How, or why Alfred Tennyson should take it into his head to write a drama we have no means of knowing, but, given the purpose, it was an easy matter to believe that he would take for his subject the story of the life of some one of the English Queens. He is so thoroughly English, and so thoroughly the poet of woman, that he could hardly have done otherwise, had he tried. Besides, he could scarcely find elsewhere a richer subject than is offered in the lives of several of those Queens, from Beatrix down to Caroline. There is more of dramatic interest in the story of Mary, however, than in any other, unless it be that of her mother, Catharine of Arragon. Her mother, however, was not to be thought of. Shakespeare had painted her portrait. In addition to the dramatic interest in the story of Mary, the conflict between the Popes and No-Popes parties, which marked her reign, possess a special interest for the English reader of to-day, when the same question is again under debate, though in a somewhat different form.

But, passing along a few sentences as to how or why "Queen Mary—A Drama" was written, let us glance briefly at the work as we find it.

It is a regular five act drama, containing, in all, twenty-one scenes; forty-four actors take more or less part in the dialogue, embracing, besides Queen Mary and her husband Philip, her sister Elizabeth and most of the leading men in Church and State of England and Spain. The time included, from the beginning to the close of Queen Mary's reign, is full of dramatic interest and crowded with the most frightful tragedies. Our author has not deemed it necessary to invent a single scene, nor even to change the name of a single important character.

Shakespeare so dominates the English dramas that every writer who ventures therein must of necessity stand comparison with him, and, hitherto, he has piqued all. Of this fact our author is so thoroughly aware that he has chosen the language, tone and style of Shakespeare, thereby inviting the comparison which he knew to be inevitable. It is not to be supposed, however, that this style was adopted because Shakespeare used it, but because it was the language of Queen Mary's time. We doubt not he would gladly have had it otherwise. But since he could not avoid it, he has done well to adopt it thoroughly. This, in our easy task, for Tennyson has a style of his own, widely distinct and different from that of Shakespeare. So that, before he could adopt the language and style of Queen Mary, he had to lay aside his own, a much more difficult thing to do. But he has done it, and done it well. We have looked in vain for even a word that is not Shakespearean. And the phrases and forms of speech are equally true to character. As a matter of interest we suggest a comparison between the "Henry the VIII.," of Shakespeare, and "Queen Mary." Note how like and yet unlike are the speeches of Woolfer and Cranmer, and the diverse scenes in "Henry the VIII." and the scene in Parliament in "Queen Mary." Even to minopretors, as, for instance, in "Henry the VIII."

Elizabeth, the new born infant, is compared by Cranmer to a maiden phoenix, from whose ashes one "shall star like this rise."

In "Queen Mary," Princess addresses Elizabeth as "Fair Island Star."

But those, and the many other resemblances, which a close scrutiny of the two dramas will discover, are by no means to be taken as imitations, in the bad sense of

serenity, or plagiarism. Of these sins Tennyson is as free as Shakespeare himself.

Barry Cornwall has defined a drama as "a story told by action and dialogue, where the spirit and style of the speeches allotted to each character are well distinguished from the others and are true to nature."

The writer of a drama has choice of two methods of treating his characters. Either he may take from them the most florid and fine moments in the story, and arrange them as if he were writing a novel; or, as in "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "The Tempest," the characters may be made to grow up before our eyes, from set to set, with the progress of the story. The first is by far the easier plan, in the majority of cases. And our author has done the latter. There is not enough of dramatic spirit in his genius to enable him to sustain his reputation in the higher and more difficult method.

"Queen Mary" is a purely historical. Neither the story, the characters, nor the scenes have been changed from what history has recorded. Nor is there any attempt at the development of character. Each actor enters and leaves the stage unchanged. In some things this is a gain to the author, in others it is a loss. It relieves him of the necessity of invention and leaves all of his energies for description; on the other hand it confines him rigidly to certain fixed lines of incidents and, in a measure, to certain set figures in character. This is especially true in the case of "Queen Mary," because the incidents of her reign are so notorious and her character and the character of her associates so well known that no wide departure would be allowed even in verse.

But what might have embarrassd almost any other author has but served to display that consummate skill and judgment in scenic art, for which Tennyson is so justly celebrated. While the scenes are few, they are no less changed from what history has pictured them, they are so arranged as to bring out in the clearest and strongest light each character that appears. In this work Tennyson is master of his art, and needs not to take lessons of the great master himself.

The first scene is so arranged as to bring into strong relief the unsettled and confused state of the public mind and to call to our mind the scandalous Parliamentary acts of bastardy of which Mary and Elizabeth were in turn made the victims and prepare us to understand the effects of the cruel and unmanly treatment, under which she was reared, upon the character of Queen Mary.

Desire for revenge for the wrongs done her mother, her religion and herself is to be the central motive of one-half of her life, and love for Philip of the other and lesser half. Hence her first words in the drama express jealousy and suspicion, lest Elizabeth and Courtenay shall be plotting:

"While pomp, engaged together, To eat me of my Philip."

Therefore, throughout the story these are the dominating forces that move her. Her religion is a hatred, and her hatred a religion. She never separates, never colours them. They are one, her love for Philip, as witness this fierce outburst, from talk about Philip's picture, at questioning of her father's complexion:

"O, just God! Sweet mother, you have said it, and I am come enough to witness of it. No locks of your hair and his are ever cut off, Cast of, betray'd, defamed, divorced, forsworn! And then the King—that traitor past forgiveness. The false Albigensian on his, married The mother of Elizabeth—a bawd"

Even as she beld: but God hath sent me here To take that on as others have done, That it shall be, before I die, as this:— My father and my brother had not loved!"—Act I. Scene V.

In this whole scene we have the love-dick fanaticism, pleasing, flattering for the object of her love. Ready to risk her crown and her life rather than give him up; ready to sacrifice youth and age, beauty and innocence, for his sake. And be that ever known on the altar of her love's passion.

On the next page to that from which we have just quotted, we have her saying—

"I am eleven years older than he is.
But will he care for that?"

No, by the Holy Virgin, being noblesse, but love me only: then the bastard sprout.

My mother, is false as myself.

Will he be drawn to her?

No being of the true faith with myself."

"He is fond of me, for I have wit to gain with me."

Would tread England—Gardiner is against him: —The Council, people, Parliament against him: —But I will have him! Garrard entreated me: —My brother rather hate me than loved:

My sister comes and hates me. Holy Virgin, Filled with day blessed me; then I will say prayer: Give me my Philip; and we will lead

The living water of the Faith again. Back to their widow's house, you will see no more, and watch. The patched bands yielding luscias, as of old.

To heaven, and kingled with the palm of Christ!"

