

THE MARYVILLE STUDENT.

SEMPER SURSUM.

Vol. I.

Maryville College, Sept. 1875.

No. 1.

One of Fred. Loring's College Poems.

THE OLD PROFESSOR

The old professor taught no more,
But lingered round the College walks;
Stories of him the boys told o'er
Before the fire, in evening talks.
I'll ne'er forget how he came in
To recitation, one March night,
And asked our tutor to begin:
"And let me hear these boys recite."

As we passed out, we heard him say,
"Pray leave me here awhile, alone,
Here in my old place let me stay
Just as I did in years long flown."
Our tutor smiled and gave consent,
Rose courteous from his high backed chair
Then down the darkening stairs he went
Leaving the old professor there.

From out the shadows, faces seemed
To look on him in his old place,
Fresh faces that with radiance beamed—
Sad faces that had lost their youth,
Although in years they still were young,
And faces o'er whose love and truth
The funeral anthem had been sung.

"These are my boys," he murmured then,
"My boys, as in the years long past;
Though some are angels, others men,
Still as my boys I hold them fast.
There's one does n't know his lesson now,
That one of me is making fun.
And that one's cheating—ah! I see—
I see and love them every one.

"And is it then so long ago
This chapter in my life was told?
Did all of them thus come and go,
And have I really grown so old?
No! Here are my old pains and joys,
My book once more is in my hand,
Once more I hear these very boys,
And seek their hearts to understand."

* * * * *

They found him there with open book,
And eyes closed with a calm content;
The same old sweetness in his look
There used to be when fellows went
To ask him questions and to talk,
When recitations were all o'er;
We saw him in the college walk
And in his former place no more.

Enthusiasm.

The very word enthusiasm fires the soul and kindles the eye. Is it good or is it bad? The least we can say is that alone it is a doubtful quality. Indeed it is hard to conceive of enthusiasm in the abstract, for in our acquaintance with it we ever find it combined with some other quality: as gold familiar to us in ornaments is an amalgam. Mated with ignorance, it has fed the alligator of the Ganges, offered bloody sacrifices to Moloch, and strewed the plains of Palestine and deserts of Arabia, alike with mistaken Crusaders, and still more deluded devotees of Mecca. Unbalanced by sound judgment, in the person of a John Brown, at the head of a band of Gileadites, it may ruin a good cause.

The French enthusiastic—for liberty, know little of it experimentally. Some one has said that the reason is that "they make the republics before they make the republicans." It would seem that Johnson had them in mind when he wrote; "A zeal for liberty is sometimes an eagerness to subvert, with little care what shall be established." Joined to knowledge, and guided by reason it becomes the highest type of zeal—that "blind conductor of the will." Thus we have seen it in our day rally "a million freeman more" to

swell the ranks fighting for the glorious Union.

Not only in the service of Mars is enthusiasm useful. Here let us pause a moment. Perchance "useful" is not a word to be linked with a name suggestive of "confused noise, and garments roll'd in blood." So, we of the Nineteenth Century have been led to think, since we met at Geneva. If we live to see the time when "war shall be no more," will it not be because "knowledge shall be increased?" Then the world will have a large reserve of enthusiasm to expend upon a more worthy object.

From the din of battle, wanting in the first element of harmonious sound, Jubal turned with listening ear, to the gentler notes of peace; and from the liquid melody of birds, his enthusiasm deduced the musical scale; so says legend.

The object of our thought seeks and finds for itself many other channels. The poet glows with his latest inspiration in rhyme; and the sculptor exults in his new-born idea in stone. His passionate ardor engages the statesman in politics; the scientist in scientific exploration and discovery. This enthusiasm dives into the great deep, bringing up Ocean's living treasures to be ranked and classified by the naturalist; mounts aloft and tells the distance of the glittering best. Again, in the service of science it scales the Alps and dares eternal snows. It places a few men on Mount Washington's lofty height, there to spend a solitary winter season, amid thunders and

lightnings, and thick clouds, akin to Sinai's.

