The rewards of the teacher are generally estimated from a pecuniary standpoint, and they seem to be very small and insignificant. If any one enters the profession of teaching with the hope of making a fortune, he soon discovers that his hope is built on a very slender foundation, and the rough experiences of a few sessions completely demolishes it.

As the pecuniary rewards of teaching are small, so there is little honor or praise to be gained in the profession. It is not in this way that men become famous; but yet there are true heroes in the ranks, whose valiant deeds will never be known, but who deserve a place on the highest pinnacle of fame. Their lives are quiet and unobtrusive, but they make their mark on the pages of the world’s history not less surely than he whose daring is a theme for poets, and whose name is handed down to the remotest posterity.

There are rewards, however, which belong to the faithful teacher as well as to the faithful preacher; and as they are not bestowed by fortune, but are virtues which overcome all obstacles, and the mind of the teacher will be abundantly rewarded for all his sacrifices and toils. His character is disciplined, and there is none which promotes in a greater degree one’s own happiness and the happiness of those by whom he is surrounded.

The character of the teacher is disciplined as thoroughly as his mind. Every faculty of his mind is cultivated, and it becomes familiar with a clear and steady light the darkening of his pupils’ eyes and the brightening of their faces when an illustration has struck them. If one’s life is filled with high and lofty aims, and his aspirations are ever leading him onward and upward, he will wield an influence not only upon his own mind, but also upon his pupils. He goes over and over the same ground, session after session, until it becomes as familiar as his alphabet. The necessity of adapting his instruction to the minds of his pupils, and the constant search for apt illustrations, gives his daily duties a freshness and an interest which never fad. There is a pleasure in imparting knowledge, which the teacher enjoys more than any one else. The sparkling of his pupils’ eyes and the brightening of their faces when an illustration has struck home, fill him with an eagerness and a zeal which overcome all obstacles, and the mind of the dullest pupil is quickened into activity by the magnetic influence of the teacher's excited imagination.

The character of the teacher is disciplined as thoroughly as his mind. Experience soon teaches him that he must control himself before he can control others. The hardest lesson one ever learns is the lesson of self-control, and there is none which promotes in a greater degree one’s own happiness and the happiness of those by whom he is surrounded. In all the list of virtues there is hardly one that the teacher does not need to cultivate. His character is seated on all sides and at all times. If there is a weak point it will be discovered, and no mercy will be shown. Children are close observers, and they detect a weakness with unerring accuracy. They can not be blinded or deceived, and the teacher is obliged to keep a strict watch over himself, lest he be surprised into some indiscretion which will destroy his influence forever. Such discipline carries with it its own reward, and a profession which renders it a necessity should not be deemed utterly barren of fruit.

The constant intercourse of a teacher with his pupils gives him abundant opportunities of influencing not only their minds, but also their characters. It is in his power to give method and direction to their lives. He may inspire them with a love of all that is noble and elevated, and may kindle flames in their young hearts which in time may blaze forth and illuminate with a clear and steady light the darkness and ignorance of the world. No one is without influence. Every one is surrounded with a subtle atmosphere which affects all with whom it comes in contact; "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

If one’s life is filled with high and lofty deeds, and his aspirations are ever leading him onward and upward, he will wield a powerful influence wherever he may be; and over the tender and susceptible minds of children, he may gain an influence almost unbounded, and may turn them whithersoever he will.

If he uses his influence for good and is always on the alert to impress upon the retentive minds of his scholars lessons of truth and purity, the teacher will be abundantly rewarded for all his sacrifices and toils. His scholars will go out into life and will put into practice the lessons which he has taught them, and through them will he will exercise a beneficial influence on the world, long after he has closed his last session and dismissed his last scholar. The success of his pupils in life will be to him a constant source of gratification and pride; and when he sees them filling positions of honor and of trust, it will afford him unalloyed pleasure to reflect that they owe their success to his faithful teaching.

