Influence of American Republican Institutions Upon France.

We have seen in a preceding article, how much the grand spectacles of nature upon the American continent, the immense lakes, the waterfalls, the rivers as imposing as some seas, the vast horizons, the silence of the solitude, the mysteries of the virgin forests, and the novelty of the prospects, have contributed to the poetical development of one of the greatest writers in the French literature of the present century and the chief of the romantic school, Chateaubriand. It would be, perhaps, more interesting to show the influence which our practical republican institutions have had during a hundred years, been able to exercise upon the spirit and manners, both political and ecclesiastical, in Europe.

As it always happens, it is to France we go to measure this influence when it is a question of politics; but when it is a question of ecclesiastical institutions, we turn to Great Britain.

It is very singular, England is the point of departure of the American nationality. The language, the manners, the tastes, the beliefs and the laws are, all of English origin; and yet, this country, in return, exerts but little influence upon Great Britain. The English do not exert much from the outside world, not even from the children of their own race, when they have separated from the mother country. The republican manners and customs of America, the democratic equality of all classes, the separation of the civil and religious orders, and the opinions for everything that is foreign to taste and privilege, are more or less upon English opinions and prejudices. It is necessary to go to France to obtain an account of the influence wrought upon Europe by the successful experiment made in America, of democratic institutions and customs. It is easily understood. The French mind is the most open to every novelty and the most accessible to every kind of experience. It is even to be remarked that almost all ideas and inventions, except those belonging to industry, must first pass through the French language and practice, before they can enter into general use. Besides, democratic ideas have always had more friends in France than in the rest of monarchical Europe. There was in that country such a passion for equality, and such a detestation of despotism, and all the spirit of causation, that it was naturally the first in Europe to receive with favor, and even is in embrace with enthusiasm, the cause of the independence of the American colonies.

It is common to speak with disdain of the turbulent character of the French people, of the instability of the institutions which they have raised up for themselves, and of their revolutionary spirit. We believe they are a restless people; but this is a movement of progress—the seeking for the better, the constant effort, often spasmodic; it is true, of a nation which aspires to liberty, and which is not able to attain to it without a struggle, sometimes violent, against institutions and prejudices ten centuries old. The United States, once freed from the British yoke, have only had, without impudence, to establish the structure of their independence. In France, on the other hand, what a difference! Institutions a long time respected and obeyed; customs, deeply rooted; rights, acquired by long services; a hierarchy, established at the very origin of the monarchy; and the national glories, always attached to royalty, and always a topic of enthusiasm in the people, in Europe, against which it is very difficult to rebel in order to acquire liberty, without resistance on the one side and without violence on the other. This explains the struggles which have, for more than a hundred years, rent France in her evolution towards liberty.

What is most striking in France, is, that there has always been found, even among the nobility and privileged classes, a passion for those people who were struggling to free themselves—an active and generous sympathy for all the oppressed. Where did the Greeks look in the days of their humiliating slavery? Where, the Poles? Where, the Italians? It was to France, who, without care for her own interests, has poured out her forces in spite of themselves by the sunk and enthusiasm of the nobility. The Marquis de Lafayette even equipped at his own expense, a vessel upon which he embarked under an assumed name, pretending rather to obey the orders of his king than to render assistance with folded arms from afar, to the struggle which Washington was maintaining on this side of the Atlantic, and that which he had given his whole heart. The greatest names among the French nobility were represented in the ranks of the American army: Rochambeau, La Fayette, d'Estaing, de Grasse, d'Eisenl and de Noailles. As is always the case in France, it was the national feeling which disturbed the policy, and not the policy that formed the public spirit. In the aid rendered by France, there was much more of true sympathy for the cause of liberty than of interest for England and the German monarchies.

The French army, upon their return to their own dominions, carried back with them a lasting love for the liberty for which they came over here to fight, and for which they had seen a whole people everywhere make such heroic sacrifices. That experience and that general example contributed, without any doubt, to prepare the way for the great Revolution of 1789. Ten years had elapsed since the foundation of the American Republic; the heroes who had fought for it were still young; the memories of the struggle were still fresh in their minds; their imaginations were still enlarged by the grand results obtained on the other side of the ocean; and they dreamed of liberty, of a wise and ex- cellent liberty, such as Washington and Franklin had presented.

We speak it without exaggeration: the French Revolution, inaugurated with dignity and granum, was lost in cresses of blood and crime; drunk and reeling with excess, it fell into the arms of a master and a despot. The holy cause of Liberty seemed for a long time lost; yet, not so; for she was all the while slowly and surely making her way, not always, however, without revolutions, because the French people are impudent. From revolution to revolution, from 1789 to 1814, from 1814 to the fatal year of 1851, France has come at last, to establish a republic, which may claim for itself a brilliant future, because it has dovoted to it the whole heart and soul of the nation. I have said the year 1871 has been fatal to France; I am mistaken. It has been a most salutary year; for, even if it has been full of disasters, shame and ruin, it has conferred the blessing spirit of the French people.
By Effective Oratory, is meant that method of public speaking which is best adapted to secure the object contemplated by the speaker. He is the best physician whose prescriptions cure the greatest number of patients, and best promote the health and comfort of the community. He is the best lawyer whose pleadings gain the greatest number of causes, and best subserve the ends of justice. He is the best statesman who takes the most correct and comprehensive views of the measures of State policy, and points out the best means by which the Government may promote its permanent prosperity. He is the best preacher who writes “the sword of the spirit” most skilfully, and wins the greatest number of souls to Christ. So he is the best orator who most effectually convinces, interests, thrills, captivates, and carries away his hearers with his eloquence. One who was himself a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of Effective Orators, and whose eloquence will live as long as the English language endures, thus pertinently discourses on this subject:

“When public bodies are to be addressed, on numerous occasions; when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, further than it is conjoined with high, intellectual and moral endowments. Cleverness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be bought from far. Labor and learning may toll for it, but they will toll in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, it comes, at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original native force. The graces taught in the schools, the closely imitated and artificial graces of speeches, speeches, and artistic discourses of times, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hung on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power. Histrion is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels relaxed and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, and extruding the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, bearing on the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man, extends to his objects—this is eloquence; even, rather, is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action.”

Such, then, is Effective Eloquence. And, now, let us turn our attention for a few moments, to the careful consideration of the history of this most desirable accomplishment.

We need not go far back into the early ages of the world to trace the origin of Effective Oratory, our search for it amongst the monuments of Eastern or Egyptian antiquity. The eloquence of those early ages was more nearly allied to poetry than to true oratory. The orators of ancient Greece were the orators of ancient Greece; and so was the style of their oration, and force was the principal means employed in carrying their discourses to the ears of their auditors. Under such a state of things, the arts of oratory and persuasion, of reasoning and debate, could be little known. Men were then driven, not persuaded. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in those remote ages, those refinements of society, which make Effective Oratory an object of interest and importance, were neither extensively cultivated, nor suitably prized.

The rise of the Greek republics gave to oratory such a field as it never had before. The little States into which their territories were divided, and by the acts of the kings, whose unmitigated oppression so effectually aroused the indignation of the populace, that they successively expelled these cruel tyrants from their dominions, in the place of these monarchies, three sprung up a number of democrats governments. These little republics being at first engaged in contention by the means of which were animated by the same exalted spirit of freedom. Their disgracefully excited, however, were so degenerated into malignant jealousies, and they ultimately became formidable rivals of each other. Amongst them all, Athens was, doubtless, the most renowned. She excelled in art of every kind, but especially in the art of true eloquence. Without stopping to speak of the orators who flourished in the early period of the republic, it may be quite sufficient for my present purpose just to allude to the illustrious Demosthenes. Amid discouragements and natural impediments which no ordinary soul would, without proper assistance, have been able to overcome, he excelled in eloquence, till he reached the goal of accomplished eloquence. What nature appears to have denied him, he ultimately acquired by his indefatigable perseverance, and his ceaseless study, the bestiarum in the galaxy of Greek oratory. Of this great master of eloquence Mr. Channing is said to have been the most eminent of all Athenians, the most Greek of all the Greeks; it was his mission to utter the last and noblest protest of Greek independence, and to pour out the whole gathered, traditional, passionate patriotism of the freest and most country-loving of all the races of man, in one final strain that shall ever mold the world before or since has heard.”

Amongst the Romans, whose eloquence, poetry and learning were derived from the Greeks, public speaking hardly deserved the name of eloquence, till a short time before the age of Cicero. The most Christian orators contemporary with Cicero were Caesar and Antonius. But Cicero himself is the object most worthy of our attention. His name alone engenders everything splendid in oratory. In facility of introduction, in clearness of arrangement, in elegance of diction, in beauty of imagery, and in plentifulness of narrative, Cicero, doubtless, excelled Demosthenes. But in orator, in elegance of style, in splendor of language, Cicero, after all, was Cicero’s superior. The comparative merits of these splendid orators are stated, I think with great justice and propriety, by the celebrated Seneca. He says: “If I desire not to decree, that I think Demosthenes superior to Cicero. I am persuaded that no one can admire Cicero more than I do. He adheres whatever he attempts. He does honor to language. He disposes of words in a manner peculiar to himself. His style has a great variety of character. Whenever he pleases, he is even concisely and vehement; as, for instance, against Catiline, against Verres, against Antony. But oration is too valuable to be wasted in his writings. His art is wonderful, but it is perceived. When the orator is procuring for the safety of the republic, he forgets not himself, nor permits others to forget him. Demosthenes seems to escape from himself, and to see nothing but this country. He seeks not elegance of expression, unmeasured that possesses the. He seeks to please, to satisfy all the audience. He makes language, as a modest man does of dress, only to cover him. He thunder, he lightens. He is like a torrent, which carries everything before it. We can not criticize, because we are not ourselves. His subject excites our attention, and makes us forget his language. We love him from our sight. Philip alone occupies our minds, I am delighted with both orators; I confess that I am less affected by the fine art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes.”

Longinus makes the following remarks upon the effect of the public speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes.

He says, that “the people would go away from one of Cicero’s orations exclaiming, ‘What a beautiful speaker!’ What a rich, fine voice! What an eloquent man! Cicero is the man.” They thus thought. But when they left Demosthenes they said, ‘Let us fly Philo!’ Losing sight of the speaker, they were completely absorbed in his subject. They thought not of Demosthenes, but of their country.