So necessary is it to success and even life, in the estimation of the commander of a Polar expedition, that to keep it alive, he resorted to some such expedient as that of celebrating the birthdays of his crew. It has tunneled Mt. Cenis, working at both ends and meeting in the very heart of the mountain with wonderful mathematical precision. It proposes a railroad under the English Channel, and meditates a voyage across the Atlantic in a balloon. It has entered the very heart of unknown Aetheopia, and put an end to slavery on the western coast of Africa, thus erecting to the memory of him who was the instrument of its accomplishment, a "Living-stone" monument. His deeds live after him.

A blinded zeal for the so-called "holy Catholic church," hardened the hard heart of Queen Mary when she replied to those who plead for Cranmer's life; "All your voices are waves on flint. The heretic *must* burn." Rome's enthusiasm dies only with Rome. Child of the true Church; look thou to it that her enthusiasm for her own, excel not thy devotion to the cause of One higher than His so-called "vice-gerent on earth."

The eye. — the mirror of the soul. — expresses enthusiasm, at times, as eloquently as can words. Yet this is often hidden under excessive timidity, as in the case of Cowper's childish years, who has

been described as having "a soul of fire." It is as difficult to draw out any evidence of enthusiasm from some people as to strike a light from a defective match. There is, undoubtedly, some fire there; but how to bring it into play is the question.

Some are born under the purple, or strike a vein of gold; some are naturally endowed with brilliant talents, or have greatness otherwise thrust upon them; but the rule usually observed is, that conspicuous greatness is the fruit of enthusiastic labor. It may accomplish more in the short career of one than in the three-score years and ten of other lives.

Writes one who long has filled a most prominent city pulpit: "Let the mountain be ashamed of spring tide, with its bursting leaves and rivulets, before a Christian minister or teacher is ashamed of enthusiasm!" We paraphrase the last clause thus; "before *anyone* is ashamed of enthusiasm."

The College Regatta.

The College boat-club is fast becoming an institution in the land. One of the principle events of the summer was the fifth annual regatta of College clubs, which transpired at Saratoga on the 14th of July. Thirteen crews participated in the race. Cornell came off victorious, amid great rejoicing. The streets were crowded with the friends of the different Colleges represented, all exhibiting the greatest harmony. The students paraded the streets until late, singing College songs,

and cheering the leading crews.

We give herewith the time of the boats.

First.	Cornell,	-	-	16 53.
Second.	Columbia.	-	-	17 04.
Third.	Harvard.	-	-	17 05.
Fourth.	Dartmouth,	-	-	17 10.
Fifth.	Wesleyan,	-	-	17 13.
Sixth.	Yale,	-	-	17 14.
Seventh.	Amherst,	-	-	17 29.
Eighth.	Brown,	-	-	17 33.
Ninth.	Williams,	-	-	17 43.
Tenth.	Bowdoin,	-	-	17 50.
Eleventh.	Hamilton,	-	-	No time taken.
Twelfth.	Union,	-	-	"

Princeton, on account of the sudden illness of one of its crew, did not complete the race.

Be Brave.

By W——.

It was perhaps in the war of 1812, when Tennessee was very sparsely settled that a call for volunteers was made. A recruiting officer had appointed a time and place, and the old pioneers had gathered, with their sons to offer them if necessary to the service of the country. Patriotic speeches had been made rousing the latent fire in the bosoms of the young men; the fife's shrill notes, and the drums muttering roll were calling men to go to the bloody field to dare and die, or triumphantly wave the banner of liberty over a conquered foe.

An old veteran of the Revolutionary war, whose head was now white from exposure and age, stood in the midst of the assembled crowd uttering not a word, but silently the tears went trickling down his furrowed cheek as the sound of the martial music brought back to his mind scenes of another day, and remembrances

of comrades who long since had ceased to respond to the roll call.

He had a grandson there—a mere youth.

The recruiting officer was calling for men to come and give their names, when this boy stepped forward and placed his name to the roll. At this the old soldier went limping to the boy, and with tears now pouring in torrents, he placed his hand on his head and cried out: "*Be brave! my boy, be brave!*"

A young man starting out in life is likely to dwell in reveries, picturing his life as passing through the smoke of battle, coming into deadly conflicts on bloody fields, daring at the mouth of booming artillery, all unhurt, passing rapidly here and there to victory, and leaping suddenly to a great pinnacle of fame; thinking not that in order to be a hero one must be brave; and bravery can be exhibited in many ways besides in the battle-field. It is true that great victories are won in battle, and rocket-like the fame of some general rises up, but at the same time hundreds and often thousands fall.

