CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA.

Of all the eminent foreigners who have visited America, perhaps no one has come away with a far more favorable impression of our country as did Chateaubriand, and certainly his residence here produced a very marked effect upon the character of his literary productions.

Defeating the vanity that disdained the principles which gave rise to the Revolution, and which were his own principles, he came to this new land hoping to find an independence more suitable to his taste and more in sympathy with his own character.

The object of his voyage, aside from avoiding the smallpox and disorders which followed the Revolution, was to make a preliminary survey of the country for another which was to accompany him far. I imagine he would have made that of the United States, if he had been able to our friendly Government, which he visited. He was to have gone to the West, to study the characters and customs of the people, and to compare them with his own ideas of what constitutes a nation.

The voyage was undertaken in the winter of 1815, and the ship arrived at Philadelphia in the spring. From there he proceeded to the Great Lakes, and thence to the interior of the country, where he resided for several months, during which time he visited the different states of the Union, and particularly those in the South, where he had been before.

The country was new to him, and he was struck with the beauty of the scenery and the grandeur of the scenery. He was particularly impressed with the vastness of the country, and the abundance of natural resources.

The voyage was a description of the escape of Louis XVI, and of the arrest of the unfortunate monarch at Varennes. The journal recounted, also, the progress of the immigration and the re-union of all the officers of the army under the flag of the French princes. I believe that I heard the voice of the author and I abandoned my project.

The fruits of his sojourn in America are seen in his works left for posterity, in his "Voyage in America," "Atala," "Rene," "Natchez," "Genesee of Christian," etc. In many parts of these works you can almost hear the sobbing of the winds through the forests and the murmuring of the rippling rivers, and see the sunbeams the mountains creep across the valleys, the sunshine sparkle on the waters.

Chateaubriand landed at Baltimore in 1817, after a west passage over the Atlantic. He found this place a very attractive little city, as were the other cities of the United States. From Baltimore he proceeded to Philadelphia to pay his respects to General Washington, and present a letter of introduction from Ad. Amand, Marquis of Rasterville. After describing his reception by the President, there follows a comparative sketch of the two men, their habits and manners, much to the advantage of the writer.

Having returned to New York from Philadelphia, he ascended the Hudson to Albany, and from that place, he crouched on horseback to Niagara and the lakes.

At the Falls of Niagara, he met with two accidents which came very near bringing his life to an untimely end. The first was being jerked nearly over the precipice by his horse, which was frightened at a rattle snake. This caused him no serious inconvenience. The second happened while he was attempting to descend the sides of the chasm. He was slipped and fell, but was fortunate enough to be caught by a projecting point of a rock, from which perilous position he was rescued by the Indians by means of ropes; his arm was broken by the fall.

He next travelled south by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Natchez, where was spent most of his time while in America, that is, most of his time not occupied in traveling among the Indians.

The "Voyage in America" presents some interesting pictures of this country, in the early days of our Republic, but is principally filled with descriptions of the Indian nations.

The book is not without its faults. The descriptions of the scenery, the topography of the country, the manners and accommodations of the American Indians, the accounts of animals and plants.

The American Indians he found much that was new, and in the Indian customs, manners, and traditions, much that was strange and beautiful.

The following passages will suffice as examples of the contempt of the work. "But do not form an opinion of the author by the poor translation here offered, made hastily and by one whose knowledge of French is only too meagre. The quotations are taken from the "Description of some specimens of the interior of Florida.""

"We were driven along by a fresh breeze. The river emerged itself into a lake which opened out before us and which formed a branch about nine leagues in circumference. Of the shore of this lake we could only see the longest of the islands, which were in the middle of the lake, where we arrived about 8 o'clock in the morning."

We disembarked as the edge of a circular plain; we drew our canoes under the shelter of a group of chestnuts (1) which grew almost in the water. We built our fire on the northern side near the water's edge and refreshed the lake and the forests. We sat down to our breakfast of corn-cakes, and dispersed through the island, some to hunt, others to fish or to gather plants.

An unexpected sight broke upon our view; we discovered an Indian ruin; it was situated on a little mound near the shore of the lake; on the left was a cone of earth forty or forty-five feet high, from which an ancient and beautiful magnificent grove of nucul- lars and live oaks, and opened upon a plain. Fragments of vessels and different kinds of utensils were scattered here and there, mixed with fossils, shells and petrified plants and bones of animals.

The ruins of these ruins with the freshness of nature, the monuments of man in a heart, to which we believed that we had been the first to penetrate, caused a chill of heart and spirit. What people had inhabited this island? Their name, the time of their existence, all is unknown. The silence of this people is perhaps contemporaneous with the noise that some of the great nations of Europe made, which, in their turn, are entombed in silence and have left only some mournful relics.

We examined the ruins in the sandy crevices of the mound was growing a kind of red-flowered poppy, heavy at the top, with a bent stalk of a pale green leaf color. The Thamn are drawn from here and they are a species of aperic food; the stalk and the leaves have a pleasant odor which remains on the hand when one has touched it. This plant was made to adore the tomb of the savage; its roots procure sleep, and the perfume of the flower, which survives even the flower itself, is a sweet odour that an innocent life sleeps there in the solitude.

