WRITING AS A PROFESSION.

"Grub Street" is no more. To this generation its very name is scarcely known. An author is no longer a matter of course a starving. The race of槿麻 is extinct. The age of patronage is past and we find it difficult to believe and impossible to appreciate what has been the literary calling was half a century or more ago compared to what it appears to us now. How they had to cringe and fear to secure the countenance and patronage of that nobleman who was, after all, but little better than a riot. Times have changed so that not even poets pine in poverty or live in garrets. Gas has superseded the tallow dip and of lamp hats and tin panelling of the literary man. To read and reading must be furnished. So every pen finds employment and all are paid. Some more, some less. It is no longer an open question if the pen may be made to pay. It does pay, and when best used pays handsomely and even undue ability commands a comfortable competency.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to look a little more closely into this new state of things. By the coming of the million into letters, many great changes have been produced and others are now going on. The first and most important of these changes is the relation of the writers to the readers, and the onwers of which we speak relate to what is written or the literature of the day.

Time was, when to take the pen for a living was to sacrifice social position and risk starvation. But today neither the bench, the bar or the church, medicine, manufactures or the army offers higher honors or more lucrative employment than may be commanded by the successful writer. Nor does it matter materially whether he be poet or politician, historian or novelist. In every department there is a steady demand. It seems almost impossible to satisfy the hunger of the reading public. It is true that a vast amount of writing which goes to meet this demand is more miserable trash - the thinnest of gruel, comparable only to charity soup. Yet it meets the want in a measure and serves to allay the hunger of the readers and pays the writers and publishers. But while this is true, it is also true that the amount of really good writing to be found in the newspapers, journals, weeklies, and so forth is proportionally increased. In the periodical press, including the newspapers, weeklies, employs, today, more intellect than either of the "learned professions." It is the favorite and most powerful channel through which the intellect of the age speaks and writing for the press has come to be as much of a business as practice of the bar or law. Thus another is added to the learned professions. Nor does the new occupation hold an inferior position. It demands as high qualifications as either of the others and its responsibilities are only equalled by those of the profession. The time has come when young men are justified in devoting themselves to the new profession. There is no calling which offers a higher field or nobler honors, and none in which thorough training is so sure to tell. But the feature in this change, which is most gratifying and possesses the greatest social value, is the opening up of hundreds of places on the part of the public for someone to write, often for the women of education and refinement, of earning an honest competency with comparative ease. The true woman's movement is that which seeks to increase the occupations in which woman may get profitable employment. In the new profession they are free to enter and challenge for the highest honors. And in the new profession there is nothing unmindful or intimidating. Any qualified woman may follow it without sacrificing a particle of that delicacy and bloom which is the grace and charm of woman's nature. On the contrary there is such a womanly character which presides over some of the most honorable and important work of the writer.

The influence of the new order of things is so marked as to be a valuable benefit for writers and publishers that not even the most cynical of critics can deny it. There are, however, those who deny and object to it. If literature has been benefited by the increasing number of its domain and multiplication of its devotees, the increase in the number of people who have read has undoubtedly worked a corresponding change in the style of reading and character of reading matter. While these changes have not been all that they have been expected to be, they have certainly done more good than harm already, while the good effects gradually increasing with every year.

The tendency of the new order of things is to increase the number of writers, but lessen the number of books. By writers we mean those who contribute to reviews and magazines or write for the papers; by authors those who write books. There is further change in the character of the authors, in that once, books were only produced by long and patient labor, consuming years if not a life time. Now only months are occupied instead of years and authors have grown exceedingly prolific. Book follows book, rapid succession, to the exceeding injury of literature in general, the majority of writers who have ability sufficient to write real books come to their work better prepared, and there is no so great need for the critical fire and punnies stone to refine and polish their books. But after all due allowance is made for whatever truth there may be in the criticism, a fair and comprehensive comparison will reveal the fact, that while the general level has been much widened, it has been little lowered, if lowered at all, below what it was in times past, while the higher regions have been elevated. In other words, while the number of common-place books has been multiplied an hundred fold in one day, the number of books of the highest order is also greater than it ever was.

Another objection to the critics we have reserved for separate consideration, and that is the alleged deteriorating influence of female writers in literature. Women, it is said, always write weak books, and whatever peculiarities they may derive from their writings are only sufficient to reflect on literature in general. It may be that the writing of woman is weak and trashy, absurd and senseless, but the same may be said of an equal amount of the writing of men. All women, however, do not write weak books or foolish books. And the presence in literature of a very considerable number of women who can stand the test of the most critical comparison with the best men in their class is a complete refutation of the charge that woman is naturally unfit to write.

But we are not content to rest the issue here. If the writing of men and silly women was even greater than it is, a ready and full explanation is at hand—an explanation which does not involve the natural ability of woman. So long as young women are brought up under the prevailing system of mental starvation, it will be unreasonable and foolish to expect them to do anything else than ignorant, and unfit to write or think. There is no sort of comparison between the average writing of men who for generations have had every advantage which years of study and training could give, with those of women, who from the beginning of the world have been treated as if they had no minds at all, or at best, minds not worth training.

The degree of success attained by comparatively few capable women who have attempted writing, offers...
The great men of an age may, in some respects, be taken as the representatives of the intellect and culture of the majority of the men of the age. In fact the minds of the masses are in a great degree modeled by the opinions and judgments of those whom they know to be superior to them intellectually. Even inferior critics of the pretentious, often gain a surprising ascendancy over them, by the mere fact of their opposition. Contemporaries, simply because their contemporaries, knowing themselves to be of inferior ability, yield them the palm, being deceived by the supposed intellectual worth of the critics. We now and then, however, the world is astonished by the brilliancy of some genius, who rises over the horizon, drawing to himself the admiration and homage of a wondering multitude. In the midst of the most shallow pedantry, enslavable poetry, forced wit, and fiction without merit, aim or plot, do men sometimes arise and disperse the clouds of third-rate authors, who render literature mere a means of gain than a means of consoling and bettering the character of their fellow-beings.

The Eighteenth Century rejoices in the production of two of the greatest men the world ever saw. One of these is Benjamin, who once slept "dark and alone amid the ocean's everlasting babbly" on St. Helena's shore; the other is Goethe, who now sleeps in his Fatherland.