Each one starting in life can be a hero and win many victories, if he only has the will, and will *be brave*. When anger comes upon him let him remember the charge—bearing in mind that without a conflict there is no victory, and determine that he will be guilty of no folly because angry, but will conquer himself and be his own hero. When the student finds his lessons hard, if he is inclined to shrink from them and endeavor to get a

way, he may properly be called a cowardly poltroon who skulks and hides from his duty. To such victory is impossible, while he who manfully meets every obstacle and patiently applies himself from day to day, in each lesson gaining a little knowledge, conquering a little hardship, by and by he will be a great conqueror, and taking a high station, the tempests of life may come, the thunders of adversity may crash, tumultuous troubles may shake the earth, but he is firmly fixed in his place—it is where he belongs. So in every station in life Wisdom says do nothing but that which is right, and let every undertaking be done with might, and when approaching any obstacle adopt the motto "*Be brave, my boy. BE BRAVE.*"

How to be Happy.

By C. C. H.

In order that we may enjoy life, we must properly appreciate the present. Instead of doing this, many live in the past or future, and the consequence is that they are dissatisfied. They are ever seeking for something they never obtain. Idle reverie is as dear to them as life. Oftentimes they engage in building air-castles. King's palaces loom up before their enchanted vision. On the glowing canvas of their future, Fairy-land stands off in bold relief. They imagine that they can even hear the merry plashing of the fountains, and the glad notes of the warblers, and see the fairies awaiting their

coming in order that they may feast upon the food and drink of the gods! But, alas! they never arrive at that Sicilian clime; for, like the beautiful rainbow, it seems to recede farther and farther from them; the more they advance towards it.

We would not have you think that it is our intention to ignore the mission of Hope, fair angel of light, for her work is a noble one. She beguiles away the poignancy of grief and pain, and by her magic wand causes fragrant flowers to bloom beside life's rugged pathway; but *anticipation* is the only potion used by her for soothing the troubled soul. There is a sweetness in *realization* that can never be found in any draught from her hand. How often do we hear students exclaim, while feasting on the richest delicacies that the earth affords, "What a delightful time we had at the last Social! I trust that we shall have a good time next holiday."

It matters not how pleasantly some persons are circumstanced they are ever looking backward with wistful eyes into the silent past, or peering down the vista of coming years, idly dreaming of bliss unattainable. Such can be termed nothing else than dupes of some wild phantasy. The poet has aptly said;

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
for look we backward or look we forward,
we see things which seem so much better than anything we possess,
that we are rendered discontented, and everything about

us puts on a common-place appearance.

We do not say that a person ought never to indulge in building air-castles, but we do say that he should never indulge in it to excess. We should ever be mindful of the fact that the shortest road to wealth is not the increase of our revenue but the contraction of our desires. Let us make the most of the present. If we do this we may rest assured that our future will be as bright as heaven designed it, for only by the improvement and appreciation of the present can we be happy.

A strange mystery often seems to lie under unusual initials. A student once entered his name in a college album as E. V. Jones, Prof.; "What does E. V. stand for?" The student said he would rather not tell. "But" said the other, "it is the law of the college that the name be entered in full." "Well, if you must know, they are for Flavius Vespasianus, but it isn't my fault!"

Satire is a composition of salt and mercury, and it depends upon the mixture and preparation of those ingredients that it comes a noble medicine or a rank poison. [Jeffrey.]

We appeal to the Alumni for subscriptions; also for articles of interest to Collegians. Love for our Alma Mater will prompt you to aid its journal. By subscribing for the STUDENT you may keep posted in College matters.

The Maryville Student.

Maryville College, September, 1875.

EDITORS;

J. A. SILSBY and S. T. WILSON.

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SALUTAMUS OMNES!