Continuing our route, and observing the mazes, the hanging branches, the tangled shrubs and all the train of plants of a marshy appearance which delighted to describe the ruins, we observed a species of pyramidal smoothstri (prim rose), seven feet high, with leaves oblong, serrated and of a dark green color, its flower is yellow. In the evening this flower begins to open; it blooms during the night; the morning finds it in all its glory; but towards the middle of the morning it falls, and it never returns. It only lives a few hours, but it passes those hours under a severe heaven. What matters, then, the shortness of its life?

The savages of Florida resound that in the middle of a lake is an island, where live the most beautiful women of the world. The Mosquitos have several times tried to conquer this enchanted island, but the elyrian resists, fearing before their canoes, and by disappearing, give a natural representation of the time that we lose in the pursuit of our pleasures.

Chateaubriand came to America a mere boy, his character unfomed, his genius undeveloped, and the bent of his mind was controlled by the impressions which the new country produced. He came in the morning of life before his emotions had been blunted by contact with the world, and the graces of nature. The limitless expanse of the prairies, the profound solitude of the forests, stirred in his heart all the depth of that poetry that lay hidden there, and excited sentiments of admiration and reverence. He traveled over the whole extent of our territory, from the Atlantic to the plains of the West, from the great lake of the North to the Gulf of Mexico. Standing on the shores of the Niagara, he drank from the depths of inspiration from the roar of its falling waters.

The great genius of the man developed under the influence of nature as displayed in the rivers and lakes, the forests and plains, the mountains and valleys of the country, the prodigious works that have already become French classics, and that will be acknowledged by coming generations.
The University Monthly.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

EFFECTIVE ORATORY.

It is really wonderful, but it is nevertheless true, that while Elocution and all other branches included in the departments of Oratory are carefully taught in the best classes of our colleges and universities, and are deemed indispensable to a finished education, Oratory has scarcely received the place in our systems and institutions of liberal learning. Good writers are plentiful enough everywhere; but good speakers are seldom found; even amongst the better educated class of our public men. The result is greatly to be deplored, and it is not without the most serious reason that the faculty of expressing their unadulterated astonishment—explained, "And what if you had heard him deliver it himself?" thus, notwithstanding its unwieldy excellences as a rhetorical composition, securing its irresistible power to the delivery.

So many are already multiplied. But the foregoing are deemed sufficient for my present purpose. I agree with an eminent living author, when he says: "It would seem that, with such an array of authority against them, those who undervalue the importance of a good delivery, are chargeable with little less than in-fatal error.

It has been said that "the power of eloquence is irresistible. It sways the minds of men as the trees are awed by the winds of heaven." Again it has been said to possess the "God-like power of moulding, welding, fashioning, bending the minds of multitudes till they more than move.

Much has been said of late years of the amazing power of the press; much that is extravagant, delusive, and much also that is true. Let us not undervalue the wonderful potency of the press. What should we know of the age of Homer, if the Iliad were wanting? And although Greece, as a later and brighter period, had her thousands of geniuses, glowing with redoubled fire, what would be left to make her distinctive character as the wonder of the world, if the works of Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Euripides, Thucydides and Xenophon, Demosthenes and Pericles had been lost from her history? And what would be thought of the Augustan age, if the productions of Cesar and Tully, of Virgil and Horace, of Sallust and Livy formed no part of its literature?

Tuscany, on the revival of letters in Europe, became justly celebrated as the seat of literary empire. France, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and England, in the reign of Queen Anne, were often called the "heaven of the learned." But how could Tuscany afford to spare her Dantes, or her Petrach, or her Boccace? And if Marelle and Racine and Corneille and Racem and Bossuet, had been lost from the history of France; and Addison and Steele and Swift and Pope and Prior say Addison from that of England, how could those renowned nations have ensured their visible distinction as the brightest luminaries in the firmament of elegant learning? And in what way could the resplendent lustre of these literary fires have been perpetuated, but through the medium of the Press? It has been well said that "the art of printing has operated, in respect to the ancients, like the word which will accomplish the great re-creation; it has brought them up from the grave of ages, and pledged to them an existence everywhere and through all time. And the same art, now advanced to a degree of perfection which casts into the shade the improvements of the past, is enabling men's thoughts in our day,—age, and giving them wings by which they fly over all the world. You may sit in your closet now, and without opening your lips, speak to those who dwell nearest the poles. You may multiply yourself, in a single week, into ten thousand agents. You may travel over every book in the world, and yet never cease. The influence and the might of the Press are not lost upon the world. It will be a mistake to suppose that the power of the Press is any thing less than a great power, and that the Commonwealth of Letters is any thing less than a great nation. And the Press has done for the world what the church of the middle ages did for the Papacy. It has gone over the world, and has left its mark on every book. It has done for the world what the church of the middle ages did for the Papacy. It has gone over the world, and has left its mark on every book..."
perfection to which he should aspire, yet was not told how he should aspire. “This noble philosophy could indeed reveal better things, but it had no power to deliver from the accomplishment of the worst. It blasted the ancient faith, and for the honor of the Deity it was right; but it substituted for it only a high ideal and a creed, with both of which he was unacquainted.”

