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## Monthly Musings, Vol. 2, No. 4

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# Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. II. }  
NO. 4. }

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY, 1877.

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## The Muse.

### New Years Above.

[WRITTEN FOR MONTHLY MUSINGS.]

Angels are hanging lamps of gold  
In the blue ethereal sky,  
To light the eyes of weary ones,  
And turn their thoughts on high.

Their brightness sparkles back again,  
From every crest of snow;  
The moon her weird and waxen face  
Upon the earth crops low.

Perhaps its New Year's Night in Heaven,  
They have lighted up so bright;  
They hardly can keep the secret  
Of their happiness to-night.

The golden streets are lighted  
Up and down with silver ray;  
Stars are only angel's foot-lights,  
Pointing up poor ones the way.

Through the clouds fair hands are waving,  
Calling us to them above;  
Telling us there's something better,  
Something more than earthly love.

Those dear faces shining o'er us,  
Left us when the year was old—  
Left us only for the New Year,  
In a fairer, brighter world.

Kensington, Conn.

"LILLIAN VIRBA."

## Literary.

### The Rewards of the Teacher.

It has been said that teachers and preachers are more poorly paid than any other professional men. A little reflection will convince the most superficial thinker that the statement is true—if the pay is reckoned in dollars and cents—for the struggles and trials of both teachers and preachers are well-known, and not a few of us have verified the truth of the remark in our own experience. Rich men are found in every other profession, but a rich teacher is rarely ever heard of; and a minister who has acquired wealth, may fairly be presumed to have done so by some means other than preaching.

The rewards of the earnest and devoted minister are not of this world. No one ever enters the ministry with the expectation of gaining the advantages of wealth or position. The rewards which he looks for are not bestowed until his life-work is ended, and he is called upon to give an account of his stew-

ardship. 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 experience 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 the hand of man, so by man they can neither be withheld nor taken away.

The true teacher finds a rich reward in the opportunity which is afforded him of self-improvement. Every faculty of his mind is constantly exercised, and he finds that, with practice, comes facility, so that subjects which have been as hidden mysteries to him, unfold themselves every day in all their beauty, and he feels all the enthusiasm of a discoverer. The constant review is an invaluable exercise for his mind. 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, give his daily duties a freshness and an interest which never flag. 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 tested 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 for ever. 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 <sup>strife</sup>,  
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 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 harvests—some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold.

BOURDON.

## English History Made Easy.

The Roman in England once bore sway;  
The Saxon after them then led the way,  
Who tugged with the Danes until an overthrow  
They both got by the Norman long bow.  
William the Conqueror long did reign;  
But Billy, his son, by an arrow was slain.  
There was Henry the First, a scholar bright;  
But Steven was forced for his crown to fight.  
The Second Harry, Plantagenet name did bear,  
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir.  
Magna Charta was wrested from King John,  
Which Henry the Third put his seal upon.  
Edward the First was a hero bold;  
But the Second by rebels was bought and sold.  
Neddy Third was his subjects' pride;  
But quarrelsome Dicky was popped aside,  
By Harry the Fourth, a sociable wight,  
Whose son, Harry the Fifth, in France did fight.  
Harry the Sixth like a chicken did pout,  
When his cousin Ned kicked him out.  
Little Neddy the Fifth was smothered in bed  
By his dark uncle Dick, who was knocked on the head.  
Harry the Seventh in frame grew big,  
And Harry the Eighth was fat as a pig.  
With Edward the Sixth we had prosperous days;  
But Mary made fire and fagot blaze.  
Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame;  
And shuffling Janie from Scotland came.  
Charles the First was a martyr made,  
But Charley the Second was a comical blade.  
James the Second when hotly spurred,  
Ran away, do you see, from Billy the Third.  
Queen Ann was victorious by land and by sea;  
Then on George the First the people did agree.  
George the Second had trouble and fear,  
Before he got rid of the young Cavalier.  
George the Third did not very much shine;  
But George the Fourth was a gentleman fine.  
Sailor Billy next did succeed;  
Now the old girl, Victoria, reigns in his stead.

