

ful Mexican lion you may have heard about, still ventured forth, testing our courage and "seeking whom he might devour." The prairie appears almost boundless, since no enclosure serves as a line of demarcation and since the irregular fringe of timber has already put on the leaden hues of autumn; it appears all the more dismal since great clouds of grasshoppers—unwelcome visitors from Kansas—have stripped it of every vestige of plant growth, leaving nothing but the naked ashen soil.

Twenty young men have arrived, some from the pine woods of the east, some from the extreme North, some from the shores of the Gulf, and one, at least, from the very banks of the Rio Grande, to enter this, our first State institution of learning. They are quartered temporarily on the second floor of the mess hall, are eagerly awaiting the opening of school, and in the meantime are indulging in all sorts of pranks to while away those dreary hours of expectancy. "And thereby hangs a tale." Well indeed do I remember the occurrence of that night, in which it seemed as if all the goblins and witches that once chased poor Tam O'Shanter "ayant the brig" had been turned loose once more. I remember, but the telling I prefer leaving to others.

Rogan and Banks and Crisp, who were here then and are present tonight, will recall with me how our footsteps resounded and re-echoed in the long halls and corridors of the main building when on the morning of the first Monday in October they were thrown open to our occupancy; they will remember the portentous sound with which our "articles of war," the rules and regulations

of the college, fell upon our eager ears; they will remember how hats, pressed against window panes, served as mirrors to those who were particular about the tying of a cravat and the parting of their hair and how foot-tubs, did duty at all the ablutions of the pioneer cadets.

Fine buildings, rich endowments and costly furnishings do not make great colleges or universities—teachers and students do. Socrates, walking arm in arm with Plato in the grove of Academus constituted a school of philosophy, the greatest the world has ever known. More vividly even than material environments do we "old-timers" recall the men who had been selected to shape the destinies of this the magnificent Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, our first faculty: President Gatbright, the friend and confidante of Jefferson Davis, quick in movement and quick of temper, perhaps somewhat haughty in demeanor, but ever ready to advise those who approached him frankly as father would; venerable, white-haired Dr. Martin, whose Christian gentleness called forth obedience and respect even from the most unruly; Major Banks, kind of heart, a true friend to every young man, a ripe scholar, a perfect exemplar of the southern gentleman; Professor Wand, smiling and placid as a day in June, a veritable Chesterfield in every word and act and gesture; Alexander Hogg, the man of tireless energy, always wrapt up in calculations, always planning to use  $x$   $y$  and sines and cosines as levers in quickening the world's progress; lastly Major R. P. W. Morris, the young man of the faculty, a soldier every inch of him, with a clarion voice whose commanding tones would ring across the entire