Let it not be said, then, that the profession of teaching offers no rewards to those who adopt it. Let them be faithful, patient and persevering, and they will reap abundant harvest—some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold.
OUR BALTIMORE LETTERS.

Mr. Editor.—The lovely days of Autumn, with their genial breezes and gold painting country homes are from here plainly visible alike, to the eye of the observer, by that eminence until next month, and conclude this week of “dull business” have passed away, and now sunshine, have at last passed away, and now to the unaided eye. This monument was summoned from their hibernating seclusion. I had intended to have given in this letter an interior spiral stairway leads from its base to the pedestal upon which the statue of Washington immediately rests, from which point thousands of residents and visitors annually view the city which lies below and around them in all directions—Druid Hill Park, the Water-works, the Patapco covered with steamers and sailing-vessels, the Chesapeake Bay, and scores of attractive, inviting country homes are from here plainly visible to the naked eye. This monument was erected by the State of Maryland in honor of the hero of American Independence. The Battle Monument, less imposing in appearance than the Washington, stands between the latter and the Basin on the south side of the city, and commemorates the names and valorous deeds of the American soldiers who fell in the battle of North Point in the war of 1812.

I had intended to have given in this letter a description of a walk through Druid Hill Park, but as I see that the mental diet which I am collecting is about to accumulate in such large proportions as to render it not only unpalatable, but unwholesome, I will content myself for the time being by deferring the same until next month, and conclude this communication with a brief account of the whereabouts and recent doings of several persons who are more or less familiar to the students and friends of Richmond College.

Rev. Dr. C. C. Biting, who for several years accepted and ably filled the pulpit of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, is, as you are aware, now pastor of Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore. He came here in August last, and already has as strong a hold upon the affections of Baltimorians as he formerly had and still has in the bosoms of his thousands of acquaintances in Richmond and other portions of Virginia, which is say­ ing a great deal. Those who are accustomed to listen to his strikingly original, pure gos­ pel-breathing and impressively delivered ser­ mons, place him in the front rank of Baltimore’s pulpit orators. On the evening of December 5th, he delivered in his Church a rich and chaste lecture on “Egypt,” to a large and highly edified audience. The an­ nouncement that he will deliver in the same place, to-morrow night, his popular lecture on “Palestine,” has called forth from many persons the expressed determination to attend this his second lecture before a Baltimore as­ sembly.

Mr. C. C. Biting, Jr., may be seen between 8 and 9 o’clock A. M. going down to the office of the gentleman with whom he is reading law. I have it from good authority that he makes practical use of the sound instructions of his father’s voice while at Richmond College from Dr. Cary and Professor Harris. Such instructions may be said to be indispen­ sable to a thorough dissection of Blackstone, Coke and other profound legal authorities, and fortunate indeed are those who, like young Mr. Biting, have received them previous to entering upon the practice of law.

Richmond College has two sons here trying to have themselves converted into physicians and surgeons—Messrs. S. B. Kello, Jr., and J. H. Booker. The senior editor of the Religious Herald, (Dr. J. B. Jeter,) delivered a scholarly address in the Eutaw Place Baptist Church, last Tuesday evening, on the life and character of the late Dr. Fuller. If any one of the im­ mense concourse of persons present came there with doubts as to the distinguished divine’s ability to successfully treat so difficult a subject, he had them soon completely dissip­ ated by the graphic illustrations, faithful portraits, and full, sense-punctuated periods of the Reverend Doctor’s discourse. Young men who have the privilege could not engage in anything more improving than a close and critical study of Dr. Jeter’s Addisonian style.

The Rev. Dr. Jeter’s speech was characteristic. The senior editor of the Religious Herald, (Dr. J. B. Jeter,) delivered a scholarly address in the Eutaw Place Baptist Church, last Tuesday evening, on the life and character of the late Dr. Fuller. If any one of the im­ mense concourse of persons present came there with doubts as to the distinguished divine’s ability to successfully treat so difficult a subject, he had them soon completely dissip­ ated by the graphic illustrations, faithful portraits, and full, sense-punctuated periods of the Reverend Doctor’s discourse. Young men who have the privilege could not engage in anything more improving than a close and critical study of Dr. Jeter’s Addisonian style.

