Compliments of
Jas K Patterson
Lexington Ky U.S.

Commencement Exercises at the Kentucky University.

Yesterday witnessed the twelfth annual commencement of the Kentucky University, which, as an institution of learning, has no superior in the State. Quietly but effectually it is doing a great work, but our citizens seem unaware of the fact until it is brought to their notice by some such occurrence as that of yesterday.

Before the hour appointed for the exercises to commence, the Morrison Chapel was thronged with visitors, and, perhaps, never before in the history of the institution, was so large an attendance gathered within its historic precincts, or one representing so largely the fashion, the wealth and the intellect of Lexington. One's eye, as it was cast over the throng, was bewildered by the display of beauty that met the gaze on every hand. Truly, a stranger placed suddenly in the midst of that brilliant audience, and as suddenly removed without seeing more of this Athens of the West, would only recall the scene as a glimpse of a terrestial paradise, filled with faces of beauty and the music of sweet voices. What wonder that the gentlemen who were, that day, to receive the honors of their *Alma Mater*, the reward of their industry and perseverance, were inspired by the scene, and acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of themselves, of their teachers and of the audience before whom they stood. In this view, it would therefore be invidious to make distinctions, and we therefore give the

PROGRAMME.

Music. Prayer. Music. Latin Salutatory—J. E. Hopkins, (Col. of Arts), Kokomo, Indiana. Music. English Salutatory, J. R. Jones, (Col. of the Bible), Bethania, N. C. Music. Oration—Influence of America on Europe—J. Dougherty, (Com. Col.), Shreveport, La. Music. Oration—The Destiny of our Country—H. J. Harlan, (Col. of Arts), Columbia, Tenn. Music. Oration—The Christian's Honor—John. H. Duncan, (Col. of the Bible), Plattsburg, Mo. Music. Oration—Practice versus Theory—J. W. Whiteside, (Com Col.), Gallatin, Tenn. Music. Valedictory—Enoch Harding, (A. & M. Col.), Murray, Ky. Music. Conferring of Degrees and Diplomas, by the President of the respective Colleges. Music. Benediction. Music.

After the delivery of the valedictory, the forty graduates were ranged in order for the reception of their diplomas. Before delivering them, however, Prof. Jas. K. Patterson delivered a remarkable address which we give in full below.

The music, which was admirable in its character, was supplied by the Agricultural Band, which for the time it has been organized is really a wonder.

ADDRESS OF PROF. JAS. K. PATTERSON TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY, FRIDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1871.

To-day, by the authority of the Board of Curators, you have been advanced from an undergraduate to the grade of Bachelor of Science. For four long years you have done service, and now justly claim the award due to patient study and persevering toil; and, by virtue of the commission now given, you are free to assert and maintain your right to recognition in the ranks of Knights Bachelor. To attain the distinction of Master is quite a different thing. If Newton, Laplace, Brewster, Davy and Herschel never attained it in this life, no more will you or I. You begin upon a sphere whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference no mortal man can conceive. Truth is infinite as its author; and, as science is conversant about truth, to none of the sons of men is its full comprehension given. According to the years allotted to us on this earth and the talent given us by the Creator will our attainments be. To finite intellects, then, a mastery of science is impossible. God only knows all; God only can know all; and yet, while mastery is beyond the hope of the devotee of science, much may still be learned. No man has ever yet exhausted *one* of the many specialties into which every science sub-divides itself, much less all; and no man, should he live ten thousand years, could bring all together and correlate the results of all. None need despair of distinction in astronomy because Herschel found a sounding-line to fathom the depths of space; nor in Physics, because Thomson has determined the size of atoms; nor in Philosophy because Kirchhoff, Bunsen and Lockyer, have determined the constitution of the sun, and fixed the stars which form the centers of systems in the Milky-Way, nor in Metaphysics because Kant and Hamilton, deciphered the scroll of consciousness, or Spencer has laid bare the mechanism of thought; nor in Physiology because Virchow, has analyzed the structure and composition of nerve centers. He who thinks the cope-stone of any of the physical sciences laid, and who retires from the field where glory has been won, will find that it is no less certain that brave men will follow Agamemnon, than that they have preceded him.

