Monthly Musings, Vol. 1, No. 7

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Commencement Exercises Richmond College, Session 1875-'76.

The closing exercises of the college began on Sunday night, June 18th, with the annual sermon before the college Missionary Society, which was delivered at the Second Baptist church by Dr. J. L. M. Curry. The nature of the occasion and the fame of the speaker as a scholar and an orator, drew together a large audience, and the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The sermon was preached from the words, "Beginning at Jerusalem," and was an exceedingly eloquent discussion of the doctrine of Monotheism as held by the Jews in all their wanderings.

On Monday night Rev. A. E. Owen, of Portsmouth delivered the Annual Address before the Society of the Alumni, in the college chapel. The reputation of the orator attracted quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the city and they were not disappointed in their expectations.

The exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by Dr. W. E. Hatcher, after which Mr. Owen was introduced by Prof. L. T. Gwathmey. The orator alluded to the centennial glories of the American people and referred to the gifts of America to the world as a subject far too wide for discussion in an address on such an occasion, and announced as his subject, "Success and Failure"—the opposite poles of human experience, divided by a gulf, but yet intimately connected with each other. Though a continent divides the Atlantic from the Pacific still they almost mingle their waters at the Isthmus of Panama, so success and failure are sometimes nearly related to each other. In popular usage these words are often improperly applied. Men are said to have failed who have really achieved success. Erostratus made no failure in burning the Temple of Diana. His name is still remembered. Pompey failed, but his name is handed down linked with that of his conqueror. Hannibal was defeated, but his name and his fame still live. Lady Jane Grey was beheaded in the morning of life, while Mary lived to write her name in blood. Lady Jane is tenderly remembered, while the name of Mary is loaded with execration. How vast the number who were thought to have failed but who have in reality made enduring reputations for themselves. Success often ends in shame while failure often produces the most brilliant success. Grant's administration has culminated in shame, while the glorious name of Lee, his defeated adversary, will be remembered throughout the ages.

Success is often the progenitor of failure. Men are dazzled by their opportunities. Many of the monuments of failure have been constructed out of the materials of success. The greater the prospects of success, the greater the danger of failure. Napoleon, who during his eventful career held kings for his subjects and nations for provinces, in the face of the most dazzling prospects failed. Success when obtained is to be guarded as a tender bride; Failure is a lion crouching for its prey.

Opposition tends to promote success while adulation promotes failure. But for the Edinburgh Review Byron would perhaps have never given his poems to the world. Michael Angelo, when commanded to paint the wall of the Sistine chapel, rose in all the power of his soul and the pictures which he painted appear as if they had been flashed upon the walls by lightning. The present Premier of England was hissed into silence when he first addressed the parliament, but he hurled back the defiance, "You shall hear me yet." Young gentlemen, never feel appalled at opposition. It is a good sign. Perseverance and earnestness will overcome. Success and failure are the most capricious things in the world. Success is as coy as a bride, while failure clings like a poor relation.

The smallest things decide success or failure. Yes and no has decided many a man's destiny. Like and as are troublesome words, and though small in themselves, they are potential in deciding success or failure.

Success attends position; many succeed on account of position; therefore seek position first of all. Another thing is perseverance, then self-possession, and self-control. Let a man feel that he is to fail and he will fail, on the other hand let him feel that success is certain and he will succeed. Success is gained slowly, but it surely attends him who defends the right. Failure for him is impossible, who contends for justice and truth.

Has our Alma Mater failed or succeeded? Her sons are her jewels and like Corinna she may point to them with pride. They are her credentials and they are found all over the country.

Shall she not go forth rising higher and higher? She is our mother. The University of Virginia has polished some of us, but the live oak was first bown here. The University of Virginia is nothing more than a mother-in-law. Our mother must succeed. Every American citizen who loves his country should desire that literary culture shall predominate, and may Richmond college be one of the bright stars in the chain of colleges which are laboring for the common good. May the college be a radiant gem in the crown of Virginia, and the day is coming when she will be the queen of the South, and when her fame shall extend through all lands.