J. W. T.
American Slang.

The richness and variety of American slang is remarked upon by almost all English travelers, who, however, might find at home in the language of high-born people departures from purity quite as frequent and as great as those prevalent with us, although perhaps not so gross; for it must be confessed that most of our slang is coarse and offensive, at least in form. But the most remarkable American peculiarity in regard to slang, or indeed in regard to any new fangle in language, is the quickness with which it is adopted and comes, if not into general use, into general knowledge. This readiness of adaptability to slang may, however, be attributed almost entirely to the reporters and correspondents and “makers-up” of our newspapers, who catch eagerly at anything new in phraseology as well as in fact, to give a temporary interest to their ephemeral writing. Here, for example, is the word “bulldoze,” the occasion of some remarks. A man who went on a journey to South America or to Europe four months ago would have departed in the depths of deplorable ignorance of the very existence of this lovely word, but returning here would find it in full possession of the newspapers—appearing in correspondence, in reports, in leading articles and even in leading headings. Although to the manner born, he would be puzzled at the phraseology of the very newspaper which mingled itself with his earliest recollections and with his breakfast; for there he would find the new word in all possible forms and under all possible modifications: bulldoz, bulldozing, bulldozers, the present participle, bulldozed, the past participle, and even, to the horror of the author of “Words and their Uses,” and in spite of him, being bulldozed, “the continuing participle of the passive voice.” Such a phenomenon in language is peculiar to this country and to its busy, bustling life. With it, busy, bustling, fine buildings and lofty monuments; railroads, and a commodious harbor, tend to make it a place both for sight-seeing and commerce.

The Park, (Druid Hill), situated in a north-westerly direction from the city, is one of the finest of its kind. For natural scenery it can hardly be excelled in the world. With its beautiful woods and fields and drives, it affords Baltimorians some of the luxuries of fresh country. Here is located the operating field of the Maryland fish commission. The hatching houses, ponds, etc., all present glimpses of piscatory life, from the ovum to fullest development. But there are too many beauties—to appreciate which you must see—which invite you to stop.

Your paper is always received with pleasure, and I hope that it may continue to have wide patronage, and abound in the thoughts of the wise and good.

We have here ex-students Miller, Buracker, Kello, Adair, Tucker, Carter and some others. I will try to get their subscriptions.

Vale.

C. CARROLL B., JR.

A Model Advertisement.

A recent journal—not of the regular school—contains a long advertisement of a celebrated practitioner, from which the following extract is taken:

Have yeas pains in yer bones, or a botherin' ach? In yer jins after dancin' a jig at a wake? Have yeas caught a black eye from some thunderin' whack? Have yeas variebles twist in the spine av yer back? When yer walkin' the streets are yeys likely to fall? Don't whisky sit well on yer stomach? What's yer dobbin' to yer ma, how much is yer heart to yer? Sure it's botherin' nonsense to sit down and waep, when a bit av yer powde'r'll put yeys to sleep; Squate yer sympomtoes, me darlings, and minver yeys doubt what's av Screw. Come, thin, ye poor crythirs, and don't yeys be scart! Have yeys batin' and timberin' thumps at the hart? Wid oxidation and seduction, Wid asepsis and reeducation, Wid asepsis and reeducation, Wid incision and extrication, Wid emaciation and anaesthesia, Wid precipitation and haptination, Wid praecipitation and avaporation, Wid hancyisation and nart scurrat. Wid black arrruption and phytutrition, Wid great Žactitation and contraception, Wid square titilation and could perspiration? Be me sow! But I'll bring all yer woes to complation, Unless yer in love - then ye're past all salivation.

Greenville.

