Distinguished Tennesseans.

From Lawon White.

Biography and eloquence hence almost seems to be one. Later generations of men seem to have reversed completely the aphorism of history—to have adopted the oriental maxim which forbids us to speak anything but the good of the dead. A few instances there are of writers of biography who claim to be, and in their own estimation doubtless are, “strictly impartial.” Such, for instance, is James Parton, who is so strictly impartial as to deserve Colossus as a truant, and lead in gleaming language the shining virtues of Anne Burr and Benjamin Franklin. A large majority, however, are given over to eulogy or elegy. And this is perhaps susceptible of explanation from the fact that it is seldom that any but hero-worshippers, particular friends, or relatives, Headsley, Beardslee or Lockhart, enter this department of art. And thus when great men die their memories are enshrined in the odors of Column and handed down to future generations, unless fortunately they fall into the hands of a strictly impartial Scott or Parton.

The illustrious subject of this sketch has had neither a Walter Scott nor a Parton—they have shared the common lot of all men.

The only biography of Judge White extant is one written by an immediate descendant, a lady of rare learning and culture. It is true, but naturally biased in his favor. So that we have not a full view of his life, and an analysis of the character such as we could desire, but rather a hasty sketch of his early life and a vindication of his later political career. The view presented is one-sided, but the records of the country from which the materials of this work are largely drawn, show that so far as goes its authenticity is indefensible. It is not incorrect but incorrect, and so considered it is that a careful scrutiny of our authorities is calculated to lead us to the palpable error of concluding that Hugh Lawson White was entirely free from the faults common to men. To know that he lived is to know that he had his faults, but what they were we have no available means of ascertaining. That he died with the object that it is mere eloquence, it will be, because, with our present lights, nothing but eulogy would have no foundation but imagination. Public records are inaccessible, biography is one-sided, and tradition is one-sided; we have no record of faults, but of virtues we have, and they are such as command our highest respect and admiration.

Hugh Lawson White, eldest son of Gen. James White, was born in Tredwell county, North Carolina, October 20, 1778. When he was eight years of age his father came with his family to East Tennessee and settled upon the banks of the Holston river, about a mile above the present city of Knoxville. At that time, however, and for some years after, Knoxville did not exist—her seven hills being in nothing distinguished from hundreds of others around them.

The future Jurist, Senator and Presidential aspirant did not enjoy the advantageous possession of the large number of his distant nearcousins who crowed the large offices of our flourishing city. The following is a description of his house from the pen of a relative:—

"A fine view of the old edifice displays two square sections, pews, or separate apartments of unequal size, each a story and a half high. It stood on a high bank of woods towards the corner of the house which was finished by a large overhanding roof; the interior is of stucco, with the interior of the main hall leading to a large central hall, with an outer covering of boards. Between these room stands a heavy stone chimney furnishing a five-place ice box. A large fireplace extends along the whole front, with windows on either side. The pews are arranged in four rows and are supposed for the church service. The whole stands upon wooden blocks or underpinning; one main window is visible, while a simple step ladder in each corner of the church is the stairway to the gallery above."
KNOXVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

on the question are undoubtedly among the ablest delivered. He was opposed to the resolutions concerning Jackson, but voted against the enacting resolutions on the ground that the matter was out of his right to act on any public matters. During his later years in the Senate he was Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and found his previous experience as Secretary to Governor Bledsoe, of great use.

We owe to the climax of Judge White's political career—his elevation in the Senate—a more vivid impression of the men of the old Whig party. And peculiarly to appreciate the natures which influenced his course in this matter, we must consider briefly his relations with General Jackson when he came to the bar in 1796. Andrew Jackson was one of the Judges of the Superior Court, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between the Judge and the young attorney, which was only broken by the unfortunate occurrences which we are about to narrate. In all three of his Presidential campaigns, Jackson received the warmest and most energetic support from Judge White. When he was on trial before a Senate with a hostile majority his researches boldly exposed his cause and renewed his signal service. And when he was finally elected President, Judge White was for many years the chief support of his administration, shaping and controlling almost entirely his policy with regard to Finance and Indian Affairs. In 1830 he wished to resign his seat in the Senate, but only removed an account of the urgent necessities of Jackson and his friends. In 1831 Jackson declined that he should accept a position in his Cabinet, but this he repeatedly declined to do. Jackson was offended. A breach was made which offenses interlocked and culminated in the duel of 1834, and Jackson and White were completely estranged. In October, 1837, the latter was nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee for the Presidency, and he accepted. Previous to this Jackson had been trying to win White over to his Van Buren-Benton policy by offering him a seat in the Cabinet, and the Department of the States or the second seat on the Van Buren ticket. But having failed of success he and his friends here tried the effect of threats and bullying; exciting every effort to keep him from running for President, for his candidacy was even then extensively talked of. And it was this effect as bullying and disastrous to his political career which was almost anything else caused his acceptance of the nomination tendered by the Legislature. He had no apparent for the Presidency. He had said in the early part of the campaign—that he was not a man to启 who was conscious of no desire to be President, to behavior the position was one that should rather than shunned than sought. But he yielded to the voice of his countrymen from all parts of the land, and to a desire to vindicate his character from suspicion cast upon it by his newly made opponents. For so soon as the Legislature of Tennessee announced his nomination than Jackson, that peace of states, declared war against him, and waged it with characteristic and unprecedented bitterness. In this he received invaluable aid from his "Man Friday," Major Eaton, incalculable pamphlets and other documents overloading with vilification, nearly Wilson's war had been made. The press, through Webster, Clay and Calhoun, were, perhaps, of superior ability, but not one of them was his equal in making devotion to principle and to the interests and welfare of the people.