After the address Col. T. J. Evans requested the "Sociaw Club" to carry out the programme of their celebration. It had been proposed to have this celebration on Friday evening, June 16th, but it was postponed on account of the illness of one of the students, Mr. L. Floyd Nock of Accomac. The commencement arrangements at once took charge of the rostrum and in a few minutes printed programmes were distributed among the audience, and the celebration began with a chorus of students who sang "Music in the Air," after which the presiding officer, Mr. J. W. Snyder of Richmond, delivered an introductory address which abounded in hits at the students and the faculty. Mr. L. H. Cocke then read Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lecture on Free Masonry. He rendered it exceedingly well and was frequently interrupted by applause. The college Glee Club sang one of their songs. The President then announced the debate on the question, "Should the man be punished who took the rag off the bush?" W. F. Smith of Baltimore led off on the affirmative and arraigned the "man" for high crimes and misdemeanors in that he had assisted in introducing slang into the English Language, and he branded him as the most degraded thief in the world, because he stole—a rag!
J. W. Boyd responded on the negative and with lofty rhetoric and swelling periods, he defended the prisoner from the charge. He described all kinds of rags, from the star-sashed banner to the dish rag, and called upon the audience to rise in their might and prevent the dastardly deed which was in contemplation.

T. J. Neal, the chairman, argued on the affirmative of the question, and asserted that “the man” was a denizen of the fourth floor, and had been corrupted by the influence of long, lean Cassius, who was always Gay and of uncommon William who had done his work up Brown and of George Washington who believed in cherry trees and was in the habit of climbing them by night, using for that purpose some of the Riggin, which he had brought from home at the first of the session. He concluded by expressing the hope that no lady in the audience would ever accept “the man” or take a dare (Adair).

His speech abounded in local hits and was more highly appreciated by the students than by the visitors from the city, though its witty points were appreciated by them also.

Thomas P. Brown replied on the negative, and made some telling hits at his opponents and for his client. His speech abounded in odd anachronisms and huge sesquipedalian expressions which convulsed the audience with merriment.

T. C. Whaling, of North Carolina, next declared an extremely rich and odd production which took the audience by storm. His gestures and postures were inimitable and heightened the effect of his speech.

The Glee club sang “Vive l’homme” and the President announced that the distinctions and promotions in the school of Calico would then be delivered. Mr. Snyder, as “Chairman of the Faculty,” delivered the various honors very happily. There were several graduates and degree men, to each of whom the chairman gave sound advice and earnest exhortation to persevere in the way in which he had begun. The medal to the tallest man was given to W. W. Brown, and the medal to the shortest man was awarded to W. G. Hix. In the prize to the shortest man was conferred on W. G. Hix, B. A., on Jeff. Adair and M. A., on Capt. J. H. Joy and B. A., on W. W. Riggan, Isle of Wight; best debater, G. W. Rice, Isle of Wight; best writer, T. C. Whaling, North Carolina; most improved in debate, S. W. Price, of Petersburg; best declaimer, F. T. Davis, of Clarke county.

After the addresses, the president delivered a short valedictory, which appropriately closed the exercises of the evening.

On Wednesday night the celebration of the MU SIGMA PHI SOCIETY was held and like all the other exercises of the commencement, was attended by a large audience. We regret that we cannot give a detailed account of the salutatory of the President, L. H. Coke and of the oration of R. H. Pitt. Our reporter did not reach the hall until Mr. Pitt had nearly concluded his address. Both the salutatory and the oration are highly spoken of, and from the little that we heard of the oration we are prepared to believe all the good things that we heard said of it. We tried to get a copy of it but were disappointed.

Mr. Pitt chose for his subject, “Times change and we change with them,” a subject sufficiently trite, but it was treated with a freshness and vigor of thought which gave it all the charm of originality.

W. C. Bitting followed with a well prepared address on the “The Orator.” He claimed that the orator must be a man not an ideal being, with all the accessories of the flowing toga, the brandished roll and the throng of the comitia gathering around him. These serve to heighten our conceptions, but the man is the core around which they waft themselves.

