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No. 6.

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PRIZE ESSAY NO. 3.

Duty.

If a sensualistic philosopher were asked what is duty, he would answer, duty is perfect self-love, or it is absolute conformity to the maxim that "might makes right," or what is more likely, he would deny its existence and virtually repudiate all obligation, whether natural or moral.

To a man who has a secret or a morbid conscience, or to one who in the pride of his heart covets the distinction of being profound and skeptical in his opinions, such an analysis of duty is very plausible. It is congenial with his life, and for this reason he incorporates it into his philosophy.

But to one who accepts the promptings of conscience, duty is something very different.

Every rational man knows that he is, that he feels, wills and determines, that he is a permanent entity and not a mere bundle of possibilities. Every sane man knows the distinction between right and wrong, and that to do the right and to avoid evil is his duty. When the diligent college student hears the twittering of the birds about his window in the morning, and the Chapel bell pealing out its familiar summons, he feels that duty, duty to himself, home, friends, and God, calls upon him to brace himself with courage and strength for the tasks of another day.

There are many duties binding on men which are intuitively seen to be duties. But when a man shall have complied with those which he owes to himself, his country, and his God, he will have acquitted himself of all that is obligatory on him. For under these three heads, the whole round of human duty is embraced.

First—Man's duty to himself is of the highest importance. By many, however, it is not thoroughly understood. Man holds an exalted place among the creatures, of God. He has

a body magnificently constructed, and wonderfully adapted for his use, a mind endowed with marvelous faculties and powers.

The body and mind of man are capable of great development. The hand, for example, of a skilled pianist may touch a hundred keys in a second of time. The developed mind will circle the globe, hold communion with the celestial beings, visit the most distant stars, and explore in its flight the vast regions of space beyond, all in the twinkling of an eye.

Though the mind of man at birth is totally destitute of ideas, it has the wonderful power of forming primitive convictions out of the fundamental laws of thought when the occasion suited to call them forth is presented. To preserve the body and develop these God-given powers of mind is one of man's most important duties. He should devote himself assiduously to the acquisition of knowledge until his mind is saturated therewith.

The individual who neglects this duty is to a large extent debarred by his own deficiency from the society of the intellectual and deprived of that pleasure, pure and elevating, which attends all well directed mental activity. His conversation will not be edifying and his reflections valueless because his store of knowledge is defective. He can contribute nothing to the instruction or enlightenment of his circle of companions. He is dull even in his home. The attractions of literature are to him unknown. He goes not with Virgil into the beauties

of song and verse, with Newton into the clouds, or with Herschel among the planets and constellations that people the heavens, with Lyell or Dana into the bowels of the earth, or with Hamilton or Locke into the secret chambers of the mind, because his faculties are undeveloped. He must move all his days in a limited sphere and pass his life in ignorance.

Man is specially obligated to develop by proper culture every faculty of his being because of the very surroundings in which he has been providentially placed. He is put, as it were, in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a pure atmosphere, decked with all manner of trees and flowers, beautified by snow-capped mountains with sparkling rivulets flowing down their sides, by large rivers winding their way through the valleys, touched by oceans over whose bosoms ply the busy ships of commerce, dotted here and there with large cities, those hives of population, with institutions of learning for the promotion of his culture. Man thus environed can not be true to himself and neglect that cultivation of himself which will enable him to get most and enjoy most of that which God in nature has spread around him.

Second—Man has a duty to perform as a citizen. He must obey the laws of his country, and should be able to aid in making, in interpreting, and in executing those laws. Many men have no conception of the duty they owe to the state. They assume without thinking that the state owes it to them to conserve their interests and

well being without bearing in mind, on the other hand, their obligation to conserve the interest and contribute to the welfare of the state. They teach their sons, may be, to till the soil, to earn a livelihood, but to be in any further sense factors in promoting the advancement of society is beyond their capacity and aspiration. They do not seem to understand that as a nation becomes more civilized its demands become greater and its laws more complicated. They fail to recognize that, if the laws would accomplish the end for which they were enacted, the citizens must be able to correctly interpret them, and see their bearing upon the various interests, public and private. They fail to see that upon the youth of the nation the perpetuation of its institutions depends, and by their intelligence, chastity, and loyalty, the nation will stand or fall.

To educate or even reform a generation of adults is well nigh impossible. But it is not impossible to mould and educate the youth of a land. For these we must establish permanent schools of high order that they may be equipped for intelligent citizenship. When men are thoroughly educated in practical ethics and government they will be competent citizens. They will cast their influence on the side of integrity and right, and their country may rely upon them in any emergency. Great evils such as strikes, mobs, and political scheming will cease from the land only when they are excluded by intelligence and purity pervading the citizenship.

Third—The third and supremely important class of duties devolving upon man are those which he owes to his God. The agnostic in his heart may say with the fool, "There is no God." But the constitution of man is such that he is forced to admit that there is a power higher than himself to which he is obligated. To acknowledge this superior power is every man's duty, for this power is Divine. It may not be every man's privilege to write a "Paradise Lost," a "Pilgrim's Progress," or to enter the race as a martyr for the stake, but to give himself unreservedly to God is every man's privilege and duty. What vast fields for cultivation open up before him who thus gives himself to his Maker. The Christian graces must be cultivated in his heart, vanity and selfishness must be mortified all the day. Humanity and gentleness must become the clothing of his mind. At the close of each recurring day he must see some new enemy of the soul slain. There are other fields than this. Some men are sitting in sin, dark as Egypt's night, some are but sitting in the shadows, others are walking in the twilight, while some are in the noon-day's sun of God's light and goodness. But all alike are the work of His hand, and those who are blessed with the light are made by God responsible for the future condition of their friends who sit in the darkness and shadow of sin.

To bear the message of life to the multitude who are "in the bonds of iniquity" is a duty made imperative

by the parting command of our risen Lord. Numberless heresies are in the land, intemperance is a deep seated vice in our race, gambling goes unmo- lested, Romanism threatens the insti- tutions of the country, freedom of conscience, and purity of the church. These treasured institutions must be protected, these evils overthrown, and the fundamental principles of the sole Headship of Christ and His church given in the Holy Word, must be con-secrated and kept inviolate. This must be done by man as God's instru- ment. Surely it is the duty of every one to aid in this great struggle for the maintenance of truth, knowing that if he is marching to duty's call angels will be his companions, trees of celest- ial beauty his shelter, hills of glory his points of vision, and redeemed na- tions his everlasting reward. —MECK.

COLLEGE "FUN."