SOLOTHUS, THE RESORT OF POETIC GENIUS.

Genius of a genius seen ever to seek the loneliness of retirement, though often apparently wrapped in deep melancholy, their spirits find a charm in the magical enchantments of their solitude. Hopelessly does poetic genius strive to abstract itself from the external world, and sport in the infinite delights and pleasures of its own self-created. Men of such temperament decline to mingle with the incongruous and should things of the world without; they dwell in their own ideal world, and there luxuriate in the poet's paradise, enjoying that rare luxury called by some one "the banquetting of his own thoughts. They naturally turn their thoughts from the sober realities of life, into the scenes of their dreary ideal, peopled by the creatures of their own imagination. The Beethoven takes the place of the Real.

The poet seeks to retire into the depths of solitude to mingle with his lofty thoughts, and to catch the inspiration of the Muse, who, with her attendant train, chants their rural strains at the shrine of Genius. It is a noticeable fact that nearly all men of genius, especially of the poetical class, are wholly unfit for social enjoyment; the infectious and contagious form which the bend of social and domestic life, have no attractions for them. Such seems to be incompossible with their nature. Their habits of retirement make them seemingly the most unsocial and unwieldy of all beings. This innate unsuitability to appreciate the attractions of society and domestic felicity, result from their temperament. They are naturally from a long cultivation of the imagination, for the narrow they indulge in this the more they become estranged from their fellow beings. Still, in the earlier part of the career of most poets, we often see much affection and tenderness manifested by them for the real objects of life. Of all creatures they are the most sentimental. Not a few instances have we of youthful poets becoming enamored of some fair creature, and who would immolate her, cherishing an unifying affection. Harris in his early youth delighted to sing his love to his "Bonnie sweet round bass voice."

The unfortunate Byron, in his youth, was a worshipper at the shrine of Love. When he failed to secure the object of his ardent pursuit, in vain did he invoke vengeance upon the past, in vain did he utter the matronal tirade:

"Oh memory, torture me no more.

My hopes of future bliss are o'er.

In mercy veil the past."

In fact it seems that Cupid in the forerunner of the Muse. Cupid taxes, as it were, the ha'penny to poetic, to poetic, to poetic, to poetic.

But this early attachment to the real and natural objects of tenderness and affection, is soon warpered by the worship of some artificial creature of the imagination, which fancy paints with its rainbow eddies, and idealizes into a fair angel dwells in the deep abodes of heaven—a paragon of beauty and loveliness. This past warpered by the things of reality, and beholding with the eye of fancy, pays reverence to the idol of his own creation; and then it becomes the theme of his song.

Thus accustomed to dwell in a world of his own, surrounded by the images of ideal perfection, he naturally considers all that fails to reach his standard of excellence, an unworthy of his notice or care. Thus making the sensibilities of the heart subordinate to those of the imagination. He wholly disparages himself for the cold realities of life. Search among the most illustrious poets from Homer to Byron, and you will find these realists and military spirits wrapped up in the contemplation of their imaginary beings of perfection, which to them, in part, have become realities. On account of this poetic spirit perhaps, the papers have been broken half a dozen at once. How many domestic obligations it has caused! Sad rates of geniuses! Dante, a solitary exile, dismising all thoughts of the leveled ones at home, passed a rediscnecfie life in sweet dreams of his idol Beatrice, and, in his lonely hours, would only think of the "Sole pure Seraph" of his earliest lore.
The elusive spirit inherent in the majority of men of genius only conduces to their immortal fame. The one who is ever in contact with the familiar scenes of red human life, and who moves in the gay circles of society, may dazzle and captivate those in his immediate sphere, but there is no posthumous glory in reserve for him. Such is reserved only for the one who retires into solitude, and there, undisturbed, ponders forth the rich treasures of his genius in immortal verse, which will be transmitted to future generations in its unalloyed purity and sweetness, and stamped with immortality. It is only in solitude where genius can essay her secret unvarnished; it is only there, where the bard can tune his lyre in harmony with the music of nature; then be delights to dwell, for,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the heathy shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
There is the deep sea, and music in the air."