The liberty of the Romans expired with Cicero; and with it the reign of distinguished eloquence terminated. The government was delivered over to a succession of execrable despots, and everything attractive in the art of oratory, was consigned to the blighting influence of a long and dreary night. It is true, that at different intervals in the history of the nation, the orators of the times gave rise to certain new forms of oratory; yet it can not be pretended, that at any subsequent period, true oratory arose nearly to the degree of ancient splendor.

But I can not dwell longer on the history of this noble art. I will just say, in passing from this topic, that even in the most enlightened nations of modern times, public speaking, with comparatively few exceptions, that have not been so highly praised, are exercised to such a degree of perfection, as it was in the painful days of those ancient republics. In our own country, and within the last century, we have had some nearer approaches to the standard of ancient oratory, as I think than may have been found anywhere else. It is hoped that this art may yet be so thoroughly cultivated, in our glorious republic, that we shall ultimately enjoy, if we do not excel, even Greece and Rome in their palmy days, in this important accomplishment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DISTINGUISHED TENNESSEANS.

In the First Presbyterian church yard in Knoxville there is an ivy covered mound of earth marked by two crumbling slabs of marble. Every pleasant Sabbath you may see a number of small boys loitering about among the graves; and now and then you may see them triangle upon this mound, in their thoughts, which. Sometimes aliens of more mature years may be seen mañanaing through the old grave yard, stopping now and then, to read the inscription upon some slabstone that happens to attract the eye. It is the rarest thing in the world, however, that one of these title pauses to note the inscriptions upon the unpretending stones that we have pointed out. Once, however, we saw an aged straggler stand and gazed upon them for nearly half an hour, without moving. Upon the smaller of these stones is engraved: “H. L. W.”

Upon the larger,

TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH LAWS WHITE,
THE JUST.

NOBLE SHEET OF
IDENTIFIED MARTYRS AND ME, IS
DEPOSED
BY HIS DEVOTED WIFE.

Yes, this ivy covered mound, with its crumbling pieces of marble and their half illegible inscriptions, are the only marks of the last resting place of Tennessee’s greatest patriots and statesmen—the man to whom she owes more than to any of her sons, and whose name has imparted a parter laure to her own than any in her history. At Marshall the City State has fittingly commemorated the genius and services of her “Northern Lion”—the great Webster—at Ashland, one of the grandest monuments in the land vistas in
SEARCY S. PRENTISS.

Prior to the year 1836, the name of S. S. Prentiss was comparatively unknown beyond the borders of Mississippi. Born in Berrien County, New York, he was reared and educated in New England, at the age of nineteen he determined to seek a new home in the far South. This portion of the Union was at that time sparsely settled, and educated young men of the East, tiring their eyes in search of enlarged fields of activity afforded a certain zest.

On his arrival in Mississippi, Prentiss sought a position as tutor in the family of a wealthy southern widow, whose husband had been a member of the Supreme Bench of that State. The library of this gentleman was one of the most complete in the State, and this interesting position had the effect of awakening his interest in the law, and here lies the ground-work of that profound legal learning which characterized his after life. From the time of his admission to the bar in 1820, till his appearance at Washington in 1836, Prentiss devoted himself exclusively to his practice of the law. His fame, till the latter date, was merely local. As an orator and jurist he stood head and shoulders above the balance of the Mississippi Bar. He was particularly successful in defense of murder cases, and it is said that he never lost a case of this character in his life. His chancy practice was far more than that in the criminal courts. He was employed on no occasion in a suit involving valuable real estate in and near Vicksburg, and believing he must ultimately succeed, purchased a portion of the property in litigation. The suit was finally decided in favor of himself and clients in 1837, by the Supreme Court of the State, and he thus became possessed of something over four hundred thousand dollars.

Nature had indeed bestowed her choicest favors upon our subject with a prodigious hand. He was gifted with the rarest endowments of mind and body. He was willing and temperate, affectionate that he could master, with perfect facility, a law case involving the most abstruse legal questions, or a profoundly written book, at a superficial glance. His memory was so retentive, that whatever he read with the least attention, he remembered perfectly. He was so familiar with Milton, Shakespeare, Byron and Scott that he could repeat them almost by note, while he read so rapidly that a classmate at college once remarked of him that "Prentiss reads two pages at once; a page with each eye." His command of language was a wonder to all who heard him, and it has been said of him that, when he hesitated for the right word in his life, his voice in his Campbell pronunciation was so clear and rich, and was rather improved than impeded by slight lip.

But the greatest of all his attributes was his vital, scintillating imagination. So soon as he became warmed with his subject, the most brilliant metaphors and figures of speech came tripping out in speech andsong and seething out in such beauty and variety that every auditor seemed transfixed by the sublime power of some genius, and could not move till his magic wand had dispelled the charm. The ravishing fascination which he exercised over all who heard him was beyond description. A friend once said to him: "Prentiss, you always amuse me when you speak." "That is an affair of reciprocity, for a multifaceted always electrifies me. I feel at such times like a kind of metamorphic reptile, and seem to myself like one uttering oracles. My sensations assuage as many as any of my kernels, and I could no more reproduce them, after the effect had worn off, than I could restrain the meaning waves by the oceans!"