College pranks are often very amus- ing; at other times they are of such a character as to bring righteous expres- sions of indignation from civilized people, and would render the perpetra- tors of them liable to criminal prose- cution, if their names could be ascer- tained. The following article, copied from the secular press, will tell the students the latest so-called college "Fun":

ITHICA, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Last night the Cornell Freshmen had their ban- quet, which they had a perfect right to do, and the Sophomores had their "fun," as they call it, with the result

that Mrs Jackson (colored) now lies in Cumming's Morgue, one student is dead, and several students are not ex- pected to live. The particulars of last night's "mere boys' fun," as it is called, as near as can be learned, are as fol- lows:

The banquet was spread in the large hall formerly occupied by the Masonic fraternities. Tioga street was well filled with students long before nine o'clock, ready to see the Freshmen and pounce upon them and spoil the Freshmen's evening. The whole of the Ithica police force was stationed near by, ready to quell any serious trouble.

About ten o'clock the Freshmen reached Tioga street. Then a rush ensued—called a rush probably in order to give it a good character, but in reality it was nothing more or less than a free fight. The Freshmen surged toward the door leading up into the hall, and were attacked from all sides. Faces were punched, hats were smashed, and a general melee followed, in which the officers were tossed about like chaff.

The rush was only ended when the last Freshman was safely in the hall. Then order was restored, except that perhaps some luckless Freshman who was late fell into the hands of the Sophomores. Things went along quite smoothly until about eleven o'clock, when a sensation was sprung upon the people outside the hall.

First a colored woman, led by two men, came out. She was almost white, so bad was her condition. She

was taken over to Dr. Lockerby's office and every means taken to resuscitate her. But all proved of no avail and a few moments after eleven o'clock she died.

Soon after she was led out of the building a number of students were carried out, some being taken to Grant's drug store and some to Casey's restaurant.

The efforts to revive them proved beneficial, and they recovered sufficiently to be taken to their respective boarding places, and they were put under the care of physicians.

The police officials were in the meantime conducting a vigorous investigation as to the cause of the trouble.

The victims were poisoned by some kind of gas, and to find how this was spread in the kitchen and in the banquet hall did not take very long. The smell of some strong gas was noticeable through the building, and room after room was broken into to find the cause.

Finally, in a room directly under the kitchen of the banquet hall was the mystery solved. Some one had entered the room and bored two holes in the ceiling above. On a table stood a large jug, corked, but in the cork were two rubber tubes which ran nearly up to the ceiling, where they were connected with two glass tubes which ran through the holes in the floor, thus spreading the gas into the room above.

The gas generated from the jug was found to be chlorine, made from a mixture of salt and sulphuric acid.

No clew to the party who had been guilty of this dastardly business was found.

RULES.

The following rules were copied from the placard on the walls of E. E. T.'s room in Robb Hall:

Constitution and By-Laws regulating room of —, to take effect January 1st, 1894.

ARTICLE I.

Sec. 1. This shall be the "smoking palace" of the whole Hall.

Sec. 2. All smokers shall meet in my room to smoke, and shall use my tobacco and pipes. If there be only one pipeful of tobacco they must take that.

Sec. 3. Any one smoking his own tobacco shall be "fired" from the room.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. The occupant of this room never needs to study, so is at liberty to entertain at all hours.

Sec. 2. Visitors shall call immediately after supper and remain two or three hours, especially during examinations.

Sec. 3. The inmates of Hall shall make as much noise as possible on the front porch, as it does not worry those occupying the front rooms at all.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1. The property of the occupant shall be the common property of all.

Sec. 2. Anyone wishing a match must take it from my box, and under no condition shall he take less than

half a dozen. If not this many in box, must take all there are.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. The occupant of this room never has anything private.

Sec. 2. No one must knock before entering.

Sec. 3. Every one must give me some advice as to my manner of life and condition in which I may keep my room.

Sec. 4. No profanity allowed.

SUNDAY HOURS.

From half-past twelve at night until thirty minutes of one.

PROPHECY.

"Class of '93."

I am neither a prophet, nor a son of a prophet, neither have I a taste for divination. But not long since I had a remarkable dream, which with your permission and kind attention, I will relate, while my fellow classmates act as interpreters. This is my dream:

I was sitting in my room alone, wrestling with my thoughts. I chanced to glance up at the clock—it was past two—and with the thought of the lateness of the hour, came the more serious thought, the rapidly going college year. Another term was about to pass away—it was then only three weeks until final examinations.

I was in sore trouble. My head was feverish from unusual mental exertion in trying to write a "class prophecy." For hours I had been courting every muse known to classic lore, and some,

perchance, the ancients never dreamed of. But all in vain. No inspiration was caught, either from classic muse or modern sibyl. My imagination bodied forth plan after plan, but none seemed suited to the occasion. Despair seized me, and great drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. I sank back in my chair and covered my face with my hands. I a prophet. How wofully the class had erred. They had chosen one who was not only ignorant of things to come, but who was also void of fancy, and unable, therefore, to give to "Airy nothing a local habitation and a name." In the depths of despair, and mortified at the thought of my own inability to accomplish the task assigned me, I was about to betake myself to my inviting couch and there drown in slumber present woes and future misgivings. But alas, I could not, something held me to my seat; a strange, indescribable sensation stole over me.

The blood fairly leaped in my veins. I felt that some one was near me, and I was not mistaken. I raised my head, opened my eyes, and lo! before me was standing the most beautiful creature my imagination had ever conceived. There she stood looking down upon me with a face aglow with heavenly brightness, and eyes glittering like diamonds set in a dark background. Her robes of soft and delicate tissue, lighted as by a self-emanating glow, fell low about a neck of alabaster hue. In one hand she holds a magician's wand, the other hangs gracefully by her side. Her whole

manner betokens that of a veritable prophetess. What does this mean? Am I dreaming—is this an apparition? I rub my eyes and look up; there she was, still standing in the same position.

Surely my eyes deceive me. I leap from my chair, dash some water in my face, and look again, only to behold the same beauteous creature. She sees my embarrassment and confusion and a half-smile flits across her angelic face, and then she speaks in tones soft and low: "You are in trouble. To you has been given a task which you are not able to perform. I have come to help you. Go with me—I have the keys which unlock the mysteries of the Future, and to thee will I make known the history of the Class of '93, and whatsoever thou shall see and hear shall surely come to pass."

Without another word she glides from the room with a majestic step and queenly air, at the same time beckoning me to follow, and I, lost in mingled wonder and admiration, hesitate for a moment, and then follow involuntarily, not knowing "whither I went." Over hills and mountains, through forests and meadow, along the banks of gently murmuring streams, she leads me. I thought to myself will the journey never cease, shall we never reach our destination. Once, twice, thrice, I halted, determined not to go a step further, but as often did I set out again, impelled by an overpowering sense of trust and an intense desire to learn the secrets which my mysterious guide had promised to reveal. On

and on she leads me until "foot-sore and weary" I was about to sink down from sheer exhaustion, when without a moment's warning she halts. I halt too, and with bated breath wait for further orders from my fair commander.