Then, on the 15th of November, the burden of his heart was lifted. The sea, the sky, and the land seemed to him all pure light, as if he were to enjoy a perfect opportunity to make his escape into that unknown beyond, where beauty was the only thing to be recommended. For a whole year, he had been in an状态, to which he should aspire, yet was not told how he should aspire. “This noble philosophy could indeed reveal better things, but it had no power to deliver from the accomplishment of the worst. It blasted the ancient faith, and for the honor of the Deity it was right; but it substituted for it only a high ideal and a creed, with both of which he was unacquainted.”

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TREATY VOTES.

FROM THE COMmissions.

Said to be in dreams, and lost in landscapes.

My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot.

Where belongs the field? this lonely bed.

The dead deal.

Enter than in my soul; why should I doubt for fear?

Nought but sweet scents and flowers are blossoming here.

Where comes the scent of these sweet perfumes?

"From under.

See bow, O men! whose all the day to err and err,

How sweetly the way was gay and sweet.

Lively! the dead leave such grace; why leave them not?

To deck.

Where are the careless hearts that on the earth

Troubled in pain, or seas come in earth?

Those in whose breasts the flame of hatred smouldered?

"Mourned.

Where are the mighty, who take life with slope?

Who stay in heaven's heights when sunshine burns?

What crook the rivers on moss-grown valye?

Burded all?

Where are the dead once in Death's cold sleep lying.

Whose love awakens memory smiling?

What wall you eaves trees?—oh, heart, nor sue not?

"Forgot.

To see where these fears passed, did on eye arise?

May we fondly please in heaven the past month, a most delightful Indian Summer. They are all full of interesting matter, but they nearly all, however, contain a great deal of Aesthetic.

That prince's college and university journals, "The Yale Literary Magazine," has reached our table at a late hour, but we are so delighted with its contents that we can hardly refrain from a slight burst of admiration. Its handsomeness is too well known to need or suggest comment. The contents are well chosen and worthy to be sent out as a representation of the undergraduate talent of, perhaps, the first institution of learning in America.

"A. B. C."

"Of the Editor's Table, displays good taste, a pleasant wit, and a communicative ability which we recognize as the masterpiece of the critic. From its fifty-five densely packed pages we clip the following lines, "At the Shore":

"When the future turns to past.

Say, O say, I will friendly last.

"Peaches and strawberries fresh green,

Summer days to Autumn turn.

And the frosted heath leaf torn,

Sooner cry the scorch's sound.

When the flowers withered his.

What fine, our friendly words is it.

"Flows the tide to the sea;

And, as constant as the tides,

Stands the mountain in the sky.

Shall we part and find we're to be.

When tomorrow flows away,

Just as true is yesterday!"

The November number of the "Bartholomew Argus" receives a welcome at our hands. Like a great many of the periodicals, it is full of the temptation of "An Autumn Stroll," and after said stroll, our friend tells us that his "Gait" was "an alternating disposition and removal of the limbs from the ground, accompanied by a swinging forward of the body." Although this youth of the North loves "Solitude," he has a "hankering after Solitude" with the addition of a few typographical errors, the Argus is indebted in every respect. There is a keen, fresh spirit about this number which reminds one of the vigor of high latitudes.
KNOXVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 29, 1875.

Below we give a letter from our admired Southern authoress, Mrs. August J. Evans Wilson. It was not intended for publication by the gifted writer, but the delgate which it will afford our readers will justify us in adding it here. One of the editors is preparing a sketch and criticism of the life and writings of this lady, who has done so much to establish a literature in the South. But he feels that his critique would be incomplete unless he should wait and read "Infelice." This last work will be in his hands in a few days, and he promises to have his article ready for our December issue.

Mrs. Wilson is very popular among the Cadets. The editors are continually being asked for one or other of her works. No longer than yesterday we heard a student remark that he had read all of her books five times through, and that he made it a point to "read St. Elmo" every year and each time he found something in it which he had never seen before. In fact, St. Elmo, "Vashity," &c., have taken the place of "Tom Brown" in the select libraries of most of our college boys.

Again we trust that our charming authoress will pardon us for publishing her unique letter, but we know that our delighted readers will come to our rescue if she does not.

