate the mathematical genius of its constructors. Let no angel speed its flight across the heavens announcing the triumphs of telegraphy. These are living epistles, known, read, and felt by all men. Are you ministers of the gospel? The whole domain of science and literature opens her doors to your entrance. Whither can you go and not find a mirror to reflect the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness? The ocean wave, as it lashes the rocky beach, says, trust me, and I will speed you on your way, to "free the nations from the fetters of sin". The electricity, as it flashes from the angry cloud, exclaims, with an approving smile, "I will be your hand-maid." The stars, which of old sent one of their number to guide the Magi to Bethlehem's manger, will shed their joyous light upon you as you go into all the world preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

If, then, we would be our own diplomas, what must we do? Flee pedantry and imposture; hate falsehood; find no contentment in past acquisitions; live what we know; change the knowledge of the mind into pure, beautiful, and useful lives; by the wise use of present possessions, by the power of industry, by the strength of a fixed purpose, by the courage of a pure conscience, by the blessing of God, rise from height to height; and though we fall short of perfect knowledge, such lives will be diplomas that will enable Christ to welcome us to the sublimer heights of heaven.

... St. John's College, Little Rock, Ark., has added a Law Department to its previous departments. They also have in contemplation the addition of a Medical Department.

MAKER OR FINDER?

"Poetry," says Carlyle, "is musical thought." But the essential idea in music is harmony. The poet, then, is a discoverer of harmonies. Not an inventor; for the true poet is a mirror of nature, and the harmonies which he voices for the world are not the figments of fancy (the true is never a shadow, always a substance), they are realities, which he, looking down into the "open secret" of the universe, has perceived, has mastered, has dragged up to light. Men gaze upon the new-comer, as upon any other curiosity, and praise the poet-showman. But not as a showman, which he really is, but as a creator! They do not say, "see what he has *found*!" but "see what he has *made*!" With as much reason (perhaps with a good deal *more*!) might we charge our friend Barnum with making his elephants, giraffes, lions, tigers, hippopotami, &c. As well say that Newton created the Laws of Gravity, or Galileo the Laws of Falling Bodies. Suppose Dr. Livingstone, returning from Africa, should bring with him some unheard-of animal vested with peculiar interest as supplying some missing Darwinian link, or presenting some development not intelligible as a "survival of the fittest." What excitement! Everybody would go to see it, and those who did not would find life sized pictures and descriptions in some enterprising Herald. Now let it be hinted that the Doctor did not *find*—he *invented* that animal, let his dormant claims to that brute's authorship be fully established,—the exhibitor might exclaim "Ichabod!" for, if not the glory, certainly the crowd would be departed. But, more seriously, what to you or to me is the *creation* of Milton? If he has *found* something long hid by nature in her jealous depths, then I, no less than he, am enriched; for the whole universe is mine and yours and every one's. But what he *makes*, is his own, to which neither you nor I have semblance of right or title. Nature stands in immediate relation to me and you; we are children of a common Father. But to Milton's or any other man's intellectual family (so called), ours is an attitude of scarcely disguised hostility. Milton's creations are like their creator—of the ear h, earthy; what he has discovered in the tireless flights of his imagination from the bottomless profound of Hell, circling the sum of created things, up to the very, burning throne of Almighty in Heaven—what he has discovered, I say, "won from the void and formless Infinite," bears the impress of its proper origin,—it is of divinity, divine. The creature is not greater than the creator, nor can survive his death. What the poet makes, belongs to him and must die with him; he cannot transmit his offspring to posterity, for none would own it, and it would be rejected as a bastard. But what he finds belongs not to him but to humanity at large, and is immortal as its Maker—God. It is the common heritage of the race. The poet's creations are his whims, his fancies, his conceits. These "daughters of men" are not infrequently gaudily attired, petted, and caressed by the poet,