She gets her Philip in spite of all opposition but to find him cold, heartless and false, and she does all that in her power lies to lead back the "Living Faith," and yet dies an object to wring pity from her foremost enemy.

Of the character which these elements make, we can say nothing which history has not already said, in her history. Mary of Bourough. As history records her, so our poet paints her and as such one can either love or admire her, yet, there are times when we can not refuse her our deepest pity. Here was indeed a sad life; born a princess, ostracized and disgraced in her childhood, brought up in continual, living under sentence of death, as it were, until she was twenty-five, yet saved from execration. So reared, it is no wonder that she must mistrust every one, suspicion every one, hate every one, fear every one and yet be devoted by a hunger for that love which was ever to be denied her. Nor wonderful that when she came to know her Philip, her lover for forty years but her husband, she should show herself as it does in the closing scene of the drama, when Philip is denounced and her portrait cut down. It is a sad picture, too sad indeed for art, were it not for the golden gleam of love for her mother, which lights up in her last words:

"O, voice of love, with that sweet sound were smile.

Among the patient wretches."

The entire story is told well. There is plenty of action and a variety of incidents sufficient to keep up the interest, the characters are clearly drawn and true to nature. Besides the central figure of Mary, Cranmer, Pole, Gardiner and Elizabeth are especially good parts. There is no real humor in the play, though one or two scenes are designed to be humorous, but they are little better than amusing. Throughout the drama there are many fine touches in which the skill of the master artist shows out, but in none so clearly as in the two songs. Both are beautiful though vividly different in tone. We quote:

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Shame on you, shame on you,
Shame upon you now! Rise me you would? with my hands

Milk the cow,
Dolores grown again,
 Kings we all,new,
 And you came and kissed me walking the row.

(Continued on page 5.)
The University Monthly.

K NOXVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 20, 1875.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.

The antiquated idea of fiction necessarily harming the reader, causing him to LF baffle extraordinary and impossible incidents of human life and happiness, has long since been exploded. "Feigned history," as it may be well termed, is now recognized as one of the great moral teachers. American literature is not preeminently in fiction writers of power. Charles Brockden Brown and James Fenimore Cooper may be mentioned as the great lights in the earlier days of the American fiction, and after these, in point of time, Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose novels are acknowledged to stand not only at the head of American works of fiction, but among the first of those of the world. We have had many sensational novel writers, many of whom are now living.

Agnes Evans Wilson, the Charlotte Brace of America, is the author of many children, and was born near Columbus, Ga., in the year 1835. While very young her father removed to Galveston, Texas, and soon thereafter to San Antonio. After an absence of two years he returned to Georgia, and settled finally near Mobile, Ala. Until fifteen she was instructed at home under her mother, and after that time commenced to teach herself. In 1856 she was married, and is now living at "Ashland," the place of her husband, those miles, and in sight of her former home where her mother still lives.

She made her debut in the literary world in 1855, as the author of "Inez," which is pronounced by a writer on "Literature to be a failure," in the "Southern Quarterly Review," as "more pretentious." The "Southern Quarterly Review" summed up an opinion of the work in these words: "There is a natural character, and scarcely a natural plunge in the whole volume." "Inez" was a failure.

In 1855, "Reahla," appeared. There was an awakening in the literary world, a "Rock as had not been witnessed since the "Great Humor" of old," published "Was it" in England. The book was unique. There was something fascinating in it, and the public expressed appreciation in that most substantial manner—by reading it. "Reahla," the heroine, is a "gifted, intellectual, self-reliant woman. By association with a skeptical guardian during youth, she became "unattached and without a thought, and with the hope of finding a career to which she may rely, plagues with eager and restless haste into the study of the speculations and vagaries of the German metaphysicians. Not content with what she took in the philosophers of all countries. Gustave, Cousin, Tennyson, Heine, Locke, Carlyle, Emerson, Theodore Parker, and the Scotch metaphysicians are all read and studied in the vain hope of finding some rational creed. In the words of the author: "She set out believing her "consciousness" the infallible criterion of truth; this she fancied philosophy taught or professed to teach; but instead of enthusiasm among metaphysicians, she found fierce denunciation of preachers, ingenious refutations of principles, which they had evolved from a rigid analysis of the facts of consciousness, and an intolerant dogmatism which astonished and confused her." With her reason as guide, nothing is taken on faith. After years of misery and doubt, at one time she thought of joining a convent; finally, in the philosophy of Emerson, and at another, perhaps, in Theodore Parker, she hesitates in her search, and finally gains rest in the simple tenets of Christianity. It has been well termed a powerfully written work. "Everybody read "Reahla." It ran through ten or fifteen editions, possibly more, in a few months. It, fresh, vigorous style, simulated a lively interest. There was living thought in the book. That was novel and strong.

relish of psychological reasoning dashed the enthusiasm of many readers, but still everybody read it. Those who did not understand it desired to appear to do so; while those who did seem to understand it enjoyed it. The masculine intellect displayed in the discussion of those grave problems is by no means all the attraction of the work. The narrative is most excellent and the painting of the death scene of the heroine, is done with such skill. Of her novels, "St. Elmo," "Reahla," "Inez," "Ventu," and "Inelma," we think "Reahla" is by far the finest work.

We present the following criticism of "Macaria," taken from Davidson, a writer of force and originality: "Macaria" has the same vigor, elevation, and suffering that characterized "Reahla," with this difference, that its vigor is steadier, its elevation more stern, and its suffering more solemn. It is again the story of a woman's love, pride, self-sacrifice, suffering, and, I should be pleased to add, triumph; but we lay down the volume with the painful feeling that the suffering is not paid for. The scene painting is in the highest style of literary art and delineations are very fine, especially the female characters that stand out like classic statues. The style is elevated—little ambitious, to be sure, but vigorous and direct. The tone is purity itself. The path is the strong point of the book.

The book is not what is called, men will出入, in a novel, especially if it is written by a woman—that it is pedantic. It is a kind of spie they indulge. In "Macaria" the illusions are very numerous, always appropriate, and often very striking, but are so frequently so remarkable that the reader must pause a moment to recall the facts referred to. In a large number of them the original facts are not known to the million at all, so that a cyclopedia can be referred to.

In 1866, "St. Elmo" was published. We thought it on first reading, and think still, that the education and subsequent literary career of the heroine is merely a transcript, although unintentional, perhaps, of the author. The book has created most spirited criticism from all quarters. The work is labored, but, here and there, the effects of the learning is overshadowed by the pedantry. But this very pedantry is to many a source of energy. To the lovers of the learned references, the classic quotations and the often obscure myth, the reader's is unapproached. But, to the lovers of the story, unnatural character, making a boast of its wickedness, with no attempt at withholding an expression of disgust at its surroundings piling upon its vitiated taste, "St. Elmo" is unpardonable. Although there are no such characters really in the world, we think they arise, often, a bad influence upon certain classes. With striking boldness the faults of fashionable society and of the age are discussed and unpopulated. Female education, woman's place, socially, and the practices of these literary gnomres, erroneously termed critical, all come under review.