To some rude minds an orator is one who, with leathen lungs and brazen throat, can talk loud and long from the frontier stump. Vox et verba are his sole claims to the title and they are not sufficient to give it to him. He is not a true orator who merely makes useless show of fruitless flowers. A true orator must have a purpose; his motives must be high, benevolent and practical; he must have character. Demagogues pretend to virtue which they do not possess when they wish to move the people. Demosthenes possessed the characteristics of a true orator and by them swayed his audience at pleasure. The language of the eye, the gesture, the presence of the man give to the words of the orator a power not found in the printed page. Then life touches life without the long links of matter and mechanics.

The land of freedom, the land of oratory. The one word which sums up the position of an orator among his surroundings is—Independence.

An orator must be more than a declaimer; his motives must be worthy, his patriotism pure, his sympathies tender, his principles high and his character weighty.

All may be useful though all are not great. There is only one sun but there are many stars. The lessons learned in these halls may make us useful men and from our professors we may learn to benefit the world.

Medals were presented, through Capt. J. Hampden Chamberlayne, as follows: Best debater, G. W. Riggan, Isle of Wight; best writer, T. C. Whaling, North Carolina; most improved in debate, T. B. Gary, of Florida; best declaimer, J. W. Boyd, Botetourt Co.

The audience dispersed after the valedictory by the president.

On Thursday night the COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES were held in the college chapel. There was hardly a standing room for the large audience which assembled to witness the closing exercises of the session of 1875-76. Kessich’s band added much to the occasion by playing some of their most difficult pieces. The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. Chas. H. Reid, of the Presbyterian church. The chairman of the Faculty then announced the distinctions and promotions in the junior classes, after which Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, in a very neat speech, presented the Wood’s medal to W. N. Simms, of Culpeper, as the best declaimer.

After the announcement and delivery of promotions in the intermediate classes, Major Robt. Stiles presented the Gwin medal to Sol. Cutchins, of Nansemond, as the most distinguished in the school of Philosophy. The speech was a perfect gem, and was warmly applauded by the audience. Diplomas in the several schools were then delivered to the graduates by the chairman. The large number of successful students bore witness to the faithfulness of the instruction and the studious character of the young men who attended the college during the session. Dr. Ratcliff delivered the Steel medal to Wilbur F. Smith, of Maryland, as the best reader. His speech was replete with sound advice, and mingled wit and wisdom.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Sol. Cutchins, Wm. F. Harris, and...
John W. Snyder; and the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Wm. Elleson, A. M. Harris, and L. Floyd Nock. On only one occasion since the war has the degree of M.A. been conferred upon so large a number.

Mr. Nock was prevented by sickness from being present to receive his diploma. For several weeks he has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, but we are glad to be able to state that he is now entirely out of danger, and is recovering quite rapidly; he will leave for home in a few days.

The chairman announced that the degree of LL. D., had been conferred by the trustees, on Rev. Alvah Hovey, president of Newton Theological Seminary.

He then closed the exercises with an address filled with good advice to the young men just entering college, who had an opportunity of attending; secondly, the judicious and orderly behavior of the students of '75-'76 have never been excelled. The prospects for next session are very good and we hope that a still larger number of the cuter generation will meet us here on the 21st of next September.

The judges selected by the Philological Society to decide the writer's medal awarded it to J. W. Snyder, of Rich mond, Va. We congratulate our Reviewer on his success, which has only served to heighten the luster of the best de­

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tation from one of the standard authors of England or America.

This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time. Why all this talk for triumphs of an hour—Young, short summer, John? Why at last, with all our 

On Friday, the majority of the students turned their faces homeward, and in a few days the campus was almost entirely deserted. Thus ended one of the most successful sessions to which we have ever seen.

While number of student was not so large as it was two or three years ago, still there was a conside-

By turns we catch the vital breath and die—Pope.

To be, is better far than not to be—Sewell.

The bottom is shallow whence they come—Ralph.

Your fate is but the common fate of all—Longfellow.

To spend many clayes do not look long at any one—Ralph.

And throw a cruel sunshine oncustom docs often rea-sen over—Rochester.

Though man's life may seem to be a tragedy—Spencer.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave—Gray.

What is enjoyment without an end?—Addison.

What's all the good in good?—Thoreau.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down—Charles.

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That man lives twice who lives the first life well—Her-

Think not ambition wise because it is the first celebration of our an-

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MONTHLY MUSINGS,
RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

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Vol. I.
JULY, 1876. No. 7.