We, appearing for the first time in the *role* of editors, make our best bow, and beg your indulgence for a few moments while we discourse from the text "*Maryville Student,*" to be found at our mast-head. The STUDENT has been projected for sometime but not till recently have the Fates willed that the plan be carried into effect. But now—September 1875—we step forward and take our position in the large, ever-increasing field of college journalism. Whether we merit that position or no will be for you to judge; but we shall endeavor faithfully to perform the duties devolving upon us, and present to our readers a journal of which Maryville will not be ashamed.

As inexperienced pilots commit sad mistakes and make great blunders, so we, inexperienced

editors, may be unable always to steer in the right course; but perseverance together with the advice and assistance extended to us by the wise men and sages of the land will enable us to weather the storm.

Our design is to issue during the collegiate year such a monthly publication as will be profitably perused not only by our fellow-students, but also by all the numberless friends of the institution. We will have contributions from the best writers among the students and alumni. Our local and personal departments will receive particular attention. The best selections of prose and poetry will be made, as space will admit.

Although not under the guidance of the faculty, yet it is issued with their hearty approval.

Now we commit our enterprise to the friends of our beloved Maryville College, asking you to aid us in making it a success.

The STUDENT will appear near the close of each month, furnishing a *resume* of the proceedings of the month.

Your subscription is solicited.

Our merchants will do well to advertise in the STUDENT. Do good and make money by talking through our columns.

College journals receiving a copy of our Magazine with this paragraph marked will understand it an invitation to exchange.

A Queer Piece.

An ingenious romance reader has concocted the following Dickensy items: Oliver Twist, who had some very Hard Times in the Battle of Life, and having been saved from the Wreck of the Golden Mary by Our Mutual Friend, Nicholas Nickleby, had just finished reading A Tale of the Two Cities to Martin Chuzzlewit, during which time The Cricket on the Hearth had been chirping right merrily, while The Chimes from the adjacent church were heard, when Seven Poor Travelers commenced singing a Christmas Carol; Barnaby Rudge then arrived from the Old Curiosity Shop with some Pictures from Italy and Sketches by Boz to show Little Dorritt, who was busy with the Pickwick Papers; when David Copperfield, who had been taking American Notes, entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations of Dombey & Son regarding Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy had not been realized, and that he had seen Boots at the Holly Tree Inn taking Somebody's Luggage to Mrs. Lirriper's Lodging's in a street that has No Thoroughfare, opposite Bleak House, where the Haunted Man, who had just given one of Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions to an Uncommercial Traveller, was brooding over The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

Of the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

Ladies' Literary Society.

The following are the officers elected at the last meeting:

President. - - - Sara Silsby.
 Vice President, - Nellie Lord.
 Recording Secretary, Sallie Henry.
 Corresponding Sec, Alsie Elmore.
 Treasurer, - - - Cora Bartlett.
 No. of members. - - - - 16.

Those found in another column were temporary officers.

The Latin Language.

A writer in the *Maine Journal of Education* thus argues the necessity of Latin as a common school study:

Very many English words are directly derived from Latin. To illustrate, take almost any line from the poets, — the thirty-second from the *Æneid*, and observe our indebtedness to its roots: "*Errabant. acti fatiis. maria omnia circum.*" From the verb *erro* we obtain *err*, *errant*, *errata*, *erratic*, *erroneous*, and *error*. From *ago*, we get *agent*, *act*, with its derivatives, and, indirectly, *actuate*. Derivatives from the third word, such as *fate*, *fatal*, etc., suggest themselves to one even not accustomed to look for the source of language. Several pages of the Unabridged contain *omnis* and *circum*, in composition. This verse is undoubtedly a fair specimen, but I think scholars will grant that it is not uncommonly relevant.

Simply to know the origin of a word is not practical, in the popular sense. But when that knowl-

edge enables us to spell correctly, it assumes an importance which all will acknowledge. Belligerent, innuendo, omnivorous, supersede, and such words, to the thinking student of Latin, cease to be catches. Their component parts at once decide their orthography, as well as their meaning. The first word is oftener pronounced *be-lig-er-ent* than otherwise, but the noun *bellum*, and the participle from *gero*, determine immediately its spelling. To the Latin we owe but little of that part of etymology which treats of inflection,—and to its credit. Our syntax and prosody, however, are based almost entirely upon it. Two years' drill in the Latin grammar is a far better preparation to parse Milton than half a dozen in English. Had not Milton been a thorough classical scholar, our grammarians would not find such an expression as "than whom" to bother over. Compare *Lycidas* with the fifth eclogue of Virgil, and question the need of classical learning, even to comprehend this great writer.

