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S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

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S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

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The Scotch-Irish American.

Oration Delivered at the Faculty Orator's Contest, Commencement Day, '96.

Around the birth place of the Scotch-Irish, cluster memories of historic interest for Americans. Ulster has sent forth men who have invested it with renown by their achievements in Christian civilization.

Under James I., Cromwell and William of Orange, Scotch colonists came to settle the places stripped of inhabitants by the conquering English. So vast was this inflowing population that the north of Ireland became as distinctly Protestant and Scotch as Scotland itself, all associate elements of colonization being wholly absorbed in a few years. They brought with them and maintained uncorrupted, the religion of Calvin and Knox. The cardinal principles of that religion made it obnoxious to papacy and prelacy; to aristocracy and monarchy, and brought to the Scotchman, under later English rule, antagonism and oppression which made it impossible for him to remain in Ireland. Scarcely had he differentiated a peculiar type of race life before he turned his steps toward the Western Continent.

Once the stream of immigration had begun to flow into America, and it rapidly grew wider and deeper. Debarred the exercise of religious liberty, oppressed by overbearing landlords, and having their agricultural and commercial interests suppressed, they were rejoiced at finding in the New World a place of comparative protection. The departure was like the flight of the children of Israel from the land of Goshen. Such was their haste in leaving, that, at times, they could not find vessels enough for their transportation. In such numbers did they

migrate, that the magistrates feared the home country would be depopulated.

Fortunate have we been, in the providence of God, to have built our government with them, as the foundation and formative element in our race character. If the superstructure has stood secure amid the convulsions of revolution, we owe it not to any cause more than to the character of the men who laid the foundation stones.

Philosophical historians have written volume after volume on the causes of stability in governments that have borne the tests of time. Shall we not look to the foundation principles as seen in the character of the people, for the answer to this question? The parable of Christ remains always true, whether in the building of individual or national character. The strongest part of a Japanese house is the roof, this being made of the heaviest timbers. In the event of an earthquake or storm, such a house is a trap, which falls with fatal certainty upon the inmates. That government alone is secure which is planted upon the integrity of its citizenship.

It is now a dictum of philosophical history, that the type of race life first assumed by a people is persistent. According to this principle, the Scotch-Irish character has persisted, and exists to-day, pervading every class and marking every direction of national evolution.

In the two years following the Antrim evictions, fully thirty thousand Protestants from Ulster landed on our shores. Between the years 1729 and 1756, about twelve thousand came annually. At the beginning of the Revolution, out of three millions of people in the colonies, at least one-half were Scotch-Irish, and their blood had been transfused by inter-marriages with other races until it flowed in the veins of well nigh all the population.

Indignant because of wrongs inflicted by the intolerance of the established church and the proscriptive policy of the crown, they fled to America. Zealous for civil and religious liberty, they took the leading part for America's independence. Banding themselves together in Mecklenburg, the Scotch-Irish of North Carolina were the first to raise a voice publicly for the dissolution of all connection with the mother country. Pledging to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, they have rendered historic and wreathed with glory the names

of Alexander and Brevard, Davidson and Caldwell, McDowell and Polk and Balch.

We will not forget the man who so untiringly and so patriotically prepared the hearts of the people for this action. Conspicuous in his age, stood Alexander Craighead, the Scotch-Irish apostle of liberty, under whose preaching the people of Mecklenburg became the foremost leaders of American patriots and heroes.

Yet there are those who would rob such men of the honor due them, and assign the results to the spirit of the age to which infidels as well as Christians contributed. True, it was the spirit of the age, but whence this spirit of the age? Did it spring into existence uncaused? Ah! these are the men, who, working out into actuality the principles of the Reformation, embraced the occasion; and, stamping their conscience and their conviction on the course of the times, created the spirit of the age. Nay, when the stubborn course of injustice which King George pursued toward his colonies would yield to no supplication or entreaty, these sons of liberty, lashed into resistance, threw down the gauge of battle and welcomed the conflict. They had convictions that rooted back to the Reformation, and this Scotch-Irish conscience, these Scotch-Irish convictions, which could not bend to the times, but must themselves mould and shape the times—that was the spirit of the age.

Search the pages of history and you will find no nobler illustration of a Christian soldiery than those who fought with Morgan at Cowpens; than those stalwart pioneers of Tennessee at King's Mountain. Leading, through the defiles of the Alleghanies, a little band of rough, undisciplined men, gathered from the banks of the Watauga and the Nollichucky, McDowell and Campbell and Shelby, after a long and weary march, fell upon the army of the brave but ill-fated Fergesson, and, with daring worthy of the heroic age, completely crushed his forces, and sent the last red coat reeling northward from the territory of the Carolinas, where, ere they could recover from their astonishment, they fell an easy prey to Washington at Yorktown. In thus turning the campaign in the South, they sealed the results of the war.

I cannot omit to affirm also that the Scotch-Irish have given character to our political constitution. Is it an accident that it bears such a striking resemblance to their ideas? Learned

historians have affirmed that Calvin was the founder of the free states of North America. The Scotch and Scotch-Irish have ever been the champions of Calvinistic ideas both in theology and government. Taught for generations that each individual church could exercise the right of a distinct member in an inclusive commonwealth, they came to our country to live, to fight, and to die, if need be, in defense of those principles of government which they believe were shadowed forth when Moses legislated for the Hebrew theocracy.

The direction given by their beliefs destines the Scotch-Irish to exercise perpetual control in shaping our political character. Has this not been demonstrated already? What is the idea most popular to the American people? In the Scotch-Irish churches, the fundamental principle of government has always been, that the voice of the majority is the voice of the whole. How close an affinity there is between this and the American idea: the people shall rule! How significant are those words spoken by King James when he said concerning the Scot's presbytery, that it agreed as well with monarchy as did God with the devil! In this we have the explanation of the American's zeal for civil and religious liberty. The seeds of those principles were transplanted from Ulster to our soil. Not hindered in growth by being circumscribed within territorial boundaries and by individual interests, they have sprung up and thrived until America stands out among the nations of earth the ideal state.