In Germany, the time from the birth of Goethe till the French Revolution, was a peculiar one in many respects. Everything was unstable. Religious upheaval was predominant, and the people made a parody of their infidelity. The enthusiasm attending the wanderings of Luther, in religion for freedom of thought, was now turning itself to freedom of action. Theology was giving place to Philosophy, Morals and Politics. In the words of another, it was "a period of deep unrest, big with events which would expand the conceptions of all men and bewilder some of the worst." Knowledge was now beginning to pass from the Clergy and Nobility to the people. This same people who had become so invertebrated in religious affairs, a rebuff from their Lutheran enthusiasm, now became exceedingly credulous in Science. Chemistry did not then exist. Alchemy was finally believed in, and Chemistry was supplanting thousands by his professions of restoring youth.

The intellectual status of the professed Literati, of and near the year 1749, was very low in comparison with that of other actions. Indeed it might be said that there were only four really great minds in Germany at this time. One of these was Klopstock, a man of the purest enthusiasm for Christianity, and whose "Messiah" placed him for a while as the rival of Milton; Lessing, who was poet, critic and philosopher; Wieland, who was a noted poet, and Herder, who was one of the first scholars Germany ever produced. Outside of these, at least, there were only Bingen, Plettings, Loganza. But the darkest is just before dawn. From among "Parian Estates, rockety sentimentalists, Courtapartments and hollow Dumas" the German literature was soon to awaken and shine with resplendent brilliancy.

In order to bring before the mind more vividly the state of German literature, by comparison with the contemporary literatures, it may be remarked that in a ripe, and Alfridi were still in the nursery; Samuel Johnson in England, was toiling over that truly laudable undertaking—his English Dictionary; Goldsmith was the "modern Shakespeare"; Lessing was "the modern Cervantes" with his genius; Rousseau was in the brilliant circle of Madame d'Épinay; Haller was at Gottingen; Murat was as yet a boy; Buffon at this time published the first volume of "Histoire Naturelle." Gilmour was at Westminster studying Greek and Latin.

Of Goethe, his character and intellect, much has been written, and the theme is not yet exhausted. Carlyle says, "Goethe was the man of his age, you know me the age that produced him." This is true in a majority of cases. Goethe is an exception. Had his character been formed by his age, how different, and that too, sadly for the worse, would it have been. A sickly sentimentalist should we see instead of the Nature Sage. The genuine genius of the German department of human knowledge had he explored. Laws, Philosophy, Botany, Physiology, Theology, Logic, Meteorology, Art, Belles Lettres. When he had finished all the and his mind came to see its emptiness, its inability to satisfy the soul's longings for that which is real, and the unknown, he saw, and made clear what lies beyond the impassable limits that stretch round on all sides, as if mocking his weakness, he turned to the study of Alchemy and laboriously worked to find the "Virgin Earth," and the other mysterious agencies this branch of Science was said to disclose. The state of mind of his great estimations began to be broken into. The old petty skills, the old petty passions, the old petty mysteries, may, in some respects, be said to have been said to be of Goethe.

His mind was decidedly objective in tendency; Shuler's subjective. Goethe was a Realist; Shiller an Idealist. Schlegel says that all philosophy is either Paganism or the Application of the ideas of the minds of individuals, every man is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. In man, according to Plato, as the remains of the higher and more intellectual state of existence, there remains a dark and shadowy reminiscence of our being in what perfection is centered. This reminiscence is the Goethean motif. What this reminiscence haunts him darkly and mysteriously, and should be seen anything of superior form and excellence in nature, it brings to mind at once, by phenomena which fit across his soul, the attributes of a perfect Deity. This idea is the object of the Romantic movement in Germany and France. He must be in contact with this perfection, he must be from supernatural sources. His intuition, for that it may be termed, concerning the beautiful and sublime Deity and attributes is wonderful; his support of this by Logos, fanciful. "The Idealist," that is a follower of Plato, another has remarked, "argues from an idea downwards, and finds it in the mystical truths of Holy scripture, and seeking in realities only visible illustrations of a deeper existence." The high ideal of progress and attainment which it sets before men is the only thing that causes it to hold its ground.

To set forth, in the other hand, the leading principles of the German literature, it is not necessary to make so many means so as to say. It may be said, however, that Aristotle did not find his philosophy on a higher source of knowledge. The great questions concerning the origin and destiny of man, concerning God and his relations to the Universe, was answered in an ambiguous and unintelligible way. The reason of this is his rejection of all sources of knowledge, excepting Reason and Experience. He was a perfect master of reason. He argues from what he sees, feels, knows, not from what he imagines. Following this great Master, "the Realist argues from nature upwards, as goes indirectly, starting from reality and never rising above it; even in the adventurous flights of hypothesis and speculation, being desirous that his hypothesis shall correspond with Reality." Goethe, as before remarked, was decidedly a Realist. Franz Hume thus aptly sums up his mental characteristiques: "He never builds except upon firm land or island; nowhere the infinite sea." Another writer says of his mental tendencies, "In every page of his works may be read a strong feeling for the real, the concrete, the living; and a repugnance as strong for the vague, the abstract, the superfluous. His constant striving was to study Nature as to make direct, and not through the mists of fancy or through the distortions of prejudice, to look at men, and into them, to apprehend things as they were. He animated the Universe with God; he saw in Reality the incarnation of the Ideal; he saw in morality the highest expression of life." Thus Goethe stands as a follower of the greatest intellect the world has ever produced, and as diametrically opposed to his great rival Shiller.

When we place him beside Shakespeare we see less of contrast and more of homoeogeneonness. Both minds had the high poetic faculty of a keen perceiving vision. Neither of them looked at a thing. Both saw it, but their different sensibilities caused them to form a character, they begin with the heart, and then the outer work is added. The surface adds itself, as it were, spontaneously. This is what makes the Hamlets and Fausts so popular. All men have hearts; but all men have not cultivated intellects necessary to the understanding of the works of the Idealist. The heart is the one necessity. Men can feel what it called upon they could not explain in intelligible language.

