Among the many remarkable men the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has given to the maintenance of Government which she aided so zealously in founding, none present qualities so brilliant and enduring as Rufus Choate. Unlike the tradition concerning Germany's Castile, the physical world gave no sign that a brilliant genius and Statesman was to be born on the first day of October, 1790. But so it was. One series of America's statesmen had passed away—another was to follow. Otis, the other Adams, Jefferson, and the Federalist trio, Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, had done the work of founding, and now they left the work of connecting and perpetuating to other hands. Choate's time was now. In order to give anything like a full sketch of his life, it will be necessary to speak of Choate, the lawyer, of Choate, the statesman, and of Choate, the man of letters.

Rufus Choate, born in the town of Ipswich, Mass., was the fourth of six children. Near the close of his sixteenth year, in the summer of 1815, he entered the Freshman Class of Dartmouth College. Retiring, yet not diffident during his school days, he won the profound respect of all, for gentleness demeaner and repartee. He was pre-eminently a classical scholar. His translations are said to have been easy and natural, in the purest English and the choicest words. A lover of books, he was a great reader, and gained an immense amount of miscellaneous information which stood him in good stead in after life. He graduated Valedictorian, in the year 1819.

He closed this law as his profession, influenced, it is said, by hearing Webster in his speech on the famous "Dartmouth College Case," and in his "Defense of the Kennebunk." Gaining an insight into the mysteries of the legal science at the Law school at Cambridge, he afterwards went to Washington, and entered the offices of William Witt, then Attorney General of the United States, and at the height of his fame. An excellent opportunity was here offered him of gaining a knowledge of the public men of the day, and of political affairs generally. He pursued here also a course of oratory, patronizing the Congressional Library extensively. He was admitted as an Attorney of the Court of Common Pleas in the year 1823, and two years after was enrolled an Attorney of the Supreme Court. He put out his sign first in Salem. Like all young lawyers, his cases at first were of the minor criminal kind. The first case of importance on which he was engaged, was the celebrated "Knapp Murder Case," where he was associated with Mr. Webster, of whom he afterwards became a staunch supporter and friend. His genius and abilities were not long in becoming known. By degrees, he came into one of the most extensive practices any lawyer in the country ever received. It is thought that he was the best witness-examiner we have ever had, and that is saying a great deal. His eloquence was powerful before a jury—but it did not consist in eloquence only. Captivating, in address, of a remarkable voice, and beautiful eye, he presents a fine example of the union of parts but independently of logic with the highest rhetoric and choicest words. He analyzed with ease the most intricate cases, retaining each and every part perfectly; and it was often a matter of wonder how he retained what were, seemingly, the most insignificant facts. If the facts were strong against him, he would argue on some higher law. Of course, it was necessary for him to make his points, that he seldom failed. When retained by a client, he considered himself bound to do everything that he could, honorably, for him. He never gave the least show of doubt as to the final triumph of his cause, and when it seemed that he could not but he crashed by the simple force of testimony, he worked as chirally and essentially as if all was in his favor. Extraordinary fervor, he was never overbearing to a jury. His usual methods in some natural way and set forth to the court, in a few brief sentences, the major bearings of the case. Rising by degrees—his soul warming—his fine eye flashing, putting forth the purest rhetoric, the soundest logic, the finest metaphor, the natural quotation—his whole being emitted and affecting others—the man and the case becoming one and the same, now on high mental ground, now on simple law perceiving—appealing to feeling on the one hand, and the stern sense of justice of the jury, on the other. He was a magician, and what a man, what a vision. He had cultivated his powers to a wonderful degree by private study. His legal knowledge was profound. He pursued the study of law to the close of his life with the same ardor as when reading for the bar. Upon the appearance of a new volumina of reports from the court of his State, one by one, he would look up all the authorities possible to be "/—other sides, draw a balance, and then compare this with the judgment of the court. In this way, scarcely a case of importance was reported, with which he was not familiar. William Phineas was, up to Choate's time, represented as the greatest legal advocate American jurisprudence had produced. Of the common consent, is represented as superior even to him. His receipts from practice in 1823 were more than $20,000; in 1856, more than $22,000.

A term of service in the Legislature of Massachusetts gave Mr. Choate an insight into the workings of legislative bodies, and prepared him for his Congressmen's career, which seemed to follow. Of his opponents, in the race for Congress, on the Independent ticket, was Benjamin W. Cushing, who had been in Congress for eight years, and was, hence, a veteran in the art of the politician. Mr. Choate was thirty-one years of age. There were others besides these two in the race, but his election was secured by five hundred and sixty-five votes. During the campaign he wrote a pamphlet, "Defence of the Tariff, the other on Revolutionary Politics. He was re-elected in 1828 by an increased majorc. In 1838, Andrew Jackson having moved the Deposition from the National Bank, and great, though temporary distress following, in financial and commercial circles, Mr. Cushing, the man's subject, was a man reviewing it only from a financial standpoint and not constitutionally, as he had determined, having been dissuaded by Mr. Webster. Although the Congress of 1831 was one of the ablest that ever assembled in the National Capitol, Mr. Choate stood in it among giants. In the Senate were Henry Clay, then H. Benton, Louis M. Dallas, John M. Clayton and Daniel Webster; in the House, J. Q. Adams, Edward Everett, John Corwin, J. K. Polk and George M'Donald. He did not complete his second term, but resigned his seat, and going to Boston, recommenced the practice of law. Here he had much to contend with in the shape of a very free Bar, with members whose practices had been already ranked and reputations established. His professional advancement was, notwithstanding, rapid and brilliant. In 1841, Mr. Webster having become Secretary of State under Gen. Harrison, Massachusetts conferred senatorial honors upon Mr. Choate. His speeches before that body are characterized by the same richness of language, extensive information, polished win, and sound logic, that made him the greatest of Massachusetts' lawyers. In 1852, when the Whig convention met at Baltimore for the purpose of nominating a party candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Choate made his principal address. Throughout the whole of his life, he took occasion to compliment his great friend in these words: "I am a Quaker, and therefore a Friend, but he, he is a Grecian, in the truest sense of the word. I am glad when I can see an American aristocrat that has a patriotism that must be, what a long and brilliant series of public services that must be, what you cannot mention a measure of utility like this, but every eye turns spontaneously to, and every voice spontaneously attest, that great name of Daniel Webster." Brought before the convention, he Webster failed of winning, and Gen. Scott was nominated on the fifty-third ballot.