An East Tennessee brother at Greenville, to whom the Religious Herald suggested that compliments would avail nothing with his professors at the examinations, thinks the Herald is exactly right, and has now come to work in earnest and bids fair to do well. But recently, after laboring hard and long for an examination, and growing weary, worn and sad, he concluded the lamp of intellect was becoming dim and needed replenishment; whereupon he took a big dose of kerosene, which oiled-up his energies so that he spent a sleepless night.

Ne plus ultra.

Personal.

The English language of high-born people departures from purity quite as frequent and as great as those prevalent with us, although perhaps not so gross; for it must be confessed that most of our slang is coarse and offensive, at least in form. But the most remarkable American peculiarity in regard to slang, or indeed in regard to any new fangle in language, is the quickness with which it is adopted and comes, if not into general use, into general knowledge. This readiness of adaptability to slang may, however, be attributed almost entirely to the reporters and correspondents and “makers-up” of our newspapers, who catch eagerly at anything new in phraseology as well as in fact, to give a temporary interest to their ephemeral writing. Here, for example, is the word “bulldoze,” the occasion of some remarks. A man who went on a journey to South America or to Europe four months ago would have departed in the depths of deplorable ignorance of the very existence of this lovely word, but returning here would find it in full possession of the newspapers—appearing in correspondence, in reports, in leading articles and even in leading headings. Although to the manner born, he would be puzzled at the phraseology of the very newspaper which mingled itself with his earliest recollections and with his breakfast; for there he would find the new word in all possible forms and under all possible modifications: bulldoz, bulldozing, bulldozers, the present participle, bulldozed, the past participle, and even, to the horror of the author of “Words and their Uses,” and in spite of him, being bulldozed, “the continuing participle of the passive voice.” Such a phenomenon in language is peculiar to this country and to its busy, bustling life. With it, busy, bustling, fine buildings and lofty monuments; railroads, and a commodious harbor, tend to make it a place both for sight-seeing and commerce.

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C. CARROLL B., JR.
MONTHLY MUSINGS.
RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

EDITORS:
JOHN W. SNYDER, Richmond, Va., Senior Editor.
G. W. RIGGAN, Isle of Wight Co., Va., Local Editor.
J. WM. BOYD, Botetourt Co., Va., Associate Editor.
HUGH C. SMITH, Petersburg, Va., Business Editor.

Communications solicited from the students and friends of the College. No anonymous articles will be inserted.

For Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

Business communications should be addressed to
HUGH C. SMITH, Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

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About Politics.

We in no wise propose to make the MONTHLY MUSINGS the advocate of the measures and doctrines of any political party. To do so, we consider, is to prove false to the trust placed in us, since we have no more right to make this paper of a political party than the paper of a religious sect. If we should consider ourselves privileged to defend the cause of Republicanism on the supposition that few of our subscribers were Democrats, we should be warranted to advocate Methodist doctrine if we learnt the majority of our readers were of that denomination.

A non-sectarian, non-political paper has nothing to do with sects or parties, be the views of its readers as they may. And whilst we hold the reins of limited power, the editorial columns of the MONTHLY MUSINGS shall know no sect nor party. We are not responsible for the sayings of our contributors, and if the "lyre" of our local gets us in further trouble, we shall cut loose from even him.

But whilst recognizing all this, we find no reason why the theme of the day should not offer us a text for "editorial philosophizing." For whilst we must banish the whole subject rather than permit party zeal to grow warm in its discussion, a still wiser course is to honestly and earnestly seek in the clash of parties and opinions lessons of profit. So in our "political philosophizings" we wish to be thus free from political bias, that no man shall know if we be Democrat or Republican—for Hayes or for Tilden; but we do trust to be thought a seeker after truth.