Miss Correll

Miss Correll

Miss Correll

Miss Mary Correll

Miss Correll

Miss Correll

to the neglect of the more modest "sons of God." His contemporaries and immediate posterity, in deference to the poet's selfish prejudices, may fondle and praise these glittering forms, but TIME, the all-revealer, is sure to tear off the tinsel mask and show their nothingness. "Literature," says Fichte (I quote from memory), "is a continuous revelation of the God-like and Eternal through the earthy and perishable." Now, when this revelation is of the deeper harmonies that pervade nature, of some hidden concord to which the Universal Ear has all along been deaf, then that revelation we call poetry and that revealer, poet. Here is found no place for the poet's own creations. This world is a mighty music-box, attuned to all symphonies by the Master-Maker. He who discovers to the listening crowd an implicit melody, is the poet. But who would dare insert or modify a single note? Who substitute his own puerile composition for the composition divine? The gift of poesy, then, is not the gift of invention but of discovery; and he is the poet who lifts the veil from Nature and shows all her hidden, Heaven-descended beauties, not he who with his puny hands, would construct an idol that none but himself could adore.

KOPPA.

[Communicated.]

O. H. ROTHACHER.

The young gentleman whose name heads this article left our city on the 22nd ult., taking with him the dearest remembrances that could possibly attach one fellow being to another. He intended to remain one week among his relations at Cincinnati, and then proceed to the destinies that awaited him farther East—that of associate editor of the Oil City (Pa.) Daily Register, the senior editor having written repeatedly for him to come and accept the honorable position at a lucrative salary. Mr. Rothaker was tendered the editorship of the COLLEGIAN, this paper, for his society, but he refused to waste his time with so unpretentious a sheet, as he corresponded regularly to some of the best journals and periodicals of our country.

"Roth," as he was familiarly known, once said that he was to take his choice of three pursuits—lawyer, teacher of languages, or a journalist. If we advance our opinion, we would say that he had chosen the one most adapted to his talents, for whilst his arguments would doubtless have been forcible as a member of the bar, and his knowledge of the dead and modern languages sufficient to have enabled him to accept a professorship in some one of our largest institutions of learning, yet still his journalistic capabilities and his general knowledge of political governments will enable him to shine with brighter lustre at the head of a large daily newspaper than in any other capacity.

During his tutorship with us, Mr. Rothaker gained, by his versatile powers and affable manner, the good will and love of both his professors and fellow-students, only with the latter his word was all-powerful, they looking up to him as a being gifted with all but supernatural power, and he kindly assisting them in any difficult problem they wished to solve. Whilst he has their best wishes for a glorious and prosperous future, yet they would fain have had him remain with them until the end of the present

session, at the very least. Night after night have his comrades of the club-room seen him extending the midnight oil, writing page upon page of some lengthy drama or literary article, and wondered why they could not do the same. So they could, with years of patient toil, as Mr. Rothaker has done, he having two attacks of the brain fever, brought on by too close attention to the work to which he is devoted and if he does not take proper care of himself in his new capacity, he will bring on the third, which, in the majority of instances, proves fatal.

The writer being one who has associated with "Roth," through the daily paths of life, can best judge of the endearments that he was capable of awakening in the hearts of those with whom he mingled, rendering them so bound to him by ties of affection that his leave-taking seemed as though our dearest relative had gone to a home beyond the grave, instead of a being like ourself, with whom we had only been a few short months, having left us to pursue a high calling. But during the short time he has been amongst us we, in common with all others who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, eagerly drank up the words of knowledge as they fell from his lips, like the spring-time rain, to gladden the earth. Although separated from us, still we correspond, and half the pain of the parting is broken by the thought that, as our vocations are somewhat similar, we will meet again, and that at no far distant period of time.

The papers of our city have been considerate enough to give Mr. Rothaker a notice, so we merely write this to give vent to our burdened feelings, and to let his fellow-students know that, although parted, there is one who still cares for "Roth," and that one is,

H. S. S.

Our Boys.

(Arts)—DAUGHERTY, J. S., is teaching school at Dallas, Texas.