## OUR BALTIMORE LETTERS.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 18th, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—The lovely days of Autumn, with their genial breezes and gold painting sunshine, have at last passed away, and now cold, bleak, dreary Winter, the annual offspring of the North Pole and its congenial appendages, is reigning triumphantly in the "Monumental City." Surf-bathing, linen clothing and straw hats have all gone into "Winter-quarters," and no one hereabouts manifests any disposition, at present, to have them summoned from their hibernating seclusion before the opening of the "Spring Campaign."

Baltimore is to-day enshrouded in a mantle of white. The different parts of her huge and constantly enlarging form, almost wholly unlike in appearance, have to-day been made alike, to the eye of the observer, by that emblem of purity—the snow.

To the coal merchant with his large bank account and palatial residence, a snow-storm doubtless brings an antidote for the melancholly which weeks of "dull business" have produced in his bosom—it may probably cause his heart to bound and rebound with joy in anticipation of future accumulations; but to the poor, frail, beggar-woman, such as I met on the street to-day, who is without fuel, food and comfortable clothing, it brings nothing but want, distress and misery. It may not be amiss to observe here, in view of the large number of beggars to be seen in this partially Northernized-Southern city, that in spite of the so-called moral influences of the North, fully nine-tenths of the beggars of the United States are either in or have migrated from her territory.

Politics have made such a complete monopoly of news in our land for the past one and a half months, that the task seems almost

helpless, Mr. Editor, of furnishing anything for the columns of the MUSINGS from this point which will be of interest to its cultivated and Conservative readers. But as I unwaveringly believe that "nothing succeeds like success," and that success is only attained by exercised effort, therefore I feel no hesitancy in running my quill into the great heap of political rubbish which is lying around me and flirting out for your readers' delectation or non-delectation, the few staid items which are hidden there.

The city of Baltimore contains a population of 325,000, and has many points of interest to admirers of the useful and the beautiful; chief among which are her numerous squares and parks; her magnificent marble City Hall—costing \$2,271,135.64, and yet said to be the cheapest building in the world; the Washington and Battle Monuments, (the former built of brick, granite and marble,) is centrally located and rises perpendicularly to a height of 180 feet, on the apex of which is a colossal marble statue of the "Father of his Country." 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 Patapsco covered with steamers and sailing-vessels, the Chesapeake Bay, and scores of attractive, inviting country homes are from here plainly visible to the unaided 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 southside of the city, and commemorates the names and valorous deeds of the American soldiers who fell at 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. Bitting, who for several years acceptably 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 Baltimoreans as he formerly had and still has in the bosoms of his thousands of acquaintances in Richmond and other portions of Virginia, which is saying a great deal. Those who are accustomed to listen to his strikingly original, pure gospel-breathing and impressively delivered sermons, 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 assembly.

Mr. C. C. Bitting, 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 in Philosophy which he received at Richmond College from Dr. Curry and Professor Harris. Such instructions may be said to be indispensable to a thorough dissection of Blackstone, Coke and other profound legal authorities, and fortunate indeed are those who, like young Mr. Bitting, 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 immense 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 dissipated by the graphic illustrations, faithful portrayals and full, sense-packed 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.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 19th, 1876.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Perusing your December issue, I see for translation T. T. E.'s Latin. As I, filled with patriotic rather than classic emotions on my last examination day at your College, gave in that same sentence to your honored Professor, "risking" a diploma thereon, you, of course, will excuse me from a translation. If, however, any of your readers, after "Who rawing for red, white and blew," desire to try their skill at another, it would afford me great pleasure in giving it. I rather think, so far as "College Rats" are concerned, it has a sentiment of wider range than even T. T. E.'s; for it may apply—and perhaps ought to have then had its application for me—to Centennials or anything else. A special soothing it gives where a prospective union is concerned, after the union as well, provided unhappy. Briefly stated it is this: "*Gallus trux ego et nunquam animus.*" I would respectfully suggest that you adopt it in the case of delinquent subscribers.