With this number the first volume of the MONTHLY MUSINGS closes and the work of its editors is ended for the session 1875-6. With the opening of the next session the publication of the paper will be resumed and we call upon the friends of the College and their children and members of the congregation, contributions of $240,000 was paid by the committee for the use of collectors during the Summer vacation. Application may be made to Rev. Charles H. Ryland, 913 Main street, who will give prompt attention to calls in this direction. Let all hands and hearts be united for so worthy an object.

We regret to announce that Dr. Z. B. Herndon has resigned his position as physician to the college. For several years he has discharged the duties of this position in such a manner as to gain for himself very many warm friends among the students, and there are few who will experience any other feeling than that of deep regret when they hear of his resignation. The demands of a large and increasing practice and his delicate health compelled him to give up his position, though for a long time he sought to avoid the necessity by making exertions and sacrifices which only those who were thrown into intimate connection with him can appreciate. There are many students who will always gratefully remember his kind and skillful attention to them in times of sickness, and there are some who owe their lives to him more than to any other human agency. We are confident that all these will join us in bearing testimony to his worth as a Christian gentleman and skillful physician, and will unite with us in expressing the hope that the severing of his connection with the college will not sever the ties which bind us to him, and that in the future our relations may be as pleasant as they have ever been in the past.

Dr. Jas. C. Deaton has been elected physician to the college, since the resignation of Dr. Herndon. Dr. Deaton was a student here in 1868, and graduated in several schools. He afterwards graduated at the Richmond Medical college with great distinction. He then pursued his studies in Philadelphia and has been practicing his profession in this city for two or three years. He is regarded as a rising man in his profession and his election gives general satisfaction.

With the hope of inducing our friends to work for us during the Summer, we have determined to offer a year's subscription to any one who will send us the names of five subscribers accompanied with $5. Let all our friends begin to work for us at once. We hope that our lady friends will take hold of this matter, as we are well aware that nothing ever succeeds without their hearty co-operation.

The audiences which have attended the exercises of the college during commencement week were very large and very select. Their attendance should be highly appreciated, when the difficulty of access to the college is considered. The condition of the side walks on Franklin street, near the college, is outrageous. No attempt has been made to grade them and their roughness and narrowness is not relieved by a single ray of light. A petition was presented to the council some time ago by the students, asking for smoother ways and more light, but the only response was a lot of cinders and slag, which only made matters worse, and instead of giving us three or four gas lamps they left us ways which are utterly dark. Could they have walked up Franklin street on one of the darkest nights of the commencement, and suffered some of the accidents which commonly befall pedestrians who try those dangerous paths, we are sure that they would have made an appropriation at their next meeting to pave and light the street immediately.

Died suddenly at her residence in Albemarle county, Va., on Sunday morning, June 25th, Mrs. Elizabeth Massie, widow of the late Nathaniel Massie and mother of Prof. Rodes Massie.

The Local Editor desires us to say to our readers that he has gone to the Tentenual Exhibition, and that accounts for the dullness of the paper this month. We are sorry to be deprived of his valuable services, but we are consoled by the thought that he will probably return next session with his mind filled with rich stores of information and with his note books crowded with jottings and items of interest. He will, no doubt, be able to make his column far more entertaining than it has been this session. If he does not do so, he will hear something farther from us, and our readers will hear nothing farther from him.

Fancies Free.
Joint education—gymnastics.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'I'm sold again!' In one part of Norway the longest day is three months. What a splendid chance for a lazy man to start a daily paper.

The New York Times speaks of a fine picture by De Haas, entitled "A Wet Shirt and a Flowing Sea." A picture to be hung on the clothes-line, we should say.

Scene in a recitation room. Professor — "The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-haired girls to the devil." Auburn-haired student, "What did they do with red-haired boys?" Prof. — "They supposed they would go on their own accord." Auburn-haired student collapses.
### List of Students who have Obtained Honors at the several Examinations.

#### School of Latin.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Greek.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of English.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Mathematics.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Physics.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Modern Languages.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Chemistry.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of English.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Latin.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Greek.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Mathematics.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Physics.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.

