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PRIZE ESSAY NO. 2.

Stonewall Jackson
A Man.

In the year 1860, a man destined to become noted in the annals of his country might be seen quietly pursuing the duties of an Instructor in the Military Academy of Virginia. To this position he had risen from one of obscurity and insignificance, entirely by his own merit. His motto—You may be whatever you resolve to be—was to him a most practical rule of life. His determination in youth was to be a man of distinction, and to serve his country. Subsequent history shows us how well he succeeded.

His lot in youth was hard, his father having died during his infancy,

and his mother when he was but seven years of age. She left him no legacy but her prayers. These, however, shielded him through all the varied incidents of his orphanage and his eventful life, and they were answered by the most glorious endowments of grace and virtue which the heart of a dying parent could crave for a child. He was left to the care of an uncle with whom he was not congenial, and, though but seven years of age, he displayed the dawns of that lofty independence and inexorable will, which became so manifest in after years, by deciding to end the connection at once, and changing his place of abode to that of another relative.

At the age of seventeen he filled the office of constable in his county, and his countrymen testified that he performed its duties with industry and with fidelity.

A year or two later a vacancy at West Point gave him a chance to secure an appointment as cadet there. After hard work he secured the appointment, barely passing the examination as to scholarship. In his four years course at West Point he made steady progress and graduated near the head of his class. From the Military Academy he went directly

into the Mexican War and served through a brilliant campaign, rising from the rank of Second Lieutenant to that of Major.

(His life at Lexington as professor in the Military Academy was uneventful, though characterized throughout by those stirring traits of character which so eminently fitted him for the work he was destined to do.)

In the year 1861 the war between the States began. In this struggle he was to shine as one of the great lights of the Confederacy. We will try to trace his character as it was brought out in this great struggle between North and South.

The personal appearance of this hero of the Lost Cause was commanding. He was tall and muscular and carried himself with great dignity. His countenance was very expressive. (As has been said of him, "Could a painter fix upon canvas, side by side, the countenance with which he jested with a child and that with which he gave the sharp and strident command 'Sweep the field with the bayonet,' he would have accomplished a miracle of art which could scarcely be credited as true to nature.")

Yet, in his glory he was an example of modesty—a modest, courteous, Christian gentleman. Modest even to plainness, for he says in a letter to his wife—"I became so much ashamed of the broad gold lace that was on the cap you sent me, as to induce me to cut it off. I like simplicity."

He was a member of the Presbyterian church and was a genuine Chris-

tian. Before the war he organized a Sabbath-school for the slaves in his town, and did great good among them.

He was very devout in his habits, his prayerful spirit sometimes being witnessed on the field of battle, when he would be seen sitting motionless on his horse, his hand uplifted, engaged in silent prayer, while the colume in stern silence, close by his side, swept into the storm of shot and shell. His African servant bore striking witness to his devout habits in these words: "The General is a great man for praying, night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night to go off and pray, then I know there is going to be something to pay."

(Duty was with him the ever present and supreme sentiments; and his exactness in performing what he thought his duty was always the same. To him all duties were great, however small the affairs to which they applied.)

In his military life all the points of his character shone forth as the noon-day sun in its splendor. Foremost among these was his devotion to duty

(which has just been alluded to.) Another was his strength of will. He was a man of iron will and exercised this will not only over himself, but over all over whom he was in authority. He was a thorough, exacting disciplinarian. Such was the order and discipline of his army that when invading the town of Frederick on the Sabbath day, all the churches were open, and the people attended wor-

ship with their wives and children as in profound peace. How was such perfect discipline secured? His maxim was that he who would govern others, must himself set the example of punctilious obedience; and it was chiefly by his own example that he obtained such perfect control over his troops. He was punctual in all things. As a subordinate, he was respectful, and knew how to obey orders as well as to give them. His authority was rarely resisted by a subordinate and then, in the language of another, "that snowy, massive brow began to congeal with strong vigor, the calm blue eye to blaze with the fire of that iron will, before which every other eye quailed and every other will came into humble submission."

He was the love of his soldiers as well as their respect and obedience. His presence before the lines was always welcomed with cheers. His personal courage and fearlessness made him the very idol of his soldiery.

He was a skillful general. Never was he defeated on the field of battle. He so gained the love of his soldiers and so inspired them with his zeal, that, in the battle of Chancellorsville, after he had been carried from the field mortally wounded they rushed forward, and with no other leader than his *Name*, which formed their battle cry, swept every thing before them. His success was also due to the sagacity and completeness with which he planned an action and the skill and activity with which he ex-

ecuted it. In his preparation for battle, he left no possible occurrence unexamined, and was, therefore, prepared for every emergency. To such an extent did he study a campaign that the opinions he expressed concerning it seemed almost prophecies, so completely were they fulfilled. In action he was like the great Napoleon, who never waited for an adversary to become fully prepared, but struck the first blow. He seemed ubiquitous and kept the Federals, with whom he was engaged, in constant terror, never knowing when or where he would strike. The confidence shown in him by that great Southern patriot, Robt. E. Lee, is a fitting example of the confidence felt in his ability by all. On one occasion, sending to Lee, his superior, for instructions as to an attack, the answer was, "Say to him he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do." All his success he attributed to Divine Providence and to his prayers to that God with whom he was always in such close communion.

Receiving on the bloody field of Chancellorsville that wound which was to end his life, we see him next in the sick-room, bearing his afflictions nobly, and showing his characteristic traits in a yet stronger and more searching light. He passed peacefully away on the Sabbath, the day he held so dear and on which he had always desired to die.

His death was a national sorrow. Women who had never known him, save by the fame and virtue of his

exploits, wept for him as passionately as for a brother. The faces of the men were black with dismay, when they heard that their tower of strength was fallen. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished." He was the man of destiny, the anointed of God to bring deliverance to his oppressed country. His soldiers trusted in him with a perfect faith. His corps when fighting under his eye always assailed the enemy with the certain expectation of victory, and nothing but victory.

Brave, courageous, successful, as true a Christian as ever lived, so he fell. Yet his fall was at a time well chosen, when his greatest victory had just been won, and he was in the zenith of his glory. The last sounds which reached him from the outer world, were the thanks-givings and blessings of a nation in raptures with his achievements, in tears for his fall. "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," were the last words of Stonewall Jackson.

—"ANK,"

DUNBAR CAVE.

3 miles from Clarksville

On Thanksgiving, Nov. 30, it was the writer's happy lot to fall in with a party of excursionists bound for Dunbar Cave. At a little past 12 o'clock we boarded a stout mule wagon, and after an hour's drive, with no serious accidents but with an occasional jolt, we arrived at our destination; alighted and stood for a few moments gazing at the wild scenery. A look within

the Cave was the object of our visit, so we repaired thither wild with imaginings as to what it would look like.

At the foot of a great hill we saw a large triangular opening like the huge mouth of some gigantic monster. From it issues a little prattling brook whose waters are as pure and clear as the morning dew. Large gray rocks, piled by nature's own hand, form its walls and ceiling.

After we had partaken of a feast of good things spread on an old rustic table setting directly in the mouth of this wonderful cavern, the guide gave the command to enter; and with eager expectation we filed in, each carrying a large torch. The way, a narrow gorge which nature had hewn out of the solid rock, led us down and down still deeper and deeper till one would imagine that he was entering the very center of the earth. Soon we came into a little cell—Jacob's Vault, as it is called—and there imprinted in the solid gray rock we saw the exact shape and size of a coffin with but sufficient traces of nature to show that it was not hewn out by the hand of man.

