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THE NATION'S NEMESIS.

Prize Oration, Joint Society Contest, 1894.

Evolution is the universal characteristic of human institutions. Slowly, laboriously, painfully, with many convulsive throes, the mind of man imperfectly realizes its ideals, social, industrial and political. Each age is the child of all preceding ages, the Nineteenth Century of all preceding centuries, America of all foregoing nations and generations of man.

But evolution is ever accompanied by involution. The march of mind is not one triumphant progress, but an advance rugged, toilsome and dangerous, attended often by transient defeat and consequent despondency and dismay. The civilization, the

learning of the ancients, though dazzling in its noontide splendor, yet perished, and the black night of barbarism cast its baleful shadow over all the land, from which even yet the world has scarce emerged. Who can tell but that we have completed our predestined cycle, but that we have reached the height assigned, and will now descend into the dark valley of disgrace and ruin beyond? Amid all our apparent prosperity there are visible, ominous and unmistakable signs, signs prophetic of approaching, even imminent dissolution. Romanism, immigration, the labor troubles, together with a host of other dangers, threaten the very existence of our devoted country. Gradually are we realizing our peril, and already our periodicals are beginning to teem with articles upon these momentous topics.

There is one danger, however, which has been very generally, in fact universally, overlooked, and to this peril I would call your attention. That absence of honor, of integrity, and the almost universal prevalence of shameless, infamous deceit in the relation of her citizens to each other and the State, is unquestionably the principal peril to America's institutions. Honor

is essential to character, character to the individual, the individual to the nation; hence the supreme importance of this vital principle of our national greatness. Dangers there are, more visible and tangible, but not more real, not more imminent, not more threatening—its very invisibility renders this danger the more perilous, for insidious foes are ever more formidable than open enemies, however powerful.

“Forewarned, forearmed,” is an aged but nevertheless true saying, for perils once known harmless may be rendered or even totally removed. Immigration and the labor troubles—visible evils—by means of legislation or arbitration, could be rendered absolutely innocent of all danger to our commonwealth; and even some invisible dangers, as Romanism, by a greater restriction of immigration, accompanied by a greater dissemination of learning, would likewise become innocuous; but personal dishonor is not only a more universal but also a more violent distemper, and hence requires a correspondingly powerful remedy. Here education, arbitration, even that panacea of all ills, legislation, fails to produce the required effect, and we must turn elsewhere to find the needful specific.

That this lack of honor really exists, that it is not merely the frightful hallucination of a diseased and misanthropic fancy, is conclusively proven by its universally admitted prevalence in every sphere of human life, social, industrial, professional and political.

Insincerity and deceit are deeply imbedded in modern social life. Truthfulness is frequently, wilfully, and even maliciously violated, and its violation is regarded by the majority with the utmost complacency. The same is likewise true throughout the whole catalogue of the virtues. Disgraceful fraud is scandalously practiced by the majority of modern merchants, and even unblushingly admitted, yea, boasted as a “trick of the trade.” The honorable profession of medicine is frequently a mere cloak for quackery. The noble science of law, the earthly representative of God’s eternal justice, has been so frequently dishonored by unscrupulous practitioners, as to have become with many but a synonym for knavery. Even religion, God’s inestimable boon to man, has oftentimes been infinitely debased, its spotless purity deeply mired, by the hands of vile hypocrites, its professed teachers. In politics the contagion is also observed, being here exhibited in its foulest forms. Here as elsewhere corruption is the rule, purity the exception. No election is so small, no office so petty, but that shameless bribery stalks abroad in all its native, unadorned deformity, claiming elector and electee as alike his own.

And this in America, this in the land we love and revere as our country, as our home. Is all the agonizing toil and labor of past ages to be completely lost in losing this, their last, their grandest product?

That it will be lost, existing tendencies remaining unchecked, who can

doubt? Are not tendencies indulged, metamorphosed into habits confirmed? And once deceit becomes habitual, ruin follows as the natural, the logical, the inevitable consequence. Civilization is the magnificent edifice, reared upon honor as the foundation, and the foundation destroyed, the superstructure, however grand, totters to its fall. The family is the unit of society, the *sine qua non* of civilized life, and consequently of all relations arising therefrom, and this, the most sacred of all the relations of man, as husband, as father, implies in its very nature, requires as its essential prerequisite, fidelity, integrity, honor. No honor, no family; no family, no State; all barbarism, all blackness.

Reality is the test of theory, and a more conclusive argument can perhaps be drawn from the practical experience of humanity as revealed in history, for hypothetical reasoning, however sound, is never so convincing as when exemplified by the stern logic of indisputable facts. Lack of honor in the family, is but one example of a general principle, which may and does have many more. Hence it is not necessary in the demonstration of this principle, to confine ourselves to this particular type of illustration. Deceit may be exhibited in various spheres, whether private or public, personal or national, the genus remains the same, though the species may vary. In the annals of nations, from the nature of the case, the record is general, not minute, and hence the lack of integrity between state and state is more

palpable than between man and man, the national than the personal, consequently in illustrations drawn from history we are forced to content ourselves with the general rather than the particular. In this instance whichever method be pursued, the conclusion remains unaltered.

The confederacy of Delos bestowed upon Athens the power which rendered her famous, but the flagrant violation of this solemn agreement was the cause of her downfall. The glorious star of her empire arose, calmly, purely, steadily, but the zenith past, it set amid the clouds and murky darkness of disgrace and obloquy.

Sparta likewise perished, her dishonesty and deceit recoiling with an irresistible, a withering force, upon her own devoted head, crushing her with its titanic power.

The liberty, the glory of Greece, fell not at Chaeronea, for though the appearance of former grandeur remained, yet the reality had years prior to the coming of Phillip departed—her liberties fell not by his but by her own perfidious, traitorous hand.

Rome—the sublimest monument to human strength and human ingenuity, to human weakness and human impotence, in the whole history of the world—likewise crumbled not from extraneous force, not before barbarian power, but from disintegration, from Roman profligacy and Roman corruption.

With theoretical and practical proof, with hypothetical and actual demonstration of this indisputable truth that

lack of integrity brings dishonor, brings irremediable and lasting ruin upon a people laboring under its foul incubus; and combined with this the further undeniable fact that we lack that integrity, is it not the blindest, the most senseless, the most criminal optimism, not to see that certain and imminent destruction at present confronts our commonwealth? That unless something be done to crush it, to check its frightful growth, that America with all her present, her proud and stately magnificence, will in like manner be converted into a shapeless mass of dishonored rubbish, trod alike by the insolent heel of the tyrannous despot, and the timid, cringing step of the domestic slave?

This is no wild, unreasoning and unreasonable declamation, but sober truth, the logical outcome of existing tendencies. Like causes produce like effects, and the causes of a nation's decline and fall remaining forever unchanging and immutable, and we having the identical tendencies that produced the destruction of governments in the past, ours also will perish. We have vast material prosperity, but so had they; we have learning, literature, philosophy, but so had they; in every sphere of human endeavor they were our equals, perhaps even our superiors in many, yet none of these had power to check the force which drove them onward with resistless energy towards certain doom. Have we then no hope? Is our fate also irrevocably sealed? Must we likewise perish ignominiously, infamously?