#### School of Modern Languages.
- J. E. Barton, Richmond.
- J. H. Garrett, King & Queen Co.
- J. T. Taylor, Henry Co.
**Reviews.**

An Explanatory Memo from the Reviewer.

The Reviewer begs to explain why the readers of the *Monthly Musings* will not be bored this month with the Review Department. The session has closed and Fowne’s Chemistry and Hales’ Longer English Poems have been laid aside, in fact are offered for sale, whilst our knowledge of French and German text-books is not yet so profound as to warrant us in advancing opinions touching the character, style or brain of Rousseau or Goethe. In due time we trust to overcome elementary difficulties, and conduct our readers through these new fields of literature, with all the charms that a knowledge of French lends, and with all the ponderous logic that a plunge into German metaphysics will imbue us with. We believe our readers will agree with us that we could hardly be expected to advance an opinion, ex cathedra, upon the beauties of French and German literature, when what we know of the former is confined within the narrow boundaries of “Polly-von-france-zee” — an Anglicized version of an improper French pronunciation — and our acquaintance with the latter is limited to “Nix cum a-rous-he” — a kind of spelling which would cause the coldest Dutchman to quake with fear.

And spill his glass of lager-beer.

This last is an humble and parting contribution to the muses. We felt necessitated — as a member of the Lake school, as a writer of essays on English verse, as a humble worshipper at the shrine of Chemistry, where quotations from the master-poets of all ages adorned didactic talk concerning acids, bases and salts, — to give some evidence of imbided poetical longings; and the above couplet was the outburst of an honest heart.

This is my explanation, — you will find it struggling along through these ramblings, — but when next October comes around, uniting once again the severed ties of college association, causing our classmates to forget the smiles of country sweethearts as they surrender unconditionally at the altar of city belles, then we trust once again to be found at our post of duty in the editorial sanctum; and to find a new life of joys, “Massa Prof.” in the study of French and German classics.

**Why the Following**

Should find abode in the dignified review column, may appear a puzzle. Our only reason is, “we don’t know.” We thought there should at least be one joke to every page. (This a silent and deadly shake at “our local!”)

He is gone now and we may safely retaliate the hit he tried to make at us.

“Our Poet” for the session of 1875—76, was T. W. T. Noland, of Virginia. This gentleman is every way worthy to hold this post of eminence and honor during the centennial year. Once mounted on his Pegasus, he soared aloft to heights almost within speaking to Milton and Byron. His lyric odes done up in heroic hexameter verse, with occasionally a Minor Aschipeadean thrown in, could be heard from morn even until the evening hour, and when the weather was warm, sometimes thirty-five minutes longer. He slung a peculiarly powerful pen in writing love “refrains.” He certainly deserved a medal on calico commencement night. The president would have rejoiced to have taken the occasion of the presentation of that medal to have combatted the cold, selfish materialistic views of these latter days. It is time love, sentiment and the Muses were restored to their old pinnacle in the North-east corner of the temple of fame.

We abominate those scientific theories, that when the blood leaps warm, red and sparkling, through the veins, it is not on account of love, or dreams, or the sweet strains of the Æolian harp, but simply and solely because the sesquioxide of iron is not a base for carbonic acid. These cold theories should be crushed to the earth, and a foot or two under, and we trust Mr. Noland will ere long tune his lyre, and wreak his vengeance upon these schools of exact sciences. The poet loves not Mathematics less, but the girls more.

We trust the sound advice administered by our valedictorian fell upon attentive ears, (curious er_RECORDS, even as the sweet sound of falling waters. We endorse his prosaic sentiment, let us all go to work and make money — except counterfeit. Let us not be deceived by frivolous distinctions between “hard” and “soft,” a man in this age is peculiarly happy to get either or both.

And again, our valedictorian sagely advises us not to be too romantic about the way we make money. Members of the Chemistry fraternity will remember that our honored professor explained at length two plans by which we might become freighted with filthy lucre: (1) To turn charcoal into diamond; (2) To devise some plan whereby, — but really, we believe everybody remembers this. We wish we could quote his very words upon commencement night, but the drift was, that if we cannot imitate the heroes of the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil, and sit on the banks of some classic stream, watching the flocks with the pipe at our side, (see our advertising columns to find where the best smoking tobacco can be obtained,) why then let us imitate the prodigal son and fatten hogs for the Cincinnati market.