It is our present aim to advocate the holding of moderate, liberal—generous, if you will—political opinions. The doctrine seems right upon general principles; it appears wise in the light of the stirring events of our present political history. Now, one of moderate and liberal political views can sincerely believe and advocate great cardinal political doctrines; but he thinks for himself; is open to conviction; recognizes no difference between a gentleman who is a Republican and a gentleman who is a Democrat; is more ready to denounce the wrongs committed by his party than unjust measures of the opposition, since he is more responsible for his own party’s work; and, moreover, is one who, if placed upon an investigating committee, would not be blinded by prejudice to the truth nor bound by party ties to conceal the truth. It is absurd to say such a one cannot sincerely and firmly hold to cardinal political doctrines; indeed, he is the only one who can sincerely believe in them, since he alone has examined calmly the ground, and has reasons for the faith within him. He may not be, in the ordinary use of the word, a strictly good party-man, but he is strictly the best man of his party, and in the end the best man for his party, since his influence ever tends to keep that party right.

And first we argue—and here we are appealing to the pride of students—that to be free from prejudice, be it of political, religious or other nature, is the mark of the true and highest education. True culture, that which expands mind and heart, is as bitter an enemy to bigotry as to ignorance; in fact, bigotry and ignorance are an order of Siamese twins, to foster one is to strengthen the other. Scholars slay both—that is, they kill one and the other dies. There are bitter political ranters boasting education, but educated to look only upon one side, or educated to do what pays the best. It was different with Socrates and Burke.

And again, one of liberal political views is the only one occupying a defensible position. A. and B. differ in politics. Now B. is either sincere or not in his course. If insincere or guided by a selfish and unpatriotic spirit, he is unworthy indeed of A.'s respect. But for A. to doubt B.'s sincerity merely because B. differs from A., would be absurd and wicked. It would be absurd to hold that two men cannot honestly differ in politics, since men honestly differ concerning all matters, and the late election shows that they differ more generally and easily regarding politics than anything else; and it would be wicked, since it is opposed to Scripture, law and all sense of justice, to believe evil of one’s neighbor without clear proof. Now, if A. does believe B. sincere, it still more certainly follows that he should respect B. as occupying the same ground as himself; both are declaring the views they believe right. For A., therefore, to condemn B. is to convict himself.

And finally, we should honor men of liberal and moderate political beliefs, since ever, and especially to-day, our country needs them. They are her prop and her salvation. The nation looks to them for peace and justice. Hot-minded political partisans are dangerous ornaments in a Republic; the strong hand of monarchy may curb them, but to our land their leadership can but bring evil, and that continually. They are brilliant, but they are fire-brands. It is to moderate-minded men to-day our nation looks, and desires them to form our investigating committees, although, as usual, the politicians have quite successfully strangled the will of the people. What a farce it would seem in a court of justice to have the jury formed of six men celebrated for their love of the prisoner, and six distinguished for their hatred of him. Yet our Republican patriots send nought save good Republicans to Louisiana, and our Democratic statesmen do likewise, and the representatives of both parties prove true to the trust reposed in them, and we have a hung jury. Hung in the worst manner! They hear the same evidence and examine the same witnesses, and an innocent man might suppose an unanimous verdict. Far from it! The six Republicans are solid in their "report," the six Democrats are a unit in theirs. If it had stood ten to two, the nation would have shouted for joy and trusted in its politicians; nine to three, would have given quite general satisfaction; eight to four or seven to five, would have furnished food for hope; but it is this eternal deadlock of six to six that is causing our country to lose faith in good party-men. If here were twelve unbiased men, without prejudices to be removed, anxious to learn the whole truth, willing to give their voice to the side that boasted the least of preponderating evidence, remembering no party but only their oaths of office, fearless of consequences, if we repeat, these men were of this order of Knighthood, we cannot understand how in the face of the same evidence no Republican discovered intimidation except that exercised by white leaguers against Republicans, if no Democrat found bulldozing except that committed by colored Republicans against colored Democrats, and we cannot understand how all the Democrats declared that Returning Board a nest of vipers, whilst every Republican recognized them as a band of angels imperfectly disguised by folding their wings under their vests. The hour has indeed produced one hero, and blushed that there is only one. General Barlow was a Republican giving a decision in favor of the Democrats. Thereby reflecting honor upon the party whose rights he defended, and no less upon the party who produced him. Our nation needs liberal and fair men, that Republican outrages may be denounced by Republicans, and Democratic
crimes exposed by Democrats. If, as Republicans charge, white officers bulldoze the colored men of Louisiana, a standing army cannot suppress the evil; but the voice of the Democratic press can. If, as Democrats charge, that Returning Board is a band of corrupt men, a score of Democratic lawyers cannot check the injustice; but one word from the Republicans would consign them to shameful oblivion.