The glee, which hints retirement, and with which genius is wont to enthrone herself, is that which the masts of night from the firmament. Only, when night has spread her sable curtains across the skies do the twinkling stars peep forth; only, when genius puts on her glistening garb, to her sparkling gems and jewels, in all whose splendor it is, she is not ashamed to wear. She scarce awakens from her slumber until the morn of genius has pried open her weary lids.

In obedience to this impulse, we see him leaving his native land, and all that is dear to him. He embarks upon the ocean, and rushes on, as it were, by an irresistible force, to face the fierce storms of life; as it has swept the waste of water. He is lost in the vastness of the sea, and only the stars above can guide him. He must have wandered in the vastness of the sea, and only the stars above can guide him.

"Fair Greece, and sole of departed worth
Immortal, though no more; through, fallen, great."

His glowing imagination restores her to her palmy days. It wakes the sleeping heroes of Marathon and Thermopylae. It calls up the glorious image of the ageless city, transformed into a gorgeous city, and gives her Demosthenes and Socrates to the music of his eloquence. Parnassus, rising in the glimmer of mountain majesty, is rendered with the Muse. Thus the son and forerunner of Greece through her happiest days, andcool behold her glories fade away, star by star. Now Delphi's is forsaken; the sacred Nine have deserted Parthenon: the winged seafarer passes sorrowfully, by the ruins of Athens, whispering a sad requiem over her departed glory.

Reflectively does the past recur to his steps his native land; but, there, even among friends, finding all things incidental, he now bids a last farewell to England. For long he has been in a foreign land, and there, in his lonely home, nursing imaginary dreams he bestrides his foot. Certainly genius finds her only solace in solitude from the shades of the world; of a life led in the shadow of the Delphic of Delphi, on the summit of the Mount of Parnassus, the winged seafarer. The winged seafarer, a vessel for the soul, was but a pleasing image of the sea, and gave it coloring to paint all the horrors of his Inferno. Not until the blindness of Milton had cast the shadows of solitude around his genius, did it shine in its fullest splendor. Not until his eyes were closed upon the external world, and he was left to the visions of the mind, did it rise to its grandeur and sublimity. His blindness gave wings to his imagination. There was no limit to his flight. The heavenly Minerva unbars the gates of eternity, and unlocks to him its awful mysteries. He travels in imagination back to the scenes of eternal ages, when none existed save the immortal Three, when Silence sat queen throughout the universal domain, and the whole universe was wrapped in darkness. He hears the first note struck upon an angel's harp, when no shadow of crime had yet touched the glory of eternity; nor had the fallen serpent been expelled from his home in the skies. Suddenly all the glories of creation burst upon his unenraptured eyes. Sanzio bursts from his cell and throws the key of the secrets of heaven through the morning, the night of which makes the choral symphonies of heaven. He sits upon the emblazoned mountains and beholds the workings of mighty spirits, and sees the royal angel chased by lightnings into the utter void—a shadowy wanderer in the dark deep. He lingers in the flowerly fields of Eden, and contemplates primal innocence. He sees the braunish bloom in Eden, and then transferred to Elysium, where it is forever watered by the "river of bliss." Such is the power of genius unrestrained in the silence of solitude.