The Scotch-Irish American is not a relic. He is a standing factor in our country to-day. He is everywhere. He is faithfully perpetuating the original type. He blends with every element touched; not to be absorbed, but to transform and assimilate it to himself. He is tempering fanaticism on the one hand, while, on the other, he maintains the ideals of primitive faith. He is busy, not so much for gain, as to have that by which he may help his fellows. He is patriotic, not in fitful enthusiasm, but out of national love of country. He is ready to advance, but only in directions which judgment declares. He is conservative only in holding fast that which is good. He is making ready, in the years before us, for the president's mansion, or the mechanic's bench; wherever God calls him. Our country is safe in his hands. We will know what element to call for when the time is critical. He will answer, though it be

at the sacrifice of life. He will answer with victory for right and for God.

—J. WALTER COBB.

Ian Maclaren.

Rev. John Watson, D. D., better known to literary fame as "Ian Maclaren," was until recently mentioned only as the accomplished minister of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church in Liverpool. Within the remarkably short period of three years he has leapt from local fame to international renown. What are some of the steps by which he has gained such celebrity? An answer to the query will require a review of his past life, his literary endowments, and the means by which his gifts were brought into service.

The subject of the sketch was born in Essex in 1850, so it will be readily seen that he has entered the field of letters somewhat late in life. His father held an honorable post in the civil service, and was able to give young Watson, his only child, the advantages of a thorough education. Mrs. Watson was a lady of great strength of mind and character, possessing that deep religious earnestness characteristic of her Highland ancestors. While not born in Scotland, he is of purely Scottish blood, so that in interpreting the character of the lowly Scots he is in a measure reflecting his own nature. When only four years old his parents recrossed the border and settled in Perth. His school holidays, and later his college holidays, were spent in the country, where he was ever a welcome guest at the hospitable homes of his bachelor uncles and maiden aunts. During these glorious days of unrestrained country life he learned the mysteries of "roups" and "tacks," and heard endless talk about "horses, pleughs and kye." Here from real life he gathered his knowledge of peasant life, that he afterwards portrayed so successfully in the sketches of Burnbrae and Drumsleugh—the most realistic descriptions of farm-life in central Scotland that we have ever had.

While yet a lad his parents moved to Edinburgh, doubtless to give their son the benefit of the superior educational advantages offered there. At the age of sixteen young Watson entered Edinburgh University. He did not take a high stand for

scholarship, nor did he ever distinguish himself as a student; he is rather remembered by his fellow-students for his social animation and mental vivacity. He took life good-naturedly, was one of those pleasant, jolly fellows who are sure to "get along" in the world. At the college dining table his stories and sallies of wit and humor were a source of wonder to the sobered students; likewise in his afternoon walks and in the circle of his more intimate friends he was a perennial fountain of intellectual stimulus and social amusement. His life was in striking antitheses to that of George Howe, "The Lad o' Pairs." Among his classmates who became famous in after life were Henry Drummond and R. L. Stevenson; of this triumvirate Watson was the most studious, Stevenson being noted chiefly for his non-attendance at class-room, and Drummond as a winsome personality during play-hours, but possessing a particular aversion for Kant's *Metaphysics of Ethics*, and Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon*. Watson was more of a spectator, interested in the rich variety of human life presented by the large number of students, than a student of books. Many a student by his too close application to text-books misses the broader culture which is to be derived from the social and literary atmosphere of the university. Upon graduating he had gained from his academic course intellectual stimulus, a widened horizon, and life long friendships—acquirements that we are apt to undervalue.

In 1870 Mr. Watson entered the New Theological Seminary at Edinburgh. Here, as in his academic career, he was distinguished as a brilliant social and intellectual force rather than as a laborious student. He was never carried away with enthusiasm for the Hebrew vocabulary or syntax, but on the contrary studied human nature, cultivated social tact and the power of adapting himself to the needs of his fellow-men. At the close of his student career Mr. Watson was marked out by his knowledge of life, his literary culture, and his mental sprightliness, qualities that were to win him distinction in the pulpit.

After graduation he accepted a call to the Free Church of Logiealmond in Perthshire, much to the surprise of his friends, who thought him better fitted for a city pastorate. Logiealmond, the real "Drumtochty," situated on the southern slope of the Grampian Mountains, is little more than a wild waste of heathery hills and moorland, scantily inhabited, such a place as

would naturally suggest to a man of culture and social tastes that he had reached the border of civilization. The place may seem unworthy of his talents, but Mr. Watson was abundantly contented with it. He was quickly in touch with his parishioners, and surprised them with his knowledge of crops, markets and farm life. He soon won their regard and affection. He had a natural love for country life, a natural sympathy for the common people; he saw the poetry of their humble lives and believed in its heroism. But for these three years of retirement and seclusion in Dr. Watson's early life we may reasonably believe that he would never have achieved his present success as an author. While *Drumtochty*, and the characters *Weelum Maclure*, *Burubrae*, *Drumsheugh* and others are more or less literary devices and creations of the author's fancy, still while in *Logiealmond* he caught a deeper insight into the life of the lowly Scotch, and received the necessary impulse for the exercise of his consummate power of character sketching. Such a secluded and isolated place could not long retain a man of Dr. Watson's ability; after three years he received a call to a large church in Glasgow, and thence to the *Sefton Park Presbyterian Church* in *Liverpool*, where he is still situated.

While known to possess literary gifts of a high order, it is strange to say that Mr. Watson never made use of the press; he could not even pride himself upon the authorship of the tiniest pamphlet. His sermons showed him to have an extensive acquaintance with the best literature, great power of pathos and description, naturalness of expression, and a broad knowledge of men and the world. His faculty for story telling was unequalled; from his boyhood he was an observer of the picturesque and humorous in the persons he met, and added to this he had the power of enriching with imagination these characters and reproducing them as characters in literature. His ability for story telling was such that no one ever thought of questioning the veracity of his highly polished narratives. Occasionally Mr. Watson essayed to deliver a public lecture, but still the world had nothing from his pen. Years passed, and Dr. Watson gave no response. At last those who knew his literary powers were lying unused, save to the delight of his personal friends, rejoiced to know that he had been prevailed upon to exercise them by Dr. Robertson Nicholl, the persuasive editor of the *British Weekly*.

The appearance in the *British Weekly* of "A Lad o' Pairts," written under his *nom de plume*, marks a new epoch in Dr. Watson's life. Within less than a year from the date of this publication, dashed off for intellectual recreation amid the confining duties of his pastoral work, Dr. Watson's literary fame far surpassed his reputation as a preacher and theologian. "Maclaren" is one of the few men who have acquired such wide-spread and sudden popularity after passing the meridian of life. This article was the precursor to the series of character sketches that were destined to transform the author from the beloved minister of an appreciative congregation into the benefactor of the English speaking world. Such sudden success, however, was by no means a surprise to those who knew him and his abilities, his extensive acquaintance with literature, his broad observation of human nature, his power of humor and pathos, and his acute sense of the comedy and tragedy of life.