If Mr. Choate had not chosen the law as a profession, he could easily have become distinguished as a man of letters. As it was, he was the most accomplished belles-lettres advocate we have ever had. And his literature was not what, under the appellation of belles-lettres, is usually light. It extended to a profound and comprehensive knowledge of philosophy—mental and moral—and a close study of theology. His love of books, acquired while at college, was intensified during his professional career. He never was without a well-planned sides-cousin of mental labor. He was perfectly at home in any part of English literature and was conversant with the French and German literature. He was perhaps the best classical scholar outside of the University. Of the classics, Homer, Demosthenes and Thucydides, in Greek, and Cicero, Tacitus and Horace, in Latin, were his favorites. In English, Bacon was always preferred. He made several literary addresses, amongst which was one in Boston, on the Waverly Novels. Others were "Romances of the Sea," "Lectures on the Portraits," "Address on Washington," "Lecture on Jefferson, Burr, Hamilton," "Lecture on the Early British Laws of this Century," and "Philanthropy a Practitioner." The law an upholder, Justice a defender, Religion a practitioner, the Republican a statesman, Humanity a friend.
CORRESPONDENCE

Jackson, Tenn., April 18, 1876.

Editor of the University Monthly:

I have thought that a few lines from "the mountains" would probably afford some of your readers a five or ten minutes diversion. It is quite a privilege, I assure you, to talk with old friends once more, on terms, through the medium of such an excellent paper as the University Monthly. Coped as you are within the College walls, pouring over the classics, making your head echo daily over "cosmes," "tenebrae," and the "cubus root," you can't have the faintest imaginings of the real, wild, honest life, and the rugged country, of our mountain land.

The town of Jackson, an exceedingly red one, is situated in Powell's Valley, at the foot of one of the spurs of the great Cumberland chain of mountains, and is the county seat of Campbell. The houses are old and rough, and scattered as though they had been shot into their present site from some immense gun in the distant past—perhaps the antiquated "blunderbuss."

But the people—oh! there's true worth! The "yeoman" of the United States are its true pride, its true strength, its only true patriots and defenders. They are not yet sufficiently enfranchised to be disloyal, not yet sufficiently educated to be vain and hypocritical—no innovators, Messrs. Editors. The people of Campbell are about the best representatives of the good, "honest yeoman," that I have yet seen.

Their annals are short and simple. They live from year to year on their farms—and sons of these beautiful farms, too—engaged at all times in the same occupations. Nothing disturbeth their quaint—here is a saucy "dole for ronets."
The only event that serves to break the monotonous is the recurrence of the court week. Then all the people turn out. Then there's a stir and a bustle. Then comes the "factoll" of the lawyers—those impassioned syllogisms of eloquent's clothing. The Court House and the Bar—local and national—are great things in the mountains. The Bar, legal, is rather Bannock in its habits—wandering over the great mountains and vast solitudes in search of "fifthy hens" and "valley food." One of the most pleasant pastimes, however, that I ever experienced, is visiting the county. Generally we have five or six jovial fellows "on engage," and the sexes, melancholy all woods ring with the merry laughter, and the restrained melody that flows from the nightgongs of the law who for months had been caged in some city office, as it were.

Nearly all of Campbell, Scott's, Fentress and Morgan counties is mountainous. You can stand on any hill at Jackson, and as far as the eye can reach in its vision, have it greeted with lofty ridges and peaks that skirt the whole horizon. On a beautiful afternoon I have climbed to a favorite point and almost dreamed I was in another world, such teaching, melting beauty stretched before me. The blue mountains, like giant sentinel, lifted high their broad shoulders, and spreading valley from innumeration; the sun affectionately lingered for awhile upon the mountain's highest peak—its sea of golden light bathed the whole of visible nature, and then it softly faded into the gray twilight, and the incredulous giver passed through the open portals of the heavens, and we left alone with night. A pure, bracing atmosphere plays continually in the valley, and the sides of the mountains are covered with mineral springs—sulphur and chalybeate. Just a mile from this place, at the foot of the mountain, there are two splendid mineral springs, opening two or three small caves, to spend hundreds of dollars at fashionable "resorts," would only spend a third of the money and twice the time here during the hot months, they would be better off—physically, morally, and morally.

This is a great coal country, and at Carneyville, three miles north of Jackson, and the terminus of the Knoxville and Ohio Railroad, one can find two or three mines—open, bare strange to any, new now operated. It needs a good railroad movement out here to build up the country. With it, the farming and mining interests would make our people rich, for they have such enormous fine resources. The great Cincinnati Southern Road has already helped everything considerably, and when once the connection is made with it by the Knoxville and Ohio, Campbell county will begin to look up, and her great natural wealth will begin to be appreciated.

As it is, everything is in a somewhat confused state—lands and business. In some of the mountain counties, nothing definite is known in regard to lands and titles—many men having title to land that they will never be able to find if they live till the next centennial, and study surveying half their time.

As for hunting, Messrs. Editors, if you have any blood-thirsty friends, "let them come on." Dear squirrels and rabbits are plentiful. The youthful and aspiring, who is ambitious to write his name upon the temple of Fame, as a rival of the great and grand Nimrod, or upon the giant oak, as it were, beside the frother name of Daniel Boone, can always find a "foeman worthy" either of whose "aahs" is always "to exercise him during the hours of his leisure." I throw you out from the city, and the eternal war of—of the street car; away from books, and halls, and "pull-back" dresses, one can breathe a pure atmosphere, see more of truth, and feel more of nature, and develop into a nobler man in every way.

Now throw away the mighty "gray goose quill," gentle- men; get you a cotton shirt, freckled and variegated, you know: perhaps it fits your bosom, and try the mountains for a season.

If you want to study the emotions in human nature, look at and compare the "bump" and the mountain hunter; if its the contest in physical nature, summer along the crowded street, and then chide the mountains. In short, any comparison between your community and mine, and our company of city-dwellers, I will pray your pardon, you found decidedly unfavorable to the former.

But after such a statement, of course you'd rather have your space than mention, so "an erect.

An Old Reeder

TRIAL BY JURY.

This means of afflicting the ends of justice, has for centuries been the most general and popular method of deciding the rights and protecting the interests of the people in England; and, since the organization of established government in the new world, has been used as a powerful instrument in behalf of justice.

From Blackstone we learn that some authors have endeavored to trace the origin of jury trials back to the Britons; but, however this may be, it is certain that they were in use among the earlier Saxons colonies. Bishop Nicholson has ascribed their origin to Wolno, the great Saxon legislator and general.