Amid the thick surrounding gloom, all but obscured by the inky blackness, one ray of hope alone beams faintly, but purely and steadily upon us. One thing we have which they have not, and having, may yet be our salvation. What wealth, civilization, and learning, could not and cannot effect, Christianity may yet accomplish. The simple but sublime teachings of Christ of Nazareth alone can produce the required transformation, their benign influence alone can save us from the dark and direful destiny to which we seem at present inevitably doomed. Not the weak, contemptible Christianity of the present, so much affected and so little felt, but the strong, sturdy, sublime Christianity of the Scriptures, so perfectly exemplified in the life of its founder, and in a less degree, of his early followers. This and this alone can rescue us from the dark, unfathomable abyss towards which we are so surely, so certainly, so irremediably tending.

With the history of past nations before us, with its warnings traced in the lurid characters of shame and infamy, shall we unmindful, infatuate, rush madly, blindly forward, the same yawning chasm, upon the same cruel crags, to meet the same awful, hideous doom? Has all the frightful toil and cruel agony of past ages been in vain? Is this great, this glorious nation, the grandest fabric ever thought by human mind, or reared by human ingenuity, to perish ignominiously, infamously? Forbid it Heaven. God grant the time is not

far distant when men shall have forsaken their base and despicable villainess, when the present thick blackness of disgrace and infamy shall have been dispelled by the radiant light of Christianity, and when all the nations and people of the earth beneath its benign and holy influence, shall prosper and press forward, onward and upward, toward a grand, a glorious, a sublime, an *honorable* destiny.

—J. G. HAMILTON.

DUNBAR CAVE.

Describe in rhyme the Cave, you say;
That place where night is never day?
That place where darkness holds a pall,
Like death within a prison wall?
That place where sunlights' never seen,
That place where midnight reigns as king?
That wonderous place of great renown,
The "Dunbar Cave," four miles from town?
All right. But friend pray don't pursue,
With critic's eye what I shall do.
About six weeks ago or more,
Some college boys—about a score,
Determined to explore the Cave,
With all the courage of the brave.
We reached that Cave's great open mouth,
Which stands there yawning towards the south,
Just as the sun had gained his height;
But all within was dark as night,
With lighted torch and staff in hand,
One cried: "We've reached Utopia's land!"

Thus entered we that cavern den,
All eager for a glimpse within.
"Halt!" said the guide, "I'll count the men,
Before they enter further in.
Some one perchance might go astray,
And lose himself beside the way.
One man at least who entered here,
When hungry, worn, harrassed by fear,
Gave up the ghost. I found his bones,
Beneath a pile of rugged stones."
The crowd stood still in silent awe,
Until the guide fulfilled his law.
We entered first a spacious hall
Whose length and breadth from wall to wall
Is like the dome of some dark night,
That reaches to an unknown height.
We lingered long with upheld lights,
And gazed upon the stalactites.
We lingered still; could not depart,
From studying nature's perfect art.
Some saw strange things in nature's book,
While others would not deign to look.
Some saw pictures on her pages,
Written by the pen of ages.
Some nothing saw, save on the wall
A few strange lines and marks withal.
At first we all stayed close beside
Our brave and ever trusted guide.
But by and by we'd look askance
At some huge boulder with a glance,
Then hurry back and join the boys,
As if, forsooth, we'd heard strange noise.
We wandered thus for many a mile
Thro' tunnel, path, and rugged aisle.
Then said the guide: "Now boys we'll go
To what they call the Old Grotto."

We found ourselves within a part
Whose granite walls are wrought with
art.

Long crystal rocks hung from the dome,
As white as water's dashing foam.
A capital in grand relief
Stood crowned and covered with a
wreath.

The art and perfect skill me thought,
Was like to that which Hiram wrought.
Then from that place we all withdrew,
And passing down an avenue,
We came to Rocky Mountain pass,
Where heaps of bowlders lie in mass.
It seems that some volcanic shock,
Has heaved and splintered rock from
rock.

Above huge bowlders poise their weight,
Below yawn caverns deep and great.
With trembling hearts full of dismay
We stumbled thro' the rugged way.
At last we reached a chamber door,
With adamantine walls and floor.
Its architecture is sublime,
Its builder is old Father Time.
Its dome is high—full eighty feet,
Its carving is sublime, complete.
The water dripping from a rock,
Sounds like the ticking of a clock.
We stood and gazed in silent awe,
And wondered at the scene we saw.
I think I heard the good guide say,
That this was called the "Cave of
Spray."

One noted place within that Cave,
Remembered well by sage and knave,
Is "Fat Man's Misery;" 'tis a way
That some folks would'nt go for pay.
We crawled supinely for a piece,
Then prayed the Lord to send some
grease.

Some toiled and struggled with their
might,
And in their haste kicked out the
light.

To them it was an awful plight,
The crowd ahead was out of sight.
They stood stone still their blood ran
chill;

Great fear began their hearts to fill.
Of course they raised a mighty yell,
That made those walls with echoes
swell.

But 'twas a hollow, ghastly sound
That echoed from the cliffs around.
They swear they saw a mighty host
Of goblin spirits, and a ghost.

A river in that Cave's dark maze
Caused every one to stop and gaze.
One full of fancy thought he spied,
Upon the waters deep and wide
A mermaid at her toil or play,
And water sprites among the spray.
But that of course was one spoke,
By some of those who love to joke.
We left the river's rolling tide,
And followed close behind our guide.
We climbed a cliff some twenty feet
And saw the noted "Lover's Leap."

Of course there is a tragic tale,
Connected with this magic dale.
They say the maiden was as fair
As Hellen, who was Troy's great snare.
She who caused the Grecian spears
To clash around its walls for years.
But that's beyond my present theme,
So will pass it by, as if a dream.

There is a place deep back within
That dark, gigantic, cavern den,—
They call it "Registration Hall,"
Because of names upon the wall.

This underground sepulchral room,
Is like some ancient monarch's tomb,
Where deeds are told of those now
dead,

How heroes fought, and how they bled;
How kings their mighty armies led;
The awful woes of those who fled.
Its' like a book whose blotted page
Records some royal lineage.

Upon the walls of that dark pit,
Ten thousand names, at least, are writ.
Strange epithets by fool and sage,
And monograms with date and age
Are carved upon this mighty book;
That all who pass may stop and look.
And long we looked with eager eye,
As if we thought we might espy
A title on those walls, whose fame
Would cast some honor on our name.
We tarried in that plastic hall,
Until we heard the leader call:
"Come on my lads, do not delay,
We must get out. Away! Away!!"

Now friend, if I could only tell
The half we saw, and what befell
That eager crowd, I would do well;
And would with pleasure longer dwell.
But should I tell you all my friend,
My tale would never, never end.
And now my comrades, all ye brave
Who tramped the halls of Dunbar
Cave,

I dedicate these lines to you,
May you live long, may yon be true.
—J. R.