I had not long to wait. A voice said, "open." A huge iron gate, it seemed to me, swung upon its hinges, and I was just peering forward to see what it all meant when my sibyl turned toward me and with a commanding sweep of the wand bade me follow. She conducted me into open courts where tropical fruits hung pendent, and sweet songsters in gay plumage vied with each other and revelled in the bliss of life. Her steps were scarcely heard as she guided me from these spacious apartments in a room that was strange in workmanship and appearance. There was an air of sacredness about the whole apartment. In the centre of the room was an altar surrounding a single statue of exquisite workmanship. Three of its walls were carved in bas-relief, representing unknown men and immortal deeds of mythological heroes. The fourth wall was different. At first it appeared to be glass, but a close inspection revealed the fact that it was not transparent nor able to reflect. All this was seen in a moment, for soon my strange guide pointed to the altar, and, I obeying an inward impulse knelt before the sacred shrine.

Presently a hand touched me and I arose, and the same snow-white hand directed my attention to the wall.

Gazing for a moment upon its smooth surface, the wall seemed to recede and my already dazzled mind was bewildered by the strange sights that greeted my gaze. I forgot that there had ever been a wall of seeming glass before me, for I was no longer aware of its presence. I looked into that wall and saw a repetition of the scenes of the past, and prophecies of the future. Before my startled gaze came vast fields of golden grain; now magnificent parades and splendid processions; now the deadly conflict between the Greeks and Trojans; now a hurricane raging in all its fury; now a well-tilled farm with signs of "peace and plenty," all passing in quick panoramic view. Soon the scenes cease to pass so rapidly. Then there appears something which interests me greatly. A prosperous young city comes into view. At first I failed to recognize it, on account of the smoke which came from the many furnaces, and the dust which rose from the countless number of vehicles which thronged its thoroughfares. But soon the smoke disappears and the dust goes back to mother earth; and then the "Queen City of the Cumberland" burst upon my enraptured vision. Ha! I begin to understand it all now. Here I am to witness the scenes of the future and learn the story of the "Class of '93." Slowly the scene changes again and the whole city seemed, as it were, to merge into one vast magnificent building. I look up and read: "J. D. Owen, druggist, and dealer in all kinds of books; successor to Owen & Moore."

At the same time a carriage drawn by a handsome span, and driven by a liveried coachman, appears in front of the building and a gentleman alights and steps gallantly forward to assist a lady and her son and daughter. Who are they? I fix my gaze upon them with the intensest interest as they proceed from the carriage to the building, striving to learn who they are. I was about to turn away disappointed, when the little girl stumbles and falls, and the gentleman turns to her aid, and then I catch a distinct view of his face. There can be no mistake. Twenty-three years have passed away, a heavy but well kept beard adorns his face, but there is that same intelligent look in those blue-gray eyes, his face wears the same kindly expression as of yore—John Owen once seen is never to be forgotten.

I was just leaning forward to catch the name of the pretty child, who was making an heroic effort to dry her tears, occasioned by the fall, when the scene shifted and inky blackness filled the room. With a deep drawn sigh I was about to despair of seeing anything more, when suddenly a flood of light filled the apartment and the index finger of the silent priestess of the mystic art pointed again to that mysterious surface. Like a music box it began to perform, and this time a handsomely furnished law office in a flourishing Texas town was revealed. Two forms enter the door and seat themselves before the bright fire. A loud guffaw of laughter was the first sound that greeted my ears. This laugh was

sufficient to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that one of the men was Bob Hill. His hair and mustache, once so glossy and brown, were now of a silver gray. His face was altered but little, for the same genial yet determined expression which characterized it in '93 was unchanged. The other was more difficult to identify. His glance was keen and penetrating, his jaw firm and powerful. I heard him say, "Well, Bob, old fellow," and then I recognized my former colleague and companion, "Shap" Ross. From their conversation I learned these facts: "Shap" was a successful lawyer, with a large and influential practice. Twice he had represented his district in Congress, and was then a "dark horse" for the U. S. Senatorship with a fair chance of election over two "ex-Governors." He was married and the father of six sprightly children. Dr. Hill, (for he had been honored with a "D. D." by S. W. P. U.) was the pastor of a strong and influential church in a distant city, was passing through Mr. Ross' town, and they had by chance met with each other for the first time since they separated at Clarksville in "'93," and are talking over by-gone days with the ardor and enthusiasm which only college men can have. Naturally their conversation diverts to college life and the members of the "Class of '93."

"By the way," says Ross, "I had a letter from McLean to-day. Bill is Managing Editor of the Lone Star Hustler, gets a splendid salary, and his position affords him opportunities for coming in contact with the literati

of both England and America. Bill's successful policy so happily begun in college as the Business Manager of the JOURNAL has continued unabated and he is destined to become a brilliant star in the journalistic galaxy. Mc. has never married, you know he never was much of a ladies' man anyway, and then he had a kind of independent air about him that did not take very well with the ladies. He says he is happy, though, without a 'better half,' and is glad that the half-score ladies whom he addressed all politely declined."

"By the way," continues Ross, "I had a letter from Eli Kirksey not long since. He says he is doing well, has a thousand broad acres in the Black Belt, and has recently purchased a stock farm in the blue grass regions of Kentucky. Eli represented his county in the Alabama Legislature last year. Twice he refused the nomination offered him by the Democratic primaries, but being urged repeatedly by the influential men of his county, was finally persuaded, like Cincinnatus of old, to lay aside the plough for a season and respond to his country's call."

"But have you heard of Bill Lemley's success?" "Why no, what?" "Why he has been appointed Attorney-General of Mississippi. For a long time he has been recognized as the ablest lawyer of the Jackson bar and one of the most eloquent pleaders in the Mississippi courts. Bill has met with great success in his profession, and has amassed an immense fortune. His domestic life, however, has not

been so tranquil. He united his fortunes with a lady possessing the rare qualities of a Xantippi, and his married state, therefore, has not been the most blissful."

"Why, I declare, that is news sure enough," exclaimed Bob, and was urging "Shap" to continue when a negro entered the office and inquired for "Lawyah Ross." Mr. Ross, however, dismissed him without much ceremony, saying that he was too busy to see him.

"Well, Bob," continues Ross, after the uncouth visitor had taken his departure, "tell me what you know about the 'boys of '93.' What became of Jim Naylor? Do you know anything of him?"

"Oh yes," was the reply, "Jim has been a successful minister of the Gospel for a number of years, and is now President of the French Camp College, which used to be a feeder for the institution at Clarksville, you know. I preached the Commencement sermon there two years ago, and was much pleased with all I saw, and especially the way in which I was entertained. Jim has an elegant home and an excellent wife to grace it for him. He was a faithful student college and a capital fellow, and he but met with the success which he so richly deserves. But the newsiest letter I have received in some time was from 'Old' John Morgan. John is practicing medicine in Arkansas, has a large income, and is professor in a medical college. John went back to Clarksville five years after he left college and married Miss

— (I will not call the name) and his wife has been a factor in his brilliant success. But to tell you something funny. You know John used to have red hair. Well, sir, it is now a glossy black. I saw him in Little Rock and noted the change, and says I, 'John, how did this come about?' A broad smile diffused his face, and a merry twinkle appeared in his eye, as he replied, 'Why, I sought and found a simple remedy whereby red hair might be transformed into black. I first experimented on myself—you see with what gratifying results—and have since recommended it to thousands of my fellow sufferers. The discovery of that remedy has made me a fortune as well as endeared me to a large portion of the human race, and even now it has become a proverb, that red headed people never die.'"