Mr. Watson belongs distinctly to that brilliant galaxy of Edinburgh graduates who have done so much in recent years to revive the ancient literary renown of Scotland. R. L. Stevenson, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, are names familiar to us all. The literary reputation of Scotland, gained by Burns, Scott, Carlyle and others, is in a measure sustained by such men as the above named. Maclaren is, from a literary stand-point, the youngest of the four. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums" had found eager readers on both sides of the Atlantic, before the "Bonnie Brier Bush" made known the existence of another author with Barrie's power of portraying the beauty and poetry of the humble scotch folks; while "The Raiders" of Crockett had won fame for its author before it dawned upon Watson and his friends that he was upon the eve of achieving, with a single volume, one of the greatest successes of modern literature. Scotland is proud of her writers and we are their debtors.

His most famous literary productions are "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne;" while in theology his best known works are "The Mind of The Master," and "The Upper Room." In "The Bonnie Brier Bush" perhaps the two most powerful sketches are "The Transformation of Lachlan Campbell," and "A Doctor of The Old School." In the former we have a fine study of the older religious forms in Scotland, and it is shown that sorrow and "tribe" can "melt

the hert" even of one possessing such an austere and ascetic nature as Lachlan Campbell. In the latter the author gives a sketch of the heroic life of the practitioner of Drumtochty, whose motto was "self-sacrifice for the good of others," and who lived up to this high ideal. Nowhere does Maclaren show himself a more consummate master of pathos than in these two stories. "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is similar in nature and treatment to "The Bonnie Brier Bush," being in many respects a sequel to it. The same plan is adhered to, the same characters figure as in the former work, and the scenes are laid at the same place. Further revelations of the lives of Burnbrae and Drumsheugh are given; Marget Howe is again pictured as the "gude woman" of the glen, the saint of Drumtochty; Weelum Maclure has not yet "slippit awa;" Jamie Soutar is still the critic and spokesman of the glen; while Hillocks, the familiar figure of the Kildrummie train, is going about as usual with his wonted jovial manner. In the story "For Conscience Sake," the abuses of the landlord and tenant system are set forth. Burnbrae, the ideal Scotchman, "canna gang back on his conscience," and rather than deviate from his convictions of right, resolves to give up his home—especially dear to a Scottish peasant—and all its cherished surroundings. Further glimpses of the history of Drumsheugh's life are caught in the sketch "Drumsheugh's Love Story," which illustrates both the sublimity of his character and his weaknesses, chief among which is the fact that on account of his dislike for the praises of men he would like to hide his goodness. But many of the familiar figures of the glen lie silent beneath the sod, one by one the heroes are being gathered into "oor lang hame," time with his still and stealthy step is creeping o'er the patriarchs of the village, and when we have finished the last sketch darkness descends upon the still sleeping glen.

—H. B. SEARIGHT.

Literary Department.

Some Well-Known Books.

II. BARABBAS: A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY.

There are three books of Marie Corelli's, in criticizing which one can hardly avoid open controversy. The appearance of "A Romance of Two Worlds" was followed by a hot dispute as to the religious opinions therein expressed. Some fiercely attacked the author, holding that her ideas were not only iniquitous, but ridiculous and absurd; others, again, defended her with equal vigor and stubbornness. "The Sorrows of Satan" was, if possible, assailed yet more bitterly, and "Barabbas" has not been exempted from what befel both its precursor and its successor. The ground of dispute is clearly indicated in the following clipping from the London *Athenaeum*: "By most secular critics the authoress was accused of bad taste, bad art, and gross blasphemy; but, in curious contrast, most religious papers acknowledged the reverence of treatment and the dignity of conception which characterized the work."

Now, if our judgment concerning "Barabbas" is to be a right one, we must judge it with reference to the author's purpose in writing the book. Taking for our guide the sub-title, "A Dream of the World's Tragedy," this purpose is to picture to us the changing scenes in the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of the Christ. Again, here, as in "A Romance of Two Worlds" and in "The Sorrows of Satan," she purposes to correct certain religious notions which she believes to be erroneous. But perhaps her first desire as it certainly is her noblest, is to stand as the champion of Christianity against all forms of unbelief. As she has succeeded or failed in these aims, is her book a success or a failure.

We need not be afraid of meeting denial when we express our admiration of Miss Corelli as a scenic artist. Even those who attack her most determinedly on other points must confess—willingly or unwillingly—that for vividness and brilliancy in description, her power is nothing short of wonderful. Is it possible to imagine a series of more striking tableaux than she presents to us in this, her "Dream of the World's Tragedy?" Who, having once read the book, cannot again picture to the mind's eye that scene before the Roman judgment-hall where condemned Prophet and Roman judge stand face to face, and Pilate filled with fear at the supernatural glory of the Captive's appearance, cries out to the multitude his terrified "ECCĒ HOMO!" Who can not recall her description of the scene on Calvary with its darkness and its earthquake—or that most beautiful of all—the Resurrection morning, when "all the mystic voices of the air seemed whispering * * 'Death is dead; Life is Eternal! God is Love!'" Pictures like these, once seen, are not easily forgotten.

To the charge of blasphemy in the quotation previously cited, we can bring no better refutation than the fact of its having been flatly contradicted by the religious press. In matters of this sort, when the dispute is as to irreverence and blasphemy we can certainly trust to our Doctors of Divinity as the best critics; and when they lead the way in giving our author praise for her "reverence of treatment and dignity of conception," we need not fear to follow.

But the unanimity of opinion as to her dramatic power does not pervade the criticism of her religious opinions. It is no small temptation to enter into the controversy, but to do justice to it would require more space and time than can be given here. So, without debating even in the briefest fashion the question of Judas' motive in betraying Jesus, I shall only make a single remark about the discussion *in toto*. In so many words, it seems to me to be utterly fruitless. For, even supposing—which is improbable—that one side should convince the other, it would be without further result. Those who won would gain nothing; those defeated would lose nothing. The whole quarrel is one over non-essentials.