OUR greatest glory consists not in
never falling, but in rising every time
we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

BY-LAWS

*Regulating Junior Theological Class in
Common Meetings.*

ARTICLE I.

Sec. 1. We, the Junior Theological
Class of '94 and '95, believing as we
do that much individual good may be
derived by mutually insulting one
another, do hereby agree never to
speak pleasantly when we can speak
in any other manner.

Sec. 2. We propose to meet often
and remain a long time, believing, as
we do, that there is power in union of
this kind.

Sec. 3. The first half hour of each
meeting shall be devoted to the discus-
sion of Professors, as to how they ask
questions, etc. In this discusion no
member is entitled to the floor more
than once, unless such a member has
lately "flatted" and could not have
prevented it.

Exception 1: Under such circum-
stances such a member may be per-
mitted to speak during the entire
meeting, or at least until he exhaust
his subject.

Exception 2: If such a member was
prepared on all points of the lesson
except the one upon which he "flatted,"
all members are urged to express
themselves as being in full sympathy
with him.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. In these regular meetings it
shall be the object of each member to
make some other member mad, and
it shall be the duty of all other mem-

bers to laugh at said member until he ceases to be angry.

Sec. 2. The members of this class shall tell lies on the *Seniors*. At each regular meeting of the class they, the *Seniors*, shall be discussed, beginning at Bob Hill and closing with John Garth.

Sec. 3. No member shall tell two successive truths unless it be Bro. McMillan.

Sec. 4. The time for meetings shall be immediately after recitation, also after each meal, and at 11 o'clock each night.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1. R. L. Campbell shall preside at each meeting. Charlie Sholl shall make the opening speech. No favor shall be shown to any one on account of age or infirmity of health, except to U. B. Currie.

Sec. 2. The place of meeting shall be in Carr's, Currie's or Wilinon's room, and if their room-mates are studying they shall be asked to retire, and if they do not consent, each member shall at next regular meeting, tell a lie on such an one.

Sec. 3. All feasts shall be given by Kirk, and shall be held in Kirk's room. Feast to occur only while Dr. Webb is away at Synod.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. All members are urged to be on the alert, and should they at any time learn of a Professor's making any preparations to attend any Synod, anywhere, it shall be the duty of that member to have a called meeting and report all information.

Sec. 2. No member shall be verbose unless it be Kirk. All members shall respect Archie Carr's gentle dignity, Charlie Sholl's eloquence, Wilkinson's learning, and McMillan's aged appearance.

Sec. 3. At the adjournment of each night session it shall be the duty of each member to make such a noise that there can be no doubt but that every man in Robb Hall is well awake.

Agreed to and signed by all members of class.

Your Committee begs leave to state that a new resolution is being considered and will in all probability come before the house at next meeting. That all may give it some previous thought, we will say that in substance it is this: No man of Junior Hebrew shall study his lesson at any time except the time between breakfast and Chapel, from 8:15 to 8:30.

Committee to be continued and the results of their work are to appear from time to time in the JOURNAL.

—CONSTITUTIONAL COMMITTEE.

A TRIP TO GRAYMONT.

The summer of 1885 found father and me living in Denver, Colorado. The Rocky Mountains loomed up some fifteen miles west of us, and offered a boundless field for the study of the works of nature, but although I had made a few trips up into them, I was not prepared for such a revelation as I expect to relate in this story. The whole thing was brought about

one evening, which found father and I sitting in our room enjoying the cool breezes which floated into our window direct from the mountains, and made one think that Colorado was the greatest country for an invalid in the world. Father had been reading the evening paper when he suddenly looked up, and said, "My boy, how would you like to take a trip to Graymont?" I inquired, "Where is that?" He explained that it was a little mining camp about sixty miles from Denver in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and offered an instructive as well as entertaining journey for anyone who had the hardihood to undertake it. I of course readily assented to the proposal, for boylike I was eager to undertake anything that savored of adventure, so after a few details had been discussed and arranged it was decided that we should leave Denver at five o'clock the following Sunday morning, and I went to bed light hearted and gay to revel in the anticipation of a journey to the Rockies.

Accordingly early Sunday morning we arose, took a light breakfast, and prepared for the journey. I noticed that among other things, father carried an overcoat on his arm, a proceeding I thought exceedingly strange, for the thermometer ranged from 80 to 90 degrees in the middle of the day, but I was destined to realize the wisdom of such a proceeding later on.

We were aboard the train early, which by the way consisted of three small passenger cars and one combination baggage and express car, drawn

by a small narrow gauge engine, and shortly after the conductor gave the signal and we were off for Graymont. We were soon outside the city, and bolting along at the rate of twenty miles per hour over the plains, sometimes called the "Great American Desert," a term that aptly fits it, for as far as the eye could reach, east, north, and south, nothing appeared but barren lands, dotted occasionally by an oasis of scrub pine and sage brush. Prairie dogs in unlimited numbers appeared sitting up like miniature statues, on the edge of their holes, as we dashed along through their cities, as they are called, seemingly undisturbed by the train. They are interesting little creatures, and will sit perfectly immovable until you attempt to molest them, when in a twinkling of an eye they disappear and shortly afterward a little fuzzy nose will appear, and then out he comes and resumes his former position as if nothing had happened to mar the tranquility of his every day life.

To have asked a "tenderfoot," a term usually applied to an easterner, how far we were from the Rocky Mountains, which loomed up just in front of us, he would have said about two miles, when in reality we were not less than ten, but the rarified condition of the atmosphere causes the uninitiated to make such mistakes.

By eleven o'clock we quitted the plains and entered the mouth of Clear Creek Canon half way between Denver and Georgetown. The pen is powerless to describe my emotions or the

grandeur of the scene that was revealed to me now. The canon, which is about fifty feet wide, appeared to have been cut out of the solid rock, which is really the case, it having been done by the little stream Clear Creek, and there is only room enough for the railroad and the stream. Every canon has its stream, which is generally as clear as crystal and abounding in speckled trout and other fish, making it an irresistible attraction for the sportsman. The bare walls of the canon arose to a height of one thousand feet on each side, and away above us appear the snow capped mountains, presenting as grand and imposing a spectacle as it has ever been my delight to see.

We soon arrived at what I consider a freak of nature, called "Hanging Rock." This rock is about two hundred feet in diameter and hangs directly over the railroad, and I must confess that I had visions of the great hereafter constantly before my eyes while passing under it.

About one o'clock we arrived at Georgetown, a little mining camp just a mile below Graymont and Silver Plum, which appeared on a spur away above us. Now of course you will all say, how is it possible to get up there. I did, and when the proposition was made to me of going up there, by means of the "Loop," I would have declined outright if I had had a chance.

The Loop is by far the most wonderful piece of railroad engineering in America, the Cog railroad up Pike's

Peak probably excepted. It was built by some venturesome engineers, aided by the Colorado Central Railroad, to enable the miners away up in the mountains to get supplies without a journey of some twelve miles down the mountain.