"But I must tell you of Dan Wilkinson." "Why yes, do." "Why, Dan became an Evangelist soon after he was licensed to preach, and has met (like all the members of the class) with unbounded success. He conducted a ten days meeting for me not long since, with sixty-two additions to my church as the result. Dan is another member of the class who never married. He said he had given the matter serious and long-continued reflection, and had come to the conclusion that inasmuch as he was engaged in the evangelistic work, travelling nearly all the time, it would be better for him not to marry, as he would have to be away from home, and he did not want his wife pining for him in his absence.

Dan tells me that he made a trip out West not long since, and while there met with another member of the class. He said he was roaming the streets of San Francisco noting and wondering at the progress of Western civilization, when some one gave him a vigorous slap on the shoulder and shouted, 'Hello, old man, do you know me.' He turned as soon as he got his breath and looked Hugh Hershman square in the face. They embraced right there on the spot, and the people as they passed by smiled and wondered what those two men meant, standing there on the street, laughing and weeping, alternately, like children. Dan prolonged his visit and spent a week with Hugh at his splendid suburban home, and while there his classmate and friend told him of the rich success he had achieved since he had left college.

Hugh is one of the largest fruit growers in California. He has agents all through the North and West, and the shipments of grapes, pears and other fruits are simply immense. His wedding was one of the most noted events in social circles, for he was a great favorite, being endowed with a handsome face, an affable manner, and an easy manner. But of all the men in the class Jack Abbott, our President, after all, has been one of the most fortunate. You know Jack was 'kinder' stuck on himself when at college, and wanted to take the lead in everything, and people said that the possession of that trait, which the Romans call the 'ego,' was going to make against him. But Jack got over that soon after he left college. Ten years actual experience with the world knocked all the conceit out of him (sometimes it takes that long to cure some people), he got over it at any rate, and is now one of the most useful and distinguished preachers in our church. He has Dr. Palmer's church in New Orleans, and right ably fills the position. He has had some very flattering calls to the best churches in the country, but like his distinguished predecessor, lothes to leave his native city. Jack married a young widow, a beautiful brunette of French descent, with the intelligence and vivacity characteristic of her race, and his wife's ambition and assistance (for she helps him with his sermons) in addition to her force of character, have been the means of his wonderful success."

All this conversation had been listened to with the intensest interest, and I was just wondering if I were to catch a glimpse of my own future, when I heard a slight rumbling noise, and the wall which had revealed the secrets of the future once more became a blank, the lights went out, and I was left alone again in total darkness. Revolving in my mind the things which I had seen and heard, disappointed because I had not learned something concerning myself, I was about to cry out again for my strange guide to come to my aid, when some one gave me a vigorous shake, and "Pete" Cumpsten said in stentorian tones, "Get up, Potter, breakfast is ready." Alas, "it was only a dream."

—W. R. POTTER.

*Died November 22, 1893.

THE WIND.

A. F. C.

The lights are out in the rooms around,
The world in slumber now is dead,
But I am quite too wide awake;
For fancies through my restless head,
With turbulence of racing hounds,
Some evil spirit fast does send,
And through the trees without come sounds
Of wild, weird, wailing wind.

Why is it I can neither rest,
Nor yet the morrow's work prepare?
What makes me start whenever I
The slightest noise in darkness hear?
O, that the wind would cease with day!
O, that my lamp more light would lend!
For I am sad, and want to go away
From the weird, wild, wailing wind.

Sad moans! they bring bad news from home.
Hush! What hath the wild wind said?
Some dear one there,—it can not be,—
It *must* not be, is dead?
False wind! to your home in hell descend.
For I am sad, and want to go home,
From the wild, weird, wailing wind.

**CRITICISM OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S
STYLE.**

In order to thoroughly understand and fully appreciate the style of any writer, it is essential to know something of the personal history of the writer. There are usually habits peculiar to the individual that largely give color to his writings.

In the case of De Quincey this is especially true. De Quincey was of noble birth. His ancestors were Norwegian. They played a prominent part in the Norman conquest, and for nine or ten centuries flourished as a family of nobility. For a century, at least, before the birth of Thomas De Quincey, there had been no distinguished characters of that family.

Thomas De Quincey, best known as the "English Opium Eater," was born in the year 1786 at Greenhey, about a mile from Manchester. Seventy-four years marked the life of this, one of our greatest modern prose writers.

We must conclude that De Quincey was favored with the best of educational opportunities in early life. His very earliest training was that of an intellectual mother and father. De Quincey himself says that he had every advantage necessary to a literary culture.

His father was a Manchester merchant, who died when De Quincey was very young, leaving £1,600 to his mother.

In De Quincey's early life there were several influences that gave color to his subsequent style.

The first one of these influences was his lineage. He was of noble birth, a fact which he never forgot, and one which doubtless influenced him largely.

The second one of these was the death of a devoted sister. Although he was only six years old at the time, it seemed to cast a cloud over his subsequent life, the effect of which may be seen in his writings. De Quincey says himself that the sorrow caused by her death followed his foot-steps far into life.

The third one of these influences and, perhaps, the most important one, was his education. This education of De Quincey is an interesting one. He was sent to a grammar school at an early age, that he might be prepared for college. While there he seemed to have developed wonderful powers in the study of Latin and Greek. When thirteen years old, it is said by one critic that he could have harangued an Athenian mob with as much ease and with as great a fluency of speech as an ordinary man could address an American audience.

De Quincey once ran away from school. It is said that he was a "law unto himself," preferring rather to study than recite, often times not appearing in the class room, but remaining in his study and pouring over his books. Even after he entered college at London in 1803, he cared but little for the rules regulating the recitations. But we are not to infer from that that he was not a student. Indeed he was a student, and at the same time an instructor. He lived while in college a

kind of hermit life. He enjoyed the use of a large library during his study hours, and then he preferred to retire to some secluded place for rest and meditation. Like all great men he sought a time for mental digestion.

The fourth one of these influences was his bodily condition. He seemed to loath his own physical condition. He said that one out of a number of persons in a century inherited a good mind in a strong body.

The fifth one of these influences was the habit of eating opium. He contracted this habit while young and it grew on him, until it became his master.

Having noticed these five influences in his early life, let us now observe his style, and in doing so we will pronounce four general judgments upon it. The first of these judgments is, he was not simple, but abstruse in his writing. As evidences of this we notice three things which substantiate the assertion.

First—The character of his words.

Second—The structure of his sentences.

Third—The use of abstract ideas.