W. E. B.

EXTRACTS

"The exorcizing effects of inactivity upon the physical structure and energies of mankind, few can have failed to be struck with, and I trust, to be competent to sustain. A thorough-blooded race, if confined in stable or paddock, or a harem, born of the fairest muses and maids, if prematurely incarcerated in a jail, will, after a few years, become quite unable to compete with these vestal inferiors in natural endowments and capabilities; however, they may, with careful training, be restored to the full enjoyment and exercise of their powers. Thus is it with the temper and intellect of man, which, scattered from the scenes of appropriate stimulus and exercise, become relaxed and weakened. What would have been of the glorious spirit and powers of a young and fair talents and accomplishments would be lost, or, at most, a mere vestige of them, is cultivated for the fortunate and audacious occupants, to the very uttermost, and all those inhuman things which freo, worry, and harass the soups, and the heart, and the eden of the rich regions of ordinary life; whereas, instead of existing into this the through of life, and taking part in its various cares and concerns—which require all his energies always in exercises, to keep his place and escape being trodden underfoot. Rejoice upon it, that the man who feels a tendency to shrink from collision with his fellows, to run away with dialect or appreciation, to abandon his noble aims, or to seek only the most meagre complete moral or intellectual health—will quickly contract a silly conceit and follies, or sink into mediocrity and misanthropy; and should decently thank Providence for the occasion, however momentarily starting, and revolving, which stars him out of his lethargy, and awakens him from his false bow—puts him, in a manner, upon a course of training; upon an experience of comparative suffering, it may be of sorrow, requiring the exercise of powers which he had before scarcely been conscious, and gives him presently the exhilarating consciousness that he is exhibiting the evident signs of progress.

"It is probable," says a very acute and powerful writer of the present day, Mr. Foster, in his Essay on "Delusion of Character"—that the men most distinguished for decision, have not in general, possessed a large share of tenderness; and it is easy to imagine that the laws, according to which they have been enabled to exercise their talents with success, have frequently allowed the combination of the refined sensibilities, with a hardly, never shrinking never yielding constancy. Is it set almost of the essence of this constancy, to be free from even the perception of such impressions as causes a mind, work through sacripicities, to relax, and the woman's {dialect} make, is evidence in overwhelming—yet it may consist partly, too, in not having them. The case in contemplation is perhaps the difficult, though by no means, I am persuaded, uncommon one of a person possessing these delicate sensibilities, these lively feelings; yet with a native strength of character, beneath which, when the occasion for its display has arrived, it is placed in a scene of constant and compulsory activity, will fully enoble and vindicate itself. It is then, that another essential principle of the decision of character, to quote from another part of the same essay, will be displayed; namely, a total insusceptibility of surrendering to indifference, or delay the serious determination of the mind. A strength will must occupy the conclusions of thought, and constantly urge the utmost effort, for their practical accomplishment. The intellect must be invested, as it were, with a glowing atmosphere of passion, under the influence of which the cool consideration of the "right way of reason take flight, and spring into active powers."

There is, indeed, nothing like throwing a man of the description we are considering upon his own resources, and compelling him to exertion. Listen, ye languishing and half-gifted victims of indolent torpor! The completest language of one gifted with so great powers as perhaps were ever ravished to man—Edmund Burke.

"Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows better than we know ourselves, as he conceives better than we what the heart of mankind is capable of containing, and in what manner it can safely and salutarily be exercised. He that troubles us with strengths and struggles and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper. This amiable contest with difficulty, obliges us to intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations; it will not be easy to escape from it.

The man whose disposition is one of steady excellence, despite the few flaws which it may have contracted in comparative solitude and inactivity, who is compelled to mix indifferently with the great family of man, ah, how potent and tenacious he is made in the world, when also constantly restrained, when also constantly minded of, and made to feel, his own! Oh, how pitiful! how very pitiful! how very he page greys and overflows with love, and mercy, and charity toward his species, inimitably—where every look on their generous privations, their often invariable distress and misery; and who penetrates even to those desolate quarters."

"Where helplessness assuaged pours her moans, and lonely waves retire to the far

—From "A Thousand a Year"

Some geographical errors are funny. In a New York paper recently appeared the paragraph: "Paris was said to be"...were reached..."This, Pat said is," and..."out the flag," appeared as "Put out the flag. When France was invaded by the Germans, was telegraphed from Chicago a few years ago, the first line, "Heart of land, can this be dying;" appeared in the newspapers compiled with the operator's warning, "Robert Burns is passing by heart of land can this be dying?" Horace Greeley wrote at the head of an editorial, "Will the new day dawn, and the dark night end?" A New Haven editor wrote "Is there lathan in Gilead?"

was surprised at table next morning to read, "Is there a barn in Odell?" The crowned, "American homes grown and forgiving," was recently transformed into "American Germans and Foreigners." A recent editor in Detroit wished to announce his subscription being open, oneSubscription," as "The Friend of Sobriety."" It is customary to throw all the blame on the poor composers, but such blunders are often caused by the abominable manuscripts of people who are too lazy to try to write plainly and legibly.
The University Monthly.

To the Inmates of the East Tennessee University, and the Literary Societies.

EDITORs:
T. H. COOPER, Editor in Chief. J. W. WALLAU, Second Chief. T. J. PELMORRH, Associate Editor.