The graduates of the Calico school, having received their diplomas, and having been impressively informed by the president that “It is not good for man to be alone,” have departed, attended by the well-wishes of all their more unfortunate companions. Unfortunately! to those pitched in the Calico school this world is a weary waste, and the heart is left torn and bleeding, including the right ventricle and the thoracic ducts.

The happiest and proudest medalist that this Institution, since its organization in 1846, has ever sent forth into the wide, wide world to win fame and fortune, is Mr. Thos. R. Gary, Ocala, Fla. The medal was only won after a hot campaign, and during the hot weather it has been worthily worn, Mr. Gary having been seen on the college campus robed in nothing else.

It is now quite generally understood that two distinctions are equal, equivalent, tantamount, in fact, just about the same thing, as one promotion.

A flattering friend at our side, having read all the foregoing, asks us solemnly where is the joke we promised for this page. Of course we promptly knocked him down, trampled on him, run him through the press twice, (making a favorable impression each time,) and would gladly publish his obituary if space permitted.

A Pointed Rebutle.

A certain Oregon professor was a very fatherly sort of a man, particularly toward his young holy pupils. Whenever a young lady would ask a question, he would place his head lovingly on her head, and make considerable more fun than was necessary. Of course, the girls got tired of this, and conceived to break him of his fatherly proclivities. One of them hit upon a plan. She fixed up a little pinch-pot of scolding pangs inserted so that they would stand on his head, point upward, and then adjusted the informal machine on the top of his head, covering it with just enough of her hair to hide it from view.

This done, she left her seat during the session, walked down to the professor’s desk, stood a moment in his august presence, and then, in a most plaintive tone of voice, asked him for the information as to whether Washington crossed the Delaware on the lee or on horseback when he left Trenton. He raised his hand over her head, and scathingly said:

“Why, my dear child,— We’ll have to end this sentence there, for the balance of the explanation was a sort of a half hour, half whoop, which we can neither write nor print. Just, as he said “child,” he bowed his head carelessly but forcibly upon the crown of the girl’s head, and the whole surface of the extended palm felt the tickling and exhilarating sensation of a couple of dozen of pin points.

Several annoying errors have crept into this issue, notwithstanding the care with which we have read the proof. Two of our associates have left us, and our editorial force is now very small. It is rather difficult for one man to perform the duties of editor, reporter, and proof-reader, and we hope that our friends will cover with the mantle of charity all blunders which their critical eyes may chance to discover.

Every cloud has a silver lining — except Red Cloud; his lining is copper colored.
O, Fiddlesticks! Darwin says the male grasshoppers use their hind legs to fiddle on the edge of their wings, and that the best fiddler always wins the affections of the female first.

If any of the students or readers of our paper are just finishing up their romances or novels and desire to have them printed in style, we would refer them to the publishing house of Mears, Whittet & Shepperson, 1001 Main street, Richmond, Va. These gentlemen have a first-class book and job office, and work on very reasonable terms. They have worked for us, and we know whereof we speak.

**Polk Miller & Co.**

*Apothecaries*, dealers in drugs, medicines, fancy articles, and mineral waters, cor. 9th and Main Streets, Richmond, Va.

**Watches, Jewelry, Silvery Goods.**

A very superior line of watches for ladies and gentlemen of grades and at prices to suit every size purse. The latest novelities in jewelry, pins, ear-rings, necklaces, opera-chains, brooches, silver jewelry.

**Silver-Plated Goods.**

A very superior and beautiful line of fine plated table-ware tea sets, butter-dishe, cake-and fruit-stands, pickles, stands, jewelry, caskets, etable-dishe, water-pitchers, ice-bowls, &c., 1001 Main Street, corner Tenth.

**Baltimore Clothing House, Cor. Main and 14th Streets.**

The best selection of fine suits, prince albert coats and vests, black dress suits, at greatly reduced prices. Be sure to call at the cheap corner, and get your outfit.