We had the pleasure of hearing from our honored friend Rev. Dr. Jeter, in the Memorial services held at Eutaw Place Church. Dr. Jeter's speech was characteristic. \*

I suppose you would like to hear about our city, especially in so far as associated with

schools and institutions of learning generally.

Public schools are numerous—not so much so as not to be productive of good. The teachers generally are all that could be desired—combining the good and endeavoring to dispel the evils of the system. They are numerous attended, and patronized largely by the better class.

Perhaps one reason why the teachers are so easily supplied is that there is an institution of the State called the State Normal School—adapted purposely for training future teachers. This building is a beautiful structure; fronting La Fayette Square; of red brick and architecture Composite. It has numerous towers. In this building there is also a Kindergarten School; so that you see they shoot the “young ideas” from the germ.

The Johns Hopkins University, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Maryland University, Dental College,—considered the finest in the world,—and numerous other institutions of the kind, deserve better mention than I can give in my restricted space. I will send descriptions of them severally from time to time.

The city of Baltimore, generally, is very beautiful. Numerous squares, with beautiful flower-beds and fountains, interspersing it; 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. With its lakes, woods, 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.

Altogether, the city is one which, for historic association, aesthetic and practical tastes, can afford much room for enjoyment. But I must 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.

### 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 our 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 sensation head-lines, and even in leading articles. 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: *bulldoze*, the noun, *to bulldoze*, the verb, *bulldozing*, 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. But notwithstanding the fears of the purists and the philologers it does not threaten the English language here, nor is it at all likely to affect it permanently even by the addition of one phrase or word. For our use of slang of this kind is the most fleeting of temporary fashions. Such slang passes rapidly into use and into general recognition, and passes as quickly out again. *BARTLETT'S Dictionary of Americanisms* is full of words of that kind—“locofoco,” for example—which lived their short lives, and then passed not only out of use, but out of memory. Whilst they are in vogue, however, they deform our speech, and they tend to increase our habits of looseness in language; and they bring reproach upon us such as that with an illusion to which we began this item. For our reputation's sake we should stop this; it subjects us with some reason to ridicule. But we shall not stop, because the men who could stop—the editors—will not do so. Very few newspapers in the country—only two or three—are really edited as to the language used in them; and so the slang of this sort, it is regarded as something pleasant to the ears of the average reader, who is supposed to think it funny.—*The Galaxy for January.*

### Personals.

Arthur von Pusch, who was with us a portion of last year, is living with his mother and sister in Eastman, Dodge county, Ga. He is tilling the soil. He would be glad to hear from any of his friends.

Rowland Acree was in the city this week, and thought it too much out of his way to come to College. He was looking well, and we wish him well if he could not condescend to visit us.

J. William Hughes, “having tarried at Jericho until his beard grew,” is now teaching school at ———, Loudoun county. Can't you give us some of your poetical effusions?

Professors Joe Turner and C. H. Cocke, of Hollin's Institute, former students of this College, visited us—or rather the princess—recently.

Thomas Thronhill, B. L., passed through and gave us a fraternal grip. We are glad to know that he is succeeding well in his profession.

R. B. Lee has returned from Macon, Ga., with his wife, and is stopping at Ford's. He has become a partner in the firm of Josiah Ryland & Co.,—having purchased Mr. Starke's interest and goodwill. We wish the firm much success.

Will. Burnley was forced to come to Richmond last month to see his sweetheart. He reports all well along the lines in Culpeper. He is farming.

C. P. Scott “has been enjoying a delightful Christmas.” His people are so much in love with him, that they have given him a “fine overcoat” and other valuable gifts. Ought not such a happy man to take the MUSINGS?

A. M. Harris and Mac Hiter were with us this week. Both are well. A. M. came on a “calico” errand; and, judging from some purchases we saw him make, must have succeeded well. Old fellow, how do you like Mozis Addums' last?