In conclusion, the debt which the German Literature owes to its great Poet is one which can never be repaid. He tended more to make the literature of his country national, than any other writer that was being produced. In a nation, separated as Germany is into districts, cities, and independent principalities, it is almost impossible to make any one custom literary work or even language, the custom, work, or language of one in the nation. Each division has its peculiarities to which it tenaciously clings, and its literary men tend to break down such peculiarities in literature may be said to lay the foundation of a National Literature.

The Revival of Learning.

Man as an individual is full of contradictions and mystery, but in the aggregate or social state he is hardly intelligible. When we look at Zero or an Epicure, a Malcontent or a Voltaire, we are astonished at the novelty of their characters and doctrines; yet these are not so inexplicable as the actions and credulity and oddities of our mass of followers. Left to ourselves we would be "bundles" of passion and inconsistency, and our natures and life would be full of riddles and enigmas. All beholders and refilphilosophers who make much study have thereby denounced in deadly and uncertainty, and have in this ignorance assigned causes for certain great facts, that are, in themselves, false and wholly inadequate to explain their supposed consequences. The only standpoint from which we can learn anything definite in respect to our race, is that of the Christian Church.

When we recognize the existence of an Omniscient Mind and an Omnipotent Hand in the government of earth and its creatures we begin to see things clearly. We can see through the present the connection of the past and the future. If we look out upon actuality in a Christian spirit, we can plainly see how the Great Ruler intended to disseminate his Gospel through the voices of an Alexander, and a Pompey, and the Imperial authority of an Augustus. Still keeping this thought we have endeavored to express, in view, we can illuminate the Dark Ages and read their lessons so readily if they were directly interpreted by a Divine teacher.

The last days and old age of antiquity show an effeminate race of men. Learning and wealth and art had cultivated the people of that time, and they grew weak and decadent. The magnificent literature of chaste Athens has not a pure race, had only refined it people without making them better. It corrupted the man, the mind, but it did not improve the heart as it should have done. It was left by Greek intellect and liberty as a legacy for all future ages, which they should improve and conquer, not destroy. Of what benefit was their civilization to Greece and Rome? It furnished only for a day, and their destiny was accomplished. After having in turn
built and destroyed both Greece and Rome, the grand thoughts of this Pagan literature were buried for hundreds of years under the wreath of antiquity. But shall this brilliant mass of reason and intellect fail in a single generation? It will be and Christ, and the race better, wise, and more capable of enjoying a rational Hereat. At the time of its melancholy sepulchre it had not accomplished the great objects, and still at that period had man just begun to live. Christ had only a short time before revived him—he had only awaked from the six sleep of ages and breathed himself for his long day of labor.

Upon the footsteps of this came the Dark Ages, and had it not been for them, who can tell the fate of the race of man. They were a period of confusion and barbarism. Anarchy and bloodshed were filling Europe and the world. It seemed as if man had returned to a state of nature, and the great mass of the times, engraved upon all hearts, was the simple and expressive one, "Might makes Right." This was easily understood, and lord and peasant knew right well its purport and application in practical and common-place matters. The condescension, the galling despotism, the rise, and force, these were the characteristics of the Dark Ages! "Let great empire, Chaos is restored Through the veins by the unuttering word. The hand, the might, the thunder of the law! And universal darkness bears all." And yet this gloomy period was the regeneration of man. If they of those times rushed from one extreme to the other, they were at least shaking off their indecision and effeminacy, and preparing themselves for the reception of a new order of truth—they were now to do something noble as men.

Just as the old system of robbing and violence and license had accomplished in part the resurrection of man, and had made him bold and hardy and active once more, so modern times have introduced new parasites and new objects in life; for the people were beginning to grow tired of the old regime.

And here, at this happy juncture of affairs, a higher power steps in, and taking advantage of the situation, changes the apparent destiny of the race. Throughout the Middle or Dark Ages, Learning had existed indeed, but in such an obscure and imperfect manner that the train seemed to be without any influence upon any class or character of people. It was housed at all times in the Monasteries and religious organizations, and a very few schools and universities. The great mass were ignorant and uncultured.

But in the 11th century in Italy a holy of the civil or old Roman law was found, and soon it became the great all-prevailing and controlling juridical system of Europe. It settled vexed questions; it served to introduce order; it revived the force and reverence of law. A century or two later, after this legal shield had proved a source of advantage and prosperity and advancement to the nations of Europe, Dante came upon the "theatre of human affairs," and revolutionized society. The "Vivace," or the enthusiastic countrymen named his "cielo d' onore" the "Divina Commedia," formed and firmly established his language, and gave an impulse to the national mind never perhaps since equaled.

Then, the great Italian artists and literary men, and were the models of Europe, and the educators of the universal mind of their times. In fact, the world was changed, and Justinian's Digest and Code had changed it—after having lain buried in a medisical savant for five hundred years! Without a system of law, or a master of words to make us see the beauty of the days when those "characters" were introduced they began after a little while to tremble the mind upon itself, and to try and improve their condition. They began for the first time in centuries to think! And the consequences of that intellectual change, which, itself again, was the direct result of the establishment of the Roman law, are wondrously good and deeply important. In truth, the whole structure of domestic life and civilized society, were for two or three centuries following, undergoing rapid and constant changes.

Indeed began to exert an influence like that of force and masses, though still degraded, began to cast off the superfluity that had hung over them for hundreds of years. Colleges and Universities were increased, and met with manifest benefactors and patronage. Learning was more extensive and impartially disseminated, and along with the religious devotion, went the pilgrim of knowledge, seeking some celebrated classical shrine or literary lard, where he might learn wisdom, or gratify the deep yearnings of his now awakened nature.

In short, these causes we have named with the rise of knowledge as Chaucer did in his "Canterbury Tales," and Alphonso of Spain, produced in the 10th and 14th centuries a general "Revival of Learning," and an universal activity in trade and navigation. The physical sciences began to be developed, and the Mariner's Compass and the Art of Printing completed the great system of things that had not been for the hardly, bold, daring character that the Dark Ages stamped upon men, they would have been little fitted for their great changes, and the adoption of the new and peculiar kind of truth and activity that the revival of learning gave them.

They were in modern times to be presented to two grand strangers, comparatively: that is to say, Invention and Nature—one they were to adapt—the other to explore. This destiny required strong men, and not effeminate ones, and we have seen how this order of men was formed. Until this fitness, Pagan literature was hidden, and then being brought out it has been the object of the chief instruments of all. We have Christianity to connect an influence like it exerted upon those who created it, and God grants that the race know no boundary to their progress with the several agencies of Law, Christianity, and classical Literature to carry men nearer the Divine Ideal!