Just beyond this cell the tunnel is wider with here and there a small recess, then it suddenly narrows and becomes so low that one must stoop for quite a distance; it finally leads, however, up a flight of steps into the "Great Relief Hall." And what a relief it was, with cramped chest and aching back, to come out where one could at least straighten himself and enjoy free respiration. We found this to be quite a spacious chamber, but

rather irregular as to shape. Its walls which are about seven or eight feet high are very rough and uneven, gradually drawn in at the top. The ceiling, on the other hand, is smooth and of a grayish hue, ornamented with thousands of little black images (they seem to be real creatures) of so many little fishes, toads, lizards, &c., partially imbedded in the stone. Besides these little black things, just over the stair-case leading into the chamber, there is the print of a huge aligator which seems to have been snatched up by some strong hand and pressed into the hard mass, then suddenly jerked out, thus leaving the entire shape and size for man to loose his imagination upon trying to solve the strange freak. Judging from the ceiling, so smooth and even, and painted in its gay colors, one would naturally expect the floor to be level and polished; but such is not the case. On the contrary it is very rough and uneven, great piles of stalagmite lie here and there, and a gentle slope begins at the entrance and continues to the rear. Within the whole spacious room there is but a single pillar composed of stalagmite, situated near the center. Its base is somewhat enlarged and gradually tapers toward the entablature which is very beautifully moulded and ornamented. In so large a chamber many posts would be expected, but the whole interior in many respects seems incomplete; and we can imagine that no doubt the giant builder would have finished it, had he not met with an accident; for

on the wall his huge hand broken off at the wrist remains to furnish us with such imaginative dreams.

Leaving Great Relief Hall, the way leads through a large, narrow, muddy channel up another flight of stairs into the Hall of Independence. If the imagination was quickened and heated a few moments ago, it now becomes wild and uncontrolable when the wonders of this arena are presented to view. The dimensions are more irregular, abounding with many alcoves and chambers. Great masses of stalagmite all wrinkled and curled like so much India-rubber, are piled upon the floor, basins of the clearest water invite the observer on every hand. Many magnificent pillars of various shapes and sizes reach up to the ceiling. And the workmanship of these pillars is of a very striking and peculiar type; in the main it resembles the Ionic with bases greatly enlarged, fluted and grooved, and of a bronze color. No two shafts are alike; some taper from the base to the entablature, others gradually swell in the middle, and still others have the smallest part in the middle, or a succession of small and larger parts throughout the whole length. The entablatures are beautifully sculptured and ornamented with little globules of stalactite almost as clear as crystal. The whole ceiling presents a most magnificent display of striking beauty. Checked off in almost regulated order about two feet square, rows of small crystals hang downward, relieved at intervals by larger ones which reach

quite low down, and in some respects resemble beautiful chandeliers. With the lights flashing and sparkling from the many crystal tips, the observer can imagine himself in the very palace of the fairies.

In the adjoining chambers more wonders are to be seen. Crouching at the base of a large pillar is a life-size coon of solid rock, or rather stalagmite. On the left a monkey with laughing face is seated on an embankment, at the foot of which a heap of Irish potatoes are piled up near a pool of water. On the right hand, placed upon a large pedestal is the happy family of father, mother and one child who seem to be quite content indeed. The father has placed near his right side a large demijohn; but whether it contains strong drink, I can not say.

Just in front of this monument is a miniature palace (the Egyptian Palace); but here my descriptive powers utterly fail me. The roof is flat supported by rows of pillars instead of walls. Smaller posts are placed near the center; and hanging down from the top are myriads of minute crystals. Place a candle within and the interview reflects a thousand lights of dazzling brightness.

Not a great distance away, beside a charming pool of silvery water, Jumbo is standing with protruding trunk. His shape and size are perfect. The trunk and head with the eyes and ears are as natural as a real living elephant; indeed his four legs and whole body are perfectly natural except that his feet are enlarged beyond propor-

tion. Of course it must be borne in mind that all of these animals and various objects are formed of stalagmite; and it is not at all probable that they ever had a real living existence.

It is all the more wonderful that the stalagmite should have taken precisely forms, but I suppose that if the Cave was explored more thoroughly, and by straining the imagination somewhat, the forms of almost all the objects of the globe could be discovered.

However let us proceed farther. Closely connected with Independence Hall, indeed it may be called a part of the same cavern, is the Egyptian Grotto. Here the pillars of stalagmite are larger and more irregular. Dark narrow vaults open in the side of the walls; in which vaults one can imagine he sees the dried form of some old mummy shrouded in mystery and enchantment. A musty odor of wax and rosin seems to float upon the air; but these are mere fancies. In the main the objects of interest are pretty much like those that have been described. One thing that attracted my attention, were the coils of a tremendous serpent traced along the top of the entire room.

Just outside the Grotto there is a round hole between two rocks; through this hole we passed, going down and down, and after many tight squeezes, bumps and bruises, we landed in the opening of a large oblong palace. It appears to have no floor at all. A ledge of stone projects from the side all the way around, thus forming a sort of gallery. The walls are arched

for six or seven feet, then another layer of stone extends out horizontally, making still another gallery. In this way it continues for three stories; the last one being a dome. Only a very faint idea can be given of the splendor of this magnificent palace. At the first glance you think the walls are hung with drapery of the richest and finest fabric; but this is merely the beautiful clear threads of stalactite, woven and twisted into various forms and shapes, and hanging down in many colors from the galleries and walls. Some of these threads are woven into sheets as thin as paper, all crimped and frizzled and flowing in the most graceful folds. This is but a faint description of Crystal Palace in all its beauty and magnificence.

At this point we had been in the Cave a little more than an hour. We now turn back, go through St. George's Avenue and come to the Cave's Register. Here we put our names down and hurried on to the Rocky Mountains. One must not expect these subterranean mountains to rival our great Rockies, but I think the scene a pretty fair representation. There are indeed small mountains and cliffs, and when the Cave is sufficiently lighted, one can imagine that he sees the ranges finally disappearing in this distance.

One object of great interest among the mountains, is "Peterson's Leap." This is a deep chasm that sinks into the very heart of the earth. A light thrown in, revealed no bottom at all; great jagged rocks project from the

sides as far down as the eye can see. What makes it more interesting, is that there is a story connected with it. One, Peterson by name, is said to have fallen in while exploring the Cave. He was found several hours afterward lodged upon a rock, and was drawn up, but he died in great agony.

There were other places we visited but of less importance and interest. Some of these were the Cathedral which is a large dome hollowed out of the rock, and Spray Hall. Here, several hundred feet under ground, we enjoyed a drink of pure spring water.

Coming back towards the mouth of the Cave, we crossed a pretty little river with high cliffs on either side of it. But at the mouth we saw the prettiest scene of all—daylight. The sun had just set and a silvery sheen gently lay in the vale below. How we hailed it with delight; and in that one moment we were made to realize how good is God, that He has given us so many beautiful things which we see every day, and yet we can not always appreciate them as we should.

—CHAS. OBERSCHMIDT.

—
BID HIM JOY.
—

The *Southwestern Presbyterian* publishes the following lines, suggested by the words of Dr. Palmer, in closing his address at the funeral of John W. Abbott, in the Prytania Street Church, New Orleans, which were respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Abbott.

"Bid him joy" upon his entry,
For the gates wide open swing,

And the Master comes to meet him,
While with song heaven's arches ring.