In November of the present year appeared "Infelice." The expectation of the reading public was placed high, and in many respects it entirely disappointed. As the display of a wide and miscellaneous reading in the shape of unique references and often obscure allusions had been carried to excess in her preceding work, the writer, to a greater extent, has omitted these, and given us instead discussions most interesting of many of the individualities that stand out with uncommon contrast to religion. She again here argues for higher female education, and in the eighth chapter, which we think the finest and most humanizing dogmas that the more highly cultivated feminine intellect, the more uncouth, unnatural, unemssible, individual certainly becomes? Is it a woman less, more gentle, more useful to her family because she is uncrowned? Does knowledge exert an acclimizing influence upon the female temper? or, produce an easily

The effect on the female heart? Is ignorance an inevitable concomitant of refinement and delicacy? Does the knowledge of Greek and Latin cast a blight over the flower garden, or a mildew in the pantry and lines closest? or, do the classics possess the power of carding all the milk of human kindness, all the streams of tender sympathy in a woman's nature, as a reagent corroding the sweet merriment of woman's fancy?

Of woman's suffrage she says: "In all social revolutions, the moderation and reasonable concessions which might have appeared the discontents in its inequality are gladly tendered much too late, when the inergetics stung by injustice and conscious of their grievances, armed with temperance and common sense. This woman's rights and woman's suffrage are abstractions that are suddenly concocted bottle of yeast; it has been fermenting for years, and having finally blown out the cork, is rapidly leavening the mass of female malcontents.

Of science as connected with religion, she says: "Science has its itch as well as sheep's foot, and abstract terminology does not always conceal its stated gross proportions. The complete overthrow and annihilation of the belief in a personal, governing, praying answering God, is the end and aim of the gathering cohorts of science, scientific research and analysis. Our patient, dear mother, has all her grace and gratitude—have manipulated, decomposed and then integrated the universal clay—but despite microscope and telescope, chemical analysis and viscerology—there can go no farther than the whirling of the potter's wheel, and the potter is nowhere revealed. The making, creative hand of the plastic clay is all as distinct as when the gauntlets was first thrown by proud ambitions, constructive science."

Mrs. Wilson will never be noted for characters outside of a serene style. The characteristics of "Infelice" are all the same as those of her preceding works, and many of the incidents are similar. "Rob Peter" is "Dr. Harwell" under another name. All of our authors' heroines have the characteristics of these two. Guardian and ward here, as in the others, play the most important parts. Our author does not give to her heroine, Regina Orr, the opportunity to display her hard work in anything but the "soul" of "St. Elmo." "Regina's" mother is, perhaps, the only new character in the whole work. It is most brilliantly and powerfully drawn. "Elliot Roscoe" is the "Gordon Leigh" of "St. Elmo," and as in that case, falls in line with the beveria. "Alga Novelle" has much in her character similar to "Carmelina Graham" in "Reahla."

UNIFORM FOR GACETS.

1. Coat.—Gray cloth coat, single-breasted; three rows of eight gilt buttons in front; and button holes of black silk cord in the lining being fastened, terminated with a clever leaf loop at the back end; stand-up collar, trimmed with black silk lace, to rise no higher than to permit the chin to turn freely over, to back in front; buttons on the hip to range with the lower buttons on the breast; on the collar one blind button hole of cord, sewed like that of the breast, four inches long, with a button on each side; cord holes in the like form, to proceed from three buttons, placed lengthwise on the skirt, with three buttons down the pants; cuffs with three buttons and cord holes likewise on the bottom of sleeves alike.

2. Pants.—Gray cloth, with a black stripes, one inch wide down the outer seam.

Cap.—Round crown; four inches high, or more, a high-crowned to the ear, with a straight visor in front; black pompon, set in a yellow metal socket; cap plate on front of cap. Articles of uniform must be made in strict conformity with the approved patterns.

5. No other dress that prescribed shall be worn by a cadet on any occasion, without permission of the Superintendent, excepting citizens' overcoat.
 CHARLESMANGE

In reviewing the history of the ages just following the fall of the great Roman Empire in the West, the student finds nothing so deeply harrowing and brutality. Now and then, however, a luminous rise above the surrounding class and for a short time scatters the deep gloom.

Charlemagne, or The Great Charles, is such a light. Sprung from a family which had given to the world a Pepin and a Charles Martel, he was born to rule. But of his early education we know nothing, for his historians are silent on this point, which is considered of such importance in medieval biographies, as they were doubtless, so dazzled by the brilliancy and power of the man, the monarch, that they deemed it unnecessary to speak of the child the young Prince. Whatever may have been his domestic instruction or his early habits, we know that there was a grander species of education to which he was exposed by a combination of events. It is a common influence of revolutionary and tremendous times, not alone to afford opportunities for, but to form—yes, almost to create, great intellects.

"The familiarity with scenes of danger and excitement—-the early exercise of thought upon great and difficult subjects—the habit of supporting, excelling, and vanishing, the very proximity of mighty schemes and mighty changes, must necessarily give expansion, vigor and activity to every faculty of the mind, as much as robust exercise and habitual hardships strengthen and improve the body." In the midst of such shifting and eventful scenes, he preserved that same gravity of manner which was the mark of all the grandest and inspiring circumstances, were spent the early years of Charlemagne.

