The following "Pleasure's South" was written last evening by the distinguished author and handed to us for publication. We take much pleasure in presenting it to our readers as the frank testimony of an accomplished Englishman to the facts of the past and the truths of our present condition. Happy would it be for the South if other gifted writers of "England and the North" who have come among us had the same magnanimity and impartiality as has influenced Mr. Tupper in penning these lines.

TO THE SOUTH.
The world has judg'd, mistrust'd, malignd' you,
And should be quick to make honest amends;
Let not the word be just as we find you,
Humdly and sincerely, come and friends!
Let us remember our benefactors and tyrants,
Slender and plundered and crushed to the dust,
Draining adversity's bitterest vials,
Patience in courage and strong in trust.

You sought for Liberty—rather than Slavery!
Well might you wish to be quit of that ill,
But you were sold to political slavery
Most'd by diplomacy's spider-like skill;
And your rights and slave slavery amassed,
While the free servant works well as before.
Confident, those have vanished.
Sooner to recover rich—as of yore.

Doubtless there had been some hardships and cruelties,
Gains exceptional—evil and rare.
But to tell the truth—and truly the jewels—
Kindness and love everywhere.
Servants—if slaves—were your wealth and inheritance,
Blessed with your children and grown on your ground,
And it was quite as much interest as merit born.
Still to make friends of dependents all round.

Yes, it is slander to say you oppress'd them,
Does a man squander the prize of his soul?
Was it not often that he who possessed them
Rather was owned by his servants himself?
Curing for all, as in health, so in sickness,
He was their father, their patriarch chief,
Age's infirmities, infancy's weaknesses,
Leaning on him for repose and relief.

When you went forth—in your place and your bravery,
Selling for freedom both fortunes and lives,
Where was that prophesied embittered of slavery,
Writing vengeance on your children and wives?
Nowhere! You left all to serve safe-keeping,
And this was faith to trust to your trust:
Master and servant thus mutually reposing
Double reward of the good and the just.

GENEROUS SOVEREIGNTY:—I who address you
Shared with too many belief in your stars;
But I mean it—take me confess you
Knowledge is victory, and everywhere wins;
For I have seen, I have heard, and I am sure of it,
You have been slandered and suffering long,
Paying all slavery's cost and the cure of it,
And the great world shall repent of it.

CHARLESTON, February 8, 1877.
MARK Y. TUPPER.

"Darling!" he said, and turned his head,
And dropped his saddened eye;
"There's something tight in my throat to-night,
I could shed a tear, but I won't!"
She pressed his hand: "I understand,
But never mind, dear Sam—"
"Twill all be right, near Sunday night,
Just to that horrid cramp."
Heliphestus must have been dear to the heart of Alexander.

All now seemed ready for Alexander's departure from Babylon, and yet the prophecy of the Chaldean priests had fallen far short of realization. No doubt his philosophic friends laughed at his idolatry; and before at these awful portents, omens, signs and revelations, while the king engaged in celebrating the festivals, attending the obsequies of Heliphestus, passed from banquet to banquet, and indulgence in indulgence.

One night he found him at the baths in the luxurious capital of the great city. That day he had entertained at a great royal feast Marchus, and was now seeking the refreshing coolness of the waters to insure the slumber so needed to his over-worked brain, and heated blood. Well would it have been for Alexander if his intention had been realized. But whilst in the garden his boon companion joined him, and besought him to spend the night with him in revelry and drink. Sad reflection and humiliating thought, the greatest among men was a slave to his vices, and the conqueror of the world was in chains to drink. Alexander turned from sleep and rest to excitement and hot wine. All that night, the citement and hot wine. The twenty-fifth of Dresins, June, had been Alexander, and remembered how the destiny of the world was dyiog. The Macedonian soldiers were already in his system, but it was the fever to conquer. For ten days he lay prostrate, but each morning carried to the chamber of death rang the solemn measured tread of the Macedonian veterans, they became to march firm, confident, triumphantly, and their champion in danger and their friend in distress.

What is a miserable world?

A stock theme for mediocres poets, exhausting and rich, has been the "Miseries of Life"; and if we may believe these Jeremials, the Good Frammer of the Universe was very much mistaken when, at creation, he pronounced all that he had made good, and "very good." All the doleful adjectives of the language, and invocations of hyperbole, seem to have been applied to the world of nature and human life. The fiery rose fades from the cheek, and age and other stern realities of life beckon her away to the gravities of social and domestic duty. The charm is broken—the rainbow hews mingle with the leaden cloud, her sceptre of influence in the giddy world is exchanged for the distaff and, unschooled in the calm pleasures of dignified womanhood, she exclaims, "What a miserable world!"