All these nations which adopted the Roman System governed their subjects by their test. The vassals of tenants were tried by a tribunal of "good men and true," from their own social station, and the lords judged each other in the King's court.

From time to time, however, this mode of trial has been most bitterly attacked by these who are dissatisfied with its results, and denounced as a mockery and a sham. A strong objection urged by those fault-finders is, that frequently the jury-box is stuffed with "professional jurors."—i.e., that class of men who make it convenient to be at, or in the vicinity of the court-house during sessions of court, in order that they may, in the capacity of jurors, imitate their time and patience upon the altar of justice. It must be admitted that this is, in a great degree, true. It is the duty of the sheriff, however, in summoning a jury to select such men as he sees fit for the position, and if he is remiss or negligent in his duty, he is to be censured, and not the scheme of trial by jury. And when the jurors are summoned, the admission of each one is subject to a challenge by either party. It is much to be regretted that professional jurors are ever admitted to sit up. When a man frequently assists in trials as a juror, it is but natural for his judgment to be biased by a certain set of general rules and principles which he has unwittingly gathered and adopted from the former trials in which he has officiated. The fact is familiar to every student of the law, and it is to be expected that jurors, if not other persons, are guided by certain rules of fact above, without reasoning in any legal principles by which they are to be regulated. The adoption of the law to facts is the peculiar province of the court. However just and impartial a professional juror may intend to be, he is involuntarily prejudiced by these adopted principles, which he has no right to entertain.

Another argument which is advantage against this means of trial is, that in reason, there must exist in the minds of the jurors a greater or less degree of partiality or prejudice towards or against one or other of the parties litigant or the prisoner. But here the party is shocked with the safeguard of challenging the juror if he likes. Even though the juror swears, before empannelment, that he has never formed nor expressed an opinion concerning the right of the case pending, still if an objection to his admirableness is entertained, he may be challenged. Again, it is insisted that after the jury is empanelled, another machine arises, viz: a want of unanimity in the assembly. For many a juror, "no two men see alike," is universally true, whether taken in its literal or figurative sense, and is eminently true as applied to trials by jury. The peculiarities of human surroundings, education, and temperament, are so various and different, that it is a moral impossibility for the judgment and discretion of any two men to be precisely similar, much, as for their associations to be the same. For instance, one man enthusiastically invests in a necessary speculation which another scorns as a swindle. Our mother's manifest impassionate horror and alarm at the careless handling of a wooden gun or an empty pistol, which which we grow

Every man thinks, or ought to think, his wife the most beautiful of women. In a trial by jury the variety of conflicting opinions is tempered, and the warped lines of unsound prejudice and partiality are restored to a just perpendiculare. It is in restricted time, an understanding, and is certainly more reliable than any company of partisan apprasiers, selected by the parties litigant or their friends. Take with its deficiencies—and it has them, else it would not be the product of human ingenuity—trial by jury must ever be the most complete and satisfactory means of producing and maintaining the impartiality and personal rights of every individual desiring to be juror are indirectly involved, and he thus feels that he is, more or less, responsible for their defective results.
EFFECTIVE ORATORY.

Having in our last article on this subject mentioned several ingredients of Effective Delivery, we will, in this closing article, name a few other elements of this important art.

1. The first ingredient of Effective Oratory is a wise adaptation of the speaker’s remarks to the common nature of mankind. No orator can succeed in his subjects who does not adapt his arguments to the various and diversified feelings, and principles, and impulses under which men act. Man, in his whole nature; man, not as passive, but as active; the producer of our faculties, not the recipient; a being of passions, not of reason; a creature of labor and hereditary prejudices, and of multitudinous biases, habits, and associations, bound up and intertwined one with another; man, not as a machine, made to the order of the theorist, but as the production of nature, planned and growing up in the soil of this earth, with its roots grovelling under ground, while above it is swept by the breezes and tempests of heaven; such is the man, who is to be implored, to be persuaded, to be governed by the orator; and he who knows him and adapts his discourse to his natural exigencies, above all else can do it.

2. Man is a creature of the world who effect to possess all knowledge, and who seem to suppose that wisdom will live with them: whose intellectual attainments are almost useless to society, in consequence of their want of ignorance of human nature. All that is important in their history may be thus written on their tombs, and they lie under the flattest of human existence, and a unit has been taken away.

These are mere book-worms, who will sit for a whole lifetime, in the corner of an old library, and

—ever on black letter page.

Always reading, never talking, never...:

And when some lucky bit, of lucky price,
Has boosed them with the Rule of Gods Advice,
For eyes and glasses only design'd
To read, and not to speak, for a week.

Such are some of your legal geniuses, who have discovered the works of Coke, and Blackstone, and Chitty, and Kent, and Scray, and a host of other authors of the profession, but who cannot come down to sympathize with man, as men, and take to heart over the whole of his nature to the side of what is true and right. With all their legal lore, they are the poet's

—Bookish heads, ignorantly read.

With their voices cut in the depths of their heads.

Such, too, are your stupid and self-important preachers, with plenty of blackboard knowledge, and Latin roots, and nicely elaborated theories, but with nothing of true wisdom in the adaptation of their discourses to the common nature of the people. In the graphic language of Dr. Magoon, "Black-board knowledge and Latin roots, emptiness in the head, green glasses over the eyes, dyspepsia in the stomach, and a diploma in his hand, do not suit the people; they want what the Scotch call gampion; they want men like Ringgold's flying artillery, who know how to lead and to command."

The same in other words, let me say, they want men who are prepared to take human nature as it is, and adapt themselves to it; men, who can teach to pleasure every string of this curious instrument, and set in motion, as by a magician's wand, every part of this complicated mechanism.

The celebrated Robert Hall, in speaking of the learned Dr. Kippis, observed, that by reading he had sharpened his genius. And the distinguished Hobbes remarks, "If I had read as much as others, I should have been as ignorant as they." Our public declaimers are too liable of these technical terms and high-sounding phrases as lightly as the Italian jugglers toss their balls and daggers; they may have names and definitions of mental processes at their fingers' end; they may talk of Locke, and Reid, and Brown, and

Stewart, and Hegel, as if they were familiar spirits; they may calumniously and falsely persuade the people to rely upon the gullibility of the people to build up for themselves a hollow reputation; but the bubbles, as soon as it is subjected to the slightest test, bursts with fatal fury to their fameaded fame, and of the imposing structure of their imaginary greatness, "leaves not a week behind the stamp." Human beings possess something different from the man that Carlyle calls "Logie Mills." It demands man whose speeches have a large seasoning of what the French call "cote." In a word, if the orator is to produce deep impressions on the minds of the people, and exert a commanding influence over them, he must adapt his discourses to their capacities and exigencies: he must, therefore, be thoroughly versed in the science of human nature.