Mr. S. G. H.:—

My Dear Sir,—For your very kind letter of the 30th ult., permit me to tender you my sincere thanks, and the assurance of my cordial appreciation of the compliment so courteously vouchsafed to you, relative to a biographical sketch. In answer to numerous similar applications, I have always referred those who desired to become acquainted with my life, to a volume called "Women of the South," where, on page 328 you will find an outline of the facts you wish. Since that sketch was written, I have published "Marjorie," which appeared during the war, and rendered me unpopular at the North, because of its earnest sympathy with our Southern Confederacy. Three or four years later, I wrote "St. Elmo," which was intended to call attention to the evils of duelling. In 1860 I published "Yездak," which was intended to correct the growing tendency to divorce. In all that I have ever written, I have sought, instead of popular themes, those which I believed would be conducive to public morality, and have deliberately attacked many popular systems and social tendencies. I have of course aroused the enmity of a large class, who have lost no opportunity of criticizing my books; and from the commencement of my literary career, I can truly say that harsh and unsympathetic criticism has been the pangharesque that cultivated my intellectual heritage, driving ruthlessly and with exsasional aim through all that I have published; but their persistent efforts to crush out the books have in no degree retarded their sale. Even now, before "Infelice" has been published, the army of critics are deceiving in the continuance of its apparent success. But sooner or later, I believe that all volunteers will require military tempora-}

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Owing to the fact, perhaps, that it has been so much trouble for the soecises to agree tofoare plans, the Faculty have failed, in the last catalogues, to make an announcement of their exhibition in June next. The Junior Exhibition is to take place on the night usually allotted to the societies during Commencement Week, and the first of January is booked as their annunciation.

We will not here discuss the propriety of such a change for doubtless the Faculty had good reasons for altering the old custom; but what we would urge, is that it is high time the two societies were taxing some of the students and perhaps give to an earlier understanding. During Christmas and New Year's there is always an abundance of amusement; and hence, we doubt whether the first of January is the best time for the annual celebration. We would, therefore, suggest Washington's birthday; for then the resolidon examinarence questions have been for some time and the students will be at severe leisure to make preparation; then, too, there will be a want of amusement at that time and the people will be in a better condition to appreciate the exercises.

We offer no plan, but we desire to urge upon the societies the necessity of speedy action. And to be better facilitate this, we suggest that they should, at their next regular meeting, appoint committees to confer with each other in order to select a plan and the time.
In our October number we alluded to the facts that the authorities had purchased quite a number of schoolboy speakers and books on oratory, and suggested that the purchase money might have been more advantageously expended, and this remark "Veritas" comes out in a long article in defense of these juvenile books. "Veritas" calls us "pseudo-critics," "whole-souled proscriptionists," &c., and he does not hesitate to say that we were "aggressively mistaken"—"totally mistaken." "...regard to the character of, and necessity for books," he says.

"It may be that we were mistaken about these little books, but we still think not. Our correspondent seems to have gotten his "dander" up; hence we give room for his communication or "vindication," and trust that our readers will be much edified by its veracity, as we must confess we are not.

We are glad to acknowledge quite a number of contributions from the students this month, and we are sorry that the limited space of our columns do not permit us to give them all to our readers. This Journal was originated to be a medium through which the students might cultivate the art of writing; and in all cases we will give preference to such communications. So, fellow-students, let each one try to excel in preparing an article for the Monthy for December. When you hand in your productions let your name accompany them in a sealed envelope, so that we may be protected and shown partially.

We would be pleased to have communications from the Alumni and old students. They are scattered all over the land and can tell us, besides what they are doing and how getting along, such news which would be of interest to us and our readers. These classic halls and grounds have not forgotten them, and we trust that they have not forgotten their Alma Mater.

Owing to the removal of the "Wag and Chronicle" office, on Saturday last, this issue of the Montgomery is two days behind time.

**LOCAL.**

East Tennessee University Cadet Corp, at the Lamar House, on December 3, 1875. The general managers are the Cadet Captains and the Adjutant. Other committees will be announced through the city papers. No Cadet will be admitted unless in full uniform, including white cotton gloves. All those wishing tickets can get them by applying to Lent. F. E. Mitham.

Why are women without curiosity, like the Vestaries of idem? They are nothing.

Recent best-sellers remind us of that celebrated violinist who can play on one string.

Those seven ladies will please hurry up their cakes. We are all ready to get putting.

The world is just like the waist of the girl. The sun (soon) gets all the way around just dark.

That Sergeant can get the coat he left in the ball grounds by calling on the commissioner.

The extra duty squad have beaten our campus into so many paths that it looks like the stars and stripes.

The Japs, "according to our opinion," are a grand success, especially the jog trick. What sex are they?

Wanted, 14 Smith's Chronometers and a Transit by the Faculty, to keep the Bell Ringer straight.

The efforts of local editors these times reminds one of a hen scratching for worms in an ash-hopper.

The old River Side B. B. Club has disbanded, after playing three years without a single defeat.

There are 1,651 students at Yale, and 92 Professors and Instructors. Those students ought to be well taught.

This season our foot, we have lately found out, is no relation to the celebrated John, of Pilgrim's Progress.

The editors are going to saddle up their brass nails are long and dig all those cautious people who owe anything to the Maysville.

There is a man at our boarding house who has eaten butter-milk till he is getting so fat he can't turn over in bed without a case-knife.