"Bid him joy"—Death's gloomy portal
Opening for his spirit's flight
Is the gate that gives him entrance
To the Christian warrior's right.

"Bid him joy"—to us the sadness,
He has fought and won the fight;
While we still grope on in darkness,
Striving upward toward the light.

Hands of earthly ordination
Were not laid upon his brow,
But the Master's kiss is on him
And the earth-work's finished now.

Faithful was his preparation
For a life of service here,
But the Master, in His wisdom,
Called the youthful servant near.

Were the cloud rolled from our vision
And the other world in view,
We might see a higher mission
And a nobler work to do.

"Bid him joy!"—sing out his triumph!
For stern Death has lost its sting,
And the Grave is not his victor,
Through the grace of Christ, our King!
—R. E. Steele.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

Rev. J. Bohannon.

Whereas, It has pleased the Maker of men and of things to remove our brother and former fellow member, Rev. J. Bohannon, from scenes of earthly trials and triumphs, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Washington Irving Society, express hereby our deep grief at the death of so dear a friend, and our recognition of the loss sustained by us, by the church, and by the world.

Resolved, That we, the Washington Irving Society, hereby tender our deep sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends of deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the JOURNAL.

Resolved, That one page of our Min-

ute Book be devoted to the memory of our deceased brother.

J. S. FOSTER,
C. M. HUBER,
A. F. CARR,
Committee.

J. J. McKee.

Whereas, Our beloved brother, J. J. McKee, has been summoned from this to a higher life, and

Whereas, We realize the fact that in his death we have sustained the loss of a talented man and a virtuous and consecrated Christian,

Resolved, That we hereby express the pain which his death has caused us.

Resolved, That we, the Washington Irving Society, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family, relatives and friends of our brother.

Resolved, That one page of our Minute Book be dedicated to his memory.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

J. S. FOSTER,
C. M. HUBER,
A. F. CARR,
Committee.

CAVE HILL.

Visible from quite a distance is a large brown tower that lifts itself to us in considerable height into the sky, upon the top of which is gracefully standing a church carved from white marble and beautiful indeed, with outspread pinions, looking as if it was ready to take its flight from this sin-cursed sphere to spend its life in some purer clime. On near approach you discover

a high arch under which hangs a massive iron gate, reminding you of your imagined entrance to some of the great cities of antiquity. This tower, rising like a sentinel above and around it, marks the main entrance to the beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery of Louisville, Ky.

This large burying ground is noted quite over the state for its loveliness and the writer being in the city naturally wished to visit it. Accordingly, after dinner, in company with his father and two friends he set out for this place.

It was late in the autumn, but notwithstanding this, the afternoon was as delightful and near perfection as we could wish. Having boarded a car in front of our hotel we were very soon hurrying through the city, and after a few minutes ride we stopped a few paces in front of the great tower and gate which we mentioned above.

We passed through the gate into the Cemetery. The first thing that attracted our attention was the long stretch of a nearly perfectly level and plain, that reached into the distance as far as the eyes of the writer could see (being then without his glasses). This was gracefully mantled by the velvet-like grass of which Kentucky is so famous. It was indeed a picturesque scene. Upon this wide expanse, and parallel to each other, is laid two broad walks of white marble; and with the slanting rays of the afternoon sun falling upon them, looked not unlike two bands of silver varying nicely the uninterrupted expanse

of green. Turning in opposite directions some distance from the gate, the termini of these pavements were lost to view by the interposition of the shrubbery of the yard, which when we had reached revealed also the beginning of the burying ground proper.

It was in truth an uninspiring sight. As far as the eye could see were monumental stones standing like guards over the graves of the dead—looking perhaps more like index fingers pointing up to eternity. Some large, others small, white, red, granite color and even black were the variegated colors of the stones.

After leaving the marble walks, those through the grounds were of gravel. Beginning our stroll on the latter, I was especially, attracted by a large sunken basin in the earth and artistically over-spread with grass. Extending my scrutiny quite far I found the symmetry of it perfect. In the centre there was an urn filled with some beautiful variety of moss, and gracefully falling over the sides. The flowers and trees of this modern necropolis, interspersed among the monumental stones, were beautiful beyond the power of human pen to describe. Here, in one family lot, you would see beds of the most beautiful colors in the shape of crosses, stars, crescents and the like, of the most gorgeous colors. In another there would be flowers and trees and, perhaps, in still another nothing would keep company with the tall shafts.

The Cemetery, itself is upon several hills, natural or artificial we could not

ascertain. Imagine if you can, spread out before your vision, a succession of many hills, and upon these thickly placed, large, medium and small monuments, some white, red and various other colors; and beneath as for a carpet grew the beautiful blue grass of Kentucky. And turning your eyes heavenward, see above, the vast bending dome undraped by a single cloud, and as clear and bright as the loveliest day in June, and you have some idea of the beauty that I gazed on so intently that afternoon. I was reluctant to leave, but the time we had allotted ourselves was brief and so we had to hasten on.

The monuments of course were the most attractive objects that rose before our eyes. Some of these were magnificent, and the cost doubtless exceedingly great. Many were very plain, and with the exception of the inscriptions, resembled the oblique of Egypt. The chief attraction was their size, being very large at the base and extending to quite a dizzy height. Others were embellished by the statues of those they commemorated, others by the likeness chiseled on their sides. On still others were long epitaphs that attempted to tell to the world how great and good were they, who now silently repose in the chilly embrace of the grave. Some of the epitaphs were very pretty, but only one made a lasting impression, for it appeared to me very pretty, and yet it was no attempt at beauty of language, being as simple and laconic as possible. On a tall white shaft I read these

words: "If you would know his real worth, ask those who knew him." I thought how little would we find that would excite our admiration in many men, if we sought that means of knowledge.

But we have not the time here to present our thoughts and reflections, for they were many and varied. Here we would come to a vault, and peeping through the bars of the door, could read the names of the silent sleepers. A great number of these vaults were very pretty indeed. The architecture was quite various. Some looked like marble palaces, while others looked like the pictures of some of the tombs of the ancients. There was one vault which we gazed on quite intently, which we were told, cost the large amount of thirty thousand dollars. It was of the finest marble and exquisitely carved; looked like it might have been built as a palace for some opulent Lilliputian prince. Again, I was loath to leave, but looking into the western sky, saw that the sun was rapidly descending and very soon I knew the gong in the tower would sound out its solemn warnings to the visitors to leave the peaceful and quiet abode of the dead.

We moved on and as we passed we came by a large number of rather small and modest stones which marked the last resting place of some of the Confederate soldiers. I read a great many names, and some, my father told me, belonged to his company. I wondered how many hearts were rent by the terrible blow, when

the intelligence of their, no doubt sad end reached them. Many a mother's darling boy lay there beneath the sod waiting the judgment day. Many a wife's husband, many a father too, lay side by side in this beautiful yet sad city of the dead.

We continued our walk passing little of interest, until in the distance I saw a very rough and ordinary looking vault, that, no doubt, would have escaped my notice had not one of our company remarked that we were approaching the tomb of the Kentucky giant. Again I was attracted to peep through the bars into the tomb, and the sight that presented itself to me, was an extraordinary large stone coffin securely sealed, and on the end nearest the door was inscribed the name, height and weight of this large man. I asked if he had any posthumous fame other than this abnormal size, and was answered no. Famous only for his great stature!