We might extend our catalogue of foolish slanderers, but these may at present suffice. There are grades of excesses and minor miseries. Yet in nearly all, we may trace their origin to our own weak judgments or pampered desires. Did we but use the gifts of God, through Nature, as we ought,—did we but cover the errors of our fellows with the broad mantle of Charity, first ascertaining motives before we condemn actions,—we should hear little complaining, and should all agree that this is a beautiful world, and that He who created the rose and the fountain '<need not," we say, "shrink from the balmy South to cheer us, and the music of the distant waterfall, all combine to please the senses, do we then see nothing else in life, who constantly tells us there is nothing here worth living for, is a traducer of Deity, impugning his wisdom and goodness.

What a miserable world!

But the frosts of time nip the buds of beauty, and power, do they become to march firm, confident, triumphantly, and their champion in danger and their friend in distress.

What a miserable world!

We might extend our catalogue of foolish slanderers, but these may at present suffice. There are grades of excesses and minor miseries. Yet in nearly all, we may trace their origin to our own weak judgments or pampered desires. Did we but use the gifts of God, through Nature, as we ought,—did we but cover the errors of our fellows with the broad mantle of Charity, first ascertaining motives before we condemn actions,—we should hear little complaining, and should all agree that this is a beautiful world, and that He who created the rose and the fountain '<need not," we say, "shrink from the balmy South to cheer us, and the music of the distant waterfall, all combine to please the senses, do we then see nothing else in life, who constantly tells us there is nothing here worth living for, is a traducer of Deity, impugning his wisdom and goodness.

When Summer, with its buds and blossoms, and fruit and birds of song, comes smiling from the balmy South to cheer us, and the warm sun and refreshing showers make all glad in the exuberance of Mother Earth, do we then see nothing worth living for? When the night shadows are upon the earth, the flowers exhale their perfume upon the evening breeze, the stars glitter in the firmament, and the music of the distant waterfall, all combine to please the senses, do we then see nothing else in life, who constantly tells us there is nothing here worth living for, is a traducer of Deity, impugning his wisdom and goodness.
It is the perversity of human nature that makes the things of mortality dearer to us in proportion as they fade from our hopes, like birds whose hues are only unfolded when they take wing and vanish amidst the skies.

When we call up those ghosts of the past—the opportunities which we let slip by, the favored scenes and souls loved and the love and confidence which we then threw away—we shrink back trembling and cry out, like guilty Macbeth, "Avant, no more of this."

And when gazing back on "the silent Ocean of the Past" of our lives, and remembering the plans, hopes and ambitions which once occupied us, and which we have seen utterly shattered and blighted, and knowing that many others have had the same experience, those words of Bryant come to us with double force:

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties.

Those shadowy recollections,
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties,
Of beauty dimpled on the fountain's brink,
Of hidden tears upon the purple sky.

It has been well said that there is no such true symbol of life at the progress of a ship. We are setting out in complete and full array of perfect sails and spars, flags flying, the waves cracking around the adventurous bows, caressing them with soft splash and rush and playful sprinkling of spray, the wind like laughter in the cordage; till the storm comes, seizing the vessel in a sudden agony, making her reel and shiver, stripping her bare, and tossing her like a nutshell between the gloomy sky and more gloomy sea.

Then after the shock comes a pause, and again a thrill of feeling is felt in the battered thing, a working of the helm in stern resistance to the waves, a struggle of the humanity within against the mighty powers without; and then a gradual recovery and steadying of the shattered hull, a shaking out of the torn canvas and renewed progress, but without the former gay accompaniments.

Thus it has been with every man and woman.

There must be some great sorrow, some gigantic woe to all of us before we can be true men and women.

These griefs which have fallen upon us in the past are but as aids to future success.

Let us then draw inspiration from the past, and it will incite our ambition, and fill us with zeal to make the present a grand triumph.

In conclusion, we quote a few lines from Wordsworth's great poem, "Ode on Intimation of Immortality."

"But for those first affections,
Those which one learns in childhood alone,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet a part of all our day,
And yet a master light of all our seeing."

Our cloudy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truth that wakes
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

Grant's Soliloquy.