R. P. T.

BOOKS AND READING.

WRITING FOR THE STUDENTS.

As God gave to man speech, in order that they might instruct and co-operate with one another, so also have enabled them to invent written language, in order that they might leave their knowledge and ideas behind them, and transmit instruction through the long lapses of ages.

The word Books may be made to include all the wealth of the world, which is perpetually expressed by means of symbols. It is almost impossible to form anything like a just conception of the vastness of the literature of the world. We can, perhaps, approach most nearly to such a conception when we consider that Books contain almost everything that has ever been thought, said, or done in the world.

We can form some idea of the value and importance of Books by considering how much confusion and disorder a sufficient annihilation of all the Books in the world would entail upon our civilization; and how rapid would be the retrogression towards the dark and chaotic state of ignorance and superstition, if these glorious lights should be extinguished. Of course due allowance must be made for the knowledge and refinement which already exists in the minds of men, and for the genial influence of Christianity which exists in their hearts; but notwithstanding these, we must admit that, if all the Books of the world were suddenly destroyed, our civilization would be plunged into a state of confusion and disorder, from which it would not probably emerge for many centuries.

To treat our subject a little more in detail, we will consider the value of Books to, and their influence upon, the individual.

Who can estimate the value of Books to the individual? They are his instructors, and at the same time his friends. They are his guide through the path of life in which he holds converse with the greatest spirits that have thought, hoped, loved, and suffered on earth. When one reads a Book, he possesses all the thoughts which both he and the author of the Book have gathered from all available sources. Now that it may be quite possible, other things being equal, that the man who is better informed on the subject in hand than the author of the Book.

Now as to the influence of the Book upon the reader, all will admit that it is very powerful. Every author has ideas, notions and prepossessions peculiar to himself alone. New is another source. It does not cut out to plain view in his writings, they are sure to be diffused through them. Although he may not advocate a particular doctrine or theory in an overt manner, yet his ideas will find expression through his writings, even whether he intends it or not. So that if his ideals be wrong, or impure, still all the works of the writer, because they are concealed, for he then takes them in connexiously, and he is aware of it, will find himself making excuses for any faults or irregularities which the author may happen to have. Dr. Porter sets forth this principle very clearly in his admirable work on "Bible History," and the rule has been so observed, about to this effect: A Book should be rejected whenever it is found to shock our faith in God, or weaken our moral earnestness. Now although the character of a Book may sometimes be discovered by reading a small portion of it, yet the purdious doctrine may be so covered up with elegant diction, and so interwoven with beautiful figures, and results are so prone to proclaim them; that we are forsook of this rule of very little practical value, as well as insufficient. The Doctor involves himself in the absurdity of waiting until the poison has penetrated our system, perhaps to a fatal extent, and then exerting us to avoid it. Now, therefore, there should be more care exercised in the choice of one's Books, than even Dr. Porter recommends.

Let every one endeavor to find out the character of the Book he is going to read, and its author, by inquiring of friends, reading biographies, and observing the effect which the work has made upon those who have read it. In this connection, that you cannot go to a better friend than Dr. Porter's "Books and Reading." If the simple and practical hints here given be closely followed out, no one need ever be afraid of being injured by reading the writings of those who entertain pernicious principles, for they are influenced by them.

Most young persons do not appreciate the library. Especially should college students prize it and make good use of the rich advantages they enjoy in connection therewith. Libraries are fountains of knowledge, from which the student may drink continually. They are the great springs upon which he may ascend to the highest degree of goodness, greatness, and usefulness. They are gardens of the soul, wherein the cultivated mind loves to wander amid choice intellectual fruits and flowers, constantly deriving therefrom nourishment, strength and delight.

In regard to "Reading," we are sorry to say that this part of the present day do not read enough. Our age is an intensively practical and matter-at-hand one; a tendency to generalize and condense is exceedingly prevalent. Everything must be done in the very shortest and quickest manner possible. Those who desire information in regard to any particular subject, go through with a rapid process, commonly called "skimming up on the subject." They collect a vast number of Books, and by means of extensive tables of contents, pick out a scrap here, and a paragraph there, and generally only get a smattering of the whole subject. This plan is a good enough in its place, and in fact the great

(Continued on 2nd page)
The University Monthly.
Devoted to the Interests of the EAST TENNESSEE UNIVERSITY, and the Literary Societies.

EDITORS:  
T. A. COOK, Senior Class.  
J. W. WALLACE, Senior Class.  
T. J. McLEMORE,  
S. G. HEISKELL, Junior Class.

The Monthly will be issued upon the 20th of each month in the College Year, under the auspices of the Literary Societies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
One Copy, One Term...$1.00  
Two Copies, One Term...$2.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
1 square, first insertion...$1.25  
3 squares, first insertion...$3.00  
Each subsequent...30c  
8 squares, first insertion...$2.00  
4 squares, first insertion...$1.00  
Each subsequent...30c

For a Two-Cent Stamp, a specimen copy of the Monthly will be sent to any address.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1875.

The purposes for which the University Monthly was established were duly set forth in the first issue, which, with many misgivings and fearful forebodings, we presented to our friends and patrons, and it is not necessary to restate them. That the paper has been at least partially successful, its re-appearance this year is a proof of this, though not to the assurance. Perhaps a short statement of our present condition, both financial and otherwise, would not be inappropriate in the present place.

With the close of last year, we lost two of our first corps of editors, to whose energy and ability must be ascribed, for the greater share of whatever merit our first attempts at journalism may have possessed. In being separated from them, we grove not more that we lose their valued assistance, than because they were true friends to whom, in many emergencies during our past college life, we have been accustomed to look for advice and direction, and in whose support in this publically acknowledging our many obligations, trusting that their lives may be as bright and prosperous as their early manhood is promising, and that all age shall have silvered their hair and bowed their forms, their hearts may be as warm towards us, as in the days of their youth.

To those whose articles have added interest to the Monthly, we return thanks, and request that their contributions may be continued through the present year. We rely upon them to assist us in filling our columns with interesting and instructive reading, for we feel that our own unaided efforts, no matter how strenuously put forth, would fall far short of the keeping the Monthly up to such a high degree of literary excellence as we merit the support of its patrons, and return a just equivalent for the price of its subscription.