We turned and walked up a gently sloping hill and came to the place where the fallen Union soldiers of the late war were assigned their final earthly abode. Here were interred a considerable number, and the government had placed over each known grave a small block of marble with name and company inscribed. Looking at them where we stood they seemed to have been placed with no particular care, and the sun shining almost over them caused them to look some thinglike unset jewels sparkling upon the ground.

But we must hasten, for this descrip-

tion is rapidly augmenting and we fear already becoming tiresome.

There was little of note that we passed until we came in sight again of the place where we began our stroll among the graves. The object that now loomed up in the distance was the "Wilder Monument." It was erected at a cost of something over ten thousand dollars, and while it could not be considered beautiful there was something imposing about it. A massive stone pedestal, rising to a goodly height on whose top were three figures carved in marble, is the monument. It was reared by a father over the grave of his only and infant daughter. The figures were carved in the likeness of the father, mother and the child. On the faces of the parents was deeply written grief of the most dire character, while the face of the little one was radiant as if the light of the spirit-world shone over it. I stood motionless with admiration, for never had I before seen such expressions carved in marble by the hand of man, and revealing joy and sorrow so vividly. I was told after interrogating one of my friends, about the monument and its erector, that the father had since died and lay beside his dear ones, and the mother still lives but the wife of another man. I wondered how she must feel if she ever visits his tomb and sees his likeness carved in the posture it is upon the tomb.

The time allotted, being well nigh spent we turned to take our walk homeward. The western heavens were all a glow with the gorgeous

tints of the setting sun. Silently one by one the birds had ceased their song. Almost imperceptibly, I saw the crimson and gold of the dying day fade into the ebon hues of night. We quickened our pace and soon were passing through the gate, leaving behind us the many silent inhabitants of the city of the dead.

—J. F. HOOD.

—
A COLLEGE BANQUET.
 —

White Crown was a large old fashioned brick structure located near the suburbs of a growing Southern city, situated upon the beautiful Pharaggi River. For many years it had served its country well, as a seat of learning and education. Students from far and near gathered within its friendly walls for instruction and systematic training. Nothing occurred from time to time but the usual routine of business, and little did the neighborhood think that it would ever be known for anything else than a high curriculum.

One night in November, 1893, after the work of the day had been accomplished, and the weary bird had sung its last note and retired, and the little child had been laid to rest in its cradle, lights beamed brightly through the large old fashioned windows, and cheerful fires glowed upon the hearthstones within.

The lawn leading out towards the streets was beautifully illuminated by the light streaming through the half curtained windows. The walk leading towards the building was lighted by

lanterns of various shades suspended from the trees on either side. A long line of guests marched upon the stairway and entered a long narrow hall, with a high ceiling, and bare walls dotted here and there with bulletin boards and comical figures of various types.

The first thing of importance was the reception of the guests. They were ushered into a large square room, well lighted and presenting a cheerful appearance. Fire blazed upon the hearthstone, and flashed upon the opposite wall; velvet curtains hung at a bay window, and guests laughed within, busily engaged in conversation. The floor was covered with a carpet of many colors with no two shades corresponding. No stripe was parallel to another stripe, nor perpendicular, nor diagonal, nor even bisected at any given point; but the more I examined the contents of the room, the more appropriate the carpet seemed.

Hanging on the wall, just over the fire place, was a picture of the Grecian Parthenon, which reminded me of the genius of Pericles. To the left of it was a sketch of Columbus landing upon the shores of America; this reminded me of his perseverance and untiring energy. Opposite this was another exhibiting the misery of a convicted robber, and I was reminded that the practice of virtue was better than dishonesty. In the left hand corner of the room hung a picture of a drunkard's despair, then I remembered the words of the Bible, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging."

To the left of this hung a large picture of Faith, Hope and Charity, and here I was reminded that the greatest of these was charity. Then looking again at the carpet, I remembered that Joseph wore a coat of many colors. The honorable array of doctors and their wives were standing around the centre of the room, with pleasant smiles beaming upon their countenances, and ready to extend a warm welcome to the guests by a hearty shake of the hand, which told intuitively more than words could ever express.

The next place of importance was the scene in the social gallery. A few pictures of noted men hung here and there, and brilliant lights flashed, thus giving the place a charming appearance. Standing there a moment, I was delightfully entertained with studying the peculiarities of the occupants. Four classes of Adam's posterity were assembled together for a social purpose. The first seemed admirably contented by trimming their finger nails, and using their teeth to accomplish the end. The second acted like mutes, and silently sat nursing their hands in happy consolation, neither assenting, nor dissenting. The third might be termed the yea's and nay's. The fourth, at first sight, reminded me of a mild spring day, but at second glance, they seemed almost like a thunder storm. Then again their presence felt as cold as a January day in the Arctic regions, but before I could become acclimated to the change, I was caught in a cyclone of laughter.

One feature that was restful, as well as entertaining, was the generous treatment the guests received from the committee. Bores are multitudinous on such occasions, and a stranger would think himself associated with Lord Chancellors or Chesterfields and May Queens should he remain long enough in conversation with this class; but instead of having to listen to recitals of long and tedious pedigrees, and ancestral catalogues, the generous committee had in mind these laborious exercises, and quickly favored each one with a new acquaintance.

The next place of interest was the large dining hall. It was a room of rectangular shape, and nicely furnished with all the modern improvements in the way of such furniture. There I saw three classes of people; the first were clothed in the beautiful garment of smiles. The second looked amazingly at everything, but only grinned. The third were affected with the ha! ha's! and when there was nothing to ha! ha! at, they were entirely lost.

The repast was delicious, and everything was inviting. Everybody was seated at the many luxuriously covered tables, and the sound of their merry voices re-echoed through the halls. The large chandeliers flashed down on the bright table ware, and the bright table ware flashed up to the chandeliers. The wit of the evening sparkled like the pure water, and the pure water sparkled like the wit. The provision responded to knife and fork, and knife and fork responded to eyes and mouth. The voice of song and

the shout of merriment floated out on the night air, and the night air floated in on the delighted multitude. Thus the banquet went on till the hour of departure was come. As an arrow wickedly hurled in the midst of life often suspends life, so the melody that night at White Crown ceased when the hand on the dial plate pointed homeward. The saddest moments of all the year seemed crowded into that one minute.

I shall never forget how the pale moon shone from his setting in the sky, as the crowd emerged from the hallway of White Crown. I shall long remember how the little stars, one by one, passed from view to give way for the coming day. I shall never forget how the king of day appeared in the far away eastern sky. He looked like a chariot of fire approaching with the swiftness of an eagle. He sent forth blinding flashes of light upon the earth which rolled aloft till they seemed to set afire the great vault above me. His penetrating rays, almost in a twinkle, licked up the dew from bud, bloom and tree, and I thought I felt the earth tremble beneath me at its humiliation. (Thus the pleasurable night at White Crown was ended. (Thus the grandeur of day appeared and crowded the banquet experience into the silent chambers of trusty memory.) —R. L. BENX.

Miss Boodle—Count, how do you know that your diamonds are genuine?

Count Gitto—By ze advances of ze pawubrokaire.

EDITORIAL.

Editors in Chief.