De Quincey was a master of the Latin language and consequently used a great many Latinized words, Latin idiom, and foreign expressions. His sentences, while they were complete and stately, were difficult to interpret, because they included so much. He was one of the few writers who was willing to carry the reader step by step until the conclusion was reached. He always wrote in abstract terms, choos-

ing, it seemed, a subject suitable to a dreamy mind.

The second general judgment is, he was not perspicuous, tho' he was precise. He wrote in uncommon words, and arranged them in an uncommon way. But having studied the authors on transition, and having made it a practice in his own writing, he avoided many errors that perhaps other writers would have made. He bridged over all streams that were to be crossed by the reader, took him by the hand, carried him across, and then was careful to tell him they had reached their journey's end.

When he wished to reach the mountain's top he made no long strides, or dangerous leaps from one crag to another, in getting there, as Macaulay would do, but he took the reader by the hand and by a circuitous route, though it be slow and long, he would carry him safely, step by step, up the mountain.

I mean by this to say that he gathered up all modifying words and clauses and used them to the best advantage. He prefaced almost everything. Sometimes he would preface a word.

The third general judgment is, he was not animated, but he was sublime. He reached his sublimity by gathering up all his clauses and phrases and marshaling them into one grand army, and in that way created a sublime effect upon his reader. In his writing he avoided cavalry dashes, preferring rather to see every part of the army marching in order to the

time of sweet music, under the command of their captain, until the one great object was accomplished. All this he did in a literary sense, by arranging properly his clauses and omitting none.

The fourth general argument is, he was not abrupt, but he was melodious. As we have said before, he never allowed his reader to step into an unexpected cavity. He was a master in the art of digression. Leaving the main line he would pursue irrelevant thoughts, at the same time informing the reader that he had taken a side track, but would also inform him on returning to the main line again.

De Quincey is a model for three things, precision, sublimity and melody. These three things may be found in his wonderful sentences.

Space will not permit us to mention the splendid pieces of literature left us by De Quincey. Neither can we speak of his associates in the "Lake School." But we feel sure that the person who has studied the life, and the style of De Quincey's writings, will agree with me that he was a scholar, a wit, a man of the world, a philosopher, as well as a genius. He died in 1879 at the age of seventy-four years. He was buried in the cemetery at Edinburg.

According to my humble judgment there sleeps the remains of one of our greatest modern prose writers

—R. L. CAMPBELL.

It is now stated positively that Dr. Talmage will be induced to remain as pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

PALMER HOMILETIC SOCIETY.

Resolutions on the Death of Bro. Joshua Bohannon.

God moves in a mysterious way. We are called on to acknowledge this at every turn of life. Yet He is more loving than mysterious—is *most mysterious* in His love. Yet He does not always deal gently with us; and it is well, for "we cannot easily forget the hand that holds and pierces us."

Whereas, we, as a body of students, as a Homiletic Society, studying for the Master's service, have lost much in the death of Bro. Bohannon, cut down in the prime of life, "his sun is gone down while it is yet day." The Church of Christ has lost a valiant and true minister of the Gospel, one who was consecrated wholly to the work among the people of the Indian Territory; wherefore:

Resolved, That we accept God's dealings in taking from our church militant Bro. Bohannon, as done in His unchanging love, and pray Him to raise up for us another of such promise and usefulness.

Resolved, That we extend our prayers and deep sympathy to his sorrowing ones, that our covenant-keeping God may show them great mercy, and that they may the closer cling to our Saviour.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Bro. Bohannon's people and also be published in our College JOURNAL.

Resolved, That these resolutions be

recorded in our minute book in memory of our departed brother.

J. G. GARTH,
J. F. NAYLOR,
C. T. CALDWELL,
Committee.

EDITORIAL.

Editors in Chief.

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

* OUR NEW DRESS.

The staff believing the appearance of the JOURNAL could be wonderfully improved, decided to change its old lithographed covers for new and less gorgeous ones. This issue appears in its new dress. Words of praise are due the Business Managers for their untiring zeal and faithful labors in procuring this new form. We give it to the students, hoping the change will be pleasing to them, and render the JOURNAL more attractive in many ways.

DEATH.

Life is like the weaver's shuttle that carries the unending woof hither and thither thro' the warp, and many a tired weaver has sighed an unalloyed sigh of relief as the ceaseless shuttle turned for the last time and the thread was clipped, the cloth was made, the task finished. So it is with life. We are all weavers. God has given us the warp to fill out, and often wearily, and sometimes cheerily, we watch our swift

shuttle, that flits here and there, filling our lives with cares and sorrows, mingled with a few joys, and an occasional sunshiney day of unalloyed happiness. Then when our garment is woven, and our life work is finished, it is no sorrow to us to see the slender life cord cut at a single stroke. Wearied and care-worn, we are ready to peacefully recline on our pillow of clay until the resurrection morn.

But we cannot help feeling sad as death claims our friends, one by one, those upon whom we had looked with so much pride and hopefulness, feeling just a bit of envy at their success, yet wishing them to be successful. Especially do we feel the deepest fountains of our being broken up as we see our college mates, one by one, falling from the ranks in which they were valiant soldiers. The alumni of S. W. P. U. have been called to mourn three times this college year over young men who seemed to be favored by special gifts for the ministry. It is wonderful, and past all finding out, why Jehovah did not give each of them an extended period of usefulness, and opportunity to make their gifted lives tell in influence upon their fellow men.

There is a fellow feeling which springs up between college mates that arises not only from close association, but from a sympathy that exists between them for each other. They are preparing to battle against the world, are equipping themselves together to meet either success or failure, and as each goes out to fight life's battle, the thoughts and prayers of all are with

him, and full of sympathy for him.

But when one is cut down in his young manhood, it is as tho the rose-bush were snapped in twain by the too boisterous wind when it was laden with buds giving richest perfume, that promised to be flowers of marvellous sweetness and rare attraction.

And now, comrades, as the rough March winds whistle thro' gaunt tree-tops, budding with a promise of returning spring, as the wild winds whistle sad requiems over your departed souls, and rush over the sods that we call your graves, we offer the tribute of love to your memories, which are in deep impress on our hearts. Your characters, as we think on them, bring to us what was good in your lives, and since they are made holy by death, we love to emulate them. Your places do not need to be filled up because you filled them, but we must do what you could have done. May peace rest with our souls till we join you above.

TWO ADVANCED STEPS.

A round of genuine applause greeted the announcement of the name of the valedictorian of the Class of '94. This was done, not only on account of the popularity of the student upon whom this honor was conferred, but also to the reasons assigned for the choice of this speaker.

Giving the reins to our memory, we recall the names of Smiley, Latham, Hill, and Graves, men who were an honor to this institution, and who

ably met the requirements of the valedictorian's position. But these men were all selected from the Senior Theological Class, and thus the Academic students have been without a representative as valedictorian during the last four years.

Years ago, the competitors for the Faculty Medal were selected by the faculty, after a trial contest by the students of the University who had four studies in either the Intermediate or Senior departments. This contest was held during the month of November, and the seven speakers chosen by the faculty, spoke for the "Speaker's Medal" in June. In those days the valedictorian was selected from the purely Academic students. But a change soon occurred: the preliminary contest held in November was abolished, and the faculty in meeting assembled, selected the orators for the June contest.