Endowed by nature with the beauty and robustness of the Germans, the keen and comprehensive insight of the Franks, and the poise and enthusiasm of the Italians, Charlemagne, thus well fixed, received his doubtful and precarious crown in 768 in his twenty-sixth year. At this time all of Western Europe was in a state of upheaval and anarchy. The invading hordes of barbarians from the northeast, the conquering and proselyting tribes of the Saracens in the southwest, the wretches and fragments of the old Roman civilization, Christianity and barbarism, vied, all in their respective individualities, were striving for supremacy. In this state of the disorganized, conflicting and almost impossible elements of civilization, the Germanic races, like so many stars in the black curtain of Egyptian night, to whom this spectacle of society was revolving and almost unbearable. They rushed to the front of the discordants, impelled by an unconquerable desire to restore order out of the extended chaos; and with a tremendous power, with a glorious and salutary power, by their pyramidal and considering a thousand errors, they attempted to say to the sagging billows of their fellow-creatures around them, "Peace, be still." But the restless, feverish and antagonistic state of society would not be still; and, with all their main strength and breadth reach of mind—with all their greatness, these noble forebears of a better state of things at last yielded to the ever gathering storm of the multitudes of wid, aspiring and oppressing barbarians, churchmen and petty feudal barons. And no other power at the lever of that strength of a Charlemagne could be raised from the ashes of the fallen; and placed it upon the variously developing columns of modern monarchy. The Emperors of the Eastern Empire, the Popes of Rome, the Princes of the Lombards, the adventurous and impetuous leaders of the Saracens in Spain, the Mongol Kings and the previous rulers of the Carthaginian dynasty had tried in vain to establish a permanent governmental system. It is not wonder, then, that we see Charlemagne a constant warrior. "He was always in the field; from the South to the Northeast, from the Elbe to the Elbe and the Weser;" now subduing and conquering the Lombards at the instigation of his great friend, the Pope, chasing the onward march of the Mosco and spelling the rebellious spirit of the Arian Franks in the South and South-west; and now carrying on an cruel and exterminating thirty years' war against the Saxons, subj ecting the body of Saxons to the fright of the Christian faith and the valor of the Avars of Pannonia. In fact, nearly every one of the forty-six years of the great Charles reign, witnessed one or more expeditions of extensive magnitude; and yet in all those wars we read in history only of one decided check given to his armies—that by the Saxons at Roncesvalles.

Not content with his military efforts, Charlemagne was a true and ambitious warrior: yet the customs and circumstances of the times occasionally compelled him to try his enemy with great severity, and he sometimes erred in his judgment of necessity.

But he was often less cruel than Peter the Great or Napoleon, and rarely most cruelly with which he executed each expedition, the clear precision with which he designed it, and the continuous, persevering, uncontrollable determination with which he pursued each general plan to its close; enlivened his war-like talents to a more than fair comparison with those of the soldiers of Caesar.

Not only had Charlemagne military genius, but he possessed also a spirit of improvement and civilization. He found his throne surrounded by savages, his people torn by faction and profoundly ignorant. His predecessors had been mere soldiers, strife and brutality and anarchy; and hence, the great success in uniting and civilizing the recreed Empire of the West was all his own. He reorganized the church and established a legal division of church and state; he called together his nobles, and received the homage of his followers, he restored the monasteries and endowed them with lands and privileges, he summoned his nobles and formed his own court and every department of learning. He sent missionaries to found schools and collected libraries; he patronized and encouraged the arts and sciences, and attempted, with the dignity of a king, to settle the religious controversies of the time. He endeavored to organize a navy; conceived, and even attempted, the grand commercial idea of unifying the Rhine and Danube; and sought, for the good of his kingdom and posterity, to frame the Roman laws and his own capitulations into a permanent code.

No one in the sight of modern civilization will attempt to justify the domestic sins of Charlemagne; yet, if we lay aside our modern glasses and view him in his own times, we cannot but admire his head and hand; they were directed, not lightly and was sometimes outrageous, but often better than his surroundings.

His personal habits were handsomely and finely proportioned, and his countenance was open and dignified. He was sober, abstemious and simple; fond of restful exercises and intellectual employments, yet he never gave up the public work of the day. His mind was always active, and his interest was with all those happy faculties which are deemed so necessary to a noble ambitious and successful ruler. But the most characteristic of Charlemagne and such has been his time, or tried to do. "But, perhaps, his greatest eulogy is written in the disgrace of succeeding times, and the '&#39;Touch me not!' that he pronounces a beacon, upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean of his suspense. He was as the bow of Ulysses, which could not be drawn by any weaker hand."
KNOXVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 20, 1875.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

We present to our readers in another part of the paper some extracts from a speech of M. Labadieau, a deputy to the French National Assembly, and the well-known author of "Paris in America" on a subject of much interest—the erection of a statue of Liberty on one of the small islands in the harbor of New York. The occasion is to be presented by the French people to the people of the United States on the Fourth of July in commemoration of the unbroken friendship that has existed between France and the United States ever since we have been a separate Nation.

The statue has taken definite shape, and the completion of the work may be considered as entirely settled upon. On the 5th of November a banquet was given by the "Franco-American Union," a society organized for the purpose of building this monument, at which excellent speeches were made by many distinguished men of both nations, among others the one from which the extracts quoted above are taken. The preliminary arrangements entered into at this banquet were completed, and the project was thrown open to the public at a "grand fete" at the Palace of Industry on the 10th of November, at which time the subscriptions began; and since then they have flourished up on the committee rooms all sides. The French people are so enthusiastic that they undertake anything of this kind in the spirit in which they have begun this enterprise, there need be no fears of its not being finished. One generous subscriber donates all the metal that will be needed for the statue, a tribute of sixty-thousand francs, and this donation is made with only one condition—that his name be withheld from the public.

Most of the newspapers both in France and America favor the project, but some of them in the United States make an ill-considered attempt to prejudice the expense of this testimony of the generous feelings of the French.

We sometimes hear it said that a large part of our reading matter is not suited for our subscribers, who are chiefly young folks. That some of our articles may be uninteresting to those who will not take time to think as they read, we do not deny. While we do not presume to teach our readers anything above what persons of their situation ought to know already, we do not feel bound to enter into any department for the amusement it may cause a few of our readers. If we shall be the cause of one person learning, but a little we shall be plunder than to have amused a hundred. Besides we devote as much or more space to light reading in our local page as is found in most any college paper of the times. We would like to amuse all who wish it, but would not like to make a sacrifice of our time cultivating a style of writing that will be of no service in after life.

In the name of common sense, why are we compelled to rise at 6 o'clock, when there is no gas to study by? From 6 till 7 we must sit by a gloomy fire and nod or gaze at the gas system, which is enough to elicit something more expressive than a groan.

They tell us gases cause canals. Canals are nuisance and if one reads by gas a few weeks, I dare him to attempt the same by a flickering star-candle. They say: "You should not study after ten at night, you shall not burn the gas any later." Now, every one knows that sickness may and frequently does occur during the night. What are the consequences, which all gentlemen ought to possess? If you are desirous of delivering a valestody, do it by what you know and not by what you may find a faculty think you. In brief, do not make a delicious nor a toody of yourself while you are young, for the name, if not the habit, will follow you through life.

"No cadet shall address an officer or cadet who has respected him for an offense, on the subject of such report, unless specially permitted, in writing, by the Commandant of Cadets; and no officer or cadet having made such report against a cadet, shall hold any conversation with him relating to it unless referred to with proper permission," Sec. 33, Art. IV. We publish this clause of the regulations and call the attention of the cadets to it because it is violated more frequently than any other in the whole book.