6. Another element of Effective Oratory is an unaffected earnestness. Without this important quality, no man can be truly eloquent. "Earnestness is equally essential to eloquence both in its rhetorical and in its conversational forms. It cannot always, indeed, make a man eloquent, for he may lack other qualifications; but no man can be truly eloquent without it." We often see men of moderate mental power bearing off the palm in oratory, and who, we do not know why, simply because they are plain, direct, earnest speakers. The earnest speaker, other things being equal, is always the most effective.

7. Another ingredient of Effective Oratory is suitable feeling. It has been well said, that, "there is no more fruitful source of power in delivery than the emotions and passions of the soul. These are the true inspirations of eloquence itself, as also of poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and all the aesthetic art. This fundamental principle has been expressed, once for all, in the well known lines of Homer, of which the following is a very manifest translation:

"Responsibly the human features laugh
To those that laugh, and weep to those that weep."

Without proper feeling, all the other elements of Effective Oratory will be vain. If the speaker does not feel the subject himself, he cannot influence the emotional nature of hishearers. And right here many preachers, and other public speakers, very often commit their chief mistake, and lay the foundation for their debatable failures. The author above quoted very properly says, "The true orator is a man of keen and deep sensibility; he is all alive, even to his finger nails. It is this which gives him that charming animating the orator, and enables him to command the attention and sympathy of his audience, and which is almost irresistible.

It is this which inspires the tones, inflections, articulation, emphasis and gesture, as that it seems to be the feeling itself which speaks rather than the man.

It pours itself into the feelings, not merely into the understanding, and kindles in their hearts all the passions which grow in the speaker's own bosom.

It is an indispensable fact that play creators usually produce their greatest effects by genuine feeling. Examples and authorities, in support of this statement, might be found in an indurant extant. But I refer you to a few of the many prominent must suffice for the present.

Walker gives, amongst others, the following: "I have often seen Powell, in the character of George

Barrett, so overwhelmed with grief in that pathetic adage, 'O full of joy, who see my soul expand, as is inexpressible of expressing himself in the most impressive manner.' That is his emotion was beyond self-control.

Shutnial tells us: "I have often seen actors, both in tragedy and comedy, when they had seized their task, after going through some distressing scene, quit the stage in tears.

Cicero, after having quoted a passage from the Telamon of Pacuvius, says: "Even the players who pronounced these words every day, could not deliver them effectively without a feeling of real grief.

How much more then, must a principle which so frequently shames the speakers,miark the great actor, when asked how it was that he could so easily move and melt his audience to tears by mere fiction, while many preachers failed to produce any sensation by the most solemn and important truths, replied: "I represent fiction as though it were true, and they represent truth as though it were fiction." The signal want of feeling on the part of many public speakers, is often found in the fact that they do not sufficiently move the emotional nature of their hearers—they do not gain the hearts of their audience to their cause.

That is the object of Effective Oratory which I should be glad to notice, but I must forbear. I will, therefore, mention but one more. Effective Oratory is always distinguished by the simplicity and singleness of purpose, the entire sincerity of design by which it is pervaded. The true orator has but one single object in view, and that is to satisfy the present audience. He cares naught for their sympathy and agreement with him, than for anything else. For the time being, they are everything to him, and he to them. If we were to select any one thing which the orator is to forget, it would be himself, or if any thing which he is to keep constantly before him, it would be his audience. The cause—and not self—in any of the Platonic forms of vanity—is to be set forth. When a public speaker excels in this respect, we are certain as we listen to him, that he does not know that he is an orator; we are satisfied that he is not a politician. Under our present system of speaking the speech he is making; we know that he is not thinking of himself, but of his cause; and when our suspicions are awakened upon any of these points, we yield ourselves up in confidence to the orator. But if the true orator be ever so single and sincere in the cause which he is to uphold, he nevertheless makes us unnecessarily take a deep interest in himself. We sympathize with him as a man. We not only listen to him as the advocate of important measures, as the patriotic statesman, the able advocate, or the accomplished orator, but we feel a personal interest in him as an individual, and share in his hopes, and fears, and anxieties. Such was Demosthenes. He not only inflames us with his own burning zeal for the freedom of Greece; he not only animates us with his own unyielding confidence that Athens will not tarnish the honor of her ancestors; he not only harried us along with him in the rapidity of his flight, but he also you to the close of his speech, and made his hearers feel, that he, so deeply interested into our own feelings in the result, so wholly is his heart in it, we feel for him as well as for Greece. Such was Fox. He struggles not alone—struggle with him, we stand by his side—our feelings rise and sink with him. And so, I do not hesitate to say, and I wish the orator would, that his language is a kind of prayer. Their speeches are an autobiography of their feelings; they reveal the heart of the orator, bearing with honor and patriotism, and our own hearts bent with theirs. And such is the true orator everywhere. He carries the warmest sympathies of his hearers in his heart, and feels that his interest is indissolubly connected with his success.

In closing these articles, allow me to express the humble hope that the thoughts thus hastily thrown off, and the truths thus imperfectly enforced, may
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THE PROFESSION OF LAW.

Like that mythological character tradition placed in Ithaca, condemned to the ever-lasting task of rolling a huge stone up a hill—and never gaining the top—so we are afraid that the hopes of the thousands of young men who are to-day pursuing the fleeting goddess, Fame, through the profession of law, are doomed to disappointment. As by a common impulse, the majority of each graduating class of all our educational institutions, conceive the idea that they are especially adapted for the legal science, and hence, choose it as a profession. Greely's Inconic "There's a rose at the top," has been the pleasure offered by more than one young man of immeasurable ability, who, seeing that fame is far away, but that the majority of the great majority who are now serving, will ever gain a footing. The fact is, the young men look to the end as accomplished, and not at their ability for accomplishing. Buzled by the many great talents of the English and American Bar, they think they can shine likewise. If Enkine, Chaste, Webster, and Pickett, made their names illustrious through the medium of the law, why can not thousands of the young men of America, who are to-day engaged in the study of the legal science, do the same? For the capital reason that those thousands of young men have not the ability or anything approximating the ability requisite. That most fatal law, the medium of the law, which is the third President, declares that all men are born equal, and we must suppose it to be an intellectual equality, since this almost exclusively determines the social status. But the world does not accept it, and the different classes in law, in Politics, in Medicine, in Theology, in Journalism, all unite in it. But even where the ability is lacking, if the will is present, the way will follow, it is argued. We can not see it. John G. Saxe's noble Roman very heroically says, "I'll find a way or make it," and we have no doubt that the author thinks all the noble Romans, the sage of young lawyers, doctors, preachers, aspiring politicians, and journalists, new in the United States, and continually increasing, will, like the poetic noble Roman, find a way or make it. We do not doubt but that they will find some way—but whether the right one or not, is a question. Looking at the present College jurisdictions, we see a mass of mediocrity, with no talent to back it up. A mass of mediocrity is the only way lawyers can be made. The only way it is possible for a human being to put forth, would not enable Marion Harland to write Vanity Fair, my Noyes, Ivanhoe, or David Copperfield. The number of first-class farmers have been spoiled by being merged into third and fourth-class lawyers.