We soon made our arrangements for the climb, as it is called. The train was cut in two, leaving us the baggage car and one coach, and the little engine started on its upward journey. We pulled out of Georgetown slowly, and in a few minutes appeared just above the town, in the streets of which we could see the people staring at us, and turning in a circle of about three hundred yards, which we made in about ten minutes, we passed over a bridge just ninety-eight feet higher, under which was the track we had just passed over. This constitutes the loop. In half an hour we appeared again, this time away above the bridge, and one hour afterwards arrived a Silver Plum, just one mile above Georgetown, and four miles from Graymont. Now it is unnecessary to state that I carried my heart in my mouth all the way up, for had the train jumped the track we should have rolled about one mile down into the principal street in Georgetown, and, well you know the rest.

Georgetown appeared five times during the ascent, and each time out of a different side of the car. It would have been amusing at any other time to have heard the remarks of some of the passengers, but I was not in a position to appreciate them. We left

Silver Plum in a hurry, and in about half an hour arrived at Graymont, within two hundred yards of snow two feet deep, in the middle of a hot July day.

Now here is where that overcoat came in. I found it very disagreeable to venture outside the cars, in which we had a roaring fire, and was deprived of the pleasure of playing in the snow, although some of the more venturesome among us climbed away up the mountain and picked wild flowers from under the snow, as fresh as any that can be gathered in our own flower gardens in the South. This sounds strange and incredible, but I have a bunch of the same at home to prove the assertion.

Graymont itself is a very insignificant place, consisting of a beer saloon, an eating house, and a dugout, all owned and occupied by the principal inhabitant, who is also the Mayor, Board of Aldermen, etc., a similar individual being described at length by Mark Twain in his "Roughing It." About three o'clock we left Graymont on the return trip, and the way the train went down that Loop was a caution. I cannot describe anything that happened, except that we arrived at Georgetown about an hour afterwards, for the most of my time was spent with my eyes shut in repentance. The return trip was made without incident, except at Beaver Dam, the junction of the Central City branch, we met a detachment of John Robinson's circus going to Central City, and of course that caught my eye, and

also at Golden, just on the edge of the foot hills, we passed the Reform School for bad boys, and I have never been able to discover how I kept out of it. We arrived at Denver just at sunset, tired, but well pleased with our journey, and a few moments found us once more at home, and the trip to Graymont was a thing of the past.

—H. E. KIRK.

THE LAST LIGHT'S GONE.

The literature of America during the past century has reached its acme. Once the question, "Who reads American literature," was asked with contempt, but to-day our literature takes rank with the world's best. The great school of historians, philosophers, poets and novelists who made their advent early in the present century, and who have given world-wide distinction to our literature, have all passed away.

For many years Oliver Wendell Holmes, the last of this great school, has stood conspicuous and alone. One by one his contemporaries have quitted the stage of life, while he has remained behind. But on October 15th this last lingering ray of glory went out, and the nation mourned the death of Dr. Holmes.

When I read the announcement of his death, there came a feeling over me that was akin to sorrow, for I felt I had lost a personal friend. It is impossible for any one to read his books without forming a personal attachment for the man. From my

earliest years of reading, I have loved his works and read them as though they were letters written to me. Those who have read his writings are well acquainted with the magic charm of them, and how they take hold of one and makes him feel that they were written particularly for him. He makes a confidant of the reader and in most of the cases he is fully remunerated for the pains he takes in this line, by the great attention his readers give.

Not many decades ago, our author had as compeers such illustrious men as Bancroft and Prescott in the realm of history, Longfellow in poetry, Everett in oratory, but though surrounded by such geniuses his shone with as clear a light. Other great men lived along this time, such as Emerson, the philosopher, and Whittier, the Quaker bard, who sung of emancipation; and Lowell, that polished writer, whom we love so much to peruse.

Hawthorne, though born about the same time, rose to fame sooner and passed away earlier than the others. How lovely did he twine the flowers of our language into words and made the pages of our literature beautiful by his artistic pen! It is on these great pillars that rests America's claim to a high place in the literature of the world. And it was with more than ordinary interest that we have watched the last days of Dr. Holmes, hoping perhaps he had yet many years to live. But now, alas, he is no more, and the great school is ended!

We love to erect monuments over

the graves of our honored dead and decorate them with beautiful figures and epitaphs. Holmes needs no such monument, for the books he has left are far more enduring than marble shafts, however massive they may be, and we can read in them his character more plainly than could epitaphs delineate.

In a happy home, surrounded by friends and books, blessed with a healthy body and good opportunities, these are the environments of Holmes' childhood. Like Macaulay, "never was a child brought into this world under circumstances more favorable to the development of literary talent." His father before him had risen in the ranks of literature to no mean place. His "Annals of America" still maintains its place as a leading authority in our history. But quite different was the charm of his son's writing from his own.

From the first, Dr. Holmes took to poetry. While yet a child he wrote poems that gave evidence of a great poet. That this greatness has been developed, no one who has read him will deny. "The One-Horse Shay" is a remarkably bright and humorous production. "The Old Ironsides" will ever hold the author's name high in reputation. When at Harvard College he became editor of the "Collegian," a periodical conducted by the undergraduates. From the time he began to contribute to it, says Dr. Everett Hale, it became unwontedly popular. To it he contributed some of his best poems, and like jewels, they adorned

the pages. Whatever he touched he adorned. His humor is of the highest type. When we have tired with philosophy, and obtruse authors like Carlyle, or the recondite like De Quincy, we turn with pleasure to his pages and find real pleasure, invigorating pleasure, in the perusal.

Holmes was pre-eminently a man of the world. He was acquainted with more than one phase of it—spoke in more than one of its languages, and while by profession a physician, he was also a philosopher. While Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and afterwards at Harvard, he studied hard and kept himself abreast with the times in these studies. While he did not spend the time in these studies that some of his contemporaries did, yet he was never desultory, but when studying expended the maximum of attention, and being blessed with a remarkably fine retentive memory, he still held his hand with them.

We would naturally expect a man in his condition of life to write uninteresting articles to the common reader. Naturally we expect to find allusion to his studies, but this Holmes has avoided, and we would never guess that the author of "Autocrat of Breakfast Table" was a man of anatomical studies.

As a prose writer, he takes rank with our best novelists. His contributions to the Atlantic Monthly were read with almost rapturous joy. It was in this magazine that he began his delightful papers, "Autocrat of the

Breakfast Table." These were followed by the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," and afterwards the "Poet at the Breakfast Table." Perhaps the first of these "Breakfast" series is the best, but all are delightful reading.

Most of us like humor, and in Dr. Holmes' books we find it in its rarest kind. No humorous writer has surpassed him, and few equaled him in this phase of literature. Though he is famous perhaps more as a humorist, yet he is the author of scientific works. He has written many lectures and essays on medical and anatomical subjects. In some of these he is especially hard on the homeopaths, for which they will hardly ever forgive him.

Some of his other works are, "The Guardian Angel," "Songs in Many Keys," "Soundings from the Atlantic," and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." "Elsie Venner, a Woman of Destiny," is another of his works. It is a psychological novel, and shows the folly of the doctrine of transmittive sin.