In another column will be found a criticism on "Queen Mary." Alfred Tennyson's latest work. Some three or four of our exchanges have come to hands with articles on the same subject, and by the kindness of a great scholar of the poet Laureate, and a true friend of the Monthly, we are enabled in this issue to present to our readers, likewise, remarks on this most interesting subject.

The behavior of the cadets in Chapel is becoming intolerable. Why do the authorities allow it? This applauding, groaning, laughing, and studying, we are sorry to record, is participated in by some of the two higher classes and is a shame to our line.

Our typographical errors in the last issue were due to the confusion arising from mixing our proof office.

ERRATA.—A sentence of the article "Clatsop or America" in our last issue which read—"had been blunted by contact with the world, and the grandeur of nature. The limitless expanses, &c., should have been punctuated—"had been blunted by contact with the world, and the grandeur of nature, the limitless expanses, &c.,"

On another page we publish the introduction of a long, very interesting article on "Moral Harzous" by Dr. J. F. B. M. We are sorry that the crowded state of our office made it necessary to reserve the body of the essay until the next issue.
A cadet walked from town to the field last Saturday to drill off one extra that stood against him. He is coming back the next seven successive Saturdays to drill off the fourteen extras which he got while on the last trip.

A cadet met into a store on Gay last week in a great hurry; the clerks met him with: “Can I show you anything sir?” when he replied: “Yes, show me a place to hide from the Commandant, quick, or I’ll see these rifles and clothes I have on.”

Our cadet has the 23d of November was, perhaps, the best we have ever had. The hall was full from 8 P.M. to 1:15 A.M., and all seemed to be gay. The committee were happily chosen, whom we return our many thanks for their well-performed duties.

Among the late society innovations is an attempt to introduce among the young men of K— the habit of leaving $20 bills on the floor when they go calling. Regard for truth compels us to confess that the attempt has not, so far, had the success it deserves.

Encouraged by the success of “Dobbsy and Son,” the tragically inclined of the rising generation of K., have organized an Amateur Dramatic Association. They will make their debut this week, in Roane and Julie. In the death of female participations, the character of Juliet will be sustained by a talented and rising young member of the bar, known as “Fatty.”

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated here by a Review and Dance. The men of the University drill grounds, in which the Dickson Light Guards and O’Connor Zouaves participated in connection with the Excursion of Cadets. The drilling was very good. The volunteer companies from the city far surpassed our expectation in the efficiency which they displayed. The Dickson Light Guards Band furnished music for the occasion and sustained their high reputation as musicians.

The youth of Knoxville have crystallized their enterprising tendencies into an organization known as the “Skidmore Guards.” The duties of said Skids, to be properly discharged, demands a large amount of mental and physical power. These duties consist in standing on a certain street corner throughout every Sunday afternoon, and the acquisition and practice of a style of countenance, comparable to nothing existent without the wall of a certain State institution at Nashville.

The Annual Celebration of the Chi Delta and Phi-Matthewian Literary Society, which, heretofore, has taken place in June, has been changed, and will come off on the 22d of February, in the Opera House. The performers are—

ODDITIES—D. M. Ross, R. C. Dedraftsman.

Debaters—A. B. Y. N. P. Lens.


We call upon our Alumni to lend us a helping hand. We would be glad to receive communications from any of them for the Monthly. It is their duty and should be also their pleasure to take an interest in Alma Mater and all of her praiseworthy institutions. Yet but few of our subscribers come from their number, which is very numerous. Many of our Alumni are asked in the first positions of the State, men with whom we may well feel proud to claim a brotherhood in years to come when we shall cater life in earliness.

Now that our petition with regard to changing the uniform is no longer desirable, we hope, the cadet will be satisfied and desires of the utmost accommodation to the authorities in all matters pertaining the change. Above all, get a competent tailor to make your uniforms, and do not take it unless you know it will be well.

A tailor has decided you go somewhere else, and do not take any interested man’s word as to whether his goods are ”nobby” or not, but judge for yourself. The description of the new style is given in another column.

Whose stole the record?—Whose stole the record?

The last hunt.

Way down South in the Alabama State.
The hounds went out to the country dog days grow late.

By the deep bayou the alligator wait.

With wide open jaws that look like a narrow,

A small bird comes, the size of a sparrow.

To the old ferry boat the fox and the crow.

Here in the pine wood’s gloom, where the gray mugs howl, and the bamboo clammers with sharp jagged fangs, and the whipwister rules and the nightingale war.

A crape flower, when the rose-berry dies.

Never noted for his roar, nor known by his size.

But by rings ’round his tail and spots over his eyes.

The sole of his foot is black as the night.

He musters his fury and the moon’s light,

With a rolling thick hide made for a fight.

He roams on the banks of the sandy cove.

In the dark by the fence, ’round by the moon.

The men of the beach, they call it raccoon.

By the edge of the woods in a pinching chill.

Lived on dry, his name was Ebenezer.

And the wool from the thread of his tail had been grabbed.

But old storks are very deceiving.

And some things that are not small.

When out on a town, he had a thriving.

Old Rabbio was hungry for one that was old,

And many good tales of his prowess they told.

Of his daring by night and exploit by day.

He lived by himself, and so he chose.

And a few storm chasers and a few poor logs.

Who all live with him in the cabin of logs.

But this hound goes, and in the hunting, and grins.

And one, as a grayhead on, and that man.

Old was one with pendant ears and body slim.

And the ears that hang below his jaw.

And love him in a firm and loving kind.

As through the pines he picked his way.

Mating to himself, thinks did say.

“Is the hunt for sport the sport am I.”

And do so am I in a good heart.

And who is this that is a grinner.

And turn in at the door and turn off all the candle.

The dogs went home and never could frame.

The master did not shoulder his gun.

As he crossed his body and held him.

As though he would leave it alone.

And down in the hollow midst the dogs went.

After a scratch in the brine and the bramble.

And led by the baying of the dogs.

The dogs and chickens, the hens and the roost.

Says to himself, thinks did say.

As the sun the world and all the other three.

As Rabbio saw the tree all rugged and shaggy.

Away from the base where stood the pack hanging.

Or jumped from it to the ground.

Can I show you anything.

The dog is lost in the crowd.

As he galloped his horse.

A pine tree.

So Ebenezer sat solemnly, and as he was about to speak.

So Ebenezer sat solemnly, and as he was about to speak.

And how they could do.

For one whose shadow was almost dry.

He had, yet not set seed, as in days gone by.

But the tree was so easy, as the moon grew brighter,

That he shook his shoes and he might walk better.

Then patted young “Bill,” the fool-hardy fighter.