But, as I mentioned above, the noblest phase of this work of Miss Corelli's is her championship of the Christian faith. Here she has attained her ends through two means—the life and

character of Barabbas and the words of Melchior. We should go far and search long in the field of fiction before we found a character-development more fully drawn than that of Barabbas under the influence of the crucified "King of the Jews." He stands before us at first a sturdy ruffian, not wholly callous withal, but of a disposition sufficiently susceptible, yet recking nothing of authority whether in earth or heaven—in the words of Melchior "the type of sheer brute mankind, against which Divine Spirit forever contends." The very first time that the eyes of the Master meet those of the robber the change begins, and from this point on, the author with the finest skill depicts phase by phase, the struggle between the Divine Spirit and that brute stubbornness of mind which the man regards as only his good common sense. In the terms which Carlyle uses in the "Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh," he passes through the *Everlasting No*, the *Center of Indifference* and on into the *Everlasting Yea*, with its irrefutable "I believe!"—that "Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost soul * * it is spoken: Let there be Light!" A stronger Power than he knew before had changed Barabbas the reckless criminal into the strong but gentle man who could meet a second and unjust imprisonment without a murmur, and ready with joyous heart at the Master's summons to enter into "the glorious liberty of the free."

As a mouth-piece for the expression of her beliefs, Miss Corelli could not have hit upon a more suitable character than Melchior. His cynical smile, his words of biting sarcasm makes him bear no insignificant resemblance to the Arch-Enemy as depicted in "The Sorrows of Satan." There is such fascination about his character and words that whatever he says makes upon the reader's mind an impression hard to erase. Numerous instances will be remembered by all who have read the book, but we can here only notice one case to show how suggestive is the manner of speech of this mysterious man of the East. It is when the rumor is going abroad that the Crucified is to rise again. Barabbas, still stubbornly incredulous, exclaims, "Impossible! He cannot!"

"Melchior looked full at him. 'If Death be death, why truly He cannot,' he responded,—'But if Death be Life, why then He can!'" And so wherever opportunity offers, Melchior strikes his blow at the enemies of religion and by his sneers and scoffs makes use against them of the very weapons which they

themselves so freely use. It is a fair turning of the tables and the author strikes many a telling stroke in like fashion in her later books.

In a word then we would call "Barabbas" a good book. Not that we can find nothing in it to condemn, but in spite of what we may have against it we must confess that it has a great and good end in view and that it attains this end with more than usual success. As Marie Corelli herself says of the books of "Mavis Clare," we may say of "Barabbas"—it is full of "those thoughts which comfort and inspire us!—which make us hear God's voice proclaiming 'All's well!' above the storms of life!"

Writers and Their Work.

The closing chapter of Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" appears in the October *Century*. And the publishers have, according to the plan in vogue among modern book concerns as to works of this class, proceeded to place it beyond the reach of a vast proportion of the reading public. This at least is the effect, whether so intended or not, when no cheaper edition accompanies the magnificent but high-priced one that is now in course of publication. In the present instance this is more than usually unfortunate, because of the great value of Professor Sloane's work, both from the historical and from the literary standpoint. Historically, it is valuable as being the only biography of Napoleon which has even so much as attempted perfect impartiality. Scott wrote as a British subject and consequently as a natural hater of the French Empire, its Emperor, and all things thereto appertaining. Abbott, on the other hand, was a blind and injudicious hero-worshipper. The author of the present biography shows not the least inclination toward one extreme or the other, but is as ready in praising what sound judgment approves as he is in condemning what is clearly wrong. Our sole adverse criticism is from the literary standpoint. For while the style leaves nothing to be desired, yet the book as a whole is chargeable with disproportion between its parts. Bonaparte's life as General, as Consul and as Emperor up to about 1809 is told with much greater detail than the years tol-

lowing that date. Toward the very close, however, less compression is discernible, and the account of the Waterloo campaign is especially well written. All things being considered, the greater part by far of whatever may be said of the work must be favorable.

* * *

What Poe calls "The Imp of Perverse" seems to be still as active as ever. "Tribby," it is said, gained half its popularity through hostile criticism. So we are not surprised to see Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," which for several months past has been incessantly and vigorously assailed by the critics, still holding a high place in the lists of fast-selling books. "A Lady of Quality" is charged by the judges in things literary with being far below the level of Mrs. Burnett's other works—some even go so far as to call it coarse. Whatever we may say to the first accusation, the second surely is somewhat unjust. The heroine, though at first a perfect virago, develops into an exceedingly fine character. There is without doubt a noticeable masculinity about the book, which doubtless suggests to many the unpleasant idea of the "strong minded woman." It may be nothing but a plausible suggestion, but I am inclined to think that, had any one else than Mrs. Burnett written the book, the harsh criticism we have noticed would not have been applied to it.

* * *

To believers in the "Vox Populi-Vox Dei" theory, it is matter for comfort that the notoriety of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" is due, not to the appreciation of it by the reading public, but chiefly to the fiat of the magazines of criticism. With a title suggestive to the unsuspecting buyer's mind of the stirring action of Mr. Weyman's romances, it is in fact an interminable mass of burdensome and uninteresting details, through which nothing but a conscientious wish to do the author justice could prompt one to struggle. If the book really is, as has been maintained, such a phenomenally accurate description of the sensations of a young soldier on the field of battle, it seems inexplicable that we should never before in all descriptions of battle scenes we have encountered, have found some-

thing of like sort. While there are of course some touches of real life, the book as a whole has a remarkable unreality about it. To the reader it seems a sort of huge goblin show, a strange phantasmagoria, a jumble of the weird, the common-place and the idiotic. The truly heroic seems to be regarded by the author as an unknown quantity. Consequently some scenes which might otherwise have been really splendid become degraded by the miserable motives that are disclosed. If, instead of disappointing readers by any more books of this "impressionist" order, Mr. Crane would give us some stories like his "Gray Sleeve," which appeared in the *Pocket Magazine* a few months ago, he might acquire for himself a reputation worth the having.

—V.

Editorials.

V. MOLDENHAWER, - Maryland. S. L. McCARTY, - - - Missouri.

In "Tom Brown at Oxford," Thomas Hughes speaks of Oxford, regarding it as the representative of English universities, as the cradle of British conservatism. To an American student reading this, the question naturally suggests itself as to whether the same can be said of our colleges. We believe that the remark does hold good and that those men who have taken a university degree are, as a rule, but little inclined to be "desirous of new things." That this should be so is very natural, for the professors in our colleges are, for the most part, men of highly conservative views themselves, and it is only reasonable to expect that those who are under their tuition should be imbued with much of the same spirit. Now in part this college conservatism is a good thing as standing opposed to the spirit of injudicious radicalism. But there is another aspect of the case which in a government like this is anything but pleasing to contemplate. College men become inclined to regard themselves and their fellows as constituting a sort of fancied aristocracy—shall we say?—of mind which is too willing to ally itself with other already existing aristocracies, and looks upon all reforms initiated by men belonging to what they call "the masses," with a disfavor bordering on contempt. It is a species of snobbery of which we can not be proud.