The O'Connor and Dickinsons, we hear, are coming up to parade with the Cadets. The citizens and beeswax are evidently requested to be on hand.

We understand that the citizens of Knoxville will send the 1st Lieutenant of Company C to the races relative to prevention of cruelty to animals.

A kiss, when well developed, ought to be about 2 inches broad and about 13 seconds long, delivered square under the nose with a forked brush.

"Milligan, be careful how you wrap naps with that man, he'll cheat you." "Never do you mind, Squint. I guess I am a judge of honesty."

The Juniors and Sophs. have been busy this week saddling up their ponies for quarterly examinations. Sketching papers were made patent for the occasion.

The steps at the north end of B Company's quarters remind us of a noches goli set up for ducks to ascend to roost. Notice them the next time you tumble down them.

Sometimes since we welcomed a letter from R. P. Spence in Florida. He seems to be prospering in the land of flowers, and gives us an eloquent description of his oranges and bananas.

A game of Bass Ball was played November 28th, on the East Tennessee University ball ground, between the Louisville club and the old Riverside club. Scores: Riverside, 02; Louisvilles, 13.

The boys seem to don the last orders about drilling but three times during the week. We hear a rumor that there is a big "How out" to "go off" at East Tennessee University on Thanksgiving day.

The Sophs. have grown a new rinkle this term. The funeral services of Rhetoric last year were a burial; this time they cremated and urinated his ashes in the stave pipe of one of the Professors.

It is very amusing to an audience to see a young man so absorbed in his inanities as to forget to remove his hat on entering the Opera House with her. There is a young man on the hill that becomes so occasionally.

A man with a cut finger recently presented a prescription to a druggist in town, and could not get it filled, as it called for six of Knoxvilles finest flavor. The young M. D. who prescribed this wonderful remedy for a cut is evidently a Homeopath.

The telegraph system on the gas pipes is working like a charm. We all know the moment the Is the Day steps into any of our buildings. These Professors who roam on the hill often hear very flattering dispatches concerning some of their personal attributes.

A letter from W. H. Cooke, our old A Company man, glads us with a knowledge that he is well and happy under the radiating smiles of a Chattanooga belle. He wants to know what Town is doing that he can't write home? We believe he is writing to some one else.

If Miss Maxi Aubrey, the brunette, is as good looking as lovely, and as sweet as the saying is, and as her request is, Mr. D—ck will certainly not be so ungentile as to refuse a correspondence with her. If he does Dick Austin will not.

The young ladies of the city, after all their kind promises to pay New Year's calls to the young men, have virtually abandoned the enterprise. Let that be as it may, if they only treat us half as well as they did last year, we shall have no shadow of a cause to grumble.

That young lady with the merry eyes and blooming cheeks has a tale to tell about that antiquated umbrella and the gallant form it was want to shelter. Also that he should deny his trusty old friend, one that stood by him alike in sunshine and storm. We did not think one of the battles would do so.

Since I came to E. T. U., strange have I've been fulfilling; Old souls would root us through.

With bits of midnight dwelling,

My first night on College Hill.

I'm sure I'm long remember; I thought they'd surely spill;

My blood, that dark September.

"Rye Straw" boys had gathered round;

About the College blocking;

In my ear their songs did sound,

And see my knees to knocking.

"Hunt, I bear a morose voice,

It sounds like sorrow wringing;

'Tis the trampling "Rye Straw" boys

In some one's hair a tangle.

From bed dreading, not time to lose,

I jumped into my breeches,

For found my hat, nor shed my shoes,

For listening to their serenades.

So they came with making din,

Open day close with shut barnyard:

Quaking, trembling, I gave in,

Rushed back to take this long "Rye Straw."

But now I see some pleasant days;

For all their tales I'm finding;

But not shall I forget my hate;

When from here I'm turning.

J. W. S.

Our late local elections give the following returns:

**PHILO KATHARINIAN.**

President—T. H. Cook.

Vice-President—R. C. De Graffenreid.

Recording Secretary—H. H. Faller.

Corresponding Secretary—J. K. Folk.

Critic—G. D. Ludrum.

Librarian—J. D. Martin.

Treasurer—W. W. Turner.

Barkal—R. W. Upshaw.

Ed. of Star—W. W. Spence.

**CHI DELTA.**

President—C. S. Wylry.

Vice-President—D. B. Johnson.

Critic—A. H. Hynds.

Corresponding Secretary—J. H. Brown.

Recording Secretary—J. E. Frenter.

Assistant Recording Secretary—W. R. Ross.

Treasurer—J. B. Crocker.

Librarian—Preston.

Ed. Crescent—F. W. Austin.
CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

In the journal of last week we printed a letter signed "Appointment," which opened a subject of such importance as calls for more extended treatment at our hands. Our correspondent simply suggested the utility of allowing each of the colleges now provided with an Army officer as an instructor, to present every year one graduate to receive a commission as second-lieutenant in the Army.