Prentiss' speech at Washington, on the Mississippi contested election, is familiar to every school-boy. At this period, 1836, the galaxy of American Statesmen was composed of only two names as Webster, Clay, White, Prentiss, J. Q. Adams, Benton, and a host of other statesmen whose names are less distinguished. The shadow of his greatness had preceded the young Mississippian. Renner had whispered that this was gifted with marvelous powers, and all circles were on the tip-toe of expectation. His political partisans were in fear lest his reputation had been overrated. But on his appearance in the political arena, these fears were set at rest, and the whole country was agog. Before he had concluded his argument the galleries, lobbies, and every vacant spot on the floor was crowded till there was not standing room. Grave and dignified Senators came gliding into the House to hear him. The audience was so imbued with intense interest, that not a word could be heard from the galleries. He went on, and up, till he reached the figure of the star and stripes, and thus closed his brilliant performance. He had overstepped the bounds of expectation. At its close, Webster, who had seemed impressed during the speech, exclaimed: "Nobody could equal that." In a few days the name of Prentiss was known abroad and became national. His second speech surpassed the first, if such a thing were possible. At the beginning of the debate he thought his was a hopeless case; at its close the case was lost by the speaker's casting vote, and his composition was void. Prentiss and his colleagues, were turned to confess their sentences only to be overwhelmingly rectified. It was less a canvass than an ovation.

This session in Congress constituted all of Prentiss' public life, with the exception of two terms in the Mississippi Legislature. By a decision in the Supreme Court of the United States, soon after, the case involving his estate was reversed, and having paid the improvements upon it, he was left largely in debt. He returned to his splendid practice, and removed in 1845 to New Orleans. He was very successful here, as elsewhere, in his practice, but from over-work, and had probably long before, his constitution was broken, and he died on the last day of July, 1845.

In his day, the transcendent genius of Prentiss was duly recognized. His Speeches, to speak without hyperbole, are the great charmers of American public oratory. His compositions are correct, pure, touching the principles and grounds of human nature, and the requirements of the time and place. They are written, truly great and patriotic. We owe it to the departed great, we owe it to ourselves and posterity, to thus cherish and do all in our power to perpetuate the memory of these men.

Reference, like those have brought us to the determination to add our mite to the payment of this debt—to contribute to the Monitor, supposed as it is by the youth of the State, a series of articles on "Distinguished Tennesseans." The subject is new. We feel a pride in recounting the achievements of the great men of our own State: and from the execution of our task we shall derive profit, whether others do or not.

The list will, of course, differ. How many years of material is even more severely felt than the want of time. These materials must be collected from two-thirty notices in the Encyclopedia, from old newspapers, obituary notices in the Tennessee Reports, from perhaps a material excerpted from the minute books of the University, from some local records, which were only to preserve, together with a few fading reminiscences from the "eclipse inhabitant." A.

A RAMBLE FOR RELICS.

The great flood of 1873 along the Tennessee river, while it caused a great destruction of property, sweeping away bridges and houses, and in some cases, nearly whole villages, and laying waste many beautiful fields, as the effect of the disaster is beyond all calculation. But for its agency, our river relics might have been brought to light.

Setting out from Knoxville in August last, our purpose was to descend the river a hundred miles and examine the ruins. On September 30th, 1878, at Dunlap, on the Tennessee river, and other ancient remains with which the banks of the Tennessee river abound, and to collect such relics as might be obtained of the people along the route; for many interesting relics, such as stone axes, hatchets,
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T. T. DOUGLAS, Senior Co-Editor.
J. R. WALLACE, Senior Co-Editor.
T. P. MURDOCH, Junior Co-Editor.
S. C. HUGHES, Junior Co-Editor.

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S. E.,
THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

Sure haste and the worship of the Almighty Dollar, we believe, have no peculiar and distinctive characteristics. We hear of the steady Englishman, the passionate and impulsive Frenchman, the phlegmatic German, but what of the American? National characteristics are only developed by a certain extent of national cohesion and purely national growth. A natural people will beget natural characters and a rule of social manners. This is but another expression for the well-known question of the powers of Association. Of the components of literature, no one is so completely governed by nationality as the novel. The novel is a child of society, and society is but an offspring of popular manners and customs.

Centralized governments are best adapted for the complete development of national characteristics and peculiarities. In the gay city of Paris, we see a complete proof of our statement. French wit, smiles and weaknesses, French learning, extravagances and fashions are all here shown; and they are not only the characteristics of the Parisians, but of the French people generally. When the French dramatists and novelists take their patterns from and seek them to local mates, they set forth national characteristics, undistorted by the propriety in speaking of the "French Novel." It is most emphatically a French novel.

In America it is different. We have no American novel. Society in this country is not established sufficiently firm for a national original for the copy of the novelists. In England there is a firm basis for society. The nobility and their habits are complete exemplifications of the manners and customs of the higher grades of English people; while the middle and lower classes have been corrupted to but a small extent by the invasion of foreign peculiarities. American society is ever changing; there is nothing which can produce permanency as in England. With a population composed of representatives from all nationalities on the globe, each bringing his own peculiar manners and customs, nothing could possibly present a more heterogeneous aspect. The charm of the American novel—nothing except the beauty of the scene and the local scene—in this account, can never be. There can be no American novel until there is an American society, and there can be no peculiar American society by the very nature of our government. We have novelists who are characterized American novelists, but they happened to have been born an American soil. American novelists can only describe local customs and sketch local peculiarities. What a splendid work and worthy of how great a genius would be a truly American Novel! Think of a novel describing the luxurious climate and manners of the "Sunny South," and the peculiarities of people on the shores of the Great Lakes; setting down the life of the Texan under his burning sun and the native Californian with his pioneer habits; showing the Western hunter and guide and the Eastern manufacturer and money prince; the cotton grower and grain dealer; the fisherman and the gold seeker, the lawyer and the West Point graduate—all these—each in itself worthy of the genius of a ruler of the novelist’s wand—sketchet with a master’s hand, would pass with panoramic reality and unceasingness before the mind of the reader. And yet all these must be brought in before we can have truly American novel.