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

terms of subscription:
One Copy, One Year
$1.00
Two Copies, Two Years
$2.00

The number of students in attendance at E. T. University has been, since June 1st, as follows: collegiate year, 1871-2, 326; 1872-3, 327; 1873-4, 316; 1874-5, 312, averaging 326 a year. For the first three months of this term the admissions are 331, and the aggregate in the collegiate year will probably be over 390.

Yours respectfully,
T. W. H.

The effect of the meetings held on various occasions by the Students Union at the University is of great importance.

The Philanthensian and Chi-Delta Literary Societies of E. T. University have been, since last fall, the dominant body at the opera house on the night of the 22nd. The Faculty had kindly given Washington's birthday as a holiday, so the students did not attend the exercises in a body; but nearly all took out young ladies. The hall was filled with an appreciative audience; and, hence, the order and attention was excellent throughout the evening.

According to our judgements the societies' representatives have never acquitted themselves with more honor both to themselves and to the societies, since we have been on this campus.

ANNUAL SOCIETY REPRESENTATION.

The annual representation of Philanthensian and Chi-Delta Societies of E. T. University was held last night at the Opera House. A large and very attentive audience was in attendance. It has seldom been our fortune to observe such constant and fixed interest at an entertainment of this character as was manifested on this occasion, and the young gentlemen participating contributed themselves, without exception, much to the success of the evening.

The order of exercises began with an oration by Mr. D. M. Rose, entitled "Effect of Machinery." Mr. Rose handled his subject very ably, but his oration, from beginning to end, was perfectly perfect. The oration elicited deep study and earnest thought, and kept the audience of the audience enthralled.

The oration of Mr. C. C. DeGruchy was characterized by careful study and great beauty of expression. This young gentleman promises to be the author of no mean order at some future day. His oration, however, is susceptible of improvement.

The discussion of the institution "Progression in Europe " by Mr. R. H. Ledbetter, shows that the reader is quite well acquainted with the progress of the European nations, and especially with the progress in England, France, and Germany.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY 21, 1879.

Our library needs the attention of the Faculty and Trustees. It is totally unvisited, of the University, in fact there are privates libraries in the city that are more serviceable than ours. But we do not lay the whole blame on the students. The fault lies at least partly with ourselves, the Faculty and Trustees: they ought not to make such additions to it as are necessary at the present time at a cost of $15,000, and at the present time at a cost of $15,000. The library is not yet large enough, and the faculties and the students are not well enough served.

We have clipped the articles from the advance sheets of the "Sanitary Committee's Report." It speaks well for our noble Institution, and we trust that parents will read carefully.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 16th, 1875.

Dr. A. B. Delbecq;

Dear Sir,—You note of the 11th received. The
LOCAL.

We would like to have an organ in chapel.

Pleasant words to delinquent sages. "Go foot."

We propose to sing "Deesis" sometimes now. We have nearly learned it.

The Cash-stabber has moved his quarters to the East Building.

Peter Fresh, we thought as we heard one sigh and wish for the "Calcium days of yore."

After hearing Josh Billings we were much inclined to say "O Shoo!"

"That's a bad time for the trees to take bave, but it seems they will if they bave any more.

The wind blows mighty cold in a fellow's face goin' this way, but, I hope it will change before I start back.

According to Josh Billings' ideas of a happy man we have a few at E. T. U. just now.

Mr. Prov. I deny the allegation as a falsehood and charge the low efforts of the alligator!

"Je ne sais quoi est nuisible," is what a certain Fresh writes this lady-love when he would say, "O, I love you."

Prof. "Translate" "Quo vos vultis qui nisi " how do you make a fire in the morning?"

"Anne Ellis, Anna Ellis, Once I loved, but now despise her, And as I no longer prize her, For, although I am no wiser, I will not pay for what she buys her."

We have quite a lot of new advertisements in this number and would call the special attention of all the boys to them as well as those who give us standing business. Give them your patronage. We have tried them all and find them clever and correct, as well as accommodating.

When Prof. P—gives a lesson in trigonometry the faces of the class lengthen in ratio to the extent of the lesson. They all have long faces.

When we visit home for a few weeks we are inclined to feel like Columbus did on landing in America—we are "first ever" as much.

Why is stepping on Tabby's continuation like the equinox at sea? We may look for "squalls" and "eats paws" about this time.

Sharp has been swallowing dews of blotting paper ever since he swallowed Pitzer's ink. You need not be surprised if he blows himself out before long.