Physicists compute the duration of our cosmical system in the future, as they have shown the limits beyond which it cannot have existed in the past. Already, to use the language of good George Wilson, the most distant spheres in this system have heard the signal of sunset and return. Their circuits, slowly but surely contracting, in the lapse of ages, all will fall into some distant center in one commingled mass. But who shall tell the progress which science, by that time, shall have made? Who shall tell the higher plane which humanity shall have reached, long ere those lengthening cycles shall have run their course? The future historian of the physical sciences may view the generalizations of the Newtons and the Comtes, and the bold speculations of the Darwins and the Huxleys of to-day, much in the same light as these now look upon the fanciful monads of Leibnitz, and the shadowy forecastings of *da Vinci*. We believe we are standing upon firm ground, and yet we see hypothesis after hypothesis fall when they have served their purpose, like the scaffolding which make possible the erection of more durable structures. The same is true of the abstract opinions and principles which measured the progress and indicated the civilizations of the past. They represented the stage which the development of humanity had then reached and which made the conditions of future progress; at once the fruit of the past and the germs of the future. Accepted then as the index of thought and culture, and doubtless considered by their possessors as the very perfection of thought and opinion, we now regard them as interesting only as landmarks in the onward course to a higher and a better life, for

"Humanity sweeps onward, where to-day the martyr stands;
To-morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
And the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe returns,
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urns."

Yes, there is progress in science as in opinion, the one becoming more truthlike, the other more godlike, and the knowledge that it is progressive should make us humble, but hopeful, tolerant but emphatic. True science is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not dogmatic, but reverent, earnest, liberal. Thousands who know nothing of what they denounce, condemn Mr. Darwin whom the men of science of Europe and America unite in regarding as the greatest naturalist whom this century has produced. Hundreds of pulpits in Europe and America launch their anathemas against the venerable philosopher of Farnsborough, who never read a page of the "Descent of Man" or the "Origin of Species." On the other hand, irreverent dogmatists in science scoff at the religion of Christ and the regeneration of the world through the cross, who never read an epistle of St. Paul or a chapter of Bisho[illegible]. Both of these are wrong. The field of speculation is not so much an extended plane as a rounded sphere, and on the nether side of this, these noxious extremes meet in unintelligent and acrimonious strife. The conclusions of Mr. Darwin, in "Descent of Man," which I do not believe, and of all others of which this may be taken as the type, the laborious results of patient, earnest, though perhaps mistaken inquiries after truth are not to be refuted by the blank denial of an unscientific man, who never turned a page in the great book of nature spread out before him, but by men of culture—men of large head and good heart—men who know the facts as well as those whose opinions they gainsay, and who from the same indisputable data can show the falsity of the conclusions—men like Alfred Russell Wallace, St. George Mivart and the Duke of Argyll. By such as these must be settled the questions which stir the intellect of the age, and not by noisy polemics and unscientific smatterers who masquerade in the garb of science. And yet in humble spheres all can labor. It is only given to the great to furnish a solution to the problems that perplex the ages, if, indeed, solution be possible; but in the domain of *fact* all can do a noble work. In that field, though earning no special distinction, all can gather the data, the raw material upon which the master minds may work. You are an Alumnus of a school which encourages science and endeavors to dignify labor. All can not become philosophers; all can not become scientists, but all can observe and register facts if they will, observe the hidden, silent processes of wonder-working nature, and, whether in a palace or a hut, honor the God who gave him existence by being a whole man at one thing at a time. The millions, sons of industry and toil, always must constitute the broad bases upon which all organizations, whether religious, political, or social, exist; and among these, "two men I honor and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptar of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man, living, manlike. A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavors are one; when we can call him Artist, not earthly craftsman, but inspired thinker, who, with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us, who gives us light, guidance, freedom, immortality. These two, in all their degrees, I honor, all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wither it listeth."

Man was made, we are informed, on good authority, only a little lower than the angels. A noble destiny, judging from the progress of the past, awaits the individual and the race. The path is oftimes tortuous, sometimes apparently returning upon itself, but

"Not in vain the nation-strivings,
Nor by chance the currents flow,
Error-nazed, yet truth-directed,
To their destined goal they go."

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