Among the practical questions by which the student is confronted, few demand more careful consideration than that of his attitude toward society. Whether to confine himself wholly to study or to apply himself also to the cultivation of social excellencies, are questions of considerable import.

Of course we can never divorce ourselves entirely from society. In whatever profession we engage, intimate contact

with men and women is inevitable. We must meet them not only in places of business, but also in the parlor and the social circle.

Realizing this fact, it is manifestly unwise for one who professes to be preparing himself for life to neglect this phase of self-culture. Certainly it is pleasant to seclude one's self and gaze at the world "through the loop-holes of retreat," but real preparation is not to be attained in that way. True, "there is pleasure in the pathless woods," but he who only studies botany and companions with the denizens of the forest, will never learn to influence men and women. Nor will he who only associates with those of his class-mates and college chums acquire that ease and grace in company which is so essential to the highest success.

How many students have we seen whose splendid scholarship has won them distinction in the class-room, but who, in the parlor, appear "akward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill of moving gracefully or standing still." How frequently those who have finished their college course with honor, enter the world only to be made the objects of its laughter and ridicule.

We grant that the business of the student is pre-eminently to train the mind; but it is equally true, that he, who will enter a sphere where the environment is wholly unlike the associations of university life, ought surely to cultivate those powers of conversation and the ease and grace of action which will commend him to those with whom he associates.

We are not the critics of the Literary Societies, but, perhaps, in view of our relation to them, an occasional suggestion will be pardoned.

It has been a custom, sanctioned by the constitution of each society, to impose fines for the most trivial offenses, and to watch each member very closely lest "with malice aforethought" he should attempt to sharpen his pencil or to commit some other equally heinous misdemeanor.

The result is, the "consideration of fines" is tiresome beyond all expression, and all the pleasure which may have been gained from the literary portion of the exercises is overbalanced by the fatigue of the other.

It is contended for the custom that the prevalent spirit of levity and childishness among the members renders such a course utterly indispensable to good order. But may it not be, that this system of government increases, rather than prevents, this so much-lamented disposition to trifle. If the constitution of a society presupposes childishness in its members, it is not strange that a want of seriousness should characterize their actions before that society.

On the other hand, if it be impressed upon the newly initiated that gentlemanly and dignified conduct is expected of him, the effect will be better than whole pages of prohibitions. It is impossible that undignified laws should make dignified members; but it is not impossible to so train and cultivate the members that the desired result will be realized without the waste of time, the hard feeling and the trickery which attends the consideration of fines.

If a few pages were torn out of the constitution, and fines for minor transgressions abolished, and the members treated, not as children, but as young men, the meetings would afford greater attraction and the work would be more fruitful of advancement and progress.

Exchange Department.

H. L. MICHEL, - - - Tennessee.

The University Unit is not what we hoped for. The Class Valedictory address, of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, is the only article in the magazine. Without at least several well written pieces no journal can command universal admiration. Our aim should be: First, to select a good subject, and then to develop it well by the employment of choice words and figures of speech, and thus cause our readers to feel as though they are well paid for the time they have given to reading our works, and at the same time to impart to them such ideas as will be of practical use in their journey through life.

The young ladies of the *Taliaferric Journal* seem to resent the criticism we made in our last issue, but we can truly and conscientiously state that their number for September and October is one worthy of much praise. It contains many interesting articles, some of which show a keen insight into the works of the greatest authors, and go far to prove that in the study of literary characters, woman far surpasses man. Only the eye and intellect of the so-called "weaker sex" can fathom the intricate traits of the masterpieces in literature and art. We congratulate these young ladies, and hope to be the happy recipient of the next issue of their journal.

"The Benefits of the Bicycle for Woman" is a splendidly written article appearing in the *McMicken Review*, and the work of a lady. She clearly sets forth the good effects of the wheel for women, and gives medical points to back her statements. This essay took the prize above many others of similar nature and if we had the space we should be delighted to have it appear

among our "Clippings," as we are sure it would throw new light upon that subject, and overcome the vast majority of the prejudices against the woman on a bicycle which so many of the good people of Clarksville harbor within their very souls, as if it were averse to their religion. This work is truly a help to all persons possessing any practical knowledge of the importance of physical culture among our fair women. The poetic craze must have struck the editors of this magazine broadside, as nearly two-thirds of the articles appearing in it are poetry. However, allow us to state in praise of it, that the pieces are not of the trifling kind, but contain good morals and many elevating thoughts worthy of our contemplation.

The *Emory Phoenix* is upon our table, and we pronounce it one of the best journals in the South. In it there are many short and interesting, as well as instructive articles. This style of literature is popular and seldom passed by, while a voluminous piece is generally regarded with contempt, and few there are who read them. Besides, if you have a fact to state, express it in a clear and brief manner, and it will have the desired effect, while circumlocution generally tends to confuse, rather than simplify.

The *Adelphian*, of the Adelphi Academy, of Brooklyn, contains many items of interest. Being located near the metropolis of America, it is in close touch with all the principal topics of discussion throughout the country. This journal deals, for the most part, with art and music, and is of much value to those thus inclined.

In the October number of the *Erskonian* there appears an article, "An Incident of the War," which is of deep interest to all those who have felt the piercing dart from cupid's bow, and have had parental objections to contend with. The author very beautifully describes the meeting, wooing, devotion before and after separation, and finally winds up with the hero's death in battle and the untiring attention of the heroine to make those about her happy.

The *Preacher's Magazine*, which is published in New York, has made its appearance in our presence for the first time, and

we extend to it a most hearty welcome. This volume is devoted entirely to religious topics, which are discussed in a most able manner. These noble men are now sowing seeds of learning, and by the grace of the One above will no doubt reap a rich harvest in the years to come.

Our Monthly. This is also a magazine of Christian thought and work for the Lord. The treatment of the subjects are elevating throughout, and reflect much credit upon the authors.

We find among our exchanges, the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, another magazine dealing entirely with religion, and contains a very interesting discourse upon matters pertaining to the foreign missionaries of that church.