The value of such a plan in stimulating interest in military science needs no comment from us. The inflow of varied talent and education, which such a measure would promise, is self-evident and in the present state of the Country and Army we feel it due to both to ask a careful consideration of so important a proposition.

The law of 1856, "to increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States," enacted that Army officers, to the extent of not more than twenty, might be appointed by the President on the application of any established college of a certain standing and capacity, for the express purpose of promoting the knowledge of military science, and these professors were to be appointed on the recommendation of the President of the United States, according to the population. Twenty colleges have profited by this law, and most of the professorships have been in operation six or eight years. At some of the colleges, the amount of work done, considering the slender means at the disposal of the professor, and the small endowment of the student body, has been most creditable, at others the failure has been as signal. In cases where failure has been the result, it may be traced from the faculty of such institutions. From the military nature of the chair, it is clearly evident that no institution which without its due support from the people and the student body will be able to attract the talent and to pay the necessary expenses, will command the services of the professor. In these cases the failure is due to the want of money or of the means at command to attract the necessary talent, and to pay the necessary expenses.

The professors who have been appointed have done good work, but not to the extent that is expected. They are only forty of these free professors, and by the lease of arms, heavy ordnance and equipment to these colleges, the government has recognized them as part of the United States forces. Whether this end was contemplated or not, it is the legitimate and natural consequence of such a measure. The consideration of this important fact places the matter in a new light before both the government and the professor, and is an illustration of the importance to which the unforeseen consequences of public measures may attain. Few people perceive to-day the full importance, that at some future time must attach to these infant state military schools. They are beginning to attract the attention of the learned world, and we may be sure that the interest of the public will not be satisfied with the present state of these institutions, unless it be by a large number of students of the highest order. The professors now at the head of these schools will have to conform to the standard of the service, and their existence in the future is to be regarded as an acknowledgement of the importance of military science. The colleges will then be the centres of military interest, and their influence on public opinion will naturally operate to prevent the unwise measures which have distinguished American legislation on army matters from 1862 to the present day. The national guards of the Army would soon be recognized as its real worth, as the friend and guardian of the citizen under all circumstances, and would take a new and exciting life from the love of the people.—Army and Navy Journal.

TWO STREAMLINES.

From a spring, situated upon a certain range of mountains, two streamlines dash along side by side at first,

"Leaping, bounding, gleaming, gazting,
Sprinkling in the morning dew,
Radiant as the light of freedom,
Death on the track they went to".

On their way down the mountain.

Tuming here, curving there,
From the biggest rocks of granite,
Till, behold! we see the streamlets part
With laughter and with mirth.

On their way down the mountain.

They flow on, in their respective courses, increasing continually, till we see them rolling along in silent grandeur, bound for different currents. They started to gather, but owing to different influences, they were widely separated at the end. After such run in their race, there were intervening between them, impermeable barriers.

Thus it is with the lives of two youths, who start out on an equal footing in life, but are widely separated in the end. Their courses are formed by barriers of their own construction. One has as his guiding star, self-improvement; the other has no guiding star at all. One has undaunted energy, perseverance, and a high sense of duty; the other is easily turned aside from the path of rectitude by any and every obstacle. One rises in the estimation of his friends and acquaintances, while the other falls. So, here, we see them parting on the downward course of Time.

The one steers his course with firm hand and steady eye toward the star of his life.

Ever in the breeze sailing.

Lighting up his pathway.
To the golden cup of honor.
To the shores of peace and plenty.

The other permits his frail barque to be tossed hither and thither upon the stormy sea of life, without aim or purpose; the rudder is gone and he is drifting helplessly into eternal night, toward the dark Ptolemaic shore, all hope gone, lost forever by his own will and doing.

The golden Autumn has come and gone and the winter of life now approaches. The one has to slake him, the thought of a well spent life, and what is the inestimable result, the esteem of his fellow arm. The other has failed him and failed him miserably, the thought of opportunities neglected, and of many spent hours, days, weeks and even years gone by, forever on the swift wings of Time.

Now inexorable Time comes with his deadly dealing against the fair roses of these coursers and with his scythe cuts them down as the grass of the field and are withered as the flowers of the day. One peacefully lands upon the silvered shores of happiness, while the other weeks upon the jagged rocks of remorse and despair. One has gained the highest pinnacle of fame, while the other has sunk into the lowest depths of shame and disgrace. One drinks of the overflowing cup of happiness; the other drinks only the bitter dregs of misery.

Thus it is and always will be. If we improve our present opportunities, all will be well hereafter, but if we do not, we lose our peace of mind in the future, and all pleasure in after life. If we are not upright and doing we certainly be lost behind. Therefore, let us head to the ears and make headway, for idleness is sure death. And let us remember that "The mind is its own place and in itself Can make a Heav’n of Hell, a Hell of Heav’n."—B. B. J.

CHIPS FROM FEASTS.

The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's.

'Tis love which merely estimates one's life.

And oh! I love the woods, those natural fires,

Those realms to holy.

The beautiful are never obsolete;

But some one always loves them.