It was a mistake about J. S. Long getting any flowers on the 22d—he showed them to us today and they were sweet.

"Una fea de golden hair.

The maiden smiling, sweetly said,

As she hung it on a chair

And softly, glided into bed.

Now does anybody know where the University Building is? Where does it rise and which way does it run? Have you ever crossed it, and is it very deep? Is it really a vent which sure, enough?

We had a shower from Greenland as the 4th instant, and as a consequence broken window panes, hanged eyes and base teeth were the go while the snow hasted. So were extras the go on the following Saturday.

We noticed in the last Star the obituary of K—s feet. We were personally acquainted with them and have always noticed they were highly respected by all who knew them. But now they will be subject to the dark grave.

"Jap," says Prof. D—needn't labor under the delusion that he is greasing him with those sleight-of-hand tricks and performances in the laboratory, and warns the rest of the boys not to believe them.


The cedars are compelled to attend chapel services every morning, the Faculty are not. We hereby offer, as an incentive to those who do not attend chapel, a hymn-book for regular attendance.

The Juniors are trying to green the Sophs. by giving out that they are going to have no Junior exhibition. They might just as well, as the false programme will come all the same if they do not.

Quite a number of the boys received daisy little messages on the 14th, bearing pictures of little cupids on the route step, nervously hurling his shafts into bleeding little hearts. Linked together inseparably with little epistolary effusion like this one to John McClellan: "My ailing Johnnie, My owny downy boy."

Receipt for killing the tune of a bell.—Rode one gallon of coal tar one hour, mix in well one peck of goose feathers, apply these three costs liable and out, and wrap four layers of channel, seared in tar, around the clapper and bind this on with brown wire, steal the bell rope and pour molten lead into the bellly lock.

SUB-SOCIETIES.

During the past months each of the Literary Societies have organized a Society in the preparatory department. The following officers were elected for the present ten weeks:

SUB-CU-DETA.

R. B. Hunter, President; J. W. F. Hughes, Vice-President; J. M. Allen, Critic; C. P. Murphy, Recording Secretary; G. T. Gaines, Assistant Recording Secretary; M. Nicholson, Corresponding Secretary; J. L. Murphy, Treasurer; H. E. Austin, Chief Editor of the Crescent; J. B. Fleming, 1st Assistant Editor; J. S. York, 2nd Assistant Editor; W. W. Smith, 34th Editor; A. B. Duncan, 4th Editor.

SUB-BLICKMATIS.

J. D. Ellkommen, President; S. Westen Vice President; S. L. Williams, Recording Secretary; R. S. M. Moore, Critic; C. C. Mitchell, Treasurer; H. C. Price, Marshal; W. W. Begg, Editor-in-Chief; H. S. Bridges, Assistant Editor; E. W. Copeland, Assistant Editor; Board of Directors.—S. Westen, S. S. Williams, C. C. Mitchell.

A bilet craft did William send, To tell the love that burned in him; But it was more like Billy don't. The answer she returned to him.

"Do you see that heifer with the red cows on?" Said a citizen at the bell in Rawlin, Wyoming. "Well, that is my wife, an' of yo dance with her man two times, I'll shite the whole top off yer head."

A Chinaman was caught stealing a piece of rubber hose. The brute owner kicked him around a whole square, and after he had exhausted himself and incapacitated the colossal for sedentary occupations, John calmly pronounced the following question: "You seem no like bournemouth!"

Down the country a few days since an old college crumpled into a church and seated himself by the stove. The heat began to have an unbalanced effect and as soon as people in his fix, and he began to be demonstrative of a sense of which a gag is the initiation and prominent evidence. The preacher requested the officers of the church to show him the door. He rose and reached the door saying something like this words. "E-hick-oo-uk—thatwassomeoneoftheababukas."

A Jew, after being Jowed down from twenty dollars to fourteen on a coat, was asked by the purchaser why he had you just as well have said fourteen at first. He whispered: "You see de little man ever debor belint de counter wid de humps on here back. Well, sot is name brocker who is my partner and he has de heart disease, and if he hears me tell you I takes fourteens dollars for de style of coat, he drops down in his trucial de minute."