(Bible)—STORY, J. W., is preaching and teaching in Madison county, Ky.

(Arts)—JONES, S. H., is teaching school at Locust Grove, Clark county. He intends to enter the Law College next September.

(Bible)—BATSON, J. D., the honor-man from the Bible College, is spending his vacation in Lexington.

(Arts)—MOORE, W. S., on leaving college went home to Gallatin, Tenn. Walter has had an attack of Cholera since his arrival, but has recovered.

(Bible)—YANCY, G. W., has charge of Indian Creek Church, Harrison county, and Mt. Carmel, Bourbon county. We wish him all success in his pious endeavors.

(Arts)—BRYAN, J., graduated in medicine at Belleville last March, and succeeded in getting an appointment in the hospital, where he is still using his abilities for the good or ill of humanity.

(Arts)—PARKER, H. S., is through "bossing" his school in Owen, and has begun the study of the Law privately. How he is succeeding we do not know. But judging from his progress among the fair, we conclude that the Law is being neglected.

(Bible)—MARTIN, W. H., sailed, as a missionary, for Australia, by way of England, last month. A long letter from him will be found in the columns of the Apos-

tolie Times, July 3d. May all success attend him in his long journey and arduous mission.

(Bible)—WEST, J. Irwin, is preaching at Mt. Pleasant, Madison county. He is occupying his time playing croquet and visiting the ladies. He says his neighborhood is full of fun, and so is he.

'68. (Law)—STIRMAN, E., is practicing law with great success in Fayetteville, Ark. He has been married for several years, but we have not heard that he has made any addition to the population of the country.

(Arts)—BAUGH?, J. W., though constitutionally opposed to the society of the ladies, has at last quit his bad habits (?), arts, ministry, commerce, and phrenology, and has "committed matrimony." Who would have thought that of you, Joe?

We cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at the manner in which our boys have acquitted themselves at Bellevue. Gibney, Harlan, and Bryan, have all been among the honor-men of that Institution. May Kentucky University ever be so well represented.

(Arts)—AMMERMAN, J. B., left school last April, on account of bad health. Since that time he has been variously engaged in farming, sparking the girls, &c. He does not expect to return next September, but is going to teach. It is probable that Joe will marry before he gets back.

(Arts)—FORRESTER, DICK, ran off and married Miss Hodgen, of this city, not many months since. This is another "clasp hands" between Hocker and the University over the breach made by so many flirtations. But that breach has been so widened of late it is very doubtful whether a reconciliation can be affected.

'70. (Arts)—GRAVES, T. S., is one of those who took leave of Kentucky University, and concluded to try their fortunes at the N. W. C. University. We presume he, too, was attracted by the attendance of the young ladies. Be careful, Smith. You were always susceptible, and the girls may prove the ruin of you yet.

'69. (Arts)—JONES, R. H., better known among his old class-mates as "Old Bob," is now at home in Bethania, North Carolina. He has been in Philadelphia during the last year, learning how to extract teeth. Doubtless he will succeed at that as well as he did at college; but long may we stand in need of his services.

(Bible)—HOPKINS, J. O., occupies the chair of Greek Literature in the N. W. C. University. He has been very successful in business, and has long since embarked on the ocean of matrimony. One squall has struck him by the way, in the shape of a beautiful daughter. His paternal experience forms the subject of his entire conversation, even to the neglect of Greek.

(Arts)—LONG, R. A., who left College at intermediate examination, returned home, and began the study of medicine, vied with a little farm work. "Duke" intends to attend some medical college in the fall, and get a diploma to kill or cure. He was in Lexington on Commencement Day, and had some photos taken. He looks well—in a picture.

(Arts)—MOORE, W. G., has been attending Washington and Lee college during the past year. He got back to Lexington just in time to attend the reception at Sayre Institute, and is now at home in the country. Will is dissatisfied with his college, because, he says, all the ladies are old maids. He deserved to fall into such hands for deserting Kentucky University. He could have made no such complaint of the young ladies of Lexington.