To our subscribers also, we return thanks, and hope for a continuance of their patronage. They shall use every endeavor to keep the Monthly as good in all respects as it has been in the past, and to improve it in many particulars. We shall continue sending the paper to our old subscribers, unless otherwise instructed by them.

But to proceed to the more pressing, yet important, and to us absorbing, topic of our financial condition, we ask your attention for a short while.

Last year our subscribers numbered something over five hundred, most of whom paid promptly when called upon, but there are still some eighty or ninety who have not paid their small allegiance to us. This has been due, no doubt, to forgetfulness or carelessness in regard to such small matters, yet we would request them to consider that their subscription, although to them a matter of little moment, is of vital importance, since we are mainly dependent upon this source of revenue to defray our expenses, our space devoted to advertisements being so small as not to furnish us any considerable amount of money.

The subscription due together with the cash on hand, will be more than sufficient to pay for the first issue; and we shall expect prompt payment from our subscribers so that the Monthly may be entirely self-supporting, not dependent on its friends for money contributions, nor a handsome tax upon the Societies which established it.

The Monthly desires the support of the people of Knoxville, as well as of the old students of East Tennessee University, if not for its intrinsic merits, at least, that in future years it may become an institution of which they will be proud, and which will reflect credit upon them for their liberality in upholding it, and that its sphere of usefulness, both to the College and to the city, may be enlarged and improved.

The new editors extend their greeting to the friends and patrons of the Monthly, and hope that they may, in some degree, at least, fill the places of those when they succeed.

Some little complaint has been heard among the students in regard to the strictness of the military discipline introduced by our new Commandant. As for ourselves, we are highly pleased, knowing that besides teaching us regular and systematic habits it will be beneficial in many respects, at least of which is the improved appearance that an upright carriage bestows upon every one. Since we are to have military discipline, let it be rigidly enforced, otherwise it is useless.

We feel confident that no further complaints will be heard when the boys find out that strict and impartial justice will be meted out to all offenders, and that those who obey the rules and orders will be treated as they deserve.

The drilling must necessarily take up a good deal of time for the present, in order that the battalion may present a creditable appearance at the Fair, which begins on the 5th of October.

Although we have such a short time for preparation, we must exert ourselves so as to excel the volunteer companies of the city. We have the advantage over them of possessing a strict and highly efficient drill master, in the person of Lt. Nave.

The new students should be especially particular in acquiring the correct, a neat, and sociably position. The drill masters should direct the attention of the students to this point, both in their instruction and by their example.

During the past summer, there has been considerable controversy over the State Agricultural College which is connected with the East Tennessee University. Although we feel perfectly able to defend the Board of Trustees from all the unjust attacks that have been made against them, and to correct very many of the mis-statements that were put forth in various articles written upon the subject, we cannot enter into this controversy, as we do not deem it belonging to the province of our paper.

One thing we would like to know, and that is why such a tirade is aimed against the sons of farmers acquiring a classical education? Certainly, such an education is a valuable object, both to the community in which they may live and to the State. And we contend that furnishing them the means of acquiring such education is in violation neither of the spirit nor the letter of the law which has endowed the Agricultural Colleges in the various States.

We call the attention of the students to our advertising columns. They will see there what the business men of Knoxville have shown liberality in assisting us, and will find it to their advantage to deal with them in making their purchases.

The National Protestant.

Received at our table, too late for notice in our June issue, the National Protestant. Let it be determined, as is set forth in its leading editorial, in plain-vigorous English. It is to battle against the growing power of the Pope in the United States, and to uphold the religion for which the fathers of the Revolution fought. Not sectarian in character, it will present a field in which all denominations may rally and discharge their darts against the machinations of the Roman hierarchy. It proposes to wage war against no individual Catholic, but against Catholics in its attempts to subvert the free institutions of this country. History abounds in examples of the assault of the Pope against Governments. Roman...Institutions and Roman Catholicism are incompatible.

"Ignorance and superstition go hand in hand with Catholicism." That the Catholic Church is growing in this country, we need no better evidence than that of the appointment of a Cardinal in New York. That we should be on our guard, the history of Germany rises up to testify.

The subscription to the Monthly will be due upon the receipt of this issue. Our treasurer, Mr. W. H. Keplar, or any one of the editors, together with the subscription committees to be appointed by the Societies, are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions.

As stated elsewhere, the Monthly will be sent to all of our old subscribers who do not notify us to discontinue it.

Now that a new term has begun, we hope to see the Societies regain their wonted prosperity. The last part of the Spring session witnessed a retrogression in each, such as had never before occurred. Let all the members of both Societies go to work and get up some enthusiasm in the performance of their duties, and we are sure that we will again see both in flourishing circumstances. In this connection we would urge all members to be a little more punctual in returning books to the Libraries, as well as a little more careful in the using of them while out.

EXCHANGE LIST

The Bates Student for June is a first-rate number. Presents next appearance, its articles are well written, and its Editorial Department well sustained.

The College Journal has a piece of poetry called "Boil It Down," quoted from Journal of Education, which contains some sound, practical advice to the "epistles of long years." By the way, friends, why don't you notice your Exchanges?

The Bowdoin Orient for June contains nothing but local matter.

The Southern Collegian, Washington and Lee University, contains an article on "Byrns," which, while not well written, contains nothing that is new, and forces us to advise the writer to choose a less hackneyed subject next time. Improvement in the quality of paper on which it is printed is needed.

LOCAL.

Cedar Hop upon the topic.

What hand was lately deluged with tear? Cepeda.

She told us confidentially that she thought Cadets real nice.

And the voice of the young drill master is heard on the Hill.

Rather warm weather for closely buttoned coats and long drills.

Up to Thursday, a week ago, there were 228 students enrolled. Altogether there are fully 290.

Why is the hangman's hemp like the Gospel? Because it tends to arrest the fall of the wicked.

The Riverside Base Ball Club is still a flourishing institution. We heard that stalwart pitcher call lustily for a meeting a few evenings since.

The Sevier county men say that the delegation from their county would have longer had the "Choklberry" crop proved a failure.