The Grange movement has now given the farmer a prominence among his fellows such as he never had before. The Grange organization constitutes an important one in Politics, and if a farmer wishes to rise, he has his supporters; though we confess we would much rather see the farmers keep themselves apart from the political class-pasts. And as for the means of support it is much more sure. It is generally conceded that our young professional men barely make a support for themselves and their families, and as for thirty years of their career; while the illusory of the soil make an ample support for themselves and families, and often have something over to invest in improvements in various ways. When the young professional man has begun to get a good living, the farmer has advanced for on the theory that the mistake of he who is a lawyer involves the possession of land, the making of money, and the wielding of influence. The contrary is in nine cases out of the ten. We venture as- sent to the intelligent, educated farmer—to become which is now in the power of almost all young men, has more, means, and possessions to a greater extent the respect of his fellow-citizens, than the majority of lawyers now at the height of their reputations, or the majority of those who are now striving in that direction. The choosing of a life profession is a thing of the most vital moment to all the youths of the country, and it behooves all to reflect, alone upon themselves, and not upon what they have heard from others, but upon the capacities for attaining those wishes, placing an exceedingly low estimate upon their means of attainment. Egotism and high self-esteem are, unfortunately, the prevailing characteristics of many, and we may say, the majority of graduates, who have very little else to characterize them. The sooner the young men of the rising generations can be convinced of the fact that they know an exceedingly diminutive amount, and that if they were to pass away, the world would go just as well as ever; the sooner will we have more prosperous and contented men, and a less number of life failures.

We take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter from an ex-member of the present Senior Class, because it bears directly upon a point to which we wish to call the attention of the cadets:

"I see from the Monthly that the boys are not attending the Societies as regularly as they should. Tell them to take the advice of one who made a fool of himself in the same way, and attend regularly and take part in the business of the country as no one else can. It would be of the greatest benefit to you. You need not expect to become good speakers without many attempts and plenty of exertion. I wish you had time to go over again. If I did, I do not think any one could say of me, that I did not try as hard, even if I did not succeed as well, as some others.

I honestly would not give what I learned in the Poly., but the last lesson I went at the University, for what I learned in my studies, because I think it would be of vastly more importance to me."

The italics are ours, but the words express very strongly the experience of a majority of those who have spent a time at college, and they should encourage the cadets to be guided by your motives, boys, "Nalas vestigia rerumur," and "Per aspera ad Astra."

A number of the undergraduates of the University have formed themselves into a club, styled "The E. U. Science Club," for the promotion and encouragement of scientific studies, with the following officers: R. L. Cox, President; A. H. Lymidd, Secretary; and Geo. E. Martin, Curator. We call upon the Alumni and such of the officers of the Institute and friends of science, to assist the boys in making this organization a success and an honor to the University, by contributing to the Club, natural history specimens, papers embodying the results of observation, etc. Address all communications to Geo. E. Martin, Curator of Club.

We have been connected with the University for several years, and in all that time we have heard but one objection from the students. In other similar institutions we know it is enervating for the Faculty to deliver a public lecture every few weeks; and we must confess our surprise at the action of the Honorable Faculty in such a useful department of education. The students have no opportunities for hearing Lecturers, and no means, whatever, of improving their knowledge of things of which they have occasioned supplied them by the worthy Professor of Elevation and the Chapel declamations. Our reclusive President, in particular occasion, gives the Battalion short talks on good conduct, etc., and our gallant Commandant, in his terse and forcible way, gives as examples of military discipline, the history of the United States. The students, however, never hear anything from the Professors.

Now, we would suggest, with all due deference, that, if the fifteen minutes spent in Chapel declamation each morning, were occasionally occupied by some one of the Faculty, great pleasure and benefit would be afforded the cadets. We beg the Faculty to weight this suggestion.

Of late, there seems to be a growing disregard among the college students, of order in their Quarters. It is painful to think that any cadet would so forget the "spirit of the corps"—to say nothing of his own self-respect and the Divine presence—as to misbehave during religious services; but this is only occasional. The interval, however, just after services, allotted to declamation, is now generally interpreted with a licking, a groaning, and—worse of all—stamping of the feet. The Commandant has thought it advisable to leave the cadets to depend upon their sense of dignity for restraint upon their behavior while in Chapel; and so, has not put them under military discipline while there. We would suggest that, upon reflection, a due sense of propriety will govern the students during these exercises in the future. In fact, the "spirit of the corps" will have to be degraded by a return to the class-monitor system.

On Saturday, the 5th inst., Prof. Nicholson in company with some of his pupils, who are manifesting an interest in natural history, visited the fish-ponds of Messrs. Rogers & Tarley, four miles below the city on the Tennessee. The whole process of transporting the eels,-herring and raining fish, was explained to them by Mr. T. C. Nott. The boys went almost into the pond to catch the eel, and salmon, as they rushed pull-pull over one another after the food thrown them, or swam in hundreds leisurely in the crystal-like pools. Indeed, they were "beauties," and we would say to all the boys that they could not spend a Saturday more pleasantly or more profitably, than by going to see them. Mr. Wall will please accept the thanks of the boys for his obliging disposition in his piscatorial capacity, his "comforts for the inner man," and other kindesses.