But perhaps after all it is through his poems that we love the man. He has taken a high rank as a writer of songs and lyrics, both humorous and serious. Many of his best poems are of this class, and have been written for social entertainments or festive occasions, where they have been sung or recited by the poet himself. We can never forget the beautiful poem, "The Boys," in which he speaks so lovingly of the men, his school-fellows or associates in after life as only "boys, tho'

with temples of gray " and of Smith, the writer of "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," as "the man whom fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith."

There is one thing about all of Dr. Holmes' compositions which is one secret of their success, and that is the care expended on them. He never did anything in a slipshod way, but he would revise all he wrote, and only after he had done his best did they appear in print. We will never know how much he culled from his manuscripts that might have sounded sweet to our ears, but for the sake of polish they were struck out. This care which he always expends on his compositions is not apparent in many of his poems, so easily and smoothly do they run. But what ever he had to write, whether a lecture before some medical society, or a poem for some social gathering, whatever it was, he always wrote it with the utmost care.

In taking a retrospect of the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, we find many virtues to emulate, and we cannot but mourn that he has gone from our earth. We will always be glad that he has lived, and has left behind him writings that will never grow old.

—FRAZER HOOD.

DICTION.

The great importance of good diction will be realized when we consider how greatly style is dependent upon it in all three of its departments. First, as regards the choice of words;

second, as to their arrangement; and third, as to their connection.

In the regard to the choice of words, there are four maxims especially to be observed in discourse, of whatever kind it may be. (1.) Be accurate! Let no word be found in your discourse that does not exactly convey the thought which you wish to express. Then again, as there are some thoughts which do not have exact equivalents in a single word, seek to have at command synonymous expressions, so as to make yourself understood under all circumstances. Proficiency in this may be greatly facilitated by being observant of the derivation and history of words, and by enlarging your vocabulary through the study of the best authors.

(2.) Use the words of to-day. As far as possible, the writer should take the advice given in the words:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Of course there are times when it is absolutely necessary for a writer to coin an expression to fit the thought, but let him be careful, lest, through a blundering invention, he make himself a butt for public ridicule. Again, there are always expressions current which, though really they fall but little short of slang, do not appear in that light; and thus, through the very hiddenness of their incorrectness, become stumbling blocks in the writer's path.

To conclude with present use, the writer should not let affectation or a fancy for quaintness lead him into the use of archaisms.

Third. "Suit your language to your

crowd," as Sam Jones says. A yankee would not understand the parlance of South Carolina, nor would a southerner understand "down east talk." Do not address a backwoodsman in technicalities. You might as well speak Greek to an Indian. Finally, speak English, and if possible, only English.

Fourth. Let your culture show itself in the choice of words. Choose the word best expressing your thought, regardless of its derivation, whether Saxon or Classical. Shun neither. Put a common thought into common words, but let a noble thought be expressed by splendid language.

As a summary to the preceding rules, we find that the ends to be observed in the choice of words are:

- (1.) Adaptation to the thought.
- (2.) Adaptation to hearer or reader.

In poetic diction we find four characteristics which stand in juxtaposition to those of prose. (1.) Where prose would demand fullness of expression, poetry often allows brevity. (2.) While prose refuses to recognize out-of-date expressions, we find that poetry encourages the use of archaisms, because they tend to increase that heightened language through which poetic thoughts are given expression. So, for the same reasons that archaisms are sought, colloquialisms are shunned.

(3.) Poetry seeks picturesqueness of expression, whether it be acquired by vivid word-painting, by striking epithet, or by the endowing of words with the meaning which they held before they started upon their course of successive changes.

(4.) Poetry allows itself, in its choice of words, to be greatly influenced by sound, often substituting for proper names appellations, which though not as correct as the original, are more euphonious.

In prose diction we observe three distinctive types.

Under the intellectual type falls, by far, the greater part of prose discourse, all in fact, addressed to the understanding. This being the case, we see that here clearness is the quality specially to be sought.

The impassioned type of prose diction of course includes that portion of literature which appeals to the will power of man, and consequently its distinctive quality is force.

The third type, known as the imaginative, includes that kind of prose which seeks to gratify man's desire for the beautiful and the picturesque. Of all prose types this approaches most nearly to poetry, and like it, seeks all the quality of beauty.

Discourse being divided into two kinds, spoken and written, by bringing them together in comparison we may discriminate between the diction of one and that of the other.

The standard of all writing being the spoken word, the diction of written discourse should conform to it as much as possible, though of course there are limitations to this general rule.

In written discourse one may enter upon the subject after some preliminary remarks, but in the spoken he must secure the hearers' attention at once. In another way the speaker has

the advantage, in that his diction may be far more rugged than that of the written. The orator may intersperse his declarations with interrogatives and exclamations, while the writer is more restricted to his general tone, and so his diction, while less varied, is more complete than the written.

—V. MOLDENHAVER.

THE WAIL OF A MISERABLE WRETCH.

(By a Son of Tenn.)

Steak, steak, steak,

On our cold white plates each day,
And I would my tongue could utter,
The thoughts I dare not say.

O well for the Calvin Hall boy,
That he shouts with delight at his
roast,

O well for the private boarder,
That he sings of eggs and quail on
toast.

And the grocer's wagon goes on,
To the house just over the hill,
But never more does he stop with us,
And the sound of his voice is still.

Steak, steak, steak,
We may kick with our might, in
vain,

For the tenderloin with gravy o'er-
spread,

Will never be tasted again. —TEP.

Cook—There, I've put by a choice cut of roast beef for my dragoon. If he doesn't pop the question to-night he must have a heart of stone.—Elegante Blatter.

EDITORIAL.

Editors in Chief.

C. S. SHOLL. - - - Alabama.
D. F. WILKINSON. - - - Mississippi.

IN THE PINY WOODS.

Last June after my year's work in school was done, I went to the "land of flowers" to enjoy a few months of rest with loved ones at home. I enjoyed this luxury only one week, when I had a unanimous call to become principal teacher in a country public school. I at first hesitated in accepting, because my strength was almost exhausted from the hard year's work, and I was sadly in need of rest. The representative sent by the patrons to see me plead earnestly and eloquently. In summing up the advantages of the situation he said: "There is a heap of children there, you'll have a good school; the house is right among the big pines, where the gopher digs his hole unmolested, and the sad melody of the murmuring pines will be restful music to your weary soul. There is not much money in it, but a good deal of honor. Accommodations are splendid; only thirty-six miles to the railroad, and a postoffice in six miles. Splendid spring of water right there in half a mile of the house. Two grist mills, one saw mill, and a chicken peddler in the neighborhood."

He gave other inducements, but this is sufficient. I could resist no longer, so I promised to be there the following Monday morning.

When I was left alone I could not help thinking of the truth of the old adage, "Some are born great; some acquire greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them." Time passed swiftly and soon Tuesday morning came. I reached school in due time. Imagine my surprise on finding the house literally crowded that morning with people of every description. I expected to find fifteen or twenty small children there, but instead, found almost a hundred persons of all ages from four to seventy years. Fond parents had come to show the children, as they said, "the way to school, and how to act." The opening of a school was a novel sight to many present. All waited in breathless silence to see it "start off." Grover Cleveland was not gazed upon with more intense interest than I, when he touched the button at Chicago last year.