The Dickinson Light Guards and O'ceenor Zouaves are completely organized and equipped. They confidently expect to excel the Cadets in drilling at the next Fair.

He is a new one and wanted to know if the President was Commandant of Cadets, or if he was a General. "Of course he is," was replied and he believed it.

During vacation gas was placed on the Hill for the benefit of those who desired it. We are somewhat forcibly impressed with fact that there was already an abundance of that article there.

The Military Regulations of the University have been published in pamphlet form and furnished to each Cadet. Hereafter ignorance of rules will be no excuse for delinquencies.

After a four years search, we have at last found one young lady who does not like the insipid mustard. The Second Lieutenant of A, we understand, thinks seriously of sacrificing his, in consequence.

And now the Bell House has caught the military fever. We understand that Capt. Craig, formerly of East Tennessee University, is trying to make soldiers of the "Bell House Cadets."

A young lady was heard to remark, the other day: "With being tied around above and tied around below, I haven't had a good square sit-down since the introduction of the new fashion." Poor thing!

The Sevier delegation took a flying visit home last week. They heard a rumor to the effect that old Sevier, again, was trying to break loose from her moorings, and float away. They went up in assistance in keeping her.

She is yet in the middle of her terms and has two of them as her feet. Both are upon the pangs of desparation. Thus she reasoned: "My, it is not easy but is homesick and rich. N, I am smart, but I neither rich nor homesick. Which shall I take?" She is a Knoxvillian.

There has been some talk among the Cadets about having the uniform changed. Coats of the West Point cut have been suggested, and we believe this pattern is generally approved by the boys. From the best authority, however, we have learned that it will not be done this Collegiate Year. The probabilities are that the change will be made next year.

The people of Sevier have a new species of hog which does not require brickling. They (the hogs) always run in pools and when one wishes to root, the other serves as a ballast by swinging in the tail. The brickling process is then done away with.

Herefore we have been of opinion that young ladies would not make the best of soldiers, but from the regular size of three of the North, in the prettiness of blue jackets, walk, two evens since, our mind has been slightly changed.

McMinnville New Year: "Prof. J. B. Goopkuster of Col. J. D. Goopkuster, of Overtown county, and a graduate of East Tennessee University, has been employed to take charge of the new Jamestown Academy."

An exchange says: "It costs one million two hundred and fifty thousand five hundred and eighty-nine dollars and ten cents to keep the women of this country in imported clothes for one year."

"When there is a pressure in the money market."

A letter was received from a Sevier county man and, from it, we were led to suppose that every body in the county kept a hotel. Mention was made of Sharp's Hotel, Rose's Hotel, Fyffe's Hotel, and some half dozen others.

It happened in the New Building. They shut down the windows, closed the door and commenced puffing. He (a new one) nearly smothered, and when he got the window up, jumped out. He found that the ground was farther off than he had supposed.

The Press and Herald of August gives an account of a ball at which one of our handsome backwood Professors was masked as "Brother Martin. Verily, gallantry hath not taken to itself wings and flown away.

Colonel S. B. Crawford, who was, last season, Instrucor in Military Tactics and taught the boys how to shoot with guns, is now Prof. S. B. Crawford, and is teaching the young ideas how shoot intellectual bulletin in the Preparatory Department.

He told us as he went by that he was off on a tangent, and his circumstantial motions on the pavement and a loving embrace with a lump-post rather confirmed in our mind that "off on a tangent" and "off on a spree" were somewhat similar circumstances.

The plainsmace of "Eye Scream" "Old Uncle Ned," "Go Tell Aunt Nancy," &c., &c., might have been heard at the first of the term as some of the so called "fresh fish" were taken through the grand and mysterious ceremony of being initiated.

We always have thought, and think still, that he ought to have the premium. He went calling on some young ladies, and having partaken of the refreshments offered, rather summarily pecked the napkin and converted it into an extempore handkerchief.

That napkin hasn't found its way home yet.

An exchange puts it up after this fashion: "Near Knoxville the other night a young girl, who was unexpectedlyerviewed by the family as she was about claying with the object of her virgin affection, knocked the old man down, kicked the hired man in the stomach, laid out two brothers with a cyster pole, and got away with her lover and made the rifles."".

"If men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury. Virginians are the salt pets: hard men, stern men, the rock salt; sickly family men, the table salt. Old maids are the brown sugar: good matured marmalades, the loaf sugar; pretty girls the pulverized white sugar." We'll take some white sugar in our euro, if you please.

The view from College Hill during the first part of the week, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, was more than usually fine. The mountains to the south were unusually visible, and presented a most magnifcent appearance, while for miles eastward they continued our unbroken chain. To the north, also, in the far distance, bearing high their lofty heads in silent grandeur, they could be seen, and confirmed in our minds that this had been rightly termed the "Sisterland of America."

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the Industrial Exposition at Louisville, Ky., from September 1st to October 16th. Our ticket, however, says: "Edith of Montgomery and wife." Now, considering the fact that we have not such an article on hand at present, and not likely to have for the next eight years, we really don't see how we can take her along. When she does come, however, we will tell her that she has been highly complimented in receiving such an invitation so many years before hand.

It is to be hoped that by the time the Military Department gets fully organized again, our drum scrips will have become somewhat improved over what it was last year. We ought not only to have more experienced drummers than heretofore, but this number will be increased from two to four. Our battalion is, beyond doubt, the largest in the South, and having but two drums and even these illly performed upon, and no effs, does not speak very well for us. We hope the Commandant will take the matter in hand and see that we have some improvement in this line.

PERSONAL.

J. B. Goopkuster, of the last Sevier Class, is teaching-school at Jamestowne, and reading law at the same time, preparatory to going to Law School in January.

A. V. Goopkuster is reading law at Livingston. A. V. can now display his curls and court the young ladies without reference to previous conditions of servitude to either college or capables lawyers.

"Daisy" McMillen is also reading law. It would not be hard to find out as to where D. T.'s thoughts were most at Canoe or K.

Ragsdale is using the furnaces in Methuenville.

Caldwell commences the law in January.

Ludlow will probably read medicine.

Matthews is teaching school.

Payne, of the Class of '73, has gone to the Yale Scientific School.