### 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 yeez pains in yer bones, or a botherin' ache  
In yer jints after dancin' a jig at a wake?  
Have yeez caught a black eye from some thunderin'  
whack?  
Have yeez vartebraal twists in the spine av yer back?  
When yer walkin' the strates are yeez likely to fall?  
Don't whisky sit well on yer stomach at all?  
Sure it's botherin' nonsense to sit down and wape,  
When a bit av my powder 'ill put yeez to slape;  
Shtate yer symptoms, me darlins, and niver yeez doubt  
But as sure as a gun I can shtraiten yeez out.  
Come, thin, ye poor craythurs, and don't yeez be scairt!  
Have yeez batin' and lumberin' thumps at the hairt?  
Wid ossification and acceleration,  
Wid attenuation and regurgitation,  
Wid emaciation and axascerbation,  
Wid praecipitation and hapitization,  
Wid praoccupatation and avaporation,  
Wid hallycination and acrid sacration,  
Wid black arruption and putrifcation,  
Wid great jactitation and conagulation,  
Wid square titilation and could perspiration?  
Be me sowl! But I'll bring all yer woes to complation,  
Unless yer in love—then ye're past all salvation.

### 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 gone 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 replenishing; whereupon he took a big dose of kerosene, which oiled-up his energies so that he spent a sleepless night.

*Ne plus ultra.*

## 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.

Vol. II. JANUARY, 1877. No. 4.

## 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 the 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 doc-

trines; 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 truest 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 rangers 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-headed 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 dead-lock 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 leaguers 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 Elizabethian 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 happytime. 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-rein 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 *went 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 *ics* and *ouses* 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 transcendently 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-chalance* of a gallant, and the calm possession of a savant, he took his position at the board, 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 meridian 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-dar-ing one he was. Our Professor had carefully explained just the difference between cane suger and grape suger. 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—(Scarce able to conceal his exultation at this further proof of solid learning upon his pupil's part)—"That is right, sir, per-

fectly 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 ferrous 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-Schools; and some, perchance, may one day call *their* roll of students and furnish craving minds the intellectual food afforded their's. Whilst *all*, we trust, will remember the philosophic injunction, "not to eat too much."

To the chemistry of "'75-'76" a long farewell. It was indeed fitting that that class should have been the Centennial class. Peace to its ashes. But as soon as we said "ash," those poetic lines came to mind, and we found ourselves humming "Potash, Soda, Lime, Magnesia, &c.," but we *must* bid chemistry farewell.

A good editor rarely gets mad. Even a decent typographical error fails to move him; and in the depth of his great soul he forgives the wicked printer. But there *are* times when patience seems sinful, and Cæsar-like, gathering up his foot, he cries, "Et tu, you brute," and a new printer is sought. We have just said "there are times, &c.;" well, in our last issue there were just about twenty such times, although it was all owing to one Brutus. We grieve that so it was, grieve generously for our contributors, grieve selfishly for ourselves. One of these contributors, a talented, noble young man, approached us with tears streaming down his face, and, said he, "I shall contribute just one more article to the MONTHLY MUSINGS. I want it butchered as perfectly and as scientifically as was my last, then I shall seek a nice, quiet spot and lay down and die." We are awaiting his contribution, and our printer stands ready to fulfill his part of the contract.

But seriously we shall aim to do better. We see room for improvement—about twelve square miles of it. In our last issue we wanted to make a point. So we wrote that the besetting sin of a man was not necessarily the sin he commits, but the sin he is *prone* to commit. Our printer wanted also to make a point; so he said that the besetting sin is not the sin one commits, but the one he is *proved* to commit. Happy thought! brilliant, if not clear! The only trouble was, that the printer in making his point kept us from making ours.

## Locals.

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 monotony 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 *head gear* 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, varying all the way from "The boy stood on the burning deck," to "Sink or swim." After the declamations, came reading, which was a decided improvement on the first part of the exercises. The question "Resolved, That Christmas, as it is usually spent, should be abolished," was discussed at great 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:

President, R. H. Pitt.  
Vice-President, J. A. Leslie.  
Censor, J. W. Fleet.  
Editor, A. G. McManaway.  
Rec. Sec., P. Y. Tupper.  
Cor. Sec., C. H. Chalkley.  
Chaplain, G. B. Moore.  
Treasurer, C. W. Coleman.  
Librarian, T. S. Wilbur.  
Critic, T. W. Haynes.  
Sergeant-at-Arms, J. M. Price.