(Arts)—COLEMAN, G. S. It is with the deepest regret that we are compelled to announce the death of an old fellow-student. For three years he had been a member of our University, and had by his uniform kindness and genial disposition won the best wishes of all who knew him. During the month of June he became ill with a severe attack of fever, which finally terminated fatally. Many old friends showed their interest by watching at his bedside until death relieved him.

(Arts)—HODGES, W. W., like many others, has been variously employed at banking, farming, visiting the girls, &c., et cetera. He has at last obtained a position on a railroad, which we suppose will be the beginning of his fortune. When we last saw him, Will was bigger, blacker, and altogether worse looking than of yore. We do not mean to hint that this has been the cause of his being dropped by the girls. But cheer up, Will. It is not the exterior, but the interior that makes the man. We predict for you a glorious future.

(Arts)—HARLAN, BEN., has also received a diploma in medicine at Bellevue, and won a position in the hospital. There is a piece of scandal extant on Ben as follows: When he received news that he had been successful in the hospital race, he proceeded to invest in a bottle of the best wine, and after freely indulging in company with Gibney, Bryan, &c., informed them that, though without a cent of money, he was the happiest man out of Paradise. May you be less happy, Ben, and farther from Paradise than you now are (?).

(Arts)—HOLMES, D. B., after graduating in law in Lexington, went to Harvard and completed the course there. After thus thoroughly fitting himself for his profession, which we cannot too highly commend, Dan "set up his shingle" in Kansas City. Dan paid us a visit last winter. Was looking not quite so well, but wiser. He is not married yet, though he has a great partiality for widows, which report says has not been reciprocated. We are told that he is rapidly introducing himself into a good practice. His friends wish him well.

Among the Colleges.

.... Henry Ward Beecher has donated \$1,000 to Washington and Lee University.

.... The Yale Faculty will not permit any suspended man to remain within ten miles of New Haven.

.... The Student tersely and respectfully describes certain regulations of the Faculty at Amherst as "undiluted, transparent nonsense."

.... Exam. Paper.—What is the derivation of "rosemary?"

Ingenious Junior.—From the roses that Mary used to wreath around her little lamb.

.... Lafayette College at Easton, Penn., has recently been endowed \$30,000 worth by Mr. George B. Markle, of Hazleton.

.... "Do me a favor?" said a Senior to his friend.

"Sing it," was the answer.

"Lend me ten dollars!"

"Your notes are too high," replied he.—*Ex.*

.... A student in a western college, after much deep thought, says thus: "How hard those fellows will have to work who study history three hundred years hence," and has considerably determined not to do anything that will add to the historical materials already accumulating.—*Era.*

.... The students in the Department of Mechanic Arts

Handwritten signatures and notes at the bottom of the page, including "Bryan", "Harlan", "Gibney", and "Coleman".

of Cornell University, have presented Professor Morris with a gold-headed cane, and Professor Sweet with a beautiful easy chair. Both these professors are deservedly very great favorites with the students under their charge.

...The Board of Trustees of Albion College have agreed to devote \$500 to the improvement of the Library and illustrative apparatus, conditional upon the success of the Preston scheme. This will undoubtedly succeed, and \$500 laid out for such purposes will be a step in the right direction.

SCHOLASTIC DIALOGUE.—Professor—What are the uses of starch in germination?

Student (reciting on cheek)—In the German nation starch is used very much the same as in this country—in doing up linen and such goods.

Professor—If you give another such answer as that I will show how they take the starch out of students in the German nation.

...The death of Rev. John Early was mentioned in our last number. In the June number of the Journal, we notice some every appropriate resolutions adopted by the Medical Faculty of Georgetown University, also by the Law Cls. The estimation in which he was held appears to have been great and general. Throwing aside all prejudices arising from religious differences, the cause of education has suffered greatly in his death. His successor has not yet been appointed.