The class of '76, notorious because of their qualities and manner of procedure—having failed in the movement of popular interest to themselves as a body—and being a unit in all the great questions of life as far as may be without encroaching upon each other's private ideas and sentiments with regard to certain individuals now residing in the city and elsewhere declare their intention to dramatize Mark Twain's "The Innocent Abroad" and play it in one set upon the road to Philadelphia after the 7th of June.
The German empire has still another enemy, and France an ally, in the Roman Catholic Church, which, through the press, is active against the former in this country, and did not shrink from framing the sympathy of Germans in their native country to France. The charge of vandalism does not well agree with many Germans' criticisms on their own success in war, when they say that the victory was due to their schoolmasters as well as to their officers, and that the German soldier had proved superior to the French soldier, the panache of the French being more polish than the Savagism of the German. The Germans can derive much from France in the first decade of this century, but no desire of aggrandizement of the former with the proper territory of the latter was entertained; precipitation against further encroachments of the German-speaking neighbor; the "watch on the Rhine," and, if anything else, the recovery of the German territory still in French possession was all the German nation wished for, as far as my experience goes, and unless it has changed its character, I believe it will now be perfectly satisfied, having regained Alsace and Lorraine and that union with them that the late Emperor intended. The revival of the Church in France is probably more certain, and perhaps military force from the German soldiers—after having endured the hardships of war, after many sacrfices on their own part and that of their people at home—desired to see Paris, may well be considered, considering that man wants something more, to cheer him up, and how pleasant it is for returns to chase the weary hours away by reminiscences.

A German proverb says, "in any flock may be found scabby sheep." So, also, in every nation will be found individuals of a low character. Perhaps there were some such in the German army of 1870-71. Would you, for individuals so few in number, as to form an exception to the whole, condemn a nation or its army? And if there were any of the class alluded to, did they find any occasion for displaying their evil traits? One thing I have to say in order to refute accusations of the German soldiery, is, that strict subordination is maintained in it, and that individuals could not easily commit outrages unpunished, unless those in authority should sympathize therewith. But the German Government was of so meagre spirit. I will not mention here facts in proof. The French captives in Germany at the close of the war were treated with the consideration of the people of that country; but when some of them fell sick and physicians declared that these captives, being unaccustomed to the brown bread of the Germans, must have white bread, they got it. The captives then had better fare than their captors. I will not tempt your patience with further particulars of the good treatment of the French captives and the good conduct of the Germans in France, you might reject them as one-sided, and I do not even know many well enough to relate them, having, as I said above, been averse to that which could be subject to such an objection; but I know and mention that the German claim to have treated the French humanely, and therefore deserves the credit, if not of having done what they asserted, at least of knowing what is a good report, and consequently they cannot be vandals of the worst sort. I can furnish you with many points of the waccamaw of the w Blackwater and of 1896, to convince you that European warfare of the present age is very different from the usage of the dark age. The article in the University Monthly does not touch the part of German diplomacy in the war, therefore I will not allude to that.

The sentiments towards the French nation, laid down in the article, are very liable. The assistance which France gave the United States in their early struggles for existence, ought not to be forgotten, still less to be forgotten without a Latin proverb, in the middle ages, "whoever scorns a friend, may have reason to repent.

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when my dying brother implored on my tender lips the last burning kiss, I cared for nothing more than to bury my trembling hands warmly on one of hers, while the other extended to the bedstand, who waited to steer her over the "forgotten sea," murmured softly: "Farewell, my darling boy, keep me in heaven." Whether I have listened to these words or not, those words have ever been my motto.

When on their way I rend them, and feel conscious that from the bright bennettions of heaven those same mellow eyes are looking down upon me, and that some sweet voice whispering an admonition.

"How many scenes are in the remembrance of each of us, soft, and thin, and sacred beyond the painter's art to copy, but hang, hang, up in an ancient gallery, for the visits and contemplations of our mature minds?" It is pleasant sometimes to close one's eyes, and, in the calm, bright, holy light of the heart, look at them one by one. A few hours spent occasionally in this gallery of the heart, looking at its pictures, might do as much good. Yes, I love these rainy days. They are so favorable for studying history—one's own history. In the bosom of each of us a historian sits alone and silent. He says nothing, but writes everything. "Each day completes a page, each year a chapter, each successive stage in life a volume unsealed." What tales as absorbing, so instructive, as that which is all about one's self? These personal histories should be read often.

These rainy days I sometimes call examination days, on which I examine myself; review days, on which I review my past life. The examination should be strict and impartial, and impartiality may be pleasurable, it may be painful; yet it is worth much.

"When the hurrying showers have over All the stormy spaces And the melancholy dews Gravely weigh in rainy faces Where the way lies to the pillow Of some cottage chamber bed.
And is Dewy to the Peter Of the soft rain overhead.
"Every battle on the single Has an echo in the heart; And a thousand tearful frolics Into busy beings start.
And a thousand recollections Weave their bright liaisons into wood, As I listen to the Peter of the roof.
"There is naught in Art's bravurces, That can work with such a spell In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, Where the holy passions well, As that melody of nature, That subdued, subdued strain Which is played upon the skies By the Peter of the rain."