"We can not have heterogeneous American society without great changes in our present condition; a condensation of interests and population, a centralization of wealth and luxury, the building up of some local points and local interests into national ones, at the expense of all others, and this, manifestly, at the expense of our social simplicity, and, to some extent, of our social culture." A harmonizing of American peculiarities can never be made. Without this, there can be no American society, and without an American society there can be no truly American novel.

The following, taken from an exchange, is a speech of Hon. Landis C. Haynes in response to a toast proposed by N. B. Forrest's during the session of the Supreme Court, at Jackson, Mississippi. It is a most beautiful, touching and patriotic tribute to his beloved East Tennessee, and does justice to the grandeur of our scenes. It is a beautiful tribute to the memory of a kind man, who confesses to never having seen its equal. It reminds us of the wild poetic imagery of Osian. We willingly devolve part of our editorial space to it, and hope our readers will enjoy it as much as we do:

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen, I have pleaded guilt to the self-imposition. I was born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means beautiful river, and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and looked down through its glassy waters, and having seen a black bear below, them climbed up and beheld a heaven above reflecting like two mirrors, each in the other, its moons, and planets, and trembling stars. A way from its banks of rock and cliff, hucklebuck and harel, pine and cedars, stretches a vale back to the distant mountains as beautiful and as grand as the mountains themselves. Thus I have traced the beauty of the Great Unicoi, the Great Round, the Great Black and the Great Smoky Mountains, among the highest in America, on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord, even in the brightest day.

There I have seen the great spirit of the storm, after noon, go and take its evening nap, in its perversity of darkness and of clouds. I have then seen them arise at midnight, as a giant refreshed by slumber, and over the heavens with gloom and darkness; have seen them awake the tempest, it loose the red lightnings that can strike man's heart, roll them along the cloudy, rumbling, rolling, as an eagle's flight in Heaven. Then I have seen them stand up and dance like angels of light in the clouds, to the music of that grand organ of nature, whose keys seemed to have been touched by the fingers of the Divinity in the hall of eternity, that responded in notes of thunder throughout the universe.

Then I have beheld the moon rise, and the stars in their courses, keep their course, run their course. And I have beheld the river, and the mountain, and the moon, and the stars, and all the heavens, in the grandeur and wonder, the beauty and majesty of nature. And so I have put on my coat, and walked up the mountain, and said, here I will build my town, here I will build my city, and I will build my college, and I will build the University Monthly, and I will build the American University Monthly, and I will build the American University Monthly.
LOCAL.

Who killed the dog? Who killed the dog? The Church street dog.

"Fresh Fish!"

Of what animal should sausage remind one? Of ground-dog.

See how fast you can say: Stop the mackin-choked toad.

Hits a pitty we havent got a few young commanders to have parette now and then.

The 1st Lieut. of C. has lost his love for music, as we see he has left the choir.

We present to our readers, in another column, an article by our new contributor, W. B. B.

Sir, will you please tell that gentleman beyond you to stop off my trail?

When a young lady dreams of things in a nut-shell her thoughts are running on the council.

A haphazard editor know I of a puts his marriage notices along with the deaths, under "Obituary."

Having got rid of her past watch "dog" by some dark way, he goes and comes without a fear of torn pants or ruined calf.

Our instruments for the band are on route, and many of the boys are ready to blow. Just come over and hear "em sound off."

The T. B. Os and M. M. Os had just as well take in their horns—being superseded now by the M. M. I. G. Os. (Mama may I go out?)

Some scientist says pulling the hair on the crown vigorously now and then prevents baldness. We never knew why bachelors as a class were bald until now.

The young lady in the city with those dreamy black eyes is requested not to look at the cables any more, as she has already run half of them empty.

For a first-class "ponty," "skimming-paper," or anything in that line for the examination, call at No. — New Building. Heavy stock on hand.

The flintiness of the young ladies renders leap year an inimicable bore since all conventional young men have forewarned making any advances on their part.

When you go new-year's calling, be sure, always, that you are more entertaining than the ones you find on entering, or stay just long enough to eat some salad and leave.

A.—Mr. President, I nominate Mr. B. for this office. B.—Mr. President, I respectfully decline. A.—Mr. President, we can not afford to accept the gentleman's "declination."

An Ex. says: "Kissing favors amuse Iowa. Only two cents a kiss! For the benefit of the church, too!" See here, why couldn't Knoxville follow suit and have one?

Old man: Fruits is over one hundred years old and has never used tobacco; which is an evidence that the weed is not essential to longevity.

Young lady just from boarding school.—Mr. B. Madison runs away and so are engaged.

B. a young Barrister.—Ah, was she your French teacher?

When a man tells you striped stockings and gone out of fashion, you may know that while others wore around the crosswalks he was sorting potatoes in the cellar.