And up the rough track he ambled along.

To rest in the leaves, the grass, and the sun.

And dog by dog the bayou basking song.

The ring-tailed riever with mewing groan.

Was covered flat in a good hiding place.

Almost too near for Rabbio to chase.

He was lying longlately with his head.

Upon a ponderous limb that sent him hurt.

With alpaca swamp, alover, it was death so vast.

But old dry eat any night, yet was he alone.

That he found the gnat bait by the moonlight’s sheen.

With his gingerly back and by his wise little eyes.

He shrank from him with bate, but he did not law.

For the cow did not take a jumping-out mood.

So Rabbio climbed nearer, as near as he could.

And about the horse that was his father.

For the cows stuck tight and wouldn’t let loose.

And grew so weakly at such an alarm.

Rabbio’s answer had begun to resolve.

Neither by place, position or wound.

He struck a hard blow, makt the hub to revolve.

And hung like a mother, dangling below.

And he couldn’t get off the log so clear.

While Rabbio held on with heel and wit.

“Twin a time for money and for tears.”

And at the ends of his life for three score.

Drowned through his thoughts and by a legion of bears.

The wool on his head, what little there grew.

Was coming unwound and standing up too.

He prayed and shouted till the woods withdrew.

The cow grew drowsy and the moon turned blue.

But the mule sat still and seemed to smile.

With a turning look that made the horse’s eye rigid.

And his leg all cold was hanging all the while.

Rab, in a frenzied with his eyes up east.

As he found that his boot was slipping at last.

Made a bad jump and the tail felt cut.

And down through the leaves, never making a stop.

To the ground they came with the warmest joy, striking the hog like a shadow.

But before I could say it in the stage.

Rab, coons and dogs were all a magic.

As the rain that started the storm and the stage.

“Bill!” shot his eyes and rushed at it blind.

What he should see before he would mind;

For he asserted that part he couldn’t understand.

And it happened that this man was lost.

Instead of the cow, he chance to grieve.

And pounced must true to the high fortune type.

How to write the book of life.

Of the “sigger” and vuns and dogs in a tangle.

Suffice it you know, Rabbio was bold.

Without a wide garment, or through a shroud.

Limped on the last, with troubles all past.

And close by his side, the mason died.

And the fater singer, countless of the bar.

To Romer were remarked, the dog and the cat.

The dogs went home and never could frame.

The reasons that Rab didn’t shoulder his gun.

As he did, and could, and did, and the same.

But the neighborhood people, by whom he was found.

Said and slide by that beast on the ground.

Could not tell by their glying prisoned.

Nothing at all.

Nor by tokens all scattered around.

Which the day was hunting the varmint.

Or the cow likewise was for a garment.

The claims of photography.

Not many years ago short-hand writing was confined to a few professional reporters. The art of Stenography was so difficult to acquire that very few, even after a lifetime of practice, could attain to the perfection of verbal reporting, and it required seven years’ apprenticeship before a reporter was allowed to ply his profession in the English House of Lords.

About thirty years ago, however, Mr. Isaac Pitman, of England, invented a method of writing short-hand or Phonography, as he named it, which possessed so many advantages as to quickly supersede the old methods.

The old styles of Stenography were simply a collection of arbitrary signs without method or system, exceedingly difficult to memorize, and uncertain and illegible when written. But Mr. Pitman’s Phonography is
founded on a regular system. In its simple style it may be used with great advantage in the place of ordinary writing, while in its most abbreviated form, it is capable, in a practiced hand, of reporting with certainty the slightest speaker.

Since the first edition of Mr. Pitman's book, various changes have been made in the system, introducing such improvements as the test of actual use has indicated, and at present it is probably as nearly perfect as human devising can make it. It is indeed a marvel of completeness, simplicity and brevity.

The invention all admitted, and each has it, but this is the only one that has been followed up, and by whom, while unlearned, most would have thought impossible.

The claims of Phonography, in its use in reporting, need not be urged. All will acknowledge their obligations to the active brain and left fingers that furnish the reading world with reports of the speeches of eminent men and the proceedings of legislative bodies, and will admit the immense and less that would follow the suspension of the reporter's functions even for a short time.

It is to the claims of Phonography in its adaptability to every day use that this article is designed to call attention. While it is not desirable or possible that all should become "reporters," the introduction of Phonography into our schools would barely be attended with good, and is an event which is just now "causing its shadow before it.

The principal benefit arising from the practice of Phonography is an almost incalculable saving of time, for the characters may be made so quickly that as much may be written in ten minutes as would require an hour or more to dictate.

All who have much writing to do or a saving of time would do well to study Phonography. In some instances and in every department of human industry and enterprise, we find that combination; in other words, the conjunction, in the same mind, of a little or superficial knowledge, and an abundant, active, conscientious and efficient will, all blessed by some ministry of religion and unselfishness by which any and all means. A man who has practiced Phonography has learned a universal language, and by the use of it, he may converse with the educated in any country, and by his humble but untiring efforts must promptly be at their posts and do their work. No one should assume to do more or less than he understands, nor himself with his neighbors' business. Each one must be subjected to his place, and his hour, and his own ignorance.

Modern society is traveling at small speed. Its stage-coach period has passed, never to return. In this part of the land, it is making its rule in three or four minutes. In other parts, its miles and its minutes are equal. They who conduct it, they, should be of the same spirit. The gentleman who knows the art of true science, who knows thoroughly what they have to do, and having no over-estimate of themselves, do not thrust that estimate upon the notice of others. Only so, shall we escape from unexplored cavities, fractures, detachments, explosions, departures from the track, and destruction. We are moving forward, safely and pleasantly, upon the pathway of progress which stretches invitingly before us, arrive at some desirable destination.

The schoolmaster, therefore, should be abroad in the land, to the capable Common School Master, the Normal, the Collegiate, the Professional Teacher. And yet, in order that their work be done efficiently, there is a preliminary labor. Socrates, the first chronicler of the best series of Greek Philosophers, made it his business to expose to the Sophists of Athens each in his turn, his own ignorance. They pretended to knowledge, but they did not know. He argued and convinced them they did not. They decided, hated and persecuted him. He put them to death on false charges of irreligion and corrupting the young men. Had he needed their work, their minds would have been trained to learn true science, to learn the way for a better philosophy than theirs. He broke up the fallow-ground of the Greek mind to the cultivating hands of Plato and Aristeotle.