But we must stop. We have much more to say; we are very abrupt, but pause we shall.

Chemistry in “75-76.”

There are epochs in history; there are revivals in learning and art; there are Elizabethan periods; and why, oh why, should we not occasionally have a remarkably interesting class in chemistry? No reason, in the world. And so we have them. Rarely, of course, since like Centennials, in would spoil their peculiar effect to have them every year.

To enter deeper into the subject and determine what Destiny makes these epochs, is not our purpose; suffice to know that “75-76” was the year Fortune selected to make an epoch in the history of chemistry at Richmond College. And she “marked that epoch” by bringing together in her own mysterious way a class of remarkably bright boys who had a remarkably happy time. Now we do not rest our assertion of the brilliancy of that class entirely upon the fact that at the opening of the session our worthy Professor told us that certainly we were a most promising band of young philosophers, and excellent material to make a good class, because just here, a fellow who pitched the year before was taking it all over again, and therefore supposed to know some of the ropes, whispered to us that the Professor told that to every class. How our self-esteem fell at the intelligence! We could only console ourselves with the thought that that fellow having been pitched, was not apt to fairly present the matter. But we hinted we had another reason for believing that class bright; it was because the unanimous voice of the class itself declared it.

Our course of study was marked out; chemistry in particular, Philology, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Logic, and Oratory for side-dishes. At first we were to step lightly, then “the reins should be tightened on us.” We noticed that we seemed to enjoy best the “light-step,” and that under the tight-reign discipline certain young scientist went under. Let not, however, this reflect upon the brightness of the class; it might have happened to the brightest class. “It is just a way it has.”

We found here, in good working order, the excellent yet novel practice of making every man stand bravely on his feet when reciting. “The following gentlemen was to the board.”—wait, I mean after the roll was called,—and there they had to give reasons for the faith within them. Not merely were philosophers and scientists bred, but orators first discovered their natural powers, as standing behind that famous table they in earnest manner explained the mysterious working of the air-pump, or glibly rattled off the ten and ones of the nomenclature, or deftly traced a particle of air on its “trip around the world in eighty days,” or told just what different results would arise from sticking a thermometer in respective horse-buckets of sand and water. (The sand and water not to be mixed, although the student was often mixed in describing it.)

Of course even amidst such brilliancy, certain men shows transcendentally great. Especially was there one, unquestionably the largest man in the class,—there was “four-acres” of him,—whose appearance upon the arena of scientific contention was always hailed with universal joy. Original explanations of famous mysteries and new solutions of old problems were always expected from him, and rarely did he disappoint. With the step of a conquerer, the non-ecistance of a gallant, and the calm possession of a savant, he took his position at the bar, and held it, too, until the Professor told him he might take his seat, which he accomplished invariably amid a storm of applause. With pride we watched this new star of the Scientific World appear upon the horizon, with enthusiasm we marked his onward course toward the highest point of the jewel-bedecked heavens, until when in the zenith of his fame, “in the full melodian of his glory,” in the very wantonness of his powers, he essayed so profound a view upon electricity, and so sharply explained the differences between the positive and negative fluids that with one voice the class of “75-76” crowned him the hero of the day. Soon after he left. Upon his departing, we had only one very large man left—a daring one he was. Our Professor had carefully explained just the difference between cane sugar and grape sugar. It was a scientific explanation, which Mr. A. seems not fully to have absorbed.