In the *Wofford College Journal* there appears an article entitled, "Latter Day Literature Not Degenerating." This is a magnificent discussion against the prevailing tendency of the present period to condemn latter day literature. It is quite a lengthy article, well analyzed, strictly logical, abounding in beautiful language, and gives such practical instruction as regards the value of the present type of literature—the novel—that will prove of great worth, provided we consider it well. The author is a man of refined tastes, and possesses a splendid knowledge of literature in general.

We have just received the *An-X*, and pronounce it one of the best magazines on our exchange list.

Clippings.

COLLEGE 16 TO 1—REVISED.

Some fellows like a girl better when she's 16 than when she's won.

You may occasionally have the last word when a girl is 16 but not after she's won.

Some girls would rather be won than 16.

Girls paint more after they are 16 than after they are won.

Some girls are won before they are 16.

Some girls will never admit that they are more than 16 until after they are won.

There is not 1 girl in 16 who would not rather be won for life than be 16 all her life and never be won.

Many a candidate thinks himself Clay, only to discover after the election that his name is mud.

A FEW LITERARY QUERIES.

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?

Is Rider Haggard pale?

Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?

And Edward Everett Hale?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?

Did C. D. Warner? How?

At what did Andrew Marvell so?

Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?

Or Richard Boyle beside?

What gave the wicked Thomas Paine?

And made Mark Akenside?

IT MUST BORE HIM.

Begin at the bottom and work to the top,

Is splendid advice to be giving,

And yet it is not the best hint we can drop

To the man who digs wells for a living.

BACHELOR CONCEIT.

I'll ask of you a promise,

And I shall want it good,

I would have an accomplice,

I would have it understood.

I am they say a bachelor,
I am not full of fears,
I am a love contractor,
I am wealthy less years.

I may have worn eye-glasses,
But that is not so bad,
I may be full of gases,
But that is only fad.

You will do well to get me,
I am the only man,
You'll only have to pet me,
I'll love you if I can.

It will be remembered how Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Envoy, during his stay in London, England, took occasion to do reverence to the statue of General Gordon, and to place a wreath on its pedestal. The father of General Gordon, according to the *Journal Des Debats* of Paris, expressed his thanks to the Viceroy in a letter and sent him a present in the shape of a fine "pedigree" bull dog. However remarkable this acknowledgment may have been, Li Hung Chang's reply was still more so. "Dear Mr. Gordon," wrote the Chinese statesman, "I offer you my sincere thanks for the superb dog which you had the kindness to send me. As for myself, unfortunately, it was a kind of food which does not suit my delicate digestion, but my suite have done honor to your present and have found it delicious."

Alumni Department.

E. D. PATTON. Editor, - - Georgia.

The Scholarly Man.

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
 Unbless'd with sense above their peers refined,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause,
 That sole proprietor of just applause?

— *Young: Epis. to Pope, Bk. II., Line 15.*

The lines, though written primarily of an author, are applicable to a scholar, and might be said of him with equal truthfulness. Not everyone that can give proof of having studied in a college is entitled to the distinction of a scholar. Not every Baccalaureate who holds a diploma conferring upon him an Academic degree is, for that reason alone, a scholarly man. I am sorry that a diploma is not indicative of scholarship, but often times it is impossible that it should be. A man gifted with a ready mind, combining clearness of conception with retentiveness of memory, will excel in his classes on recitation and examination and therefore be entitled to graduation. Yet that same man may be devoid of those traits of mind and elements of character that will inevitably exclude him from the inner circle of scholarliness. The requirements are rigid, and if I mistake not, the talent is a gift from the Creator; so, few there be that go therein.

We can readily tell, after we have been in his company but a little while, whether the man be scholarly or not. There is an indescribable something that impresses us and we feel: "that is a scholar." Though we know scholarliness when we come in contact with it, yet it is no easy matter to analyze it into its

component parts and discover what goes to make up the whole. But whether we can make a complete analysis or not, we can at least point out some traits or aptitudes of the mind that impress us in conversing with a scholarly man.

And the first thing I would notice is the nature of his thoughts: *i. e.*, what subjects most interest him. If he seems to love the base or the frivolous, we look in vain to discover the scholar beneath this rubbish. These are the amusements of the of the uncultured mind, as wigwags are the palaces of the savage. An intellect undeveloped and undisciplined by thought and training will naturally cling to the frivolous, and because its propensity is to evil, the base and vulgar will afford allurements. It is an effort to think, and subjects that delight and attract the scholar are such that require exertion to grasp and understand. For this very reason (though there are many others) they are pleasant to him. The natural man, *i. e.*, the man as he is in nature, untouched or influenced by culture and training, is averse to exertion; and it requires the exercise of the will to delve into subjects of a profound nature. Thought is the labor of the mind; revery, its recreation—the mind left alone to drift with the current. Many mistake this attitude for thought; and feel when they have passed a day within the courts of Nephelococcygia, or drifting on the placid waters of day-dreaming, that they have been exercising their thought powers, but instead have been dissipating them. While reverizing is pleasant and should be occasionally indulged in, yet it is an amusement dangerous if carried to excess. For this reason we should be very chary in its employment. Though we hear dreamers lauded by orators and poets, after all it is the men of thought and action who are real motive power in this world.

But, we must hurry on to consider a second characteristic of a scholarly man. "What is that," says the philosopher, Coleridge, "which strikes us at once in a man of education? And which among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind that (as was observed, with eminent propriety, of the late Edmund Burke) we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain, without finding him out? Not the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor any unusual interest of facts communicated by him. * * It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part or

(more plainly) in every sentence, the whole which he intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments." It is logical arrangement then that constitutes our second integral. This is perhaps the distinguishing and pre-eminent mark in our scholar. There is nothing so pleasing to the mind in quest of knowledge as to find that knowledge arranged in a systematic and logical order. While on the other hand, there is nothing so dissatisfying as to peruse an author who disregards all order and (to use common expression) just "pitches" knowledge at us in a jumbled and incoherent heap. I have listened to sermons and other forms of discussion, in which regard to logical order seemed to have been abandoned, and the result has always been that I digested but a small modicum out of the whole. But again I have had the delightful pleasure of hearing discourses in which due deference was paid to logic, and I have been able to give a tolerably full synopsis of what I heard. Carlyle, I think, struck the heart of the truth when he said, "Confusion is man's great enemy."