A man can fully appreciate the terrors of winter when he awakes near morning and finds the belt clothes on the floor and himself engaged in gigantic struggles to claw up under his shirt.

Tommy Watkins, Harry Bridges and Hal Mitchell, Mathisahills of 11 and 12 summers, have formed a select literary club, together with some young ladies of equal age and experience.

Knoxville never could boast of a more plentiful spring-fry than is just now being waned. The little sparrow-hawks are of a necessity in a day, constant state of "gaps," for they meet a bony of the tender little chicks at every hand in the road.

While going to press we hear of another reading circle, called the M. A. Hereafter we will have a heading in our paper called "club notices," and we will try and keep a sort of directory. This last club, however, can't compare with the Watkins new lines mentioned on this page.

What a Cadet goes to church for: 1. To see the girls. 2. To go home with one. 3. To make an engagement for next Sunday. 4. To hear the singing. And 5. the sermon. These, of course, are in the order of their importance.

We always thought consistency a jewel, but when we hear the Elder lecture in Sunday School about listening attentively in church, and then see him retire to a back seat and sweetly nap the sermon out, we think he is more to be pitied than ever.

"Dress back on the left! There, steady! Dress back in the center! Dress back! Dress back in the center, I tell you. Dress back!!! Mr. Mitchell, dress back. Mr. Bridges, more yet. Dress up Mr. Watkins! Steady there! Front, parade, rust. (Aside) You ought to be in h—l, every one of you!"

Young lady pinning buttonholes bouquet on buttoned up cadet: "Just unbutton your coat a little, so I can put on it. "Oh, Miss M., you know it's against orders." "Yes, but no one sees you but me, and you know I won't report you—but never mind, maybe I can fix it on as you are," said the young lady, as she saw his collar and cuffs were pinned to his coat.

Cadets wanting a furball to visit their sweetheart should rub a little "apron" juice into their left eye, a bendings over it and aff opsaphalnic, petition for a ten days' leave of absence while the juice is still making them weep at the nose.

We know this method to be "perkum squinty" for our room-mate has just made a success of it.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

CHI-DELTA SOCIETY.

President, D. B. Johnson; Vice-President, Henry Brown; Treasurer, M. J. Crocker; Recording Secretary, A. H. Hyde; Corresponding Secretary, G. R. White; Assistant Secretary, W. B. Baveney; Treasurer, T. T. Ashford; Librarian, J. A. Cowden; Editor of the Crescent, R. W. Finch; Assistant Editor, J. D. Nash; Stenographer, J. Cummings; J. H. Carman, W. W. Cowden.

Editors of the University Monthly—J. W. Wallace, S. G. Heiskell.

PHILOSMOTHOMIC SOCIETY.

Friday, January 21st being the last regular meeting of the Winter Session, the Society, by motion, did away with the regular order of business, and went immediately into election for the coming quarter. They are as follows:

President, T. J. McLomore; Vice-President, W. H. Kephart; Recording Secretary, W. B. Jones; Corresponding Secretary, J. A. P. Campbell; Treasurer, G. D. Butcher; Critic, R. E. Prince; Librarian, R. R. Marshall, B. L. Hart; Directors, Whyte Bedford and J. J. McLellan; Editors of Monthly, T. J. McLomore and W. H. Kephart; Business Editor Whyte Bedford.

ERRORS.—The 'Concluded from 3rd page' at the head of 3rd column of the 7th page, should be at the top of the 1st column of the 8th page.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Presbyterians propose to raise the endowment of their College, at Clarksville, Tennessee, to $50,000.

The statistics of the University of Michigan are as follows: Members of Faculty, 50; students in Literary Department, 429; Law Department, 318; Medical School, 36; Homoeopathic College, 25; Dental School, 10; total students, 1,097.

William and Mary College, Virginia, is a noble old institution. Mr. J. E. Cohn, in Scribner's for November, says of it: "Almost every Virginian, of any eminence, in the eighteenth century, had been trained for his work in the world within its walls. It gave twenty-five of its students to the army in the Revolution; five Attorneys-General to the United States; it sent out nearly twenty Members of Congress, fifteen United States Senators, seventeen Governors, thirty-seven Judges, a Lieutenant-General, and other high officers, to the Army, two Commandores to the Navy, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven Cabinet officers, the Chief Draughtsman and author of the Constitution, Edward Randolph, the most eminent of the Chief Justices, John Marshall, and three Presidents of the United States."

While visiting the various recitation rooms, we have been pleased to find maps and charts upon the walls; but strange to say, they are almost all illustrative of ancient geography; Modern geography and history are taught in the preparatory schools, but ancient Greeks and Romans, and Europe generally, are installed into the student all the way through the college course.

Not a single map of Tennessee is to be found in our beloved institution, unless it is the general map of the Aes. nor were we students of East Tennessee University to name the tributaries of our noble Tennessee river, he could sooner tell you of all the creeks and dry ponds of Italy and Greece.

Now it is well enough to be acquainted with the world of the ancients; but it is much better to know your own country. So it is to be hoped that the authorities will give this matter consideration.
The University Monthly.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., JANUARY 29, 1870.

MADAME DE STAEL.

