

It was often charged by members of the Legislature, who were hostile to the institution, that students do not redeem their pledge to teach, but that, after receiving instruction at State expense, they enter other professions or other lines of business. The only way to reach just conclusions is to secure the facts in the case. To this end an attempt was made in 1878 to settle the question. Correspondence was opened with students, addresses were ascertained, and, by one device and another, reports were received from over nine hundred undergraduates who during the year 1878 were teaching.

It should be remembered that the canvass was necessarily imperfect, but it was demonstrated that more than one thousand of the pupils were actually teaching in the State at that time. This number is now undoubtedly increased very materially. When it is shown that one fifth of all the students that have attended the school are in the schools of the State twenty years after the establishment of the institution, it ought to settle the question forever as to whether or not the school is accomplishing its work.

J. W. COOK.

[The following poem was written by H. B. Norton, and read by Lucy Curtis at the dedication of the Wrightonian Society Hall in 1861.]

ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

(2D SAM'L, xviii-18)

Young Absalom sat on the palace stairs,
 Sucking a julep through a straw,
 And musing over his own affairs
 With a thoughtful visage as e'er you saw.
 Absalom was a handsome fellow
 As human being could wish to view;
 His hair was silken and long and yellow,
 Tied in a most miraculous cue.
 Let no mortal ever aspire
 In beauty to equal the dye of Tyre,
 Ophir gold, and Damascus blade,
 In which Prince Absalom sat arrayed.
 But the truth must be told at last—
 He was very decidedly fast.
 And yet, on account of his silken curls,
 His golden bracelets and glimmering pearls,
 His handsome face and his shining sword,
 By all young ladies was quite adored—
 Although Jerusalem's solid men
 Warned them against him with tongue and pen.

But Absalom never yet had married;
 Year on year he had patiently tarried
 To step into the Governor's shoes
 As lawful monarch of all the Jews;
 Then some Princess as bride to win,
 Nobly endowed with the needful "tin."

And then, his wild oats being sown
 Before he ascended the Hebrew throne,
 He would establish a splendid reign,
 And his memory last while the stars remain.

But David, without the slightest qualms,
 Still kept singing those endless psalms,
 And promised yet, in Absalom's fears,
 To live to the age of a hundred years,
 All things considered, his chance was fair
 That yet he might bury his son and heir;
 And the solid men of Jerusalem—
 A joyful prospect was that to *them*.

So Absalom owned, with courage dim,
 That his chance for the throne was decidedly slim;
 And, in his desolate bachelor state,
 Without a child or wife or mate,
 He sighed that soon in the coming day
 His very name should have died away.

But, struck by a happy thought at last,
 He rose, and forth from the palace passed;
 To an architect straight his course directed,
 And showed the plan which he'd projected.
 A mighty column he meant to raise,
 Which should bear his name to the future days.
 And so they reared it, stone on stone,
 From the marble steeps of Lebanon;
 Carved and fitted in every part
 With the rarest power of the builder's art.
 An obelisk was the column's form,
 As suited best to outlast the storm,
 Which, down the centuries yet to come,
 Should bear the name of Absalom;
 The name which its polished facets told
 With inlaid letters of gleaming gold!
 (He has been dead full many a year.)
 He still kept on in his fast career.
 Thus far had the work of the firm been done
 Under the name of *David* and *Son*.
 But our hero thought that he would rather
 Change it to Absalom and Father.
 But failing to make this grand progression,
 At once decided upon secession;
 And went to battle and perished there,
 Because of the length of his darling hair.
 But still, as my authorities say,
 The Pillar standeth until this day.

A very decidedly similar plight
 Was that of our much-loved Simeon Wright.
 Years were creeping on apace,
 Stamping their crow-tracks over his face.
 Often the maxim at him was thrown,
 That "no moss collects on a rolling stone."
 But a better proverb had he than that:
 "A setting hen is never fat."
 And still he wandered o'er land and sea,
 And never a chicken nor child had he.

Yet the children loved him—they loved to place,
 Their rosy cheeks to his smiling face.
 And countless friends o'er all the land
 Rejoiced in the clasp of his genial hand.
 Yet often—it cannot be denied—
 Over his lonely lot he sighed;
 And sang, in view of his situation,
 Weeping Rachel's lamentation.
 And so, as we've seen young Absalom do,
 He upreared a pillar too.
 Three long years has this column grown,
 Stone upraised upon living stone,
 Rising silently day by day.
 We have heard our President say
 Through what triumphs and toil and strife
 This pillar has grown to its perfect life.
 And now we have joyfully gathered here,
 The topmost stone in its place to rear.

The years in their steady course will keep,
 And he, our sire, with his sires shall sleep.
 (But he will not perish, we surely know,
 By allowing his hair too long to grow;
 For the world beholds him every morn
 Neatly shaven and trimly shorn.)
 And if the moss, as the years speed on,
Should gather about the rolling stone,
 We think he might with perfect propriety
 Will it all to his pet society.

And the Pillar,—as ceaseless years roll by,
 Still may it lift its head on high,
 And bear to the centuries before,
 The name that glitters on yonder door;
 Standing ever, in strength sublime,
 A signet ring on the hand of Time;
 Stamping its likeness on hosts unborn,
 Who its records may yet adorn.
 Standing ever its founder's boast—
 (We have offered this as a closing toast).

EXTRACT FROM THE FIRST PRINCIPAL'S FIRST REPORT.

“On the fifth day of October, 1857, the principal and Ira Moore opened the Normal University in presence of no spectators and the following students: Enoch A. Gastman, Jr., W. W. Higgins, Joseph G. Howell, John Hull, John D. Kirkpatrick, and Henry H. Pope—six; and Elizabeth K. Arnold, Hannah C. Bedell, Mary V. Davison, Sarah M. Dunn, Cornelia A. Gregory, Sarah J. Gregory, Helen F. M. Grinnell, Emily Junk, Elizabeth J. McMillan, Jane G. Michie, Jane F. Montgomery, Margaret C. Smith, and Kate I. Young—thirteen; in all, nineteen. Some others came in during the day, and on the ensuing morning the number had grown to twenty-nine. During the first eight days forty-three students (fourteen males,