**H. S. Kaufman.**

**Wanted.**

All persons to know that we can furnish at short notice, any and all kinds of floral decorations, such as bouquets, baskets, and other designs, for parties, weddings, &c., at Toler & Cooper's Flower Garden, Cor. Cherry & Albemarle streets, adjoining Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

**Redford Bros.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in cigars, tobacco, pipes, and smokers' articles, No. 224 East Broad street, Cor. Third, Richmond, Va.

**The Old Corner Store**

**Still Ahead!**

**E. B. Spence & Son,**

1300 Main Street.

Look at the following prices for clothing:

- Cassimere Suits at $10.
- Cassimere Suits at $12.
- Cassimere Suits at $14.
- Cassimere Suits at $16.
- Diagonal Worsted Coats at $12.
- Prince Albert Coats at $15.
- Blue Flannel Suits.
- Warrented Washington Mills at the low price of $14.
- Cassimere Pants, $3
- Cassimere Pants, $4.
- Cassimere Pants, $5.

Cassimere Suits made to order at $30, $33, $35.

Cassimere Pants made to order at $8, $9, and $10, and all other goods at very low prices.

For sale by

**E. B. Spence & Son.**

**Wilkinson & Withers**

are offering

**Great bargains in men's, youths', boys' and children's clothing.**

Their large stock has been made up to suit all classes,

**Rich and Poor**

are alike provided for and cordially invited to call and examine our stock, as the style and quality of our goods are so well-known and appreciated by our fashionable young men and business men, we deem it unnecessary to say more to them than that we have the handsomest, largest and cheapest stock we have ever had the pleasure of offering. But we do wish to say to the workingmen of Richmond and Manchester, that we have consulted their wants, and have goods to suit them, made up equally stylish in cut, trim and fit, at figures that will astonish them, and would urge all to come and see the unprecedented bargains we have to offer.

**Stylish Suits at** $9, $10, $12, $14, $15, $16, $18, and up to $36.

**Diagonal "Prince Alberts," finest English and French at** $18, $24, $26, $28, and $32.

**Diagonal Cutaways, $15 to $25.**

**Finest French Cloth frocks and vests, blue, brown, dark blue, and black, at prices less than half their value.**

We have a splendid black cloth frock coat, made to order, at $16, to which we call the special attention of business men, mechanics, and our worthy laboring men who want a good Sunday coat.

**Pants in great variety, from $3 up to $10.**

Our celebrated "Partly-Made Dress-Shirt," reduced to bottom prices. Six for $6. This is the only genuine Wamsutta 2100 linen, 3-ply all-linen bosom shirt on the market, equal in all respects to the best $3 shirt in any market.

Handsome line of colored shirts at $1.25 and $1.50 with two collars extra, with full lines furnishing goods, underwe are, gloves, hosery, etc.

We ask your patronage only on the basis of deserving it.

**An early call is to your interest.**

**Wilkinson & Withers,**

Clothiers and Furnishers, 1007 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
H. H. HARRIS, make n few more honest telling blows and the College’s l10uld not p1rnm1ze our energies long e r. We have but to p1roach. The panic of 1873 and Its consequences and vigorous movement to PAY UP ALL DUES and finish pnrtment. Shnll not this year, 1876, witness a united RODES 111ASSIE. A.
at the College boarding houses, $13. About $90 will be f1f ty students.

Debt. Thi s policy they will adhere to, still, public opin•tion and the highest interests of the Institution demand the beginning of the second hali of the cur rrent session, 1009 MAIN STREET.

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.
It is admitted by all that I keep the Tastiest Stock, Latest Styles, Largest Assortment, Best-Made Goods, and the same quality at less prices than any similar house in the city; and the reason why I can sell them so low is that I SELL FOR CASH ONLY, which is the true secret of business and the great advantage to the consumer, and thereby giving to customers ONE-HALF of my FORMER PROFITS, which will enable me to double my Sales at less expense, and greatly to the benefit of my customers.

My $13 and $15 Business suits, and $18 and $25 Diagonal Coats and Vests are all PERFECT BEAUTIES. My Prices cannot be equalled. Call and see me.

WM. IRA SMITH, Agt., No. 1109 Main Street, Richmond, Va.