J. G. GARTH.	- - -	Tennessee.
J. S. FOSTER.	- - -	Alabama.

THE VALUE OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

Daniel Webster is said to have been the editor of the first magazine ever published in the interests of a University. Since the publication of that Journal, many Colleges have seized upon the idea, and to-day no College of any merit or note is without its magazine. In fact so great has been the stride in College Journalism, so intense has been the striving after excellence that the merits of any College are judged by the Magazine it supports as unerringly as the man is judged by the company he keeps. If one should tell you that the Magazines published by the students of Harvard and of Yale were inferior to those of a school having no reputation beyond its locality, you would without hesitation, either pronounce the assertion a mistaken one, or you would inquire the cause of this anomaly. No one is surprised to see the name, University of Virginia printed across the page of a large Magazine filled with articles of a high literary merit. The cause of this is patent to every one. Any other fact than this would be a deviation from the usual rule in such matters.

On the table of our exchange editor can be found the Magazines from at least thirty different Universities.

Knowing the reputations of some Colleges, examine this lot of exchanges and see if the reputation of the College, and the merit and appearance of its Journal are not in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. Prove the truth of the statement for your own information.

This being the case, has not each student an opportunity to advance the interests of the University which is the idol of his heart? Manifestly he has an opportunity for so doing. The literary merit of a College Journal is due to the work of the student body in a large measure; the opinion of a University among those not acquainted with its curriculum is formed from the Magazine it supports. Need a conclusion be drawn, and impressed upon the mind of the student body.

That the S. W. P. U. JOURNAL has been favorably received, and praised in very eulogistic words, can be proven by quotations from other College Magazines. From one of real worth we cull the following mention of it: "The S. W. P. U. JOURNAL contains articles worthy of any College Magazine; the production "George Elliot and her Novels"—while we do not exactly agree with the author—is a piece evincing real merit."

From another Magazine we take the following sentence: "The S. W. P. U. JOURNAL is among our best exchanges."

The articles published in our columns have often been the subject of much comment by editors of other Journals; as often as a whole page in

the exchange department has been devoted to a discussion of some one of our published articles. This fact does not evidence the inferiority of the articles in question. We should remember that the diamond and other precious stones receive the most attention from the hand of the skilled workman.

We have said that the merit of the Journal was to a large extent due to the efforts of the students. From our endeavors to create a greater interest in our Magazine, to solicit contributions from the pens of our students; we have thoroughly learned the status of the student body. The students can be grouped under three classes, as regards their relation to the JOURNAL.

First—There is a negative class, totally indifferent, bound hand and foot by inertia. The members of this class assent to every assertion you make in regard to the Journal; they believe in the great good that can be accomplished by it; they would bitterly deplore any unforeseen event calculated to injure it in any way. Soliciting them for an article to be published we are quickly met by the response—"O yes, I will be glad to aid you," and just here, his aid ceases; it never goes beyond a desire to help one. Approaching them again for the production you hear this remark: "No I have not forgotten that I promised to write for you. I have not yet done so, but I assure you I will do it." The days come and go, the weeks pass into months, the term closes, and the mem-

bers of this first class are still thinking of helping you.

Let me ask, if College Journalism is beneficial to the reputation of a University, what these students are doing to enhance that reputation?

Secondly—We have the opposition class. You approach the members of this class and present the claims of the Journal to them, and you are assured by them that the College Magazine is no factor with them; that they do not believe in publishing one.

As the time draws near for the publication of the Magazine, the members of this class are among the first to inquire the exact time one can receive them. The members of this class are ever anxious to parade the faults of the Journal before their fellow students, and hide its *excellencies* from public gaze.

What are these students doing to enhance the glory of their College publication? The question is ill-timed; they are doing all in their power to dampen the ardor of those who have the Journal's interest at heart.

Thirdly—We have the obliging classes; its members believe heartily in the mission of the Journal and prove their allegiance to it by an ever generous reply to calls made upon them. The business manager finds no deficit in their accounts when June closes the College term. The editors turn not away from them empty handed when soliciting contributions. Ever ready to assist in forwarding the objects for which the Journal was established, they become a power for

good to the University to which they have rendered homage. Isn't the duty of every one to the Journal a plain one? Do you wish your College Magazine to take its place among the foremost of College papers? Do you desire to spread abroad the reputation of your College? Then do your duty. We think the children of Israel, laboring and toiling among the brickyards of Egypt, had a hard lot to perform when they were required to furnish the usual number of bricks and gather their own straw. Manifestly the material glory of Egypt was not increased by this unwise policy of her rulers.

Can the editors of the Journal meet the demands of the students that the Magazine shall be a students Magazine, when every effort they make to meet its true aim, is treated with indifference by the students? Fellow student, are you furthering the interests of your College to the best of your ability?

ELOCUTION.

It was a marked advance that S. W. P. U. made on the afternoon of Feb. 2, when the classes in elocution were organized under the direction of Prof. Austin H. Merrill, whose talent as a speaker, and elocutionist is rare, and whose ability to train students in the art in which he excels so finely is far-famed. The chancellor, and those who have so kindly assisted him in making a department of elocution in the curriculum a fact, deserve much credit and are due the unbounded thanks of the students body and the

patrons in general of the University for placing such an opportunity for improvement within the grasp of every ambitious student who aspires to position and fame as a public speaker.

The University has long needed just such a department, with its advantages, not only to produce finer speakers and send them from these classic walls to proclaim the gospel, and plead for justice, but also to sustain the reputation for oratory that our commencement orators have made for us.

The chancellor is also to be congratulated for securing the services of Prof. A. H. Merrill. This gentleman has for many years held, as he now holds, the position of professor of elocution at Vanderbilt, and with such marked success that his reputation as a teacher has become very extensive, and the advantages of having Prof. Merrill at the head of the department of elocution in S. W. P. U. are untold, and the benefits to be reaped are incalculable. Prof. Merrill's system is that of common sense, or the sentiments of heart-experience told to produce the deepest effects, not by ranting and wild gesticulation, but by making the body the instrument for conveying ideas, the impressions of experience. He discounts all expression of sentiment that cannot be felt by the speaker, such as is used by so-called elocutionists who strike meaningless attitudes, and use pointless emphases and intonations.

Now, it behooves all the members

of these classes to make the best of their opportunity—make the instruction imparted useful by giving ample time and practice to the study. Nothing can be learned and adapted to our mental constitution without review and practice, and much less such a thing as elocution which demands the cultivation, not only of the mental powers, but also the vocal power and grace of gesture. So let us all give our hearty co-operation to the professor, and make the course beneficial to its utmost limit, and thus show our appreciation of our appointments, and gratitude to those who have provided them, knowing that under Prof. Merrill the greatest advantages and education in this line that could be obtained are possible.

The time-honored practice of boring the student body with a few samples of oratory every Saturday morning, during which we learn that every man of them "has the elements of an orator" residing latent in his being, has become a thing of the past. We have gotten into more work, but of a more interesting kind, and much more profitable, so let us make it tell in our improvement in speaking.

READING.

There is very little time left from regular work for a student to pursue any general reading in novels and magazines, yet there are some things that we ought to consider before we say that this part of an education must be omitted during a college career.

It is likely that every one finds it his experience that he read more general literature before he came to college than when he is worshipping at the shrine of the muses of history and science, that they may bestow on their devotee the height of this ambition, an A. B. Yet, in college is the time we learn to appreciate books, and will likely be the time when we will form reading habits, or fall into indifference about books, as many do, and shrink from beginning a volume, because we have been weaned from our desire to read, and indeed find it irksome.

But this is too important to leave undone, and reading habits must be kept up—not an excess, to the neglect of studies, but an occasional good novel, and it will be decidedly beneficial, and refreshing. The chief thing in reading should be the acquiring of a vocabulary to enlarge and refine our conversational powers and other kinds of expression. Nothing can give additions to an English vocabulary so well as reading, and that should be one of our aims as we peruse any volume of fiction. Some gentleman, eminent for conversational ability, remarked once that he always read "Last Days of Pompeii" every year to strengthen his vocabulary.