Final Orators, { J. W. Boyd, Botetourt Co.,  
M. B. Curry, Richmond, Va.  
Monthly Orator, H. C. Cabell, Richmond, Va.

At the regular meeting of the Philologian 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. Banglebaugh, Librarian.  
W. T. Hutchins, Critic.  
W. T. Hudgins, Censor.  
F. 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 their dire threats against him; for we know him to be of a most jealous disposition, and he is, we doubt not, ready and willing to make all due reparation for the offence charged against him. We would publish the charges preferred against our fellow-student, did we, too, not fear the wrath of these fierce maidens.

"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 it 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 had no idea of 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. PERKINS, therefore be it

*Resolved*, 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 beseigers, when the door again opens and in walk two more young ladies. Our hero being 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 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.

If you go to SPENCES'—1300—you will be bound to buy, for where will you find a more complete stock of fine and fashionable gents' furnishing goods than there? To name them would make you remember how many things you need. As to clothing, there is no end to it, and you will find style, good quality, cheap prices, and honest workmanship have combined to make this establishment as popular and prosperous as it is.

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.

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 up.”

Professor—“I am very glad you had such a consoling hope.” (Applause, grins, &c.)

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 this baby?”

Little boy—“No, I tant.”

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

Little boy—“No, I shant; she would 'tarve to death; your dress opens behind.”

RECEIVED FOR LIBRARY.—From Superintendent Public Printing: Virginia School Report; from Bureau of Education: Public Libraries in United States of America—their history, condition and management; also, Journals of the Senate and House of Representatives for 1875-'76. The Sanatorian (London.) Added by purchase: Life of Norman McLeod, (2 vols.); Life of John Todd, (2 vols.); Life and Letters of McCaulay, (2 vols.); Plato's Best Thoughts; The Paraclete, (John Parker).

Plans are maturing for the further enlargement of the Library. Donations are always in order and will be gratefully acknowledged.

R. H. PITT, Acting Librarian.

We are glad to be able to announce to our city friends and others that the Museum has been arranged, and is now thrown open to visitors.

We are also glad to say that to Mr. J. Howard Gore, formerly “Local Editor” of this paper, has been committed the arduous and responsible duty of exhibiting the curiosities. With his genial countenance and his affable manners, he will doubtless make a visit to the Museum doubly interesting. He has many curiosities to show you. He can show you the identical lamp that one of the foolish virgins had. He does not know which one it was, but he is going to investigate, and doubtless by the time the rain and snow are all gone, he will be able to give his visitors the fruits of his investigation. If any one reproves him for transgressing the limits of truth, he is prompt to say: “I can't tell—hem—the truth; I learned it on the MUSINGS' staff.” In which statement we must beg leave to differ with him. We have never but once lied—under a mistake,—and that was when our friend B. came around and asked us who put that article in about him.

THOROUGHNESS.—Thoroughness means the act of going through, or “thoroughness.” It is just the opposite of superficiality or mere surface work, which may be regarded as the bane of our American institutions and modes.

A friend informs me to-day of a neighbor who dug for a well. He found water at eight feet, and considered himself fortunate. The pump was erected, and all the fixtures attached. He had been a “lucky” man, said the neighbors. After drawing water a few times, the water gave out. What was the matter? It was found that a mere vein of water had been tapped. Beneath lay the clay bed with its impervious and compact mass. This had not been touched. Other men, near neighbors, had to dig sixty feet to get their wells. They, of course, were not so “lucky!” But they found an unfailing supply of good water.

Now the “lucky” man was your superficial man. He did not dig deep enough. At first he made a fine display. There were the water and the pump; what more was needed? Time answered the question.

But so it is in life; most men seem to be only surface diggers like the moles. They do not take the trouble to go down through the tough clay to the hard pan or gravel. They have not reached the sure foundation of first principles. The well of knowledge soon runs dry, and they repeat themselves, grow shallow, and like dry wells, nobody expects them to fill up again, especially in time of drouth. So they are marked down in the scale of public estimation sooner or later, about where they belong.