The Coldest Bath.

Boys don't *always* "come out ahead" in performing college tricks. Here is a good story of Jim Bradshaw's shower-bath that beats the "Turkish," and nearly every other kind:

"When we were in Adam's College, the President, who was a rigid disciplinarian, insisted that every student should be in the chapel on the ringing of the bell,

at six o'clock, winter and summer. It was not so hard to do this in the summer, but in winter it was an affliction to rise from a warm bed and plod through the snow, as they often had to do, to attend morning prayers.

It occurred to Jim Bradshaw, after a jolly evening spent with some students, that he would freeze up the bell. "For," he argued, as he muddled over the matter, "if there's no bell, there'll be no ring, and consequently—I'll freeze it up."

It was a bitter cold night, and he thought that if he could only set the bell, and fill it with water, it would freeze as hard as marble before morning.

His room was near the belfry, so he arose, and, without dressing himself, seized a bucket of water standing in his room, and started for the stairway. To raise the bell, so that it stood upright like a tumbler, and tie the rope to a baluster, was the work of a minute, and then he ascended to the belfry with his bucket of water, to complete the experiment.

The midnight air blew keenly around him, he shiveringly filled the bell, chuckled at the trick he was playing the President. He started to come down, but just as he got beneath the scuttle, the rope by some means became loosed, the bell followed with a clang, and the whole of the intensely cold water poured down upon Bradshaw, who sneaked into his room with a cooler head than he had when he went out."

FLASH.

Geometrical figures for the bibulous—Rve-angles.

A classical individual upon being asked if he were ill, promptly replied, "Sic sum."

If "whom the gods love die young," and if "the wicked shall not live out half their days," how are old men elassed?

Boarding school miss — "Oh, Frank, I expect to graduate next commencement." "Graduate! what will you graduate in?" "Why, in white tulle."

Scene, Geometry recitation room—Professor: "What instrument would you use in the construction of this geometrical figure?" Freshman (after looking thoughtfully at the floor, ceiling and Prof.); "A piece of chalk, sir." [*Courant.*]

The West Point cadet laughs because the Vassar girl ran screaming from fright at the recent sham fight. Let the cadet marry that timid Vassar girl, and in six months he will take off his boots in the halls when he comes in nights for fear she will tear the scalp off him.

The following is told of a young society gentleman who graduated at Harvard. On the examination in Physics, he was asked: "Mr. A. what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he re-

sponded, "there were Venus, and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I am not quite certain."

John G. Saxe borrowed a candle of a beautiful young lady at Saratoga, one night. The next morning she found under her door these beautiful lines:

"You gave me a candle; I give you my thanks,
And add as a compliment justly your due—
There is not a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could if she would hold a candle to you."

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a linen shirt.

The following poetical effusion was picked up on the hill a few days since. We commend it to the attention of all lovers of the truly sublime!

Maryville is a curious place.

It has neither fame, wealth nor grace.
On the banks of Pistol Creek it stands,
But little honor it demands.

The streets are short and not very wide
Inclosed by gullies on every side;

As for its match it cannot be
Found in the State of Tennessee.

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LOCALS.

Ἐναντιόσθητε ταῖς τοῦ πονηροῦ ἀρχαῖς.!!!

J. C. is disconsolate.

120 on the roll thus far.

A large number of new students.

How about Godey's Magazine?

A Prep. says that he was troubled, during vacation, with that terrible disease Cholera-*Infantum*!

The appearance of the Library is greatly improved, by the thorough classification of the books, by the new librarian, Mr. Taylor.

The Social in the College Chapel, Friday evening, the 17th, passed off very pleasantly although the weather was unfavorable.

J. B. P. has not yet recovered from the effects of the castigation he received Sept. 1st from a Circus man, for looking under the canvas at the soul-entrancing spectacle within.