There is a deplorable habit of using bad English, bad grammar, and common-place words among college students, and while contact with correct speakers will rub off some of the rough edges in conversation, yet you will seldom find a constant reader afflicted with the habit of using incorrect gram-

mar to a marked degree.

Time should not be frittered away with dime novels of a vicious kind, and simple productions that have entertainment for their sole characteristic. But time spent with the standard authors of the classics of English, and other writers whose stories will display character and manners, and customs will never be in vain.

We are likely go to the extreme, tho' of reading too much, using time needed for other things. In all things be temperate. Yet remember that your reading habits and tastes will be formed in college, and possibly the bulk of your reading will have to be done here, and for these reasons a mixture of light literature ought not to be omitted in our college course.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

There seems to have been a great dropping off in the attendance of the societies by the older students. Some think that after they have spent two years or so in society work, that they may quit from the press of studies. This is not the best plan, by any means. It is not likely that there is no more profit to be gained in society work by other students, but there is always improvement to be gained by the duties of the Literary Society by any one. Besides, the societies need the older members to keep the work from getting into the hands of novices, who are not sufficiently acquainted with law and order of society work to make it successful. The old members

are the back-bone of the societies, give it dignity by their knowledge of precedent, and by their experience and wisdom can help avoid many serious blunders.

It is rather lonely for just a few old men to be in the regular work, and as many as possible should stay true to their societies and fill its important offices, and give their guidance to them.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Associate Editors.

A. F. CARR.	- - -	Mississippi.
C. S. SHOLL.	- - -	Alabama.

Nearly all our exchanges came about the same time this month, a fact which is perhaps to be ascribed to the coming of the intermediate examinations. We think they are better, on the whole, than they were last month.

We are in receipt of the "Blue and Gold," of Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., which was born with the birth of the new year, and with some part of the new year's promise. We congratulate the "Blue and Gold" upon its first issue, and extend our best wishes for its success.

We are glad to add the "Masrot," of Randolph Macon Academy, Va., to our list of exchanges. Likewise "The William and Mary College Monthly."

"The Marietta College Olio" is a bright and interesting paper, especially in brief comments, and what we may

term "hash." It contains one department for men, and another for women. If the "Olio" will permit a suggestion, we would say that there are two things it should have, which it practically has not. First it should have a department for contributions, and second, it should have the contributions for the department. The January issue has only one contributed article. One editorial is a plea for the organization of a society for the production and propagation of jokes. Ours is indeed an age of societies.

"The Peabody Record" comes to us in a new and handsome dress. Nor is the dress inappropriate to a considerable portion of the matter within. An article on "The Majesty of the Teacher" contains important truth; so also does another on "The Inductive Method of Language Teaching." The "Record" contains a sketch of Dr. Wm. R. Harper, the Hebrew scholar. To an editorial condemning examinations, however, we are not ready to give an endorsement. We do not think the position is sustained by the arguments advanced; and we doubt if it can be sustained by any arguments which it is possible to advance.

"The University Review" comes to us from New York. It contains a somewhat extended account of Vanderbilt University, a good number of contributed articles, editorials on college topics, and a great deal of fraternity matter. Straddling the soporiferous hobby of latter-day university jour-

nalism, it presents us with the somewhat anomalous phenomenon of fiction in a review.

We have just received an elegant holiday edition of the "Journalist," published in the interest of newspapers, authors, artists, etc. The most attractive feature of the "Journalist" are its poems, some of which are quite bright and graceful. "Our Truce," a poem of brotherhood between North and South, is especially to be commended for pathos and sweetness. The "Journalist" also gives answers of a large number of ladies to the question, "Do you wish you were a man?" Several reply in the affirmative, but the majority in the negative. The best reply is the following, given by Cynthia M. Westover: "Not until I think I have perfected myself as a woman will I wish to be anything else."

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a paper called "Nil Desperandum," published by The American Humane Education Society, and containing autobiographical sketches and personal recollections of Geo. T. Angell, President of the society. Also of a copy of a story entitled "The Strike at Shane's," published by the same society. This society is engaged in a noble work, and we trust its publications are exerting a wide-spread influence in the prevention of cruelty.

Dr. Kent has a valuable article in the December issue of "The University

of Virginia Magazine," on "The Magazine's Higher Mission." The "higher mission," he says, is to reach all students who wish to cultivate fluent speech or felicitous expression; and to reach them, not only as a reading public, but as actively enlisted coadjutors, not so much for the magazine's good as for their own.

From exchanges we learn the following facts in regard to colleges and college students: In fifty years no smoker has graduated from Harvard with first honors. Of 3,000 students enrolled at the University of Berlin, 800 are American. The United States is the only country in the world that spends more money on education than on war equipments. Two thousand five hundred and thirteen students are registered at the University of Michigan. One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates. There are four college weeklies in existence in the South. They are published at the University of Virginia, University of North Carolina, Sewanee, and Vanderbilt.

We learn that at the funeral of a foot ball hero at Leicester, Eng., a foot ball was placed on the coffin, which was borne in an open hearse, to indicate the sublime calling of the deceased, and to show the glorious death he had died. On the sides of the hearse walked the surviving members of the club, bareheaded, in blue Jerseys, white knickerbockers, and high-laced foot ball shoes, reverently paying the un-

speaking honor due the comrade who had given his life for their noble cause. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of habit you must throw it off altogether.

—
Clippings.
—

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I.
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And H E D spell eide.
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit sioux eyesighed.—Ex.

A lawyer having received the degree of LL. D. from two universities was puzzled to know how to express the fact that he had twice received the degree, but finally adopted the mathematical plan and wrote his name J. K. Blank, L4 D2.—The Wabash.

—
WHAT IS A JOKE?

When a man bath told a tale,
Who loudly chuckled as he spoke,
While listeners glare, you may be sure
The tale is of the genus joke.
—McMicken Review.

"I never shut up until I'm licked," said the envelope. "Nonsense! I'm on to you," replied the postage stamp; "you're ready to leave the moment you're addressed."—Davidson Monthly.

Mother (wielding hair brush)—"To be obliged to chastise you in this manner, my son, is painful in the extreme." Son (sobbing bitterly)—"Yes; my extreme."—Davidson Monthly.

Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "abit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains.

—Bulletin.

—
She had asked me
Would I help her
With her Latin,
'Twas so hard!
Would I help her
Conjugate that
Mean irregular
Old word.
Disco. She just
Kept forgetting
The subjunctive
All the while!
Pretty lips so
Near, so tempting,
Tended strongly
To beguile:
Thought I'd teach her
By example
Didicissem?
I should smile!
—The University Herald.

—
Man wants but little here below,
That cannot be denied.
But woman wants the earth, you know,
And then isn't satisfied.
—Hampton-Sydney Magazine.

—
HOLD ON.

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railroad station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hold on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould, ye murthen ould stame injun, ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

—
A PARODY.

We were crowded on the sofa
I could feel my pulses leap;
It was midnight in the parlor
And the folks were all asleep.
And thus we sat in silence,
Love thoughts burning in my head.
"Say, Miss T——," some one shouted,
"Ain't it time to be in bed!"

But my little darling whispered,
As the sweat stood on my brow:
"That is just that awful Crawford,
You don't have to go just now."