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

It has been common for enthusiastic admirers of Eastern Tennessee to magnify their pride and patriotism by speaking of it as the "Switzerland of America." A glimpse of its beautiful landscape has excited a feeling of delight at the thought that their loss was not cast in such a lovely country. And indeed, its rugged mountain ranges, running under the whole horizon, its clear, lashing streams, its extended valleys, and resemble forests, together with its unruffled streams, and golden dawn, are calculated to teach the coldest heart to feel." Yes, and with this great advantage I reached out and seized good common schools six months out of the year in every county, let our people manifest a willingness to contribute toward bringing capital to our towns and villages, let the youth put their strong arms, guided by cultured brains, to the plough and machine, to lay the parents stop their "young hopefuls" to the "clay lack" on the surface, and it will be no time when all life and energy will spring upon the masses, and our rugged landscape "blossom as the rose." And under such a dispensation we could look out upon highly cultivated fields, stilled hillside, and hear the factory hum and see an industrious, happy population, and industry. The only thing we would have to do in this spirit: "Here we are living in the bright Switzerland of America."

PRAYER OF THE SOUTH.

BY FATHER KAYS.

My love is true beneath a heavy load;
My foot is firm and white with many woes,
But I will stand by my rock, hammer and gold;
And for my children pray, and for my foes.

Beside the graves, where thousands hourly lie,
Shadows and shadows for our murdered days,
Turn my gaze to my own sunny sky.

And pray, oh Heavenly father, may they be done.

My heart is filled with sighs, despair vast,
My joyous tears with my old injuries cast;
My days have fled—my tears are flowing fast,
In whom and Thee, our father, trust I trust.

Is it I forget Thee, Father, let me not;
When I was happy, rich, and free and true,
But conquered love, and crushed, I look ahead,
And strive to the father, that I may be due.

Hold the wrecks that mark the former's path I knew—and waiting, after my glorious gone,
I still each thought of hate, each trim of wrath,
And swiftly they will be done.

May my Father, of the breastful:
Also my bandmates are so hard to be bore,
Look upon me, my dying mother's eyes,
And keep me, guard me with Thy loving care.

May my Father forgive my holy sins,
Whose broken heart by the feet of grief,
'Tis not that I will: is the path to heaven,
Breath goes to him and read a now sure.

Ah me! how dark! in this, a brief eclipse! To right, with no Toronadax, lay into the learned profession is cutting off all the reserve of strength and talent, and capital from the producing element in the country, and we are fast becoming a community of consumers with hardly any talents to consume, simply because our "boys" are hastening to Texas, or, or, or, with various fees, or studying law meretriciously, to get into the Legislature or have an office, or—anxiety else.

To satisfy even the commonest ambition as a professional man, one should, yes, must have a fine education, and enough money to support him while acquiring his profession, and for general expenses; with the same education and money in manufacturing or on the farm, together with half the industry that is requisite to bring a lawyer or physician into notice, the young man in the factory or on the farm could have a competency, and be in the Legislature before the professionals were heard of, or even known. In fact there is no comparison between these two pursuits as avenues of wealth, or happiness, or distinction. And yet the young men will turn the plant and machine shop as soon as they have learned "a little Latin and less Greek!" Under the present order of things the farmers, mechanics and manufacturers have really better chances for political distinction and social influence than the professional men. As for emigration, 'let them try it,' or the advice of one who "knows whereof he speaks" and stay at home. The same demand for work, the same supply of abundance of labor, as a simple prairie, and the young men who wish to turn the plant and machine shop, let them go. If they have the same ambition as those who are already engaged they will have the same success, for they are the same men, and the same economic pursuits will be met, from the existing lands of the Occident, that are found in the otherwise more highly favored sections that the "dime novel" youth turns his back upon, and comes to again after a few months experience among strangers.

Let us not want to see things the same; let us have good common schools six months out of the year in every county, let our people manifest a willingness to contribute toward bringing capital to our towns and villages, let the youth put their strong arms, guided by cultured brains, to the plough and machine, to lay the parents stop their "young hopefuls" to the "clay lack" on the surface, and it will be no time when all life and energy will spring upon the masses, and our rugged landscape "blossom as the rose." And under such a dispensation we could look out upon highly cultivated fields, stilled hillside, and hear the factory hum and see an industrious, happy population, and industry. The only thing we would have to do in this spirit: "Here we are living in the bright Switzerland of America."
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