After devotional exercises, I made some practical remarks about my method of teaching, discipline, etc., all of which the patrons sanctioned heartily. The names were finally registered and the work moved off nicely. I could see a beam of satisfaction play across the countenances of fond parents when the little fellows came up and said after me, "A, B, C," etc., without crying, or when their grown sons and daughters would read, "I see a bee," without first spelling it out.

At last the patrons, well pleased with what they had seen, began to leave for home. These are the little bits of advice and information they kindly (?) whispered in my ear as

they passed out: "Josie haint got no book but I'll git her one when I go to town." "Ef my children don't behave jus' lick 'em an' I'll double the dose when they git home." "Speak loud to Jessie, he's kinder deaf." "Don't let them big boys run over my Johnnie." "Ef a black clack cloud comes up and it begins to rain, let my children come home." "Don't let them children play in the spring."

Thus I was left "alone in my glory" with about seventy children. Of course I got an assistant as soon as possible. Very few of the pupils were advanced enough to study grammar, geography, or history. We did not have to study so hard as some teachers do to keep ahead of our classes. For two months and more my assistant and I experienced all the joys and sorrows incident to persons occupying high and honored positions.

But I feel I would do these good people an injustice to stop here. If I have presented to you a dark picture, look now on the other side. True they have not reached a high standard of mental culture, but it did my heart good to look upon their honest, innocent and happy faces. The boys and girls would make the woods ring with their happy peals of laughter each morning and evening. They came from homes where you will find hospitality in its essence. Their homes are good but plain, and in them all you will find magnanimous hearts beating under rough exteriors. They are blissfully ignorant of the late financial depression, simply because

they produce what they need at home and consume it there. Although their minds are uncultivated, their hearts are not. I never heard a pupil laugh or whisper during devotional exercises. All made a great effort to be present every morning during the exercises. When a minister preaches there he is not forced to preach to empty pews. They all go to church and they go to hear. It electrifies a preacher to preach to such appreciative people.

I learned to love those boys and girls with a strong love because they were so obedient and so anxious to learn. Among them are real sparkling jewels. Governors, senators, representatives, doctors, lawyers, etc., have come out from among those sighing pines and there is plenty of material left there to make more. Some day when they get in high positions you will hear them tell of their boyhood days spent at the old school house among the pines, there where they first stooped to drink at the fountain of knowledge as they were led up by their most excellent teacher, Mr. ——. I left the school in charge of my assistant when I came back to the S. W. P. U. Apply to him and he will tell you the rest.

THE PROBLEM OF TIME.

"I'd like to write something for the JOURNAL but really haven't the *time*." "I can't do Literary Society work this session, my course in college takes too much *time* for that." "One hour for

recreation, in addition to meal times, is all I have off from my studies." "I haven't *time* to take exercise or to be sociable." "I haven't *time* to read my Bible as I should." These, in very truth, are remarks heard not infrequently—remarks, not made in frivolous complain, but candidly and truthfully spoken. There is a deal of evanescent "kicking," but this represents the spirit of something more substantially real and solid.

It would seem then that the problem of time is the great, unsolved question of our college life. We are sometimes gravely assured that there are twenty-four hours in a day, and that that ought to be enough. Doubtless the Creator designed it to be a sufficiency; the fault is that we have not learned to use it aright or else are overtaxing our capabilities for work and pleasure. We simply want time enough to keep even with our duties of one kind or of another. How shall we find it? Shall we go on violating laws of health? Must we be selfishly unsociable? Or shall we slight some lesson or neglect the spiritual side of our natures? Shall we be mere ignoramuses outside of the range of our text books? Or is it possible to cultivate symmetry of life and character amid the arduous toils of collegiate life? These are questions that ought to be intensely practical to us as young men, with expectancy awaiting the greater responsibility and duties of after life.

Our lack of time has its origin, for one thing at least, in failing to realize

the real aim of college life. In a word, what is it? *Education*. But what is your view of education? Does it realize the highest ideal, the truest conception? It does seem that we make our greatest mistakes just here. Education we say is training, development. But is that training simply to be mental? True this is the primary aim, the central purpose of it all. But is it all? We can not afford to despise our bodies; the emotions of the soul, the love of the beautiful, the cultivation of literary gifts and tastes, the refinement and culture of our social qualities, the development of practical ideas and purpose, the storing of our minds with knowledge of the world's doings and its problems, the uplifting of our souls towards God—these are things that we have no moral right to neglect. An education, that comes without a consideration of all these things, is one-sided, unnatural growth. Strange the manner of education some of us are gaining for ourselves, and stranger still, our attempted solution of the problem of time.

Here is one class of students. Bright fellows they are, but the "mark" or "medal" craze has struck them. A "medal" or the best "mark" in the class forms the boundary of their horizon. There's little outside to charm them. Recitations are "gotten down pat," or machine-like—never an insignificant detail slighted. But it takes time to be so "prepared." How do they manage to find it? These are the three principal ways: (1) By a

violation of the laws of digestion and exercise. These are the men, who come to the table, stick their heads down, are scarce heard from save when they ask for some dish, compete in speed, in their eating, with a train on the down-grade, in ten minutes have vanished from the dining room, and after five minutes more spent in talking are back at their books for the afternoon or evening. These are the men, who can't afford more than a ten minutes' walk, and that taken with the thought of study on the brain. Perhaps they find time for literary societies and for some outside reading, and once in a great while for some social or intellectual treat, but we humbly submit the question as to what will become of their physical strength and endurance within ten years' time. Perhaps we don't all travel this gait so rapidly, and are not so "medal-struck" or "mark-crazy," but doesn't the cap fit a good many of us?

(2) Another attempted solution, along this line, is that of irregular hours. There are students, who count sleep nothing, so long as lessons are prepared, who perhaps for three nights in the week get no more than six hours sleep. Here we see them drowsy in class room or haggard in appearance. Perhaps they find time for exercise, time to eat properly, time to read, time to write, time to do literary work; but how about the strength and manliness of their bodies? Now constitutional requirements differ as to sleep, but consult any professional man, in what-

ever line, of experience and common sense, and the earnest advice submitted is to have regularly seven or eight hours sleep a night, even if lessons have to be slighted just a bit. These violations of the laws of health have been emphasized thus at some length, because we believe that this is the gravest and most widely prevalent false method employed by our boys in the solution of the problem of time. So many of us are so short-sighted as to believe, that because these transgressions of nature's laws do not tell directly on us now, that they never will. But we err. Nature is inexorable; and the penalties of these violations must be paid. Scores of men in S. W. P. U. are laying the foundations of dyspepsia and other physical ailments in after years. Then they will learn too late that weak and sickly bodies are drag-weights upon the powers of the mind, that less knowledge and more physical strength would be more advantageous, and that the practical problems of life call for "sound minds and sound bodies."