Karras, the "Gum" of the Chi-Delius, is now Instructor in the Preparatory Department. An editor of the Euent, of brilliant genius, rendered Karras immortal by a lyric, beginning:

"Don't know Karras, Karras of Kentucky,
Looks here, stranger, what have you been?"

Breckenridge will teach school.

Dr. Eason and lady, during the summer, took a belated tour through the New world. The Doctor looks like he thought of something else besides Greek sea.

Prof. J. E. Payne took Greely's advice and went to "West" for a time in the summer.

V. S. Nelson, of the U. S. Naval Academy, paid us a visit while spending his vacation at home. He returned to Annapolis on the 18th.

Lynch, '73, better known as "Pater Alienarium," will return this year. He will pursue fortune and fame at the law, after a course at Lebanon.

Story, an intimate friend and classmate, will not return until January.

S. E. Young has got back to T. U. after a years absence. Sam. Epps can now tell the Chi-Delius "Who was Mark Antony, and what it was he done," and how he hoped "God would forbid that he should go to Purgatory."
KNOXVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1875.

(Continued from last page.)

the very strongest guarantee that, under a reasonable, judicious and liberal system of education, the proportion of good women writers would be but little, if any, less than that of men. While this is true, so far as the merely intellectual view of the case goes, looked at in a more social light, it is exceedingly desirable that a reasonable number of the best girls should engage in literature. Their influence is much needed, especially in American literature. There is already too strong an infusion of the coarse and vulgar, rough and rowdy in the average American novel and magazine. There is much need of some elevating, purifying, refining and ennobling influence, and we know not where it can be sought with more assurance than from the cultivated and refined women. And it is satisfactory to know that the want is in this, as in all other cases, of itself developing a supply. The number of good women writers is, we believe, on the increase. Much may be done however to hasten the increase by reforming and improving the character of education for girls. What the character of that education should be is beyond the province of this paper to say, save that it should be honest and womanly.

THE GRAVE OF BENJAMIN'S MOTHER.

During vacation sea of the editors of this journal made a brief visit to Williamson county, Middle Tennessee. The part of the county visited was a little village called Hillsborough, after the capital of Orange county, N. C., where Thomas Hart Benton, the great and greatest western statesman, was born.

Near this little village in a small dell of the hills overlooking the beautiful little village of Leiper's Fork, is the grave of the mother of "Dr. Ballian." The spot is marked by a crumbling stone wall and two large trees—a poplar and a cherry. This small gully between the yellow rock hills of that region, looks towards the South, and commands a fine view of a section of country three miles wide by six or seven long; here live a hard working, honest, industrious people, who have never known the prosperity and wild excess of some richer sections; but in modern peace and plenty they have "kept the noiseless tenor of their way." The poplar and cherry stand, like giant sentinels, watching over, as it were, the old story and a half framed shield-hung house of the Beatties, which is still standing in good preservation, having received no change since Mrs. Benton died, save an exam covering of shingles every few years. The house, when built, stood upon what was known in the early settling of the country as "The Nutchee Farm," a post road leading from Nashville to New Orleans. In Hilliboro (as it is now spelled), a part of which is still called Beaverton, we found a few old inhabitants who remembered the "good lady," as they were pleased to call her. From them we gathered that the mother of the mother of the "expanding revolution," was characterized by the same sterling qualities of honesty, sobriety, industry, physical health and strength, and native good sense, which were remarkable in the parents of Clay, Webster, and many others of the grand host who adorned our nation's council since thirty and forty years ago. That we would, had many such parents at the present day!

But it is not our purpose to give a lengthy and graphic account of the place of the "expanding revolution," nor to exaggerate the character of our ancestors. If this humble sketch shall reach the hands of some of Col. Benton's descendants and call their attention to the neglected condition of his mother's grave, the object of these remarks will be attained.
Abundance of the literature of the present day forces us to use indices, and to systematise, but the great trouble is, that this plan is relied on to the almost total absorption of thorough and extensive courses of reading. Every young man should have constant and varied good courses of Reading, and see to it, that it is not neglected. Do not become impatient and throw your Book aside because you fancy that some "Prep," is enforcing the "fair ones" whom you try to imagine your "evil angel," to some place of amusement, or that some "French" is driving her out behind a "whipping-snare." Oh! no, do not throw the Book aside for these trivial matters. What you and that fair one would say is such an old, old story; and besides, she could not, in her brightest moments, afford such entertainment as Milton, Tennyson, or almost any of those master spirits, whose choicest and most brilliant thoughts you have access to at all times. The time will soon come when you cannot see to read very well, but a young lady will seem all the fairer for your dinner of sight, and she will admire you all the more for the richness of your well stored mind.

Considering this, of course, more or less injurious to the eyes, and on this account each class in college should constitute themselves a reading circle, and let one member of the class read to the rest. Reading aloud is a highly improving exercise; and the plan affords opportunity for comment and criticism, which is always amusing to students. And college students remember this, and put it in practice, and they will be sure to see the excellence of the plan. When once we acquire a habit of Reading, it becomes a pleasure to us, and we will read much more extensively and profitably.

J. T. J.

THE PROGRESS OF THOUGHT IN ART AND SCHOLARSHIP.

History is but a series of closely connected epochs, the epochs of the lives of great men. Civil and political history is the history of patrons and statesmen. The history of the church and religion is that of eminent divines. The history of art, of famous artists, and that of scholarship and learning is the history of gifted scholars. If we examine any epoch of time, we find that the lives and deeds of those who were then living, make the history of that epoch, and its bare facts to study the connection and relation of these.

Art and knowledge, art and scholarship have never existed distinctly separate, but have always been in relation to each other, and the close of their victorious march will be the end of time. The triumphs of one have been closely followed by the triumphs of the other. In the earliest times, when the feeble rays of knowledge were scarcely discernible, art also is seen struggling for existence. But art has always preceded scholarship, for it is innate. Man is by nature an artist, by education a scholar. "Poece sacer nostrae non fuit," belongs not wholly to the realm of rhyme. The rude decorations in the hut of the savage, his weird song and dance shows this as clearly as the inspiration of Raphael or Dante. This inspire art-worship is seen in man in the religious poetry, though he can not write it, he is enchanted by music, though he can not compose it. This art idea is inherent in man and differs only in degree, not in kind. pagan art-struck in Egypt and nurtured in Greece, was controlled by the same sentiments, which inspired the Christian art of the Middle Ages.