That it was the intention of the faculty from the day that change was inaugurated to select the valedictorian from the Senior Theological students, and permit only the Academic degree men to compete for the "Speaker's Medal," we cannot affirm; but the facts of the matter were, that from the day that change was inaugurated until the year '94, the Senior Class in Theology furnished the valedictorian, with but one exception. This year when the Chancellor announced that the position of valedictorian was a higher honor than a position among the faculty orators; that the church and the other friends of the Institution

regarded it as the highest honor in the University, it was easy to explain the applause that greeted the announcement, when it was learned that the valedictorian was a member of the Class of '94.

The moment long wished for by the student body had at last arrived. In most institutions of acknowledged merit, the valedictorianship is conferred upon that member of the Senior Class who graduates with the highest grade and distinction. This should be the case in every institution of learning. Tell some one that Mr. B— was valedictorian of his class, and immediately that man thinks that Mr. B— completed his course with the highest distinction, for these two things have been closely interwoven in the mind of the people at large. Since his entrance into the ranks of the student body many years ago, the writer has uniformly advocated the following plan, viz.: abolish all medals; tell the student body that the valedictorianship is the highest honor in the University; that the honor can be obtained by diligent work; that it will be conferred upon that student whose average for two years—Intermediate and Senior—is the highest in the graduating class. This is not the place nor the time to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of the medal system. Much could be said pro and con, which it is not our purpose now to say.

That the medal system gives rise to baneful results; that it is an unnatural stimulant; that it is no criterion of a man's attainments to obtain one, are

facts so evident that no one will hardly deny them. The plan above outlined will lessen many evils, and would incite the students to greater efforts in all departments of college work than they now put forth under the present system. We hail with delight, (and from consultations with many of the students, we believe we but echo their sentiments) the new state of affairs, and we believe it to be a step calculated to confer great benefits upon the students.

Let every student now feel that by his efforts in the class-room he can obtain for himself the highest honor in the University—the honor of representing his class as valedictorian. And we append this wish, viz.: May the day soon come when all scholarship honors will be abolished, and the position of valedictorian be that toward which every muscle is strained, with the hope of obtaining the prize.

* * *

The other advanced step hailed with delight by the students is the new system of grading them on the reports given to them. Under the old system, the student making an average of 80 was credited with the word excellent in that department in which he obtained that grade. His neighbor making an average of 98 or 99, was likewise given excellent in his report. Although there was a difference of 19 points between the grades of these two men, the reports distinguished it not. This objectionable feature is now a thing of the past, a worn out system, forsaken in the interests of progress.

Universal thanks are due the faculty for this commendable change. The wisdom of the step will be evidenced by the greater efforts expended upon the studies of the curriculum.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

Every college student is more or less interested in college athletics. If not an active participator in field sports as they are played in our universities, you will usually behold the face of a student in some large gathering, assembled to witness a contest between representatives of different colleges. Foot ball is all the topic now considered by university men; and not alone by college students, for in our large cities the laboring men hurry from their homes back to the place of work, that they might engage in a contest of this kind. Yet the foot ball game has peculiar charms for the college men, for he sees the game in its scientific light; he is enthused by the victorious team returning home from its conquering mission. Foot ball has been very violently opposed by able writers, for several reasons. The editor of "The Forum," thinking the subject an interesting one, asked a very celebrated physician and three noted college presidents this question, viz.: "Are foot ball games educative or brutalizing?" The replies of these men may be seen in "The Forum" of January, 1894, which magazine can be found in the library room of this University. Dr. Roosa, one of the most intelligent and widely known physicians and surgeons of

New York, answers the question from a medical stand point. He gives the origin and early history of the game, and the arguments pro and con in relation to it. The opinions of the college presidents deal with the subject in its practical bearing on college life. The writers are Presidents Schurman, of Cornell University, Angell, of the University of Michigan, and Warfield, of Lafayette College. These men are fitted to deal with this topic. To one interested in athletics, the twenty pages in the January number of "The Forum" afford valuable and charming matter for reading. Being accessible to all, let us not fail to read these able accounts of this most popular sport.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Associate Editors.

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

If the Exchange Department this month presents a preponderance of clippings over our own original emanations, we trust the kind reader will attribute the fact to the press of work, the mental inactivity, the lethargy, or some other delinquency of the Exchange Editor.

We commend the "Mascot," of Randolph Macon Academy, for its punctuality. It is one of our most regular visitors. Imitation of the "Mascot" in this respect by some of our other exchanges would not be objectionable.

"The Converse Concept" says it does not understand Bob Hill. We are not surprised. There may be young ladies in the world who have been more intimately associated with Bob than those representing the "Concept," and who yet do not understand him. Of course we do not know, but that's just what we think about it.

The February issue of the "Hampton Sydney Magazine" contains some well written articles, but we do not think it is as good, on the whole, as the excellent January number. The "Magazine" opens with a poem on Patti's singing, written in a style which is not appropriate to the theme. The writer of an article on "The True End of Life" falls into the old sensualistic error of representing happiness as the end and aim of human life. We then have a good article in favor of fraternities, which is free from the windy enthusiasm usually characteristic of such productions. The following quotation seems to us to strike at the most objectionable feature of fraternities: "Let us also continue the present kindly feeling of fraternity members towards 'non frats.' Let not a gulf separate them. Let it not be, 'I am a fraternity man, and therefore better than you who are not.'" The following are the advantages which the writer says Hampton Sydney derives from fraternities: (1) They unite her more closely to other institutions, (2) they promote college enterprise, (3) they aid college discipline, (4) they bind the students to the institution. An ath-

letic department has been added to the "Magazine," which it regards, and we suppose correctly, as an improvement. The locals have improved considerably of late, and are an excellent feature of the "Magazine." The Exchange Editor still maintains a somewhat pugnacious attitude.

"The Dynamo" is a bright and breezy sheet from Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio. Its clippings are particularly enjoyable.

"The Adelpian," of Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, is an exceedingly neat and quite an interesting paper. We think, however, that it contains rather too much athletic matter, and that its general tone is not sufficiently literary.

The last issue of the "Patrick Military Institute Journal" contains a review of the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston, last April, by Prof. Henry Drummond, on "The Evolution of Man." The book is made up from contemporary reports of the lectures, and the reviewer tells us any one acquainted with Drummond's other works may well distrust the collation as a full or adequate presentation of the course of lectures which it professes to give. Yet he says the work is sufficiently genuine to impress upon the mind of the reader a feeling of disappointment in Prof. Drummond's ability. Our reviewer's idea is that Butler's Analogy filled Drummond with a sudden inspiration, and when he had uttered this, his work was done;

that he was only an ephemeral author, and exhausted himself in his first work. It seems to us, however, that this explanation is both unreasonable and unnecessary. If the inspiration came once, it may come again; if the "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" be indeed what the public thinks it is, we see no reason why under proper circumstances, the author may not produce its equal or superior. But it by no means follows that "The Evolution of Man" is such. The reviewer says that Drummond, in preparation for these lectures, evidently informed himself on the subjects of biology, embryology, and evolution; but his reading was limited to the one side of the question which he had previously determined to advocate. He argues man's evolution from the fact that there are two or three particular organs or appendages in the human body for which, so far as our knowledge goes, there seems to be no special use. Man must, therefore, have inherited these organs from some animal which did have use for them. We think the reviewer's ridicule of this point quite reasonable.