Some men's minds seem by nature logical, while others, to defy all efforts to make them so. But painstaking, persistent training is the great tonic such minds need. As a preparatory training to real mental gymnastics, what is better than geometric reasoning? But many go through the form of the reasoning while they fail utterly to apprehend the spirit. Failing, therefore, to follow each turn and step in the ratiocination, their advantage gained is *nil*. But to see in each syllogism its appropriate middle term and premises, and from them deduce the conclusion, the training is incalculable.

Again, we notice in the third place, in our consideration of the scholarly man, his speech. The correct grammar and the polished diction are always in evidence in his speech. While grammatic purity, perhaps, stands first, next to it is to be reckoned choiceness of words. As a connoisseur can often determine the relative rank of a painter by observing the attention he gives to shade and colors, so we can judge with tolerable accuracy the place of an educated man, whether in the group called scholarly or not, by looking at the words which he uses. The wealth of our English vocabulary is such as to admit of delicacy of meaning in words, and thus affords an opportunity to a literary artist scarcely equaled in any other. It is then the use a man makes of this affluence that brands him a scholarly

man or otherwise. So great an importance is attached to the correct and scholarly use of words that it has led Prof. Minto, of the University of Aberdeen, to say: "The simple fact of holding a place among the leaders of literature is a proof of extraordinary mastery of language." It is the copiousness and elaborate stateliness of Virgil's vocabulary, that places him in so conspicuous and eminent a position in the galaxy of Latin *literati*. In fact so important an adjunct is his diction, that it has led critics to say, Virgil shorn of his words, is Virgil shorn of his glory.

Good English! How few Americans speak it. How many even of our college-bred men, and often men who are in positions that seem to require that good English be spoken, are distressingly deficient! And the lack is not attributable to ignorance always, but to carelessness and indifference! It is surprising to notice how many public speakers—preachers, lawyers, politicians—and even teachers there are who use despicable language, which goes under the pseudonym of English! I have for some time made observations that verify these assertions. Says Sherfield, Duke of Buckingham:

"Of all those arts in which the wise excell,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

And I think he would have been more correct in substance, though less in form, had he added, "talking well." For after all I believe it is more difficult to speak good English than to write it.

The great concern with all men, but especially with those who are in places demanding scholarliness, should be to acquire the rare accomplishment of speaking, spontaneously, pure and grammatical English. That the accomplishment is attained only at the expense of much labor and many failures none who has essayed to reach it will gainsay, but that the result is pleasing and well worth the labor is as indisputable.

—FRAZER HOOD.

Alumni Dots.

—Rev. Theron H. Rice has accepted the call to the Central Church of Atlanta.

—Mr. W. L. Caldwell, B. D., '95, spent a few days with us about two weeks ago.

—Mr. J. L. Alsworth was recently installed pastor of the Bethberi and Union churches in Tennessee.

—Mr. D. F. Wilkinson, B. D., '96, was a few days ago examined, ordained and installed pastor of the church at Crowley, La.

—Rev. H. B. Price, who was with us a part of last year, is now at Princeton, N. J., taking a special course at the University before returning to his work in Japan in the spring.

—The Alumni article for this month is written by Mr. J. F. Hood, A. B. '96. We all know the superior ability of Mr. Hood as a writer, and everyone should take advantage of the opportunity afforded us by this contribution.

—The unanimous call to become pastor of the church at Thomasville, Ga., has been accepted by Rev. E. D. McDougall. Mac is doing a grand work, and we wish for him as much success in his new charge as has accompanied him in the past.

Y. M. C. A.

D. H. OGDEN, - - - - Louisiana.

The monthly Missionary meeting of the Association was held Sunday morning, October 25th, and was led by Mr. Geo. E. Smith. The attendance was very good, and special music was given by the recently organized Y. M. C. A. quartette, consisting of Messrs. Cleveland, Frierson, Goddard and Thorburn. The music was good, and the meeting was enjoyed by all.

Our Association was represented by Mr. J. N. Blackburn at the Missionary Conference held October 10th and 11th at Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn. Mr. J. O. Shelby represented the Missionary Society of our University at this Conference. Our delegates bring us favorable reports, showing that our University is well to the front in mission interests.

Mr. M. A. Matthews, traveling Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., visited us October 27th. He addressed the Missionary Society, which held a regular meeting the day of his visit. Mr. Matthews seemed pleased at the standing of our Association, and gave us many valuable suggestions which will be followed in the future.

Preparation has been made for the observation of the Week of Prayer, beginning November 8th. The services will commence on Sunday afternoon with the regular weekly meeting, and during the week there will be a half-hour service every evening, beginning at 9 o'clock. These meetings will be conducted by Dr. R. A. Webb, and are intended to be the commencement of a revival of pure religion in our midst. Every Christian should feel it his duty to attend the meetings and join his prayers and his labors with those of his fellow Christians.

As to prayer; it is not the length of time occupied in praying, it is not the number of words spoken, but it is the earnest, heartfelt prayer, accompanied by faith that is acceptable to God. We quote these words from Spurgeon: "A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very much pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, and I see no need for it. It is like a person going into the bank with a cheque and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common-sense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine, practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business."

We would call especial attention to the announcement of the Week of Prayer services made above. We need a revival in our hearts, we need to have some of the coldness taken out and then, burning love for the Master implanted in our hearts. Dr. Webb will assuredly interest all who go to hear him, and if they will only open their hearts the blessing will be given.

There is always a tendency among students to criticize, to find flaws in the character of another, and to ventilate the general depravity of mankind. If there is so much of vice in our neighbors, it does no good to bring it to view with no intention of rectifying it, but simply to comment upon it. The celebrated Dr. John Hall has very truly said: "There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity."

On Sunday, November 8th, the hour for the weekly devotional meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be changed from 4 P. M. to 3 P. M. The meetings are always interesting, and much care is being taken to have good music. All students are invited to the meetings.

Locals.

GEO. SUMMEY, JR., - Tennessee. D. H. OGDEN, - - - Louisiana.

—Mr. H. L. Patterson spent a few days of last month in Kentucky.

—Mr. Jureidini has returned after a lecture tour in the Southern States.

—Rev. W. Y. Davis, an Alumnus, of Bloomfield, Ky., lately paid a short visit in town.

—Rev. Walter L. Caldwell, of Memphis, an Alumnus, recently spent a few days in town.

—Dr. Summey spent October 10th at Bowling Green, attending the meeting of the Synod of Kentucky.