(3) The last method employed to answer this important question, is the neglect of everything save studies and health. Here we find the class of men who won't have anything to do with the literary societies, who will never write for the *JOURNAL*, or for their own private good, who never read anything save their text-books, who know little of politics, less of history, and naught of practical affairs, who can spare but little time for earnest, Christian work. These are the men whose

influence in college is infinitely lower than their marks, and who, in after life, will learn themselves that their education was imperfect and that the world regards them as "lop-sided."

Now it goes without saying that these methods and classes are not inseparable, but that rather all these methods are used to some extent, one usually predominant in use, by the class of students we have described. Neither need a man be a medal seeker to belong to the number of those who are violating either nature or character in solving the question of time. Indeed, in this University of hard students, the majority of us are thus doing injustice to ourselves and are missing the truest ideal of educational life. There are other false ideals, of college life and other violations of the means of most successful development, but we have combatted with this as the most general and powerful of them all.

It is one thing to have a fixed, firm purpose in our life, but another to sacrifice everything for its achievement. There have been those whose success in life was due to such a policy and whose achievements have dazzled the world. But we find in them invariably something that marred and hindered the full roundness of their lives. This is the policy of short sightedness. Those men whose characters have been best, whose lives have been most filled with happiness, who have adorned society and blessed the world, have been men who have cared for every side of their nature and

sought earnestly many-sided development. Such should be our ideal and the plan of our collegiate life!

How then shall we solve the problem of time? How shall our days be proportioned? Mr. Gladstone, the most illustrious, living example of rounded completeness of character, attributes his success in life, in the greatest measure, to his strict and invariable adherence to a simple, old rule of living. It is this: Eight hours for *work*, eight hours for *recreation*, social, literary, physical, etc., and eight hours for *sleep*.

Is this an impossible plan with us? It ought not to be. We might drop a suggestion here to our honored faculty as to shorter lessons and a weekly holiday, but it is not *a propos* to the discussion. As students we could approach, at least, towards an ideal division of time, and an ideal education, by acting on these suggestions:

1. By taking regular, vigorous outdoor exercise, and thus refreshing mind and body.

2. By limiting ourselves to eighteen studies a week, no matter how great may be the temptation to go beyond this limit.

3. By entering heartily and earnestly in everything that we take part in. Especially by *studying* when we study, and by lending closest attention to all class room explanations and questionings. Concentration and attention train the mind, teach it to grasp the fundamentals of study and quicken its processes. This article is suggestive and incomplete in its nature; but it

ought to set us all to thinking, for these are things that shall tell upon us here within these classic walls and will to an immense degree shape and determine the character and power of our influence in the world that lies out before us.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Associate Editors.

R. L. CAMPBELL.	- - -	Mississippi.
R. I. LONG.	- - -	Mississippi.

If the Exchange Editor could in reality perform the work which theoretically appertains to his office, he undoubtedly has more time at his disposal than falls to the staff of this JOURNAL. To read carefully every journal, to notice the improvement or failure of each, to know when and what to praise, and how to criticise, without making a mistake, and thereby incurring censure, is an ideal state of mind that hope can not reach for this department. But no journal should allow these facts to discourage it, and because there are difficulties in the way, give up the department altogether. This criticism, without giving the names, applies to several publications on our list. No college journal, however, can be considered as complete with this important part absent. It is only through this channel that the different colleges can be brought into literary touch and sympathy with one another. Many others also, although they have an Exchange Department, seem to devote so little attention to

their work that it is almost as worthless and uninteresting as if they had no such department.

The writer of the article in the *Vanderbilt Observer*, entitled "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," shows a pen of true pathos. A character such as was the subject of his sketch, is one that draws the tenderest feelings from the heart. A life so pure, a fountain so limpid from whose bubbling source flowed sentiments that so delightfully regaled the intellectual craving for beautiful truth, could have no sublimer end than the words that fitly embalmed her life—"It is beautiful." It was a happy thought which presented itself to the minds of the editors of the *Vanderbilt Observer* when they introduced into their magazine the department entitled "Wheat and Chaff." Here full play is given to every faculty of the mind, and the reader can not but be pleased with the variety of topics touched upon in this department.

The *Clarion* contains an able article entitled "Christian Education. Its Place in the World." The speaker throws himself "whole souled" into his subject, and would that every Christian young man had the speaker's thoughts indelibly impressed upon his soul. The great social problem is discussed, its threatening aspect vividly portrayed, and the only remedy that can be prescribed is "Christian Education."

In its last issue the *Hampden Sidney Magazine* published an article, which, although much has already been writ-

ten upon that subject, was very much needed, "For what was the South fighting in the last war?" The writer in a calm and dispassionate manner discusses the question, and gives the true cause of the struggle. It was not for the freedom of the slave that the bloody battles were fought, but the South simply resisted enactments by the Federal Union upon the rights of each sovereign State. It is a deplorable fact that very few Americans know what was the cause of the war, and especially should every Southerner know why the South so nobly fought for four bloody years. Her motives have been impugned, and they should be defended.

"The Silver Question," about which so much is said and concerning which so little is known, is discussed in the *Davidson Monthly*. The subject is viewed from both an historical and economical standpoint. And if men would only study the question in this light, much of the "fog" would be lifted out of the minds of those who blindly follow the political demagogues who are continually crying for "Free Silver." And nothing would be more disastrous to the country than to give them what they ask. The article clearly shows that the gold standard must be maintained until there is an international agreement to adopt the bi-metallic scheme.

Clippings.

It is reported that in the last six years three hundred and eighty-nine students of the Prussian schools have

committed suicide on account of failing in examinations.

Of the nine candidates successful in the late examination in the art, history and theory of teaching at the London University, eight are women.

He—I could hypnotize you so that within an hour you would throw your arms around my neck.

She—I could hypnotize you with that effect in five minutes.

"The doctors say that kissing is unhealthy," said the young man to his girl. "What do you think of it?"

"I never had much faith in doctors," she replied.

According to careful estimates three hours close study wear out the body more than a whole day of physical exertion.—Bates Student.

LOCALS.

Local Editors.

U. B. CURRIE,	- - -	Mississippi.
GINDER ABBOTT,	- - -	Louisiana.

Why roams ye Local Editor 'round,
His hands behind his back?
He's trying to think up some Xmas jokes
For ye College Journal, alack!

All agree that the preaching of Rev. Mr. Pearson was of a very high character.

Dr. Summey and Prof. Whaling spent several days at the Synod of Alabama.

If you want to hear Bob Hill "cuss" just spit on his foot—"Thunder and

lightening, Currie what did you spit on my foot for?"

McCulloch says the reason why the swine ran violently down into the sea, and were choked, was because the devil got into them and twisted their tails. We think that Mr. M. himself has twisted the tale somewhat.

Uncle William says that he was surprised recently to find that the moon had suddenly gone 40 degrees south.

Pope and Kirk in heated discussion: "Say Pope, were you originally born in Tennessee?"

Mr. A.: "The Ariels have arrived in town."

Mr. L.: "Who?"

Mr. A.: "The Ariel Quartet."

Mr. L.: "How many are there?"

Cleveland says Lycinias was wounded with an invulnerable wound.