Professor Drummond traces sin to the "moods, proclivities, and passions" of our brute ancestors, remarking: "If man inherits the gilt-slits of a shark, is it unscientific to expect that he will also inherit the spirit of a shark?" And, "If man inherits the head of a tiger or bear, shall not some blood of the tiger or bear run in his veins?" Of course the reviewer easily answers such arguments.

A country minister in a certain locality is represented by a correspondent in the "Ram's Horn" as addressing the following pathetic farewell to his congregation: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church very much, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary; your donations are moldy fruits and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away from you to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."

From our exchanges we make the following clippings:

The Wellesley girls say,
As at vespers they pray:
"Help us good maids to be,
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date,
World without men—ah me!"
—Brunonian.

MISSES AND KISSES.
When he was but four,
And little kilts wore,
He had hundreds of kisses
From pretty young misses
Which then were a bore;
Now, twenty years older,
He finds the girls colder;
He misses the kisses
And wishes the misses
Were warmer and bolder.
—Kansas City Journal.

Tutor (dictating Latin prose): "Tell me slave, where is thy horse?" Star-

tled Sophomore: "Its in my inside coat pocket, sir; I was not using it."
—The Dynamo.

Teacher: Tommy can you give me a sentence in which "butt" is a conjunction?

Tommy: See the goat "butt" the boy. "Butt" is a conjunction and connects the boy with the goat.—The Dynamo.

TIME IS MONEY.

Professor (to class in Political Economy): "Is time money?"

Senior: "Yes, sir; it is."

Professor: "Explain, please."

Senior: "Well, if you give a couple of tramps twenty-five cents apiece, that's a quarter to two, isn't it?" Class faints.—Pendulum.

QUESTIONS.

What kind of a vegetable is a watchman beat?

Can an old hen sing her lay?

Can a poem trip without its feet?

What notes does the gambler play?

Will a blacksmith's vice condemn his soul?

Can a book be white and red?

To whom does the church bell pay its toll?

Who shingles the water-shed?

If a minstrel boy can sing his lay?

Can a ship sing her lay to?

Do tigers ask for grace when they prey?

Can a bugle note come due? —Dynamo.

After the sale was over,

After the girl was took,

After you'd bid high to get her,

Some way, by hook or by crook,

Many a heart was breaking:

And, if they'd but tell the tale,

Many a boy was broken

After the sale. —Peabody Record.

The Senior sees his work near done.

He strolls the streets with haughty grace;

The Junior numbers one by one

The months before he'll end the race;

The Soph looks backward on a year

Of freshness, folly and regret,
The Freshman blindly looks nowhere
But proudly puffs a cigarette!

"Why waste your time on him?" I said;
"The man is silly, stupid, flat."
Rebelliously she shook her head,
"A man's a man, for 'a that."

"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled,
"You can't: it's a Freshman,
Just hit him on the head."

The Leland Stanford, Jr. University is the wealthiest in the world. When all its landed estates are cultivated its endowment will amount to about \$200,000,000. The enrollment up to date is 860. The University of Berlin, perhaps the most noted seat of learning in the world, has an endowment of only \$700,000.

LOCALS.

Local Editors.

J. ROBERTSON, - - - Texas.

H. C. ALEXANDER, - - Mississippi.

In times gone by we shook with fear
Upon the rostrum twice a year,
But now, they say we've got to speak
And show our manhood twice a week.

—Mr. Dagenhard, in Literary Society: Mr. President.

President: Mr. Dagenhard.

Mr. D.: May I get a drink of water, change my seat, read, speak, hang up my hat, and take off my overcoat?

—Mr. Wadley to Dr. Price: What led to finding true cross?

Dr. P.: They went to look for it.

—Dr. P. to Mr. Batte: What is the derivation of the word Coptico?

Mr. B.: Copto, to cut.

—Dr. P. to Mr. Huber: What was report is full of praise and encouragement for the students' volunteer movement?

Mr. H.: The act of manufacture of saints.

—“What is so rare as a day in June?” Well, one thing for instance, is a half-done beef steak.

—Prof. W. (in Political Economy): Mr. Caldwell, what do you mean by Decency?

Freddy: Why, its a man's not having more than two wives!

—Dr. P. (in Sen. Literature class): Mr. Stitt, what was Byron's first poem?

Stitt: I don't exactly remember.

Dr. P.: It was “Hours of Idleness.”

Stitt: Oh yes; I new it had something to do with laziness.

—Cave Johnson says that it begins to look as if “Chapel bell shall not ring these mornings.”

—Mr. Campbell reading in Elocution Class. Prof. M.: Now, Mr. C., what criticism would you make on that rendition?

Mr. C.: I would call it a flat.

—Senior Theologues are busy preparing for their appearance before Presbytery. A number of them have accepted “calls” already, and the others are in communication with different churches. Our boys are popular and it is difficult for them to decide which “call” to accept.

—Messrs. Wallace and Williams, who were sent to Detroit, Mich., as delegates to the Students' Volunteer Convention, have returned. They report a delightful time, and their

report is full of praise and encouragement for the students' volunteer movement.

—Prof. A.: Young gentlemen, when that accent shifts it goes back to what it used to *was*.

—Mr. Mooney was seen to smell a piece of cloth, remarking as he did so, “I wanted to see if this cloth was perforated.”

—Dr. Webb: Mr. Naylor, you all are living high at Robb Hall now, are you not?

Mr. N.: Well yes, Dr., we are living right well.

Dr. W.: I thought so. I missed five of my fine chickens last Sunday night.

—Tennis Association will soon begin to repair their courts and get ready for a lively season.

—Several umbrellas caught fire and burned up a few mornings ago during chapel service. McCallie thinks the fire was caused by a combustion of gas and gall.

—The following gentlemen of the College Y. M. C. A. will attend the State Convention at Lebanon this week: Messrs. Sholl, W. L. Caldwell, West, Van Lear and Wood.

—Mr. Thornwell has been elected to deliver the valedictory to Stewart Society, and F. P. Caldwell to Washington Irving Society.

—The University has one of the best glee clubs in the State.

—The Athletic Association has organized and will soon be in the field with a good base ball team.

—The members of the Homiletic Society are doing good work. Their meetings are interesting and profitable, their hall is open to all, and visitors are welcome.

—Notice the date for the public debate. It will be one of the interesting entertainments of the season.