The gentleman, the philosopher whose halls you are about to leave, is one of a class which does good service, by its silent protest against the bad rush of modern society for more material gain and by its natural tendency to lift up the minds of those who see within its influence above the dim and sunless, the purest hearts and staves of ordinary life into a serene, pure and invigorating atmosphere, whose elements are Literature and Science, Morality and Religion. It is, the true student can best preserve that compound and elevation of mind, which are so beneficial to celestial observation and reasoning, for classical attainments, and for the discipline of the faculties of the soul for the best life.

We have learned to compare lesser and greater, to use opportu-

nities for both, and to estimate the value of knowledge, both for personal and the state, and to contrast the life of science and religion. Do not forget such lessons. In your future usefulness and welfare, note your own deficiencies, that you may supply them. But observe also your capabilities, with a view to their judicious and vigorous employment. Whatever you undertake, first learn and understand how to perform it; and with all your所能, seek to improve the science you are using, and make a continuous use of all your readings and studies, and use the power of your mind. You are in the best possible position to make your acquaintance with the great majority of your contemporaries. Yet it is very small, not only as it stands related to the vast region of knowledge and truth which lies outspread before, and sustained by the human mind, and which is really innumerable, but as compared with the similar sphere which has been actually mastered by scholarly men of this and former generations, and which is possible of present explanation in their footsteps. This fact should induce in you, if it were needful, a modest self-estimate, whatever may be your mental training and attainments. It should serve to caution any of pride, or vanity, to which you may be subjected, and to stifle any of the natural sentiments of this occasion, you are naturally tempered.

Remarkable as has been the progress of Science in the last half century,—many and valuable as have been its inventions and discoveries, the unprecedented pressure and activity, which are characteristic of the age, and which are likely to continue, it is reasonable to suppose that, human ingenuity has helped also to largely increase the evil of a combined Socialist and sentiment. It is not an ethical evil. Yet, it has grown to such an extent, and our social condition, circumstances and habits are so favorable to its harmful operation, that it deserves, along with the crying moral evils of the time, the censure and repudiation.

In many instances and in every department of human industry and enterprise, we find that combination; in other words, the conjunction, in the same mind, of a little or superficial knowledge, and an abundant, active, conscientious and efficient will, all blessed by some ministry of religion and unselfishness by which any and all means. A man who has practiced Phonography has learned a universal language, and by the use of it, he may converse with the educated in any country, and by his humble but untiring efforts must promptly be at their posts and do their work. No one should assume to do more or less than he understands, nor himself with his neighbors' business. Each one must be subjected to his place, and his hour, and his own ignorance. They pretended to knowledge, but they did not know. He argued and convinced them they did not. They decided, hated and persecuted him. He put them to death on false charges of irreligion and corrupting the young men. Had he needed their work, their minds would have been trained to learn true science, to learn the way for a better philosophy than theirs. He broke up the fallow-ground of the Greek mind to the cultivating hands of Plato and Aristeotle.

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BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

Young Gentlemen:

Upon the eve of your honorable discriminations from the University, with the titles and insignias awarded by its authorities in consideration of your approved completion of a collegiate course of study, it is proper that I should address to you a few parting words.

The field of learning you have traversed is fully commen-

surate with all just demands that might be made of this our University. It has been a time of hard struggle, of that per-

mitted cultivation to the great majority of your con-

temporaries. Yet it is very small, not only as it stands related to the vast region of knowledge and truth which lies outspread before, and sustained by the human mind, and which is really innumerable, but as compared
The following are extracts from the speech of M. Laboulaye, delivered at the banquet at the hotel of the Louvre on the eighth of November. We regret that want of space prevents us from printing the whole of M. Laboulaye’s interesting address. The part existed details in an animated style the historical facts in the lives of the great men of both countries, and the relations that have existed between France and the United States since the Declaration of our Independence in 1776.

The extracts here presented, are translated from the "Journal des États-Unis," of November 9th:

"Gentlemen—We have assembled this evening to celebrate and to annex the friendship of France and America, a friendship of ancient date. When, next year, on the Fourth of July, America shall celebrate the anniversary of her Declaration of Independence, she will celebrate, at the same time, the anniversary of her alliance with France. In truth, as M. Waskburg has now said, the day on which the colonies scattered along the shores of the Atlantic, assembled by their delegates at Philadelphia to declare their independence and to decide to brave all the power of England, they felt they had but one support, in Europe, and that support was France.

"France the friend of America to France was sending Franklin to her. When Franklin came to France he was seventy years old, and when Congress charged him with this mission, he replied with the true spirit of a patriot: ‘This is the end of the piece, this is the end of the voyage, do with it what you wish. What can be done with such an old fellow as I am better than to make a martyr of him.’ And, in truth, if he had been captured by the English, he would have ended his life on the gallows. In France even his situation was not very well assured, the laws of extradition were widely used, and the King of the French was not the only one to be feared. But the French people and the French government were very anxious to rid themselves of the British. With his long beard unshaven, his black clothes without laces and without embroidery, he was the mess aile of the diplomat. He very quickly won over to his side the French government, and not only the government but all the people of France.

"We received Franklin as one of us; and there are now in France a great many people who were astonished were you to tell them that Franklin was not a Frenchman. We have him and we keep him.

"But to this friendship of France and America, it is necessary to give a body. The whole idea calls for a symbol; and this symbol, M. Bartholdi has found—M. Bartholdi, who is doubly dear to us as a Frenchman and as an Albanian, as the author of the ‘Lion of Belfort’ and as the author of this statue, the model of which he has already before you. He is the one who first conceived the idea of erecting this colossal statue, and although I am no artist, I can say without being mistaken that it is a grand idea.

"Generally, when any one plans a colossal statue, he never knows where to place it. I have seen the famous "Bit of a Beaut," which is situated in an empty place. It is impossible to tell why it was placed there, as there is not much more than somewhere else. One might imagine it to be the ghost of Bavaria. But the statue of Liberty of M. Bartholdi will have behind it three great cities—New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. This statue will not be too far from the foreground of such an immense spectacle.

"The Colossus of Rhodes, which looked down upon the small and bally decked galleys of the ancients passing beneath it, would be only a child’s playing in comparison with our statue. Ours will resemble those colossal statues of bronze, so much vaunted and of which it is always recounted with pride that they were marvels of cast iron taken from the enemy; truly do they recall the blood that has been shed, the territory that has been gained. Our statue will have a great advantage over those numerous monuments, for it will be made of virgin copper, the fruit of toil and peace.

"To you, gentlemen of the press, I will say that we have need of your hearty support. The sound of your voice will make it known that such a monument is not an affair of party; as patriots only we are engaged in it. Whether we think of Louis the XVI or of the Republic, everything carries us back to America.