The thought and care of the art of the Middle Ages was for the temple and the gods, not the human. Hence, all that are left to us are her religious monuments. Oppressed by the tyranny of her Kings, and taught by the meagre learning of her priests, Egypt flourished for a time and died. What wonder then that her art was rude and uncolored, that scholarship was a thing unknown except to priests? The darkness which has ever Egypt was like the night of an arctic winter, long, dismal, unpeneurable. It is a sad reflection, looking upon her pyramids and tombs, and upon that monarch of her art whose sturdy lips have never parted and whose eyes have never closed, to think that the full flower of this art was married to a system of nations, but to think that there was worked into its structure thousands of human souls. What marvel! it is that to the Egyptian, the only soul of the life problem was—mystery?

In Greece the same law observed the expression of her philosophic and theological ideas. But the philosophy and religion of the Greek constituted a self-sufficient system, whose highest principle was "know thyself!" It is the highest point of pagan art, reached its highest perfection. Admire as we was the system of Greece, broad as was the culture of her scholars, perfect as were the attainments of her art, the Greek himself was but a cultured savage. Neglecting his house he gave his thought and time to the state, the temple and his gods. To make deity human and humanity divine was but the result of this "know thyself!" In Greece, art and scholarship grew. For when one man begins to think, he rapidly throws off the shackles of tradition, and his thoughts take all forms of expression. To trace the course and growth of a nation's mind is like watching the developements of her art as well as the records of her scholars. Too much has art been ignored as the exponent of the age it represents. We see literature carefully for the life of thought and search eagerly for its customs and characteristics, and in this we do well. But we must study literatures side by side with art, for it is but the sensible expression of the former. Goethe has termed the Cathedrals of Europe a "perforated religion." The Athenian worshipped Athens, and the Aesopics was but the symbol of his worship.

Such too was art in the middle ages. She grew from great religious fervor and enthusiasm. A great art than the gods of Thule and Luxem had appeared a purer than the gods of Greece. The "Savior of man the perfect one!" had come, and men thought and worshiped snow. The old action of deity in sensible form could not be suddenly abandoned, so instead of Philothea and Apelles, we have a Raphael and Leonard. Out of this turmoil of religious art, more interest in the arts of scholars, more study of nature, could not Christ, but they worshipped his episcopate.

But what of the relations and differences between art and scholarship? You cannot have high art with out scholarship, nor can you have refined scholarship without art. Closely as they are connected their spheres are different. Art is the inspiration of scholarship to discover. Learning reveals, but never means the artist lives in a world unknown to the scholar, the world of his imagination. Is scholarship an artist, refined, pleasing, art is spiritual, sublime, godlike. It is, too, a singular fact that art and scholarship have grown most vigorously, and have been centered most especially in regions widely apart. Art has flourished with the warm imaginative natures of Southern climes, while scholarship is a child of the North. Italy has become identified with high art, while Germany and England the homes of scholarship. While there are noble exceptions to this, it is fact that art is pre-eminently the gift of the Latin races, and scholarship that of Teutonic.

Thus has the thought of man taken form in all ages. The religious mysteries of Egypt, the utilitarian pantheon of the Greeks, and the Christian fervor of the Middle Ages, have stamped themselves on their monarchs and natural forms, and were it not that we have history, custom and tradition as inscribed, we should know but little of their lives.

Who, then, will deny the art, the glory of her achievements, who will take from her the dignity of her teachings. Give the scholar his highest praise, for art would be without an interpreter were it not for him, but think not the less of that divine gift which places man so high a level. We, of to-day, perhaps, are not going to give art so high a place as she deserves. Are the dignity and worth of scholarship, the purity and grandeur of art, as highly appreciated as they should be? I fear not.

We are two apt, in the enjoyment of this present epoch to neglect the past and ignore its lessons. A distinguished writer, but the other day remarked that "two-thirds of the graduates of colleges are but dromes and blemishes of society." Has it then come to this that scholarship does not make man what he should be? Does it unfit him for life in the degree that this friend suggests? I recommend a reflection on your reflections. But I would say that if "two-thirds of the graduates of colleges," in this and preceding ages had been deprived of their scholarship, society would be in a state that few of us would care to endure.

Scholarship and art, the true and the beautiful, together have they come to us, and hand in hand will they progress. You have enjoyed the one through the other and profited by the contemplation of truth. In no one age have all men been great artists or eminent scholars, but very many have contributed something to each, which are not known, observed or by them and by the debt of the glory of the ages. In the national cemetery at Arlington stands a block of stone which bears these words: "Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand unknown soldiers, gathered after the war." Their names are unknown, but they gave their efforts and their lives to the success of the cause in which they entered, and each did his part toward gaining that success. So there are thousands of unknown who have contributed to the glory of art and whose efforts, though humble, have added to her triumphs, and there is a myriad of nameless men, lowly and obscure, who, unknown to history, have helped on the advancement of learning and while we are gratifying the eminent, the well known and their works, the efforts of these humble and obscure ones should not be forgotten or ignored.

And we are contributing our share to this great world culture. Perpetuate our bones will rest under the nameless pyramid, but through our actions let this thought run, that we, by our efforts can add something to the triumphs of art and to the achievements of scholarship. It thus becomes us to do all we can. You who stood here with me three years ago; you who have left our institution since; you who leave her to-day and you who come after think of this, and if we can do nothing more, let us each plant a tree, a rose or a lily upon the grave of scholarship, for it is in his struggle for the truth, and we shall have done something to make earth more beautiful, life more happy, and man better, and the "end shall crown our labors." Whatever we do, and whatever we may be, let our humanity and scholarship grow together, and let not the latter outstrip the former.

HOW TO STUDY.

Cheerful, earnest, well directed study, is the key to scholarship and to success. To train the mind how to study is the highest function of the school. One single feature of school management is more important than this. Both teachers and pupils may be greatly benefited by observing the following rules for study:

1. Take a deep interest in what you study.
2. Give your entire attention to the subject.
3. Read carefully once, but think often.
4. Master each stop as you go.
5. Think rigorously, clearly, and consecutively.
6. Let study, recreation and rest be duly mixed.
7. Study systematically, both as to time and method.
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