The Society Exhibitions, previously announced, came off in due time. The Chi-Delta question of debate, "Resolved, That the career of Napoleon Bonaparte was beneficial to Europe," was decided after a spirited discussion, in favor of the affirmative. The Philomathian question, "Resolved, That the career of Cusum was not beneficial to the world," after being well debated, was decided in favor of the negative. We see no reason why these public debate clubs may not take place often. Whether they is a crowded house, or whether the affairs of student government may not display. The arrangement of the meetings is in a concise and logical manner, and the delivery when undertaken for the eye of a critical person, will bring about habits of ear that no hall exercise can do. Moreover, we are here in the presence of both Societies, and not our own members, who look with non-critical eyes upon the proceedings. The officers of Chi-Delta and Rhetorix kindly gave his services to the performers, and labored in every way for their success, for which we, as doubts, have their sincerest thanks.
LOCAL.

"If, I want to go to the Centennial."  

Does anybody know who the warren's brother Max is?  
The Dickinson guards have begun to train.  
But is it about time the cadets were doing likewise?  

Prof. Barres feels confident that the present Sophomore class will turn out several distinguished chemists.  
Miss Adams has a thousand tongues, and is just now rolling a sweet morsel under each of them.  

There is to be a competitive drill among the four companies upon the hill sometime in June.  

We hear some talk of a midnight soror on College hill sometime in May—nause, dancing, promenading.  

Kīkō is the sobriquet of a rising young lawyer in the city—who has already risen six feet and four inches.  

A nickel annihilates all distinctions as to race, color and previous condition of survival—in the street cars.  

To round the arc of the Cadet from Chattanooga, intending that the lone mile of street our notes are one eye.  

Mr. Payne is quite anxious to see these two Latin and Greek lexicons some one borrowed from his room, when he was absent.  

We heard a Senior say: "It's too bad a joke for the Senior's to fire off the cannon and then make the Junior's roll them back to their proper places!"  

I do think Capt. M.'s whiskers are so nice, said a young lady.  
So does he, replied his escort, who, by the way, was one of Seniors not blessed with whiskers.  

The other day we heard a cadet exclaim, "Oh, nice Emma!" which suggested Schenck might similarly explain, "Oh, Emma Mine!"  

A vision of beauty in a phantom (not the poxy phantoms) attracted much attention, and equal admiration, on the hill, that day last week.  

Two of the hard working Sophs have a "Pony" to the craters of Demosthenes, and in it is written the inspiring motto, "Labor omni vincit."  

The rooms look in such "applesauce order," at Thursday afternoon inspections, that we suggest the command had better call around every evening.  

"Now I lay me down to sleep," the Juniors say on taking up Intellectual Science on sultry afternoon's preparatory to reciting.  

My! what a feast! the voice was low and sweet, but the bluffs were closed, and the editor passed on with a vague impression that he was in some way connected with the foot in question.  

If some one will bring Prof. Payne's "Carolina Collegiates" to our office, we will agree to furnish the hill and public with something besides "Good night Lollie" and "Mule in the Air!"  

Capt. D. M. R., brought three beautiful bouquets to the hill yesterday, from three beautiful young ladies, for which three beautiful (?) young men return thanks.  

We heard a warrior give it out as his opinion that Lt. Nave's shoulder got well just about two months and a half too soon.  

He was walking "extra" at the time.  

"Payne's Abbeys" is now commonly called "Pros- pessville" by the students, Prof. Ruth, Alexander and Nicholas have erected beautiful residences on that hill lately.  

"What a funny cotail," she said, a little too loud.  
The Lieutenant, whose coat had been cut rather short, turned to look at her, but she dropped her veil, and her companion did likewise, and they crossed the street.  

Moonlight rides to Lyon's View are fashionable, and much indulged in by the young and fair.  The only thing missing is the moon, which indiges the bad habit of not rising until 2 a.m. or later.  

Quite amusing—to see two Cadets and one young lady sheltering themselves from an April rain under a dilligent passee. A little crowded—but the boys seemed to stand it pretty well.  

A Cadet, who has devoted most of his time to the study of French[,] thus addressed a rable youth:] "Port-vous ce bill-fit-ton to my ma-nil-chad what chime in the choir, et porte-rous answer back immili- cates, or I will cause-rous top-knot!"  

The cannon belted forth deep-thundered thunders the other night, arousing the youthful warriors from their peaceful slumber.  We wouldn't intimate anything, but some how we heard some one suggest that it wouldn't do to quit the Seniors about.  

Several ladies have sent in requests lately for photographs of Ye Local. We have had some dozens struck and supplied the demand. A few remains, however, which we are willing to dispose of in the same way, or if the party prefers, at reasonable cash rates.  

A gentlemen who stands high in the military profession on the hill—in fact at the very head of it—was surrounded and nearly captured on Cumberlind street the other day. There were six of them, and he did a very unsaidly thing—he blushed and retreated.  

Madam Grady is responsible for the fact that there is, somewhere on the hill, a Cadet that was once dis- cussing in debate upon the merits of Daniel Webster, and unceasingly the dictionary and spelling book among the productions of his genius. Madam remarks that the jokes is old, but she is sure of the fact this time.  

The agony is over—the street cars are actually run- ning—to the joy of Knoxville, they are equal to a circus, while the average Knoxvillian stands on the street corner, and pointing proudly to the nifty daily banks as they dash by, says, "How does they compare to a lone rail?"  

He sat upon the deck of the noble steamer Wilder as majestically plunged her way through the waters of the Tennessee—and smacked the last cigar he borrowed from a friend—and watched the vertical moon as she slowly rose, tipping the Eastern hills with a muddy glow and casting a beautiful shven upon the dark waters of the river. When mingling with the music and noise of dancing, he heard a sound—a sound, as it were—that continued him of other days. He rose with a sigh, east the Havanna into the waves, cleared his throat, and stepped around the smoke-stack. They were standing close together, and appeared to be startled, "Just—oh—-look at the s—uh—moon," he said as the smoker appeared. "Very much," she relevantly replied, and the smoker passed on.  

We heard the other day from a friend, who heard from a friend, who heard from B., who heard from C., who, in a strictly confidential way, that more than one graduate of the E. T. U. would shortly seewor the minorities of solitude, and enter the holy estate, &c. Our alumni are quite invariable and immediately study law or marry. We recommend the latter as the better way to start.  

An organ would add greatly to our Chapel services, and it is to be hoped that the Faculty and Trustees will have some as soon as it is in their power to do so. There is a worthy amount of musical talent on the "hill," already we have a very respectable choir, and make the dear old "Songs of Zion" joyfully ring out upon the air. Nevertheless, there is a great need of an organ in the Chapel, and we trust it will not be long in being next.  