"To-morrow the sad necessities of our political system will separate us; to-morrow we will perhaps quarrel; to-day we are united by the bonds of friendship. If we have any spot, be it ever so small, where we can listen to each other and speak and give to each other a friendly hand, let us rest there this evening, let us remain there to-morrow. In renewing this treaty of alliance and friendship with America, let us be the very conscience of our race, great or small, let us as Frenchman refute his accusations.

"I address myself now to those who will attend the Exposition at Philadelphia. Before or after the Exposition, take a little time, gentlemen, to visit the Falls of Niagara, to see the huge cataract of the river; enter Canada, that part of it which was formerly called New France. A hundred years ago, during the unfortunates in America, Canada contained only 63,000 inhabitants; today its inhabitants number 1,209,816. Canada remains faithful to the memory of the mother country; they are loyal in their laws and good in their customs, and you will see that the proximity of America has conferred upon her the practical use of liberty, and that our Canadians are learning to govern themselves as well as the Americans do.

"The Canadians will yet tell you of Montreal, the last defender of France on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Thus you will find everywhere some souvenir of our soldiers, of our colonists and of those Junot and Rascelle Missionaries who boldly traversed these solitudes in order to instruct the Indians in the tenets of their faith, and to assure them, for the glory of God and the good of France, that they are the men who discovered the Mississippi. Descend this great river and when you shall arrive at St. Louis, when you shall see this third metropolis of America, with its magnificent population, its gigantic bridge, its forty museums, passing every day to pure minds that are the French people founded St. Louis. And if you descend as far as the mouth of the river and visit New Orleans, you will everywhere find the names of France, Cuvenian de la Salle and d’Iberville.

"My sacred piece of advice is to be careful how you form your first impressions; for when one is unused to liberty and the manners which it engenders, one easily discovers the defects of a democratic government, but one does not easily find out its good qualities. Visit the schools, the hospitals, the churches, and when you shall have seen what the activity of a free people accomplishes, you will be astonished to learn all the immense advantages which make the strength and richness of a country.

"And to you, gentlemen, from America, and whom we have the greatest fortune to entertain this evening, to you, who have so nobly expressed your feelings through your Minister, report to your country what you have seen and heard; tell your fellow citizens that France has always remained faithful to America.

"To-day other nations more happy and more prosperous may strive to dispute our claim to your affection, but recall to your minds that when you were weak and abandoned, it was France that grasped with ardent hand the bow you extended to her.

"When another century shall have passed away, you will celebrate again the centennial of your independence; we shall be then only a forgotten dust amid the Americas, which has more than a hundred million inhabitants, will be ignorant of our names; but this statue will remain a sovereign of this fate, the visible proof of our affection, the symbol of a friendship which bravely the tempests of time, unbroken by the winds that surge around its base and the waves that break their fury at its feet. To coming generations it will tell that the compatriots of La Fayette still remain the friends and brothers of the compatriots of Washington.

"And now, gentlemen, I propose to you a toast which enhances our sentiments, our desires, our hopes: To the friends—to the eternal friendship of France and America.

MORAL HEROISM.

Heroism is the self-devotion of genius, manifesting itself in action. Courage is genius, denoting those opposed faculties of passive courage, the habit of bearing up nobly under trials, dangers and dreadful sufferings. Bravery and valor are courage in battle or other conflicts with living opponents. Intrepidity is firm courage, which shrinks not amid the most appalling dangers. Heroism can be described by the following characters: love of freedom, the habit of bearing up nobly under trials, dangers and dreadful sufferings. It is a concept for danger, from ignorance or insconsiderate fear, but from a noble devotion to some great cause and just confidence of being able to meet danger in the spirit of love. Such a heroism is the heroism of Abraham, Moses and David. Every young man of broad and far-reaching intellect grasps a fons and vehiculum of models from which he selects according to his idiosyncrasy of his own intellectual shaping. It may be a warrior, statesman, theologian, philosopher, orator, poet or historian. If he, as a writer, longs to belong to "one of Fame's immortal sons, who never was born to die," he tries to find out that peculiar class of composition for which his powers are best adapted; whether he be poet, history, essay, metaphysics or oration. Then he selects his model writer and studies every shade of thought and every modulation of expression—copying his master reproductively until he grows into the full dimensions of his own ideal. It may be he is ambitious to build up a character objectively presented in the shape of a family which will radiate and gladden the country in which it lives. Then Moral Heroism is the first indispensable prerequisite for the accomplishment of such noble purposes and ambitions.

While Alexander was intriguing in those benevolent tears about another world to conquer, we might fancy the mouth of a Diogenes to play in cynical curves, and we see the "Old Tub Roller" taking the disabused conqueror by the hand, leading him out under the star—it sky and pointing to Jupiter saying: "There is another! Go conquer."

During the past century the order of the religious denominations as to numbers has been changed. One hundred years ago the churches ranked as follows: Congregationalists, Baptists, Church of England, Presbyterians, Lutherans, German Reformed. Reformers, and Catholic Church. In 1870 they stood: Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Christians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, and Protestant Episcopal.

A missionary in Madagascar says the demand of the Madagascar in and near the capital for education is very great, and the schools cannot be over crowded. There is also a great demand for the Bible. Most of the tribes surrounding the central province are, however, rank heathens, filthy, and cruel.
LADIES!

Do you wish these articles? If so, notice my prices. Goodrich Tucker, $1; Universal Corder, 75 cents; Johnson or Toof's Ruffler, $1.25; Hemmers, 1 Binder and 1 Dozen Needles, $1; Needles for any machine, 40c a doz.; 3 doz. for $1; Note this "Rare Offer"—1 Tucker, Corder, Ruffler, and 1 doz. Needles, all for $3. These goods on hand for any Machine in use in the South, and will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

S. F. ANGEL, Knoxville, Tenn.

E. H. BUCKLAND, WATCHES AND JEWELRY
NEW STORES!!
NEW GOODS! NEW MAN!!
and you all know
A New Brown Sweeps Clean.
Call today and examine my stock, and when you are ready to buy, call again. I warrant everything I sell or have, and have a full and complete stock of all goods in my line.
Special attention paid to the repairing of Fine Watches.

McMullen & Craig, Open House Corner.

Staple and Fancy Groceries, CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Plents Sensis from the best houses. Students are invited to call.

Dr. A. P. White, DENTIST.
Office—Chapel Street, opposite Masonic Temple.

H. Spiro & Bro., Wholesale and Retail.

Bakers and Confectioners, Dealers in PLAIN & FRENCH CANDIES, CANNED GOODS, FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRESH FRUITS, &c., &c. Also Manufacturers of SPIRITS Celebrated BUTTER SCOTCH.

Which is the best thing for a bad cold. Call and send for a sample today.

54 Gay Street, KNOXVILLE, TENN.