Woman has always played a considerable part in history. In France, more than any other country, the influence of woman has been pre-eminent; but it is said to record, that that influence has often been baneful, even almost fatal. England is far distant in that species of greatness. Her manners and customs have established certain Germanic barriers and proprieties, which do not allow female genius the bold and independent scope enjoyed by the daughters of her neighboring her across the channel. Bold, restless and independent, the mind of the French woman has displayed itself in the highest paths of society and politics. In the time of Louis XIV they were the real chiefs of the Fronde. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Retraction of the Edict of Nantes—those darkest spots in the historical page of France—were owing to Catherine of Medicis and Madame de Maintenon; and under Louis XV, Madame du Barry was the real conductor of affairs, instead of the weak and corrupt Ossianque. Then, at the court of St. Louis and in the brilliant salon of Paris, women, in their conduct and quick in their perceptions, have ever aspired to interference, power and absolute sway. Disguised by the contemplations of such characters as we have mentioned, one turns with relief and pleasure to the names of Madame Roland and Madame de Stael—than when the literature of no country furnishes more successful and brilliant writers.

In this paper and one or two following, we propose to give a short sketch of the life of Madame de Stael and to offer such remarks upon her works and her influence as our limited reading and knowledge shall permit.

Anne-Louise-Germaine Necker was born in the first half of the year 1760. Her father was the Genevois banker who became so celebrated during the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was much addicted to the gesture and postures of wonderful penetration and extensive knowledge of affairs, a man very uncommon in his day and time; and it is strange that his daughter held him in almost idolatrous filial affection. In fact, a love and devotion parallel to hers can scarcely be found in all biography; and she is the maternal hero of Madame de Staël, or the centenary devotion of Queen Victoria to the memory of the Prince Consort. Her mother was the daughter of a Swiss Calvinist clergyman, and is described as possessing great talents, yet cold, Parianical and severe, having inherited those stern qualities, sometimes admirable and sometimes condemnable, which characterized the religion of her ancestors. She was fond of literature and somewhat given to authorship; but the most of her time was devoted to the education of her child. The consequence followed as she desired: Madame Stael Necker was remarkably precocious, and the intellectual wonder of such personages as Grimm, Marquand, Gibbon and others of almost equal notoriety, who mingled in the elevated society of Cappet, the palatial home of the rich banker. The child-woman used to sit on a near her mother's chair, and though only ten or twelve years old, she would sit at wise, by returning to her mother's arm, nor, every one who visited the chateau of the Neckers. "Every one is approaching Madame Necker, said a woman to her daughter, either in the shape of a compliment or a platitude. She answered all easily and with grace; people seemed pleased to attack her, to embarrass her, to excite her imagination, which was already so brilliant. The remarkable man who always took most notice of her and who provided her with money, asked them for an account of her reading, recommended books for her perusal, and gave her a taste for study in talking to her of what she knew or of what she had yet to learn." So writes Madame de Staël of her at this time.

At twenty she exerted authorship, by writing a little comedy, and at fifteen she made a commentary upon the "Esprit de Lois" of Montesquieu. About the latter age her father was dismissed from his office, and he immediately published his "Corres rendus," or exposition of the expenditures made during his ministry. Ever ready and anxious to make himself conspicuous, he wrote him an anonymous letter, containing a criticism upon his production, which, her historians tell us, was worthy of one learned in political economy and the affairs of State. Rousseau, par excellence, was her best ideal genious; and under the influence of his works, she developed an almost moral self-sufficiency, which is very conspicuous in all her early productions, and more or less evident in the works of her mature years. Her youthful genius gave vent to itself during the next few years, in an elegant elegy upon the writer above mentioned, in a versified drama, entitled "Sophie, ou, le Mariage a la Bienfaisance," —all efforts of promise in one so young. They were published and said to have been read with enthusiasm by her expanding circle of friends.

Such had Madame de Staël accomplished at twenty. It may not be, that, out of place here to indulge a brief description of her personal appearance of that age. She was tall and proportions, with the beauty and sense of a woman, but the modesty, delicacy and freshness of a child, in position, possessing a figure somewhat after the Greek style, she was not what might be termed beautiful; nevertheless her figure was that interesting and wonderful caprice undulation which is the index of a high, noble and often burning soul. A contemporary thus speaks of her, though in a somewhat exaggerated manner: "Her great black eyes play with genius, her black hair falls back upon her shoulders in every curl; her features are rather strongly marked than delicate; one discerns in each one a want of something above the sum of her destiny of her sex. * * I listen to her, I look at her with transport; I discern in her features something superior to beauty. How much play and variety has her countenance! How many shades of expression the modulation of her voice! If I have not a perfect agreement is there between her thoughts and her physiognomy? She speaks, and if her words do not reach me, the inflection of her voice, her gestures, her looks, suffice to interpret her meaning."

And now having briefly brought the history of this great woman down to her early womanhood, we take a short leave of her, reserving for a future article, her later considerations upon her life, her writings and her influence upon her times.

SELECT A PROFESSION AND STICK TO IT.