—Dr. Webb, Dr. Fogartie and Dr. Price attended the meeting of the Synod of Nashville, at Murfreesboro, Oct. 21st-24th.

—Mr. J. F. Deaderick, who was in the University last year, is now studying at the Jennings' Business College in Nashville.

—Is it not time for the Class of '97 to appear in their caps and gowns, in order that we may have the longer time to reverence our Seniors?

—The S. A. E.'s have their headquarters this year in a large and convenient room over the National bank on Franklin and Second streets.

—Mr. Montague has recovered from his foot ball accident sufficiently to be out on his crutches, and hopes to soon be able to discard them entirely.

—Dr. Long has charge of the English Class in the city Y. M. C. A. Night School, and Mr. Currie has the Mathematics Class in the same school.

—Dr. Lyon and Mr. Butler were absent from the University on the 21st of October, attending a Sunday School convention at Sango, a few miles from town.

—The latest improvement at Robb Hall is a telephone. Using the words of an eloquent advocate of the telephone system, "It is a sign of civilization."

—Base ball was for a time in high favor. Besides the Theological game, there was a game between Robb Hall and Calvin Hall, resulting in a victory for Calvin.

—Miss Maria Stacker, a friend of many of the students, was married to Mr. J. Ed. Ellis, on the evening of October 28th. We wish the young couple all happiness.

—On the evening of October 27th, Miss Major entertained a company of friends. There were about ten couples present, and the evening was very pleasantly spent.

—Mr. G. W. Muir, Jr., of Lexington, Ky., has accepted the position of trainer of the foot ball team, and has the team in charge now. He has also entered as a student.

—A musical was given at the Academy, October 9th, by Misses Hall, Wardlaw, and Reynolds. The music was delightful, and Miss Wardlaw charmed the audience with her elocution.

—Three of the bicycle races in the County Fair were won by students. Michel was the victor in the County Championship race, McFadden won the novice race, and Morrow the quarter-mile scratch race.

—Dr. Summey went with the foot ball team to Nashville, on the occasion of the game with the University of Nashville, and from Nashville to Bowling Green, where he filled the Presbyterian pulpit the next day.

—The result of the foot ball game of October 28th, a notice of which is to be found in the Athletic Notes, should be a cause of rejoicing to our men. We were defeated, but the game was well played, and our opponents were giants.

—The faculty gave a half-holiday on October 16th, in order that the students might attend the County Fair. For two years

this holiday has been given, and we hope that the good precedent now established will always be followed.

—Messrs. S. M. McCallie and Albert Summey took a bicycle trip to Hopkinsville on the 21st, taking advantage of the absence of some of the professors. It is said that at the hotel they ordered everything on the bill of fare.

—Some of the foot ball players competed in the greased-pig chase at the County Fair. The prize was the pig, and it was won by Mr. Ned. Turnley, who was one of the sprinters of the '95 track team. Lewis Drane was a close second.

—The election bets at one of the houses in the neighborhood are as follows: If Bryan wins, one of the gentlemen is to furnish two oyster suppers; if McKinley is elected, the lady of to furnish one oyster supper. So they have a good thing of it, whatever is the result of the election.

—The base ball game played on October 9th between the Junior and Senior Theologues resulted in a victory of the latter. The score was twenty-five to three. Batteries—Junior: Orr and Cleveland; Senior: Cobb and Stitt. Dr. Alexander was umpire, and he ruled the game with a rod of iron.

—The Citizens' Lecture Course for this season, under Dr. Lyons' management, will be even better than last year's, and offers great attraction to us. The first lecture will be "Adventures in Arctic Asia," by George Kennan, the author of the famous articles on Russia and Siberia published some years ago in the *The Century Magazine*. This lecture will be followed by others of equally high grade and equal interest. But the one to which we look forward with the greatest pleasure is Dr. Whaling's lecture entitled, "Brer Rabbit and His Companions," from Uncle Remus. We know Dr. Whaling and have not forgotten his polished address before the Literary Societies at our last Commencement. He will come to speak before an audience of admirers, for his popularity is as great among the town people as among the students.

A Vagary.

They say that fair woman was made with one rib—
A wonderful thing, if it's true—
Yet perchance 'twill explain some puzzling thoughts,
That have bothered more people than you.

If woman had ribs like a parasol, eight,
Then joy would o'erflow for our cup,
For she might, after using some few thousand words,
At length be induced to shut up. —S. K. L.

Athletic Notes.

GEO. SUMMEY, JR., - - Tennessee.

The games played by our foot ball team on the 10th and the 28th deserve a brief notice, although the results of the games are tolerably well known. The first game of the season was played at Nashville on October 10th, with the University of Nashville. The score was twenty-six to nothing, in the University of Nashville's favor. It was rather bad for us, but might have been worse, and it disappointed only those who were too sanguine. But the team was not discouraged, as the manner in which the game of the 28th was played clearly proved. The second and last game of the month was at Clarksville, with the Nashville Athletic Club, on October 28th. Our team played a fine game throughout, and the Athletics, though a very strong team, were allowed only three touch downs. The score was eighteen to nothing in their favor. But the boast of the Athletics that they won the game without difficulty is without the least foundation of facts. These city athletic associations seem to be very fond of bluffing, and we at least do not grudge them the harmless amusement.

Dates are set for games with Bethel College, Vanderbilt University, and the University of Nashville. The game with Vanderbilt University is to be played at —— on November 18th. The Bethel College game is to be played on Wednesday, November 11th, at —— . The University of Nashville game, a return of the one of October 10th, will be on Thanksgiving

Day at Clarksville. The line up of our team in these games will probably be as follows:

Hill—Right end.	Wheland—Centre.
Bachman—Left end.	Muir—Quarter-back.
Williams—Right tackle.	Byers—Full-back.
Hancock—Left tackle.	Northington—Left half-back.
Wilson—Right guard.	Rea—Right half-back.
Shepherd—Left guard.	

We have only the highest praise for our foot ball team, for their trainer, and for those who as members of the second team are rendering such valuable service to team and trainer. Every one of the team is enthusiastic and is unsparing of time and labor to prepare himself for the battles of the gridiron. The trainer thoroughly understands his business, is energetic and faithful, and we may congratulate ourselves that we have him. He has a special faculty for keeping up the spirits of the players while in actual contest, and of getting out of them the best work possible. The regularity with which both teams have been practicing is very encouraging, and if athletic interest is not permitted to flag we may be assured of at least moderate success in the athletic arena.

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