Among our Exchanges.

The *Record* of St. John's College is one of our best exchanges. The articles are numerous, varied, and well written, and the selections made with great taste.

Harper's Bazar is again before us. We consider the pictures on the first page more attractive than those on the last, though much of the attraction depends upon the patterns.

The Riverside Press, a weekly, edited by our old friend, O. C. Bryson, is regularly placed upon our table. It is edited with ability, and does honor both to the editor and to Kentucky University, of which he was once a member. May it meet with the success it deserves.

It would be neither fair nor gallant not to express our admiration of the manner in which the young ladies of Stephen's College conduct their *Chaplet*. Their articles are spicy and entertaining, and appear to have cost some labor. May its future career equal its past.

The June number of *The Yale Courant*, contains one or two articles of interest. The remaining columns are filled with announcements of class suppers, boat-training, boat racing, &c. It is quite entertaining to the Epieurean and sporting world.

The *Analist*, June 19th, is unusually dry. One short poem entitled *June Thoughts*, is the only article that would interest a stranger to their College, and that would do so only by comparison with the remainder. That remainder consists of notices of their College exercises. As it is, it may do for their friends, but, if they desire to make it popular, they must improve it.

The Harvard *Advocate* brings with it an unusual

amount of good reading. *The Romance* of the Rose and "*Far Away*," specimens of Harvard poetry contain verses that could not but strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of a College boy. It is with no pleasant feelings that we remember that this is the last number of the *Advocate*, that we will have the pleasure of perusing before September next, as it is one of the many College papers which publish only ten numbers during the year.

The *Dartmouth* will bear comparison with the best College papers, with which we exchange. Instead of filling their columns with editorials which interest only College boys and interest them only from the fact that they are interested in the authors, they have published several articles, which cannot fail to demand attention from any reader. Among them we may mention one on "*Foreign Travel*." With the June number the term of the editors, who conducted it during the last ten months expired. May the succeeding editors perform their task as well as their predecessors.

The following is an extract from *The Packer Quarterly* seemingly in answer to some remark made by the Magenta:

"The Magenta is laboring under the delusion that the object, aim and end of the *Packer Quarterly* is to furnish reading matter for college-boys. The *Quarterly* is published, firstly, for the purpose of stimulating the *Packerites* to higher excellence in composition; secondly, in order that Seniors may gain greater fluency in writing; thirdly, for the benefit of our subscribers; fourthly, to show the college-girls what we can do; lastly (and we would say *leastly*, but for the great need of it), for the improvement of college-boys mentally and morally."

That they need improvement in both respects, College boys do not pretend to deny; and, though not quite docile, with many teachers we will guarantee that they will do their best, if such as the editors of *The Packer* will take the responsibility of teaching them. To be filled with contributions, whose authors range from 5 to 15 years, *Packer* will do very well.

NEW VOLUME.—The number of *Littell's Living Age* for the week ending July 5th, begins a new volume, and is a good one with which to begin a subscription. It has the following valuable articles: Darwin on Expression, from the *Quarterly Review*; Amateur Theology, (Arnold's Literature and Dogma), *Backwood's Magazine*; Prussian Ecclesiastical Laws, *Saturday Review*; an instalment of the "*Two Brothers*," a tale by the distinguished French authors, M. Erckmann, and Chatrian; and of "*The Prescotts of Pamphillon*," by the author of the charming story "*Dorothy Fox*," with poetry, etc.

Among the chief articles of the two preceding weekly numbers, are *Central Asia*; *Louis Napoleon Painted by a cotemporary*; *The Sons of Ham*; *The State of English Painting*; *The West Coast of Africa*; *Extravagance*; *The Dutch Colonel System*; an instalment of "*Innocent*," by Mrs. Oliphant, etc., etc. The subscription price of this 64 page weekly magazine is \$8 a year, or for \$10 any one of the American \$4 magazines is sent with *The Living Age* for a year. *Littell & Gay*, Boston, Publishers.

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