Whatever be your position in life, learn to rely upon yourself. Make true and honest the basis of all your actions. Set your stakes high, and strive to reach them. Let none of the main principles of your nature supplant that of self-dependence. Make for yourself a character which, in view of adversity, when poverty tempting; when grief demands your attention, or every one who visited the chateau of the Neckers. "Every one is approaching Madame Necker, said a woman to her daughter, either in the shape of a compliment or a platitude. She answered all easily and with grace; people seemed pleased to attack her, to embarrass her, to excite her imagination, which was already so brilliant. The remarkable man who always took most notice of her and who provided her with money, asked them for an account of her reading, recommended books for her perusal, and gave her a taste for study in talking to her of what she knew or of what she had yet to learn." So writes Madame de Staël of her at this time.

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TRUE IMMORTALITY.

Daily we see the work of decay going on around us. Nothing seems permanent. Everything appears to be destined to an earthly destruction. All animated things wax, wane, and are gene very soon. Vegetation springs up and flowers for only a brief season. For a while the forests are cloathed in their robes of green, and echo with the music of feathered magpies. But, soon the leaves fade and fall, the forest assumes a gloomy aspect, and the screech of a toto in the winter. The beautiful tinted flower blossoms and emits its fragrant perfume, the next moment it withers and leaf by leaf it falls. Neither does the fell destroyer withhold his spectre from man. One day he rides in the chariot of life, but on the close of another day the last breath carries him to his final resting place.

We look back into the past, and trace the course of the Angel of Destruction, and who of us would not feel, even at an age, when she folded her lovely wings. Scarcely had the song of the “Stars” over the newly-made world died away, when the flower of Eden felt its blight. It dries in each flower and rises upon each breeze, in a tree the king is snatched from his throne, and the queen, surrounded by all the blaze and glittering pomp of royalty, has yielded to its iron sceptre.

In contemplating the past, we are astonished at the apparent mutability of all human institutions. Though Babel’s tower rose until it pierced the dazzling clouds of heaven, still in a moment it is buried by the fire of war. Solomon and Gomorrah were resting in apparent security, and not an endless chain was to be seen in the history of the ages; but suddenly the magazines of destruction gathered over their peaceful heads, and in an instant hurled them into the fiery vortex of ruin. Thus all the glory and magnificence of antiquity have been buried in the general Maelstrom of ages.:

Time rushes on in his triumphal chariot, dragging nations into the abyss of oblivion. Revolutions sweep over the face of earth. Empires rise and fall. The monuments of Hebrew grandeur, the most gaudy palaces and solemn temples have crumbled into dust. Life seems but the vestibule to death.

While thus contemplating the general wreck of the past, we might naturally inquire what is destined to

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“Resist the empire of decay.” We now come to speak of that only which can survive fresh in eternal remembrance through the ages. We speak of the truly great, who, by their noble deeds, have proved themselves benefactors of mankind. It has been truthfully said that such men have two immortalities: the one they leave behind them, the other they take with them to another sphere. Though dead, they live. The glories which shroud their graves is not sufficient to assuage the lustre of their glory. They will live on and on. Their memory will be deeply imprinted in the hearts of all coming generations. Their deeds will echo and re-echo through the bygone lines of ages to come. In vain will the third wave of oblivion roll over these worthy immortals; the splendor of their immortality dispels the glooms of forgetfulness and decay. They speak from the tomb. Their voices come to the youthful aspirant to fame and honor, admonishing him to press on, and the gloom of adversity, which seems to mottle his pathway, will disappear at the sight of the rising sun. Long after the blood of saints and heroes has ceased to crimson the battlefield, and their bones have been bleached, decayed, and have been scattered to the four winds of heaven, will the trumpet notes of their fame be heard. The historic Muses will delight to perpetuate their immortal names to the latest generation.

Deeds can claim no victory over time. The marble monuments erected over their graves may crumble; but they have monuments in the hearts of mankind which will remain unsullied and unsathed by the scathing hand of Time. They live the noblest lives in death.

“His praise’s Upon the water Jones
Must stand the common tomb of all.

“Tides shall hearken, winds shall wail.
That will rise through empire fall.”

Our great men appear upon the stage of action, and pass on; not as the fleeting comet, that dazzles us for a while and disappears forever, leaving not a vestige of its glory behind. They leave a lingering light around their pathway—a glory imperishable.

Such a master spirit as Newton can never be shrouded in the shades of forgetfulness. The voice of his fame will be heard while time itself lasts; yes, we might say that it is co-eternal with the “music of the spheres,” in whose charm his philosophic mind was accustomed to revel.

Huygen speaks to us of the present, as to those who were hallowed with his life and soul; he has given in a motion a “wave of influences, which widens and extends to the eternal shores,” that crackled a chord, under the inspiration of the poetic Muses, which will vibrate through coming ages.

Our Washington is now acting as noble a part in the preservation of our country as he did when his living voice was heard in the cause of right and freedom. He can not be forgotten. His renown is as immortal as the principles which he defended. Every star in the flag of our country still glows with the glory of his deeds. The thunder, as they roar with a majesty along the verge of heaven, and the lightsnings, as they burst from the cloud shrub and play around the lofty spires, tell of the immortality of a Franklin.

Numerous are the deathless worthies whom we might mention. Suffice it to say, that of some of these America may well be proud, the very molds of whose names thrill every bosom. The memory of those whose names will ever be celebrated by the whole nation. They are the guardian spirits of our Republic. They keep an eternal vigil over its destiny.

“Then do not say the common love
Of all He deep in Levi’s wave
Shall burn the bonds of the grave.”

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