SCENE IN A DEBATING SOCIETY.—President—“We will take the eyes and noses on the previous question.” Member—“A word or two, Mr. President. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.” President—“Order, sir. We will take the eyes and nose first!”

As an instance of the very proper subjection in which the average American husband is held, it is noted that a lady was seen at the depot, yesterday, to open her travelling-bag and give her husband a cigar—he having expressed a desire to smoke.

Exchanges.

For short, spicy, rich and rare articles, none of our exchanges surpass Fuller & Co.'s Monthly.

The Institute Journal, published in interest of Institute at Henderson, Tenn., heeds the advice of its motto, and “Hews to the line, let the chips fall where they may.”

The Mississippi University Magazine is well-filled with common-sense articles—a very commendable feature. The Magazine is always a welcome visitor, which fills our sanctum with genial rays.

After an interim of some months the College Herald makes an appearance with a well-written “Plea for the Arts,” and “Man his own Monument.” The general “get-up” of the Herald is good and is worthy of imitation.

The Ohio University Review in its November number shows us the “Power of an Idea,” and throughout its pages it makes its ideas powerful. Its articles can be enjoyed by the entire world as well as by the Wooster students.

The students of Troy Conference Academy have indeed been gathering “golden sheaves”—if we may judge from their efforts in the Golden Sheaf. “Denominational Schools” and “Superfluous Knowledge” stands conspicuous among the golden collections.

The outward appearance of the Pittsburg, Pa., College Journal tempts one to look in, and well repaid is he for his trouble. Few papers are better conducted, and the students seem to understand the art of making a college paper interesting.

We have received The Pactolus and Band and Aesthetic Journal from Seminary Hill, Montpelier, Vt. We gladly add them to our exchange list. In mentioning our new acquaintances, we do not deem it necessary, as The Pactolus thinks, to “get down on our knees and adore them, although they have some very good things between their covers.” If the two papers were combined and their intellectual powers concentrated, would it not be better?

[Is not The Pactolus' “idol temple” within its own breast?]

A belated citizen, from whom a policeman was trying to rescue a lamp-post a few mornings ago, violently resisted the endeavor, exclaiming: “Lemme 'lone, I'm (hic) holding the fort.”

V Little girl, four years old, created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday-School class: “Our dog's dead. I bet the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk; he is cross to strangers.”

A man in Boston, in a hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mullage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck-up with his attentions.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERY BODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the best book for every body, that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—Golden Era.

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The prospectus for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated), by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of

“FOREIGN TRAVEL,”

we have “A Winter on the Nile,” by GEN. MCCLELLAN; “Saunterings About Constantinople,” by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER; “Out of My Window at Moscow,” by EUGENE SCHUYLER; “An American in Turkistan,” etc. Three serial stories are announced:

“NICHOLAS MINTURN,”

By Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor.

Another serial, “His Inheritance,” by Miss TRAFTON, will begin on the completion of “That Lass o' Lowrie's,” by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of “Popular Science,” by Mrs. HERRICK, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens papers on

“HOME LIFE AND TRAVEL.”

Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists.

The subject of

HOUSEHOLD AND HOME DECORATION

will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and other sketches, etc., is a long one.

The editorial department will continue to employ the ablest pens both at home and abroad. There will be a series of letters on literary matters, from London, by Mr. WELFORD.

The pages of the magazine will be open, as heretofore, so far as limited space will permit, to the discussion of all themes affecting the social and religious life of the world, and specially to the freshest thought of the Christian thinkers and scholars of this country.

We mean to make the magazine sweeter and purer, higher and nobler, more genial and generous in all its utterances and influences, and a more welcome visitor than ever before in homes of refinement and culture.

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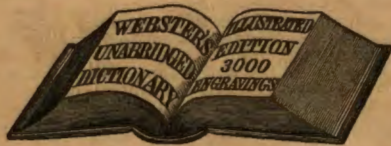
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