There will be a joint public debate between the two rob-Societies about the second week of May. Subject for Debate:  

"Kesedieu, The banishment of Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena was justifiable."  

Affirmative—W. F. Wade and H. E. Austin.  
Negative—W. Capps and W. L. Russell.  

Orators—S. L. Williams and J. W. Hughes.  

Declaimers—H. Bridges and M. Nicholson.  

The result of the last election in the Chi Delta Society was as follows:  

President, S. G. Heisell—Visco-President, W. B. Bachman; Critic, W. R. Ross; Rec. Sec'y, A. J. Gibbs; Asst.'s Rec. Sec'y, G. R. White; Cor. Sec'y, A. L. Hill; Treas., N. L. Carney; Librarian, W. B. Battle; Senior Editor of "Crescent," J. H. Welcher; Assistant, A. B. Crocker; John H. Caldwell; J. H. Pitman, Alex. Hyatt.  

The result of the election of the officers of the Philomathian Society was as follows:  

President, Alex. Summers—Visco-President, Whyte Bedford; Rec. Sec'y, W. K. Mitchell; Cor. Sec'y, T. P. DeGraffenreid; Treas., R. H. Hicks; Critic, W. C. Cooker; Librarian, H. P. Juden; Marshall, R. A. Smith; Editors "Star," W. B. Jones, editor-in-chief; Assistants, R. E. Prince and G. D. Lumberland; Directors, J. A. P. Campbell, Whyte Bedford and W. B. Jones.  

PERSONALS.  

T. H. Mitchell, of 77, wrote to us from Washington city. Things are flourishing where he lives.  

T. J. Turley is clerking in a bank at Franklin, and loving T. P. DeGraffenreid's girl "like five hundred." DeGraffenreid says "he no go the."  

J. A. Gordon writes us from Decatur, Texas. He has already caught the spirit of the times there, and ever long will donate a thousand or two to "old E. T. U."  

A. Algood is in trouble in Coopville, reading Centennial notes. He will return to E. T. U. next fall.  

John K. Gilmer is farming near Crawfordville, Miss. Will Pitner is cultivating corn, wheat, and his muffinchke on his father's farm in Sevier county.  

Lawrence Lamb is clerking in a bank in Memphis; he sends his best wishes to the Mounties.  

James Nebbe, the reliable old first baseman of the "River sides," is clerking in his father's store, in Starksville, Miss.  

Robert Shardlow is living at Rattieville, Miss.; he gone on a bear hunt when last heard from.  

Mr. R. P. Spence, '73, has just returned from Florida where he is engaged in orange culture. He says the seasonal impression of Florida being so very warm is a mistake, there being a breeze nearly all the time, which lessens the effects of the heat, and makes the temperature but little more than at Knoxville during the summer.
Fifteen years ago Stephen A. Douglas was one of the most prominent of our American statesmen. During more than five years previous to that time he had been the leader of the Democratic side in Congress. His name as a debater had spread over the country, and when in 1856 he entered on his Senatorial contest with Abraham Lincoln, it was little thought that this antagonism was to come off victorious in the end. That faction which he had represented in the history of our country as being the first step in that series which ended in the emancipation proclamation. For, although Douglas succeeded in being returned to the Senate, yet President Lincoln was brought into prominent notice by his strong battle with the "little giant." In 1860 they met again, and this time the result was different. Abraham Lincoln entered on a course which will immortalize his name in American history, and Douglas, by reason of his early death, passed rapidly into obscurity.

There is much in the life of Douglas which makes it worthy of notice. Some of his acts were done out of consideration for the good of the country, every day with lightning rapidity, yet there is something remarkable in the constant success which attended Douglas from youth till all the day of his death. Dying as he did just when the civil war was first breaking out, he has fallen into that region of forgetfulness which lies the other side of 1860. For, like a pillar of cloud, the smoke and dust of that long war shone off from our view the greatness of other days. Had he lived to take part in the scenes of the next few years we feel sure that he would have left behind some chronicle of his life. As it is, we know nothing of the man personally, and are confused to the knowledge of his character as a public man. Yet even here we find that which is of the greatest interest. From the morning in November, 1860, when, almost penniless, he stood on the common of Winchester village, Illinois, homeless and without employment, to the day of his death, he was always a leader of one branch or the other at Congress. His life is remarkable not only for the honorable positions which he held, but also for the great success with which he performed the duties of the offices to which he was so rapidly advanced.

Douglas was reared by nature for a leader. It was unselfishness and public spirit which constituted the rear. He was first in his little village; then in his own district; next, first in his State, and then at the highest position the nation could grant. His life from the age of twenty was spent in the field of politics, and his success there did not fail of being a reward to him. His political career which followed him of base and dishonorable acts in the strife for election, and who did not fail to slander his memory by accusing him of favoring the secession of the South. Aside from this, man generally agreed that he was a man of great power and ability. His labors in Congress show a devotion to the goods of his State, and he showed to the people of the North-east can find his helping hand in many of the acts which initiated their future prosperity. In matters political he was a partisan of the deepest die. The principles of his party had become, by constant battle in their behalf, his own. When, indeed, it became evident that the principles he advocated were opposed to the majority of his fellow citizens, he did not on that account desert his old position; no, he was always honest and steadfast in his opinions, and when he accepted the old doctrine of "States' Rights" he did it with all his soul. States' Rights no longer, however, had the same welcome to the nation's heart which it had to the hearts of some of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was bound to be wiped out for a time from our national history, in so far as it sanctioned that which was contrary to morality and religion. As Douglas, his powerful champion, going into his Presidential campaign with that doctrine hanging over him, was one of the first victims of its fall. It was his first great defeat, and left him at the mercy of his merciless enemies. A very few months after he had assisted in the inauguration of his successful rival, he died. Not too soon, however, to have left on record that which might forever be known as his own performance.

We have already referred to the two main attacks upon his character. The first, that he was a politician of the political order, and second, that he was a secessionist.

We have only need to say to the fact that there is no country which is accustomed to use any but the most honorable means in the conduct of a campaign. He raked shams always that of verbal persuasion. He was always first to propose a joint debate as the method of determining hisdistrict. Little need, indeed, had he of resorting to the customary evils of politicians. There were few mobs which could be persuaded that he was the right man for office. Here it was that his success lay, and he not only did not use dishonorable means, but had no need of them to ensure election.