Then I cursed that wicked Crawford—
Cursed in Greek, gone was my fear,
And I staid safe in the parlor
Till the morn was shining clear.

—The Dynamo.

Cadet D.—Did you ever see a cat fish?

Rat—Yes!

Cadet D.—How many did he catch?

—P. M. I. Journal.

Mr. Lightmind (coaxingly to Tommy): Did your sister say she was glad when you told her I called?

Tommy (literally): No. She said she didn't expect anything else, to-day being Friday and the 13th of the month.

The "Courier's" latest "gouge" at Princeton is the account of game played between Penn and a team of wild Indians from Jersey. We quote the last part of the account: But the Indians grew very angry, and Podiquet right skylfully stricke Whurtin in the eye, so that he swiftly sate down upon the grasse, and his eye grew wondrous black; but on this "Billy" Penn saide full wrathfullie "Darn thee, friend Podiquet." And he beate him, striking him sadlye in the mouthe, and he did brake manye teeth; but thereupon Watsipisi smote Penn terriblye in ye necke, and he fell quicklie. Now I knowe not how this merrie fyghte would have ended, had not a man in a styffe hat called out "Tyme!" As soon as he saide this they all rose, and

did walke slowlye to ye dressing-rooms, for the game was over. The game was a tie, beinge won by neither teame, although it seemeth to manye a grievous shame that the Pennsylvania boyes did not win. To me it appeareth righte clear that had they only slugged so skylfullye and diverse-as the Indians, they woulde probablye have won. "Billy" Penn, however, their able captayne, said the following to his teame, and I wot not but that it be wise and juste: "Boyes, we will never slugg, but will trye to win next tyme, as to-day, by playinge like gentylmen. So never mynde; waite till nexte yeare, practyce harde, and we will beate them yet!"—Vanderbilt Observer.

ALUMNI DOTS.

—Since our last issue, death has again been in the ranks of our former students. During the latter part of January, Prof. J. J. McKee, after an illness of some duration, died at his home at Auburn, Ala., and was buried in Ohio. To his intimate associates here, and to his own circle of loved ones, are tendered our warmest sympathies in their bereavement in the loss of a life so full of promise and ability.

—The New Orleans Times-Democrat is out with a cut and also a sketch of the life of Rev. Edw. J. Young, B. D. '90, now a prominent Louisiana clergyman.

—We clip the following item of interest from one of our exchanges:

"Out of eleven applicants, F. D. Smyth, formerly of S. W. P. U., was unanimously elected by the Board of Directors as Principal of the High School of Readyville, Rutherford county, Tenn."

—Rufus N. Rhodes, formerly of S. W. P. U., is the editor of the Birmingham Evening News, and one of the most prominent newspaper men in his State. "Rufus" has been an ardent Cleveland man, through thick and thin, for about eight years. Soon after the recent inauguration of Cleveland, Mr. Rhodes visited Washington and called upon the president-elect. He opened his conversation by assuring the President that he (the President) had no office within his gift that he would accept, and by stating for his consolation he'd rather be editor of a city newspaper than to be President. After this novel, startling and comforting assurance, these two gentlemen entered into a most enjoyable conversation.

—J. H. Hancock, of last year's fame, is at present engaged in farming near Murfreesboro, Tenn. He has at present, medicine in view as his future profession.

—One of the other members of the staff assumes responsibility for the following statements: Rev. R. E. Telford, B. D. '90, is located at Hartwell, Ga. He is now a "dispenser of the Gospel" and a breeder of prize hogs. The writer partook of a meal with him, at which sausage made from his prize hog, Grover, was served. He informed

the company that his stock would not eat common food, but required buttered bread at each meal. Those members of the student body who expect to engage in stock raising would do well to correspond with Rev. Mr. Telford.

LOCALS.

Local Editors.

J. ROBERTSON.	- - -	Texas.
H. C. ALEXANDER.	- - -	Mississippi.

Oh toil to-day, and study, be at peace
With God and man. Waste not the time in strife.

In hate and evil doing, for this life
Is short and brief. Let us be wise and cease
To fret our hearts with shadows and vain fears,
For sunshine follows storms and gladness tears.

—Dagenhard has discontinued his studies at the University, and has gone home. He will not return this session.

—Long (debating in Stewart Society): Gentlemen, England is the best governed country in the United States.

—Borders has quit College and has gone home.

—Reid wants to know if the air in a vacuum is perfectly pure.

—Prof. A.: Mr. Benn, you may turn to the 10th verse of Obadiah and read.

Benn (vigorously): Yes, sir, Professor, what chapter?

Prof. A.: Obadiah has but one chapter, sir. (Class titters. Benn collapses.)

—Examinations have come and gone, but their result is yet to be seen.

—The young man's father was paying him a visit just to see how he was getting along at college. "So yer learnin' fencen?" "Yes." "That's right, William. Don't bother none about rail fences. Stone fences is what they need in our section of country."

—"Editors got the grip." "The dickens he has; but its just what I told the boys when they refused to let him join the lodge. I knew he'd catch on somehow."

—Miss Carrie Lupton and little Millicent are visiting their sister, Mrs. Cannon, in St. Louis.

—Rev. J. H. Skinner, of Talladega, Ala., has been elected to address the Homiletic Society at Commencement. Mr. Skinner is an able scholar and a good speaker. They are to be congratulated in their wise choice.

—Rieves and William the janitor in eloquent discussion: William, do you think you can reconcile the apparent paradox implied in the expression "foreordination of a free act?"

William: I don't know sir, dey's mighty troublesome to control sometimes.

—New Student: Say, does the faculty believe in the second advent?

Old Student: I don't know, why?

New Student: I notice some of them watch while the others pray.

—Dr. Summey made a flying business trip to Atlanta and New Orleans last week. His wife accompanied him and reports a pleasant visit.

—Todd: I never saw so much sickness in my life; folks are dying around

here who never did such a thing before.

—Notice the prize essays as they are published in the JOURNAL, the contest is an interesting one this year.

—John Gordon calls the elocution class the "execution class."

—The JOURNAL congratulates Dr. Nicolassen and wife on the arrival of a new son at their home. The JOURNAL tips the bowl of good luck and drinks to the health of this new born babe, wishing him to be as wise as Socrates, as eloquent as Demosthenes, and as noble as his father.

—Little Susie, the infant daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Webb, died on the 2d inst. The parents mourn; they miss the little outstretched arms and loving, tender eyes, and smiling face. But the thought that it is now in that "sweet home" comforts them. The JOURNAL extends its warmest sympathy to the bereaved parents.

—Will Deaderick (skating on College pond and picking himself up from a severe fall): Why, I believe I came very near falling just then!

—During the cold spell the thermometers in the city registered as low as 5 degrees below zero.

—Carter says he thinks he made extinction on his Bible examination.

—Thornwell in Jun. Natural examination: Doctor, do you want us to draw diaphragms to explain these demonstrations.

—Mooney wants to know the doctrine taught by somnambulism.

—What is the matter with the class of '94 that they don't wear their graduating (?) caps since examinations?

—Dr. P. in Sen. Literature class: Please sit up, young gentlemen, your lounging is a spontaneous outburst of character which we cannot commend, even in these modern times.

—Wilhoite in Bible examination finished up his answer to the question, Give life of Lot? thus: And the hero of our sketch ended his career by turning into a pillar of salt.

—Dr. Lyon lost his stable by fire last month. It was full of hay at the time and burned quickly.