Professor— Can you tell me how many kinds of sugar there are? Mr. A.— “Yes, sir.”

Professor— (Greatly encouraged at this evidence of marked advancement) — “How many, sir?”

Mr. A.— “Two.”

Professor— (Scarcely able to conceal his exultation at this further proof of solid learning upon his pupil’s part)— “That is right, sir, perfectly right. What are these two kinds of sugar?”

Mr. A.— “White and brown.”

Professor— “Your may take your seat.”

But our pen rushes madly on as we live over these days of joys and studies and experiments. We fear we are growing poetical, but we almost sigh to think that class shall no more assemble. The roll was called for the last time, and never again will those earnest faces note that that S. H. produced no effect upon ferious sulphate, but that the sulphate Ammonium gives a black, and no more will the humorous joke or the ridiculous blunder cause a ripple of merriment to pass down the line. The boys are scattered. Some are upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish glibbly rattled off the decent typographical error fails to move him, upon farms, seeking to put their knowledge to practical use in rejuvenating worn out and sterile soils; some are standing upon the stump before the great unwashed and advocating, we hope, the benefits of soap—benefits so great that our Professor declared this a theme worthy to present before Sunday and a new printer is sought. We have just called their roll of students and furnish
We clip the following arguments in favor of adopting a uniform cap in colleges from The Campus (Allegheny College):

"1st. It would rouse a college feeling, which would promote a healthy emulation. There is something about a body of students, all working to the same purpose, with intimacies and sympathies closer than can be found among any other class of people, which gives use to a strong esprit de corps, and why not have some practical way of expressing it?"

"2nd. It would serve as a mark of distinction. As it is now one class cannot be distinguished from another, nor a student from a citizen. 3rd. It would be a novelty which, for a time at least, would break up the monotonity that now prevails.

4th. Caps would be cheaper than hats, and would not get out of style; and one student would have as good a headgear as another; besides, a cap of the Oxford pattern has the reputation of being becoming to any one."

"To which might be added: that if the students had some distinguishing feature, each one would feel a greater responsibility resting upon himself to sustain the reputation of his fellow-students; since he would know that he would at once be recognized should he be guilty of misbehavior."

"And a uniform cap would do away with the many old-fashioned and unbecoming country hats which characterize a body of students and look very old, especially in a city."

"It would also prescribe a neat and cheap head gear to those who have not taste enough to make a judicious choice for themselves."

"We hope that other college papers will see fit to discuss this matter, and give us the benefit of their views."

CAP-IT.

So many of the students had left for home that there was not a quorum of either Society on Friday night before Christmas. So the remaining members of both Societies met in the Greek Lecture Room. "The Local" was called to the chair, and a programme for the night was agreed upon. The boys were first regaled with declamations of different kinds, every way from "The boy stood on the burning deck," to "Sink or swim." After the declamations, came reading, in which was a decided improvement on the first length, and then the meeting adjourned, with the boys fully determined, until some better way of spending the Christmas should be discovered, not to give up old-fashioned customs.

One of the students became so dissatisfied with his present sleeping accommodations that he resolved to obtain a feather bed from home at Christmas. He returned a few days ago highly elated, bringing his feather bed in his valise. He is happy now, or would be if he was not obliged to stow it away in his valise every day to keep it from being misplaced.

At the second regular meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society in January, the following officers were elected:


Monthly Orator, H. C. Cabell, Richmond, Va.

At the regular meeting of the Philological Society, (January 5th,) the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

W. F. Harris, President.
F. P. Roberston, Vice-President.
G. W. Cone, Rec. Sec.
J. B. Washington, Cor. Sec.
H. H. George, Treasurer.
C. E. Barglebaugh, Librarian.
W. T. Hutchins, Critic.
W. T. Hudgins, Censor.
P. W. Satterwhite, Chaplain.
W. L. Burgess, Sergeant-at-Arms.
Rolfe Glover, Monthly Orator.