—Some of the Preps. are very fond of hunting. Generally the more aimless a boy is the better he likes to run around with a shotgun.

—Student at boarding house: Say, is this coffee?

Another student: I don't know, there are certainly grounds of suspicion.

—Dair Lyon, Jr., rubbing his jaw: Say, had you noticed my "sideburns"?

She: Ah, excuse me, Mr. Lyon. I thought that was the shadow of your ear.

—If your dog bites me I'll poison him.

Oh, I'll risk him. He's had his teeth into things that would kill most dogs.

—Teacher: What do you know of Nero?

Pupil: He fiddled while Rome was burning.

Teacher: So it is said. It is also narrated of him that he was near-sighted.

Pupil: Yes'm, he couldn't see, but he sawed.

—The declaimer's contest was enjoyed by every one who attended. The young gentlemen acquitted them-

selves well and brought honor to their respective societies. Mr. Ginder Abbott, of Stewart Society, captured the prize.

—Misses Junior and Willie Graves, two charming young ladies of Bedford City, Va., are visiting in this city, the guests of their sister, Mrs. Nicolassen.

—Woods in W. I. L. S. (pending election of Librarian of Society, only two nominations before the house): Mr. President, I move that the one getting the highest number of votes be considered elected.

—Winter is over; look out for Spring poets.

—Every college is estimated by the class of students in it; they give it its tone and character or they take it away.

—Prof. Merrill (to Cunningham who does not enter into the full spirit of the line, "All the air is full of song," which he is reading): Mr. Cunningham, what do you wish to express in those lines.

Cunningham: That the air is full of song.

Prof. Merrill: Is there not something *else* beside that?

Cunningham (confidently): Oh yes; *all* the air is full of song.

—Bill Nye's lecture at the Opera House, March 1st, was a regular cyclone of fun and merriment, and the theologian who couldn't borrow enough money to pay for a ticket was in a bad fix.

—The College Glee Club, in connection with Miss Maria Louise Bai-

ley, the renowned pianiste, gave an entertainment at the Opera House on the 26th of last month, before a very appreciative audience.

—Abbott says that it takes intelligence to understand Bill Nye's jokes. Poor Ginder!

—Lotterhos says he really enjoyed Miss Maria Louise Bailey's music, but he did hope that she would play "After the Ball." Considering the source, Miss Bailey should take this kind hint.

—It was pathetic to hear Hunter in the Elocution Class reading "The Lady of Sevilla."

—The Athletic Association held a meeting lately to appoint committees for field day, the first of May.

—Foot ball battles are over now, and base ball is again coming to the front. S. W. P. U. should organize her team as quickly as possible, if she wishes to keep up her former reputation.

—Thursday, February 23d, was the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Exercises fitted for such a day were held at the University, and the usual studies of the day were dispensed with.

—Miss Wallace, of California, is visiting Mrs. Tate on College street.

—The faculty have adopted the system of marking the monthly reports in numbers, instead of the old way of marking by classes.

—General Assembly will meet in Nashville in May, and our Chancellor is making arrangements whereby the

Theological students may be entertained. Three cheers for our Chancellor.

—Professor Merrill gave another of his entertaining lectures last Friday, March 9th, before a large and delighted audience.

—Out of the frying pan into the fire! We've now got both elocution classes and Saturday speakings.

—The Senior and Junior Theologues are going to play a match game of base ball. Don't you know they'll look gawky.

—The faculty have elevated the valedictorian to a degree of special honor, and Mr. J. G. Hamilton has been appointed to fill that position.

—The following gentlemen have been elected June orators: C. T. Caldwell, T. P. Caldwell, A. F. Carr, C. S. Sholl, J. G. Garth, J. B. Gordon.

—The debate between the two societies will be one of great interest this year. The question is: "Resolved, that the income tax should become a law." The Washington Irving men are, Campbell, Curry, Ivy. Stewart men, Long, Thornwell, Luckett.

—Washington Irving Society has elected the following officers: President, Foster; Vice-President, Ivy; Secretary, Alexander; Supervisor, H. S. Caldwell; Chaplain, Batte; Librarian, Lynn; Critic, Carr; Treasurer, Hood.

—A student in Senior Theology having preached to the colored brethren from the text, "God is no respecter of persons," called upon the pastor to

lead in prayer. He began by saying, "We thank thee Lord; that thou art no respectable person."

—Thornwell (in Natural Philosophy class, very inquisitive and thirsting after knowledge): Doctor, I saw a very queer thing happen the other day. I was down near the College pond with my gun, when I saw on the surface of the water a boy's paper kite with a very long tail. There being no game anywhere around to shoot at, I put my gun to my shoulder and shot at the kite, and hit it, when to my great surprise, although there was no wind stirring, the kite jumped up on its side, and raced through the water to the bank and got out on the bank. Now I don't understand what was the cause of the phenomenon. Do you know what it is?

Dr.: Yes sir, its a yarn. (Thornwell hushes.)

—Rev. Hugh K. Walker, of Birmingham, Ala., having removed to Baltimore, Col., J. S. Simpson, of Florence, Ala., has been elected a Director of the University in his place.

—Our Business Managers are lustlers. Boys pay up when they come around.

—The Baccalaureate Sermon at mencement will be preached by Rev. W. C. Clark, of Shelbyville, Tenn.

—At a recent election of officers in Stewart Society the following gentlemen were elected: President, Long; Vice-President, Thornwell, Secretary, Michel; Chaplain, Garth; First Supervisor, Benn; Librarian, Claggett; Sec-

ond Supervisor, Hyde; Sergeant-at-Arms, Hamilton; Critic, Sholl; Treasurer, Luckett.

—John Gordon "called" a few nights ago and was met at the door by one whom he thought was "the fair one." He extended his hand to "shake," but she refused. She said, "I'll tell Miss — you are here." It was the servant girl.

—Dr. Price: Mr. H., you know St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland.

Mr. H.: Well, Dr., what does the Irishman do in a case of delirium tremens?

Dr. P.: Mr. H., there is not enough liquor in Ireland to give an Irishman delirium tremens.

—Dr. P.: Mr. Benn, what did the king do to get married?

Mr. B.: He got a divorce, Dr.

Dr. P.: No sir, Mr. B., he got a marriage license. Before you get ready for housekeeping you had better learn to discriminate between a marriage license and a bill of divorcement.

—Our Business Managers are getting eloquent and poetical this Spring weather. They express their sentiments thus:

The morning dews come showering thick

To water the grass with flowers entwined,

But the dew making powers have played a trick

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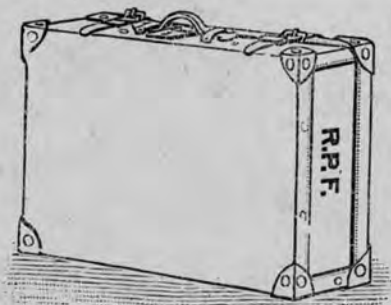
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