Poesy is itself a thing of God;

He made his prophetic poets, and the more we feel of poetry do we become like God in love and power.

Keep thy spirit pure.

From worldly taint by the repellant strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds.

Kneel. Count over the mercy of truth;

And especially whilst perusing false. Why? Two

This fiction hath in him a higher end

Than fact: it is the possible compared

With what is merely possible, and gives

To the receptive soul in inner void

A higher, angler Heaven than that wherein

The naked ones themselves.

"The Maryland Student" has a neat form and appearance, and shows taste and thought in its contents. It contains the following:

"Maryville is a curious place, it has neither fame, nor wealth nor grace. On the banks of Pistool Creek it stands, but little honor is bestowed. The streets are not very wide. Indeed by galleries on every side: As for the match, it may be found in the State of Maine."
CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Editor,

In the last issue of the Monthly some strictures were made upon a certain class of books, recently ordered for the College Library, which I am sorry to say were founded in a total mistake, both as to the character of the books, and the necessity for their being ordered. If I had time, and you could afford the spare time, I should like to speak in detail of these several books. Suffice it to say, that without exception, the books are of the most popular character, and have been highly recommended to purchase by the first schools and critics in the country. I will only refer to a few of the books that have been so unjustly condemned by the writer of the obnoxious paragraph, and then your readers will be able to judge whether the strictures are just or not.

1. "Rossetti's American Journal."—This book was compiled by Prof. D. Barton Ross, A. M., N. G., Associate Principal and Professor of Education and Natural Science in Ruplett Institute, and is recommended in the strongest terms, by many of the periodicals of the country. The "times" says: "Prof. D. Barton Ross, the compiler, is well known throughout the South as a gentleman of rare literary attainments and great talents as a teacher, and the book before us will contribute largely to his reputation."

2. "Mandell's Elements of Reading and Oratory."—This book has been extensively used for many years, by a number of the principal colleges and universities, both North and South, and is in no special danger of suffering seriously from such a criticism as that contained in the Monthly.

3. "Lovel's United States Speaker."—Mr. Lovel was for twenty years a popular teacher in New Haven, and was regarded by the school men of that city as a practical educator of a very high order. His book is one of the best of our College Speakers.

4. "The New York Speaker."—This book was compiled by Warren B. Bingham, Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric in Hudson River Institute, and Professor of Forensic Oratory in the Ohio State and Union Law College, Cleveland, Ohio, with introductory remarks by the distinguished Electoricians, William Russell.

5. The works of Prof. Broxson, Prof. Kidd, Prof. Shoemaker, James E. Murdock, Raskal, and several other books of great worth, are pronounced as unsurpassed anywhere in a College Library by our pseudo-critics, with as much apparent facility as an Indian juggler would toss his balls into the air. Prof. Broxson, Prof. Kidd and James E. Murdock are too well known to the literary world to need any vindication from such wholesale condemnation. In relation to Prof. Shoemaker, I would just say that he has built up an Electorician Institution in the city of Philadelphia, which promises to send forth largely to the cultivation of the important art of effective delivery—so much cultivated by the ancients and so much neglected by modern schoolsmen. Prof. S. issues a small book annually, containing choice selections for electorician exercises. He has published three such annuals which are now thrown into one good sized volume, entitled "The Best Things from the Best Authors." It is a book of rare merit. So much for the electorician exercises.

Now, a word as to their necessity. Our critics would have us believe that "the purchase of those books was worse than a dead loss," because, forsooth, such books, "in nine cases out of ten, are never used." Here, again, our critics are egregiously mistaken. We had occasion the other day to look into this matter and we found just a single book of the twelve "American" volumes in the Library, and that was the text book on Vocal Culture, with which, of course, the pupils are well supplied. All the rest had been drawn from the Library, and were in use by the students. The fact is, that in spite of the being "worse than useless" expenditure, the purchase of these books was an imperious necessity, and if each copy could be duplicated, it would be a manifest benefit to the University. Those who heard the constant repitition of a few pieces by the classics, whose drudgery even their best admirers can not fail to appreciate the advantage of the greater variety of themes which the new books afford.

T. B. V.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM § E. G. B.

Thomas Jefferson once said, "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without Government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers." It is an axiom accepted as much by America as it is by the rest of Europe. As we have masters and consumers peculiar to us, an outgrowth of our insinuity as a nation and our subsequent development, so American Journalism of to-day is the resultant of the needs and demands of the people in the exercise of their prerogatives under the Constitution.

The American average has not the feigned dignity of the average John Bull; and as the American average newspaper has not the stiff and unnatural dignity of the average British paper. To care for words more than for substance is the fault of an American editor. We do not mean to say that it is not so, but that oftentimes it is so, and figurative as well as literal. We do not mean to say that he proceeds upon the rule that the object of people in reading newspapers is to get news and all current events of the day and not the profoundly figurative language of England or the weightier words of an English contemporary. The average British Parliamentarian will speak for precisely five hours and make precisely one point; the American editor, of any acknowledged ability whatever, will write a column and intelligently review the political situation of all parts of the country.