Many new and valuable pieces of Apparatus were received by the College during vacation, and there are more on the way. We can, when everything due arrives, boast the best and most complete Philosophical Apparatus in East Tennessee. The telescope, 15 feet long, attracts much attention.

At the first meeting of the Soc-

ieties this year, after a seapration of three months, there was a happy re-union. And not only were the heroes of last year there, but a goodly number of the new students who purposed to risk the "goat-riding" etc., thought to be inseparable from the initiation. These we were glad to welcome.

The young ladies have also re-organized the EXCELSIOR; they however intend to change the name. We give a list of the officers in the three Societies.

LADIES'.

President; - - Sara M. Silsby.
Secretary; - - Sallie M. Henry.
Treasurer; - - Maggie Henry.

No. of Members, 12.

ANIMI CULTUS.

President; - - - Jas. B. Porter.
Vice President; - - A. W. Hill.
Secretary; - - - G. C. Stewart.
Treasurer; - - - S. D. Rankin.
Librarian; - - W. T. Elmore.
Prosecutor; - - L. B. Tedford.
Censors; - W. E. B. Harris and
Jno. T. Reagan.

Editors of the Society Monthly;
G. S. W. McCampbell, and J. T. Reagan.

No. of Members, 20.

ATHENIAN.

President; - - - I. H. Anderson.
Vice President; - W. H. Franklin.
Secretary; - - - W. H. Taylor.
Treasurer; - - - T. N. Brown.
Librarian; - - - J. T. Gamble.
Censors; - C. C. Hembree, and
S. T. Wilson.

Editors of the *Athenian*; - T. N. Brown, and C. C. Hembree.

No. of Members, 23.

PERSONALS.

'71. Married on the 16th of June, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. W. C. Willoughby, the Rev. A. N. CARSON of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Nannie N. SEVIER of Kingsport, Tenn.

The above announcement we clip from the Tennessee Presbyter. Mr. Carson is a graduate of the class of '71, and last May finished a three years course at Lane Seminary. Of this class only two enjoy(?) single blessedness. These unfortunates are Revs. C. A. Duncan and C. E. Tedford. We trust these gentlemen will go and do likewise. Mr. Tedford's actions last Commencement were suspicious. Well, so be it. But please remember that it is the custom (or ought to be) to send the printer specimens of the wedding cake!

On the 22nd of June, in Maryville, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Dr. J. M. BROWN, of Morgantown, to Miss MAGGIE BELL, of Penn.

We expected it. You did too. Everyone did! Who would n't after noticing their actions last year? The happy couple went North on a wedding tour; but now have settled at Morgantown. *Requiescant in pace.*

As the train rounded the curve August 31st, one of the enthusiastic Preps, catching sight of the College buildings, burst forth in the following effusion:

"There they are, the stately Halls!

Fit palace for a prince or king:

Soon we'll be within thy walls.

And make the very timbers ring!"

We have secured this prodigy as a contributor to our Magazine.

It happened that Jupiter, one day during vacation, while hurling his thunderbolts about, discharged one at the Northern Methodist Church, injuring it somewhat, and also slightly shocking Prof. Crawford, who was standing on the opposite side of the street. We are glad to add that notwithstanding his rough treatment, the Prof. is "present" to guide the young Mathematician through the puzzling pages of 'Gebra, and through the equally intricate mazes of Loomis' Geometry and see him safely over that Pythagorean *pons asinorum*, on to the end.

Now, since Mr. Crawford, an Alumnus of '71, has been installed as Professor of Mathematics, Maryville College may well be proud of her work since the war.

Pedigo sold books and collected ladies' photographs during vacation. Only thirteen!

'75.

W. B. Brown is at Danville Theological Seminary.

T. F. Donaldson is at Louisville Medical College.

G. C. Jackson is principle of the large school at Calhoun.

J. M. Taylor has gone to Union Theological Seminary.

Misses Ella and Emma Brown will teach in Maryville.

Misses McGinley, Tedford, and Wilson are at home, thinking of their happy schooldays.

'70. H. W. Sawyer is Editor of the *Utica (Mo.) Herald*.

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