Tenny: "Professor, it seems to me that in view of the concert last night we ought to be excused from recitation to-day."

Prof. W. (after a pause): "Yes, Mr. Tenny, I guess you would like to run the University, wouldn't you?"

A lady to Mr. Blackburn: "Mr. Blackburn, are you related to Mr. George Blackburn?"

Mr. B.: "Yes mam, I am his niece."

Blackburn on debate: "Gentleman, a baby that can walk and talk at the age of six is, in my opinion, a mighty smart baby."

All are indebted to Dr. Lyon for securing such an admirable course of entertainments.

Mr. Lynn in Bible. Dr. Summey: "Mr. Lynn, where is Jerusalem?"

Mr. Lynn: "Twenty-five thousand miles above the level of the sea, Dr."

Two young ladies while out walking a few days ago, observed in the distance a spectacle very suggestive of —

Possum up the simmon tree,
Raccoon on the ground,
The raccoon to the possum said,
Shake those simmons down.

On a nearer approach and closer inspection, the gentleman "up the simmon tree" was Dr. Nicolassen, and the one "on the ground," Prof. Massie.

Mrs. W. A. Alexander delightfully entertained a number of young people at her home on College street, recently.

Dr. Webb: "Mr. Kirk, why did Shimei curse David?"

Mr. K.: "Because God put him up to it."

Prof. Whaling, of S. W. P. U., was elected Moderator of the Synod of Alabama.

Tenny says his mind thinks in axioms.

Robert Webb, Jr., is very much puzzled to know why mules have wings on their heads.

Wadley (having heard that mosquitoes are made to teach us patience): "Professor, for what moral purpose are four-legged chickens made?"

The preliminary declaimers' contest of W. I. L. Society was carried out November 30th, and the following named gentlemen were chosen as contestants: First place, McCalla; second, Moldenhauer; third, McLaurin; fourth, Crowley; Reid as substitute.

Ed. Naylor, not understanding how to manipulate Dr. Webb's hydrant, took off the top one cold night not long since, and would perhaps have frozen trying to check the flow with his hands had not Dr. Webb come to his relief.

Mr. James Green has joined the class of patriarchs.

Mr. Mitchener, declared Chaplain of Stewart Society, with tearful eyes and trembling voice said: "Mr. President, this is a solemn thing and for that reason I can't serve."

Prof. Webb on Special Providence: "God looks after the minutest things." "Even, 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'" "God has had cognizance of Bro. McMillan's head all this time."

We are sorry to note the absence of Mr. W. L. Carr from our college circles. He was lately called home, but hopes to return after the Xmas holidays are over.

Miss Carrie Lupton, who has been away from the city for quite a while, has returned.

Mr. McKinney has left college and returned home. We hope his absence will be only temporary.

The house warming recently given by the city Y. M. C. A. in their new rooms was a grand success. A large crowd was present, and everyone had a pleasant evening.

Currie, preparing a Latin thesis for his Presbytery: "Crowley, have you an English Latin Lexicon with the word for dog in it?"

This time last year we had a foot ball team, a fine glee club, and an orchestra, all good and all in a prosperous condition, but where! oh! where! are they now?

The Misses Coulter entertained quite a number of friends a few evenings past at their home on Madison street. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by those present.

Stewart Literary Society held its election of officers a few nights ago. The following are the officers for the ensuing term: Mooney, President; Wadley, Vice-President; Keady, Secretary; Benn, Treasurer; Sholl, Critic; Claggett, Chaplain; Cardwell, First Supervisor; Michener, Second Supervisor; Eleazor, Librarian; McMillan, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Cobb says that "platonic friendship is where a fellow falls in love with the girl his father is in love with."

Some one said that Abbott is like Lot's wife. He is given to looking back.

Albert Summey says, "That are a sorry journal."

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor lectured at Elder's Opera on the 7th inst. His lecture was enjoyed by a large audience. It was full of eloquence and wit. The young preachers heard with much pleasure the prediction of the kissaphone by which they will be able to kiss the girl they left behind without missing any time from study. The young Prep. also welcomed the prediction of the electro-shoot in which one may touch the button in Wash-ton and arrive in San Francisco two hours before he started. He gave Bob Ingersoll some pretty hard raps, and altogether his lecture was much enjoyed.

Miss C.: "Why, Mr. Lyon, you are so small."

Mr. L.: "Well, I will stand on my tip toes."

Miss C.: "Oh! please don't, for if you should I fear I could not see your head."

The few who were fortunate enough to attend the little entertainment given by Mrs. Alexander enjoyed a very pleasant evening there. The girls were all dressed in the style of fifty years ago, while the young men went in masquerade.

Dr. S.: "Mr. W., who was Jehoiada?"

Mr. W.: "He was the wife of Athaliah."

Some one chanced to make the remark that "it has been so dry (in more senses than one) that they had to haul water to run the ferry."

Dr. S.: "What become of Pekahiall?"

Mr. Crowley: "Pekah *slow* him."

The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Turnley on Madison street was the scene of an elegant reception on the evening of the 6th inst., given in honor of Miss Sewell, of Anchorage, Ky. It was an event which will long be remembered in Clarksville society.

Mr. Harper, stumbling over a French verb. Prof. D.: "Mr. A., while we are waiting on Mr. Harper please write out the principal parts of vaincere."

A certain young lady in town accidentally stepped on Adair Lyon's foot. He said, "If you don't quit stepping on my feet I will put them in my pockets." She: "Oh! please don't, you might tear out your pockets."

The college reception will come off Thursday night, the 13th of this month. Every one is looking forward to it with much pleasure. We all know that we will have a good time. Don't we boys?

Campbell, in N. T. Greek. Prof. A.: "Translate, Mr. Campbell."

Mr. C.: "Egeire eis to meson. Stand on your middle."

Prof. A.: "That would be hard for a man to do, Mr. Campbell."

They say Mooney was going down the street near the Baptist Church, a few evenings ago, when he chanced to meet his girl. He became so embarrassed and excited that he ran against a post. When called upon to explain he said: "Boys I was just demonstrating the *pons assinorum*."

Ask Kirksey if the electric machine will burn.

Carter Helm Jones, in his recent lecture, informed his audience that the inventor of "Post Script" was Ad-a-line-More. Mr. Campbell thought it a capital pun, so next morning the following conversation occurred between Campbell and West:

C.: "West, who invented "Post Sertpt?"

W.: "I don't know. Who was it?"

C.: "Er, er, Ad-a-line—er, er, Ad-a-line-to-it."

Mooney says he thinks Prof. Massie will be hanged in a triangle.

The course of entertainments secured by Dr. Lyon was admirably represented by the Ariel Ladies Quartette of Boston, November 9th, and largely attended. For perfect articulation, accent, accurate time, and melody, this quartet has scarcely a superior.

Mrs. C., to her cook: "Dinah, how is your husband now?"

Dinah: "Lor'se, Miss Sarah, I clare I don' know; de las' time I heard from him he were dead."

Mr. Eddins attributes the following familiar quotation to Socrates: "A good name is rather to be chosed than great riches."

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