A student who resides in Cottage "A" was the recipient, not long since, of a most threatening epistle from certain fair maidens who attend a certain school in this city. His quietude of mind has been considerably disturbed ever since, and he has frequently been seen to cast weary and fearful glances behind him as he passed through the campus. In behalf of this young gentleman we do beseech and implore the above-mentioned young ladies that they will not carry into execution the threats against him; for we know him to be of a most jealous disposition, and in possession of the only remaining chair in the room, is, of course, compelled, by politeness, to offer it to these young ladies. Deprived now of a seat, he retires to the top of a large trunk. Seated here, his face all aglow with blushes, he becomes a fair mark for the criticisms of his young lady friends. They say he looked most strikingly like "Patience sitting on a monument." But we forbear and drop the curtain over this horrifying scene.

Resolved, That I will never more quaff the intoxicating bowl. Such was the resolution of a hopeful student for the New Year. A few nights ago he returned from the city, wandered about the hall looking for his bed, and then, after finding his room, vainly attempted, for a few moments, to wind up his watch with a lamp-chimney. He says he was all on account of this James river water which they have in the city. He is conscious of having taken some in connection with some other fluids, but he is not able to estimate its effect. He intends to sue for damages.

As Mr. J. entered the dining hall one morning during the extreme cold, he exclaimed: "By George, it’s cold enough to freeze the tail off a monkey!"

"Yes," replied Mr. S. "I perceive you have lost yours."

WHEREAS, We have heard, with unfeigned sorrow, of the death of our friend and former associate, Lewis W. Perrins, therefore be it
described, 1. That in his death we lose one of our most honored members, a true friend, a pious and devoted Christian, and one, by his gentle and affectionate disposition, won and retained the love and esteem of all those with whom he came in contact.

2. That while we deeply lament his death, yet we meekly bow to the mysterious dispensation of our Sovereign Ruler who ordereth all things wisely and well.

3. That we tender to the bereaved relations and friends our sincere sympathy in their sore distress, and commend them to our Heavenly Father, who, by the infinite tenderness of His love, can heal all our wounds.

Done by order of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, R. H. Pitt, Committee, J. A. Leslie, M. B. Curry.

One of our most worthy young men was lately on a visit to a certain Female School in this city. While he was quietly conversing with a friend, the supper-bell rang. He was, of course, invited down to supper, but being of a bashful disposition and fearing to confront so many young ladies at once, he declined the invitation. However, his friend determined he should not miss his supper, so sent it up to him. But whilst he was quietly, and in apparent security, enjoying his supper, the door quietly opens, in walk one by one the young ladies of the school. Up starts our hero; down drop knife and fork; rosy blushes mount unbidden to his cheeks. But severe and terrible as was the ordeal of introduction, he managed to get through with it. As soon, however, as it was over, he retreated to the furthest corner of the room. But scarcely had he gotten himself comfortably fixed and prepared for the assaults of his fair ones, with blushes, he became a fair mark for the criticisms of his young lady friends. They say he looked most strikingly like "Patience sitting on a monument." But we forbear and drop the curtain over this horrifying scene.

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At the last accounts the Siamese twins of the second floor were sick, in the same bed, taking the same medicine out of the same spoon. There’s nothing like affection.
Monthly Musings.

Professor, (to convalescent student) — "Ah! Mr. M., I am glad to see you out again." 

Convalescent student — "At one time during my sickness I thought I was going to die."

Professor — "I am very glad you had such a consoling sign."

(Appause, grins, etc.)

Young lady (promenading with her beau, meets a small boy leading little three-year-old sister) — "Oh, what a sweet baby; wont you give me a kiss?"

Little boy — "No, I can't."

Young lady — "Oh, yes, please do; why can't you?"

Little boy — "No, I shan't; she would 'tare to death; your dress opens behind."
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