Owing, we think, to the difference of structures in the two Governments as well as differences in education, we are driven to us to the "Leading Editorial," as among the Britons. When the Times thunder the English stock lecturing; when one principal paper pass judgment, the people weigh, consider, and if not satisfied with the conclusions, reject. The intelligent consider that they know better than any one man what is conducive to their welfare.

The qualifications of an American editor, therefore, are versatility and verity rather than particularized, brilliancy rather than profundity, subtlety rather than logic. To these they have been trained to become a popular editor. We think, in general, we think, just as a poet, is born, not made. Greeley was born an editor. A school for the education of journalists has been spoken of. It would never be a success, we think. Journalism is an art, not a science. Science can be taught there where there is no especial liking for it. Memory occupies an important place. The true artist has genius, labora, innate, and it is only developed. Such is the case with the journalist. His school might teach him all this is necessary to be known, but if he did not possess the innate qualities it would all go for naught. And even if a man does possess journalistic talent, the printing office, rather than the college, is the place for its development.

In spite of our above expressed opinion that profundity is not an attribute of the editor, we are almost persuaded that the deepest scholars would make the best journalists. Again, when we reflect that scholars are almost always reserved, curtailed changes. Many a learned man of one of our educational institutions, an essay to write upon a contest point in Philoty or to produce proof as to the gentleness of the Trojan war, said the work will be well and learnedly done. Give him an additional remuneration as the popular及 and wish, and he knows nothing of the task. An editor must know the public and wishes, and he can not deceive the people. A man cannot be at the same time both student and editor. He is a public man and must mingle constantly in the public.

The "growth of American Journalism in this last quarter of a century is marked very much by the same characteristics that have accompanied our growth in other respects. It has been hot, feverish, material, often vulgar and coarse, and closely allied and illustrous to the individualities of its prominent beholders. Hereafter, I think we shall note a different phase of progress. The soil has been broken up, the position gained, the John the Baptists have had their day. The telegraph has placed all journals substantially on an equality as to news; and we have a right to look now for steady and large progress in culture and conscientiousness, in and philosophy, in breadth and thoroughness and wisdom, in their treatment of universal questions of life and civilization that come within their respective "noses."

EXCHANGE.

The "Chronicle" is a constant and appreciated visitor.

The "Classic Index" is neat and well edited. It is supported by a strong and intelligent list of student contributors. Thank you.

The "Emery Banner" is a spirited sheet and full of good articles, except now and then a bore story and a stale newspaper witicism. Its editorial, however, are more comprehensive and instructive than the."Index."

The "American Journal of Education" comes to us regularly and is replete with articles of interest to the teacher. Its article on "Moral Education" is especially worthy of careful personal.

The "Athens Post" is a live paper and contains more that is suited for the general reader than any country (pardon) newspaper that reaches our table.

The "McColl Gazette," Montreal, Canada, has been revived after a deflection of eighteen months. We continued to send our journal to it during its Rip Van Winkle sleep. Unlike the venerable Rip, it has aroused itself from its mountain nap and is looking out over the city and country in general with a new lease upon youth and vigor.

The Haywood county delegation of Cadets always gives the "States" and "Bash a hearty welcome. We think both papers have improved this fall. The "States" has toned down its "pin-backs" by putting on a dress of extra proportions.

The "Simposian" contains a most beautiful cartoon, "Open the Gates," which we notice is a prize offering by a young lady. Women were always noted for much speech, but it is seldom that they speak so well as in this case. The picture is the "Open the Gates." Where are you, lousy boys?

We are in receipt of the "Weekly Independent," Birmingham, Ala. It is seldom we see a weekly newspaper which comes so near supplying the place of a Magazine. Its articles are all fresh, and show the editors to be men of talent. East Tennessee University has a large delegation of Cadets from Alabama.


The "Southern University," as usual, dignifies his pen in &c. &c., in a well written and manly long, criticizes the infatuation "Gray Jacket." Perhaps, friend, this little fellow in gray makes as well as wears his own clothing; so, if is now and then a stitch amiss or a button off, you should gratefully call his attention to this fact and not "box his jaw" for his innocence. They are "in the world, working, when you are out there yourself, you can" at the younglings around you, as they try to walk and talk. With this exception, we think your paper does full credit to your noble University. By the way, what good comes out of "contests?"
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The City of New York.  
The population is now about one million.  
Its territorial area covers New York city, twenty-two square miles. It has twenty-nine miles of water frontage, 300 miles of paved and 160 miles of improved streets. Twenty thousand gaslights nightly thrown into the streets and public places, at a public expense of $41 per year for each lamp. There are 596 miles of Croton water pipes and 277 miles of sewers. There are over 2,000 rams in the police force and 500 dressers, whose salaries, together, amount in a recent sum of $8,089,000. 3,000 workmen are employed. The city contributed to the support, during the past year, of 51,485 criminals. It abhorred, during the same time, by outdoor and institutional charity, the offerings of $185,524 of the sick.