—The recital and reading given by Professor Merrill in Cabinet Hall, the evening of the 2nd inst., was full of interest and enjoyment, and delighted all who were present to hear him. The Glee Club furnished music for the occasion.

—Several of the Robb Hall boarders have gone to work to try to raise mustaches by Commencement. We hope they will succeed, but in some of the cases it's doubtful.

—The game of foot ball at the city park, January 11th, between the Ogden College foot ball team, of Bowling Green, Ky., and our home eleven, resulted in a victory for the visitors, the score being 12 to 6. The game was full of interest and excitement, from beginning to end. The average weight of the Ogden team was 157 pounds; that of the home eleven 155.

—Examinations are over and the boys wear a smile of relief.

—Mrs. Summey made a visit to Memphis and New Orleans last month. We are glad to see her home again.

—Ramsey wants to know whether the name Esau is derived from a Greek source.

—Garth says that this is the best world he has ever lived in. We hope it will not always be the best.

—Prof. Deaderick, drilling the Glee Club on the lines,

The banjo hung on the kitchen wall;
The girls got afraid the banjo'd fall.

Gentlemen, you hold the girls too long!
(Explosion of members.)

—We haven't seen much of the foot ball eleven since the game with Ogden. Stick out your head, Galla!

—Prof. Merrill has three large classes in elocution in the University. Prof. Merrill is one of the leading masters of that subject in the South, and the students expect to derive great profit from their study of elocution and oratory under him.

—A certain Senior theologian has purchased a boat and will launch it soon. He says he wants to learn to "paddle" before he goes up salt river in June. Besides the art may be useful in future life.

—Suitor: Sir, no doubt you know the object of my visit.

Father: I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you mean it?

Suitor: I certainly do.

Father: Well, don't marry her then.

—"A rose tree that does not bloom is of no use in the garden. A vine that bears no grapes is of no use in the

vineyard." A student that does not study is a nuisance in a school.

—The latest joke: Long's mustache.

—Mr. Bryce Stewart died at his home on January 23d. Mr. Stewart was a devoted, earnest Christian, and a great friend to the University. The JOURNAL tenders its sincerest sympathies to his stricken family.

—Claggett: Doctor, do you think that Samuel really came up at the call of the witch at Endor?

Dr. S.: Yes, I think he did, Mr. C.

C.: Well, Doctor, it seems to me that Samuel would have come down instead of up.

—Prof. A.: Mr. Benn, how many archangels are there?

Mr. B.: Well I would infer that there is only one.

Prof. A.: Well, what is his name?

Mr. B.: Gabriel. (Laughter.)

Prof. A.: What do you say, Mr. Hunter?

Mr. H.: Lucifer, sir.

—Dr. W.: Mr. Benn, what is the first mental process of composition?

Mr. B.: An act of the mind.

—Dr. W. (in Rhetoric class): Mr. Durritt, what do you mean my catholicity of taste and interest?

Mr. D.: Stick to it like the Catholics do their church.

—Thornwell: Boys I had bad luck to-day. I fell through the ice three times.

Gordon: Did you get wet?

—The University will send two or three delegates to the International Convention of the students volunteer

movement for Foreign Missions, which will be held at Detroit, Mich., February 28th to March 4th. This is a grand movement and the University should be well represented.

—Mr. Cobb: Gentlemen of the committee, there is one thing that a man never gets used to, and that is being hanged.

—Mr. C. to Maddox coming from towards "Dog Hill": Hello, Maddox, where have you been?

Mr. M.: Oh, just been *pastoring* around a little.

—Prof. W.: Mr. Sholl what is common sense?

Mr. S.: Something very uncommon, sir.

—Mr. Batte on debate: I want to say that the United States cannot open the canal across Central America, for the Pacific Ocean is higher than the Atlantic and all the water would run into the Atlantic. What good would this do?

—Prof. W. (in Homiletics): Mr. W., read us your outline on this text.

Mr. W.: Professor, I didn't get anything on this but the *conclusion*.

Prof. W.: Well sir, read us that.

Mr. W.: I studied on this text about an hour, Professor, and I came to the *conclusion* that I couldn't do anything with it.

Prof. W.: A very good *conclusion*, no doubt, Mr. W., but I am afraid my *application* of it will not be so good.

Dr. P. to Mr. Wadley: Who led the Goths to Rome?

Mr. W.: A fellow they called Moses.

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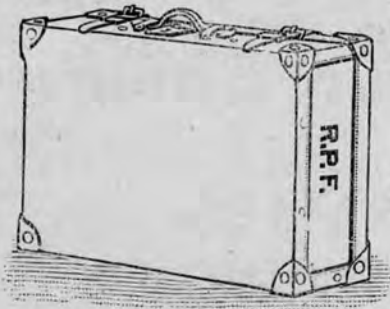
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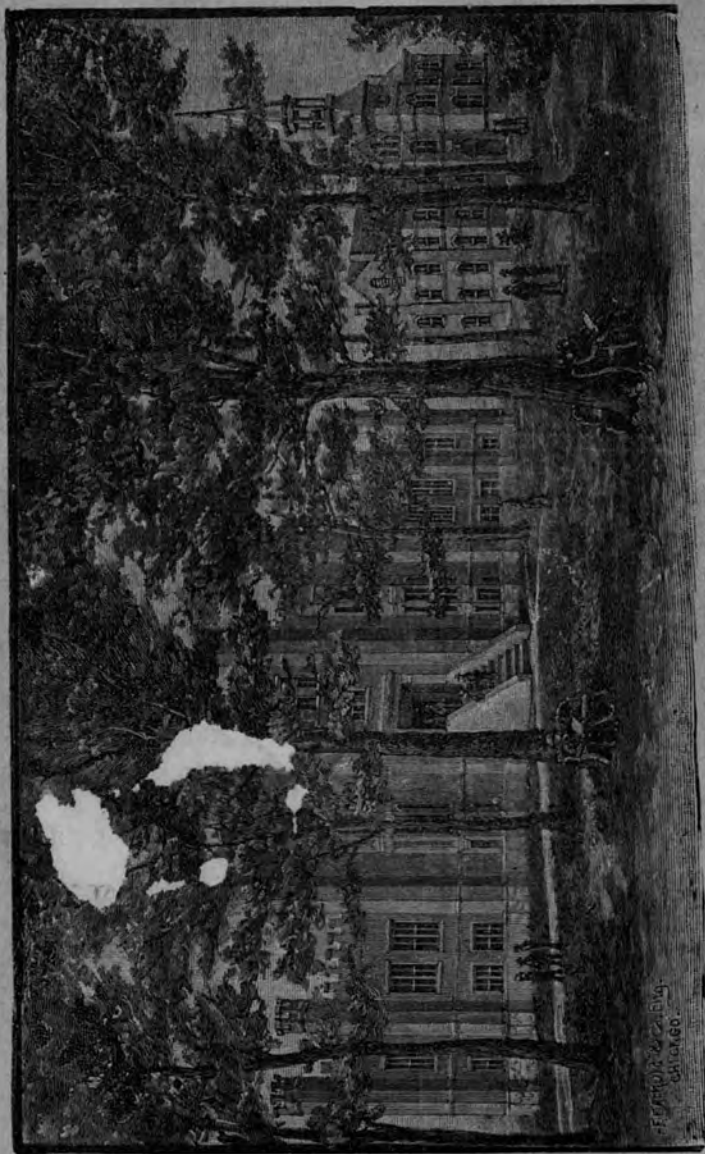
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