In answer to the second we refer to the brief speeches of the debaters. It was Webster called him a dog, which is better than a cow has, and why should they be called dogs more than we can account for. The moment Langdon of the seat is, the whole town in an awful way, every "pure" clucking and making for his hole to the door for his ability: the moment all is quiet at a country-garden. They are quite wary, but one concealing himself close may get a shot at them by keeping quietly, as they will soon venture forth, thinking all danger is over; some catch them by flooding their holes with water, taking a barrel full to the purpose, and if successful at this there must be a stream of water. A small stream happens to be quite scarce on the plains. Lodge-pole creek is a stream over two hundred miles long, but it is nowhere as wide but one can jump over it. A fifty, however, is a long stretch in this country would make quite a river.

About ten miles this side of Cheyenne, the noblest, grandest, and most of all the rest, breaks upon our view. The sweeping falls of the Rocky Mountains, whose huge forms some more especially put a limit to the further extent of the plains and assure a happy hunting of savages.

Well, we are at Cheyenne, a place of some twenty-five hundred souls, and the Capital of Wyoming Territory. We are allowed the blessed opportunity of partaking of a repast at which all the other boys of wild mountain flowers, tuck in balls of snow, were sold to the passengers by small Indian kids.
Jahn, the Magna Charta, and by that means throwing off absolutism forever; and later, too, a house of commons is instituted, and though feeble at first, it soon becomes one of the ruling powers in the government; and as early as the reign of Charles I, it tramples both king and parliament under foot, of which has revealed at last it has been the strongest power in the nation. But let me ask: "What is the throne of England, to-day? It is a political nullity; a mere title; it is an image, the shadow of a name—"stat non valuit umbra"—it possesses no real authority, no substantial strength."

It is like a mobile ship, which has ran out of its channel, which stands on a mere shell, with the same form which it had of old, but without its former strength and firmness. It stands while the air is calm, but it will go down before the first great storm, and so will the English monarchy. What is the only sure support of our English government among its subjects—is sufficient, and this is essential.

What is the foundation to English loyalty? Is it the political qualities of Queen Victoria, the Sovereign? This may not continue. It is not yet fifty years since George IV., a worthless debauchee, vacated the throne, and the English people; was it English loyalty? They are merely tradition and habit. This is surely an insecure foundation, and cannot much longer continue. But even now, the House of Commons, or the constitution which elects that house, is the ruling power in the government.

The power of the House of Commons is vested in the Ministry, and let me ask, what power controls that Ministry? What made Disraeli resign the office of Premier to Mr. Gladstone, and two years later, Mr. Gladstone to Disraeli, even before the Parliament assembled? It was the voice of the people, loud and strong, the real ruling power of the nation.

But in France, it is different. France, the first established government upon the ruins of Imperial Rome, the first great leader in civilization and progress, the first and most glorious in war, the first to oppose the cause of American liberty, the leaping European government in all the great world movements of the times, was the first, too, of the great nations of the world, to unfold the flashing banner of liberty in the face of European despotism. With one will leap she from monarchical to republicanism. But no republic institutions had ever existed before in France, and it may be possible, and never will be possible, to build them up in a day so as to make them strong and permanent.

And so straggling and rolling with her own excesses she fell into the hands of tyrants, but she continued to look forward, and though liberty seemed for a time to have passed from her heart, until France has come at last to establish a Republic, which may claim for itself a brilliant future, because it has devoted to it the wisest minds and best Statesmen of the country. And it, together with Switzerland, is surely swaying an important influence over the surrounding nations of the nation.

Spain is in the struggle for liberty continually. Her people are without any feeling of loyalty to the crown, and even now she contains a strong republican party, at the head of whom stands Emilio Castelar, one of the great lights of European progress; and ere long, Spain, like France, will establish a permanent republic.

Italy, too, is notoriously without loyalty—every throne in the peninsula rests on a basis of force and is a more life-time tyranny, so there can be no permanency of the struggle.

Germany possesses more loyalty, but is traveling the same road with England, slowly but surely tending toward republicanism. For, when we compare this generation with the last, we see an immense and most significant change in Germany, a change sufficiently evinced by the general demands of the German sisterhood for constitutional government; and by the form of government which she now possesses, the Diet consisting of two chambers, and of one of them elected by the people having the same power as the House of Commons in England, and evinced, too, by the great, mental activity there.

Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Austria, and many other constitutional governments—the people have a voice, and they have two chambers each. Some little convulsion will soon turn these governments into republics, when only a century ago they were despotisms.

It is now very different from Russia twenty years ago—the serfs are now free, they have a free school system established, and they now have trial by jury.

The government of God, which is plainly seen in the greatness of nations, points us directly to this fact: that absolute monarchy is to be used in ruling barbarous and savage people; limited monarchy, in ruling much more reasonable and intelligent people; and when a government becomes so much better enlightened, they demand, and must have, republican forms of government. And we are convinced of this fact more and more as we study the history of nations.

Looking at all Europe, after the fall of the Roman Empire, when absolutism was universal everywhere, and then looking at Europe of the present day, and we will see a most wonderful indication towards republicanism.

But as popular self-government exercises the natural faculties of a people, so these activities, if general and strong, require self-government as the arena for their development. In every nation in Europe we see this mental activity bearing the fruits which within despotic government would confine it, overflowing into politics, and working slowly, but surely and powerfully, towards the republics of the future. You may find great mental activity under despotism, despotism possesses strength enough for police, but there is always danger: it is like a tartscream that may become so fierce and so strong for the vent that it is left open, and so it opens for itself a vent by some great shock of earthquake that shall shatter the political edifice to its foundations. This mental activity prevails in Europe to-day, to an extent never before realized. The free school system, the great labor of civil liberty, is spreading all over Europe; and in those old countries, where the first dawn of civilization flashed upon our brightened world, and the first rays of glorious liberty beams upon the path of oppressed and suffering people are gathering strength upon the very horns of the altar of liberty. The free schools system is being infused into the very life-blood of the old Roman nation, and moving on to the south, it is seen in all its splendor and grandeur in the German countries. England has caught up the cry and is reverberating it all through her vast dominions. For long, we have been told that mental system is too high, that it is a noble project too high, that it is beyond the working force of the country; but many mountains shall be cast into the sea, and the high mountains and deep valleys shall be levelled to the earth, and liberty now and liberty forever.

SAM. E. YOUNG.
UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

East Tennessee University.
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

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2. The Scientific Course, in which the student is required to take three years of study, is open to all who have completed the High School course and are desirous of entering the University.

3. The Preparatory Course, in which the Latin and Greek languages are taught, is open to applicants who desire to enter the University College.

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