"To him I leave the White House and the country: Well robbed by me, willing to FERRY My commands, through the tempestous regions Nutritious Southern votes, and through venomous degrees Southern America's Artie.

Most blameworthy ruckus, rubbed in sphere of Troubling duties, duties and care to fail in fat offices bestowing, and pay

Chandler—Morton—Cameron—

I am going. My pockets are full, they wish to fill.

There lives the Fiction; the navy puts her smoke,

Three blank-bare-track the array. My Union

office-stood the affray, are ready for something are the end.

The work of work must, and yet is

Not unbecoming Morton, Chandler, Cameron.

The Southern cross two mountains, and a sea Where the People's House are met.

Our days wane; their moons mounts up

The deep-moulated millions echo fraud,

Come, my friends, I'm not too late, we'll have the office;

We regard not Supreme Court

Decrees for Oregon Returns.

That much we have, Florida, Louisiana

And Carolina we must

We have not now that strength which in old days

Split Southern blood; that which we were, we are not

This equal temper of partisans,

Now made weak by swindler and fraud,

Daggered in our Republicanism.

January, 1877.

"DIE AS A DICTIONARY."—This phrase must pass away. Look into the elegant quarto edition of Webster's Unabridged; see the three thousand illustrations, handsomely engraved, interesting and instructive pictures. They are interspersed through the work in just the order in which you can most readily find them, with definition and description. Then, again, the size is convenient, for it is only one of a hundred or more improvements made in the recent edition, worth mentioning to our readers. No staid reader can afford to be without it, or will hesitate to buy it upon examination.—Mining Press.

In ancient Paleozoic time, One muddy day in June, An obsoletum Rhizopod, Went out to walk too soon.

The carbonaceous soil was damp, He stepped into the clay, And left a footprint deep and large, That muddy summer day.

Next week it rained, and as the earth Beyond all doubt can show, The hole the Rhizopod had left Was filled with B20.

Prof.: "Why is it in summer the days are so much longer than in winter?"

Apt Pupil: "Simply enough, sir. The sun is naturally peripatetic; in summer perspiration oils his limbs and he slides through nicely, making the days long; but in winter he has to thaw his way through, and consequently the whole question may be reduced to a comparative analysis of the rotary or migratory powers of heat and cold."

"This wonders if we ever heard that solution before."—Disconsolate member of class in Christian Centuries.

"We have to learn all the English Kings for our next lesson, sir; forever can do it."—Sympathizing friend: "I have a chart, how far back do you begin?"—"With the first cen ary." "Oh, I am afraid I cannot help you; mine does not extend back to Adam."
LORD BACON'S ESSAYS.

We question if any work, in the realms of literature, contains more wisdom to the square inch than the "Essays of Lord Bacon." It would seem it was the study of this great mind to clearly perceive the grandest truths, and then to seek with like earnestness to express these truths with marvellous pointedness.

The result has been worthy of the one aim of a master mind. Between the covers of his little book is found a world of learning, of thought, of golden advice. Such reading indeed "maketh the full man."

It would seem that no greater tribute can be paid to an author than quoting from his works. It is an acknowledgment that a "gem" has been found which men of culture value and wish to preserve. It says that upon this point the master has expressed the whole truth and nothing is permitted save to repeat the words. If these quotations pass into the "sayings" of a people, the author's immortality is assured. It affirms that his works are widely read, and deeply revered, that men have cause in every-day life to recall into the "sayings" of a people, the author's rank.

And these quotations have all been selected from one page of his "Essays," What a fund of wealth! Read and ponder these quotations,—and only in this manner can Bacon's works be understandably read,—and you learn more of the essence of wisdom than in the huge volumes of "the uninspired." Does Bacon employ a word that the clear expression of his idea would excuse. Mark, he says, "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; mathematicians, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

For we have been led to pursue this reasoning by discovering how many of the commonly received, and highly treasured observations, owe their creation to Lord Bacon, and may be found within the narrow compass of his "Essays." It indeed proves that the "quality" not the "amount" of work declares the author's rank.

Read his essay upon "Studies" and find if many old acquaintances are not being re-introduced to you; perhaps you never knew their home before, they have at times wandered so far away. You may have stumbled across them in some worthless work,—if you would read such,—where they were employed to vivify the insipid thoughts of some scribbler; but here they are found in company with their equals, and resplendent with the pristine glory of their original "setting." Behold! does not this sound familiar, and the very essence of true wisdom? "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability,"—"Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them,"—"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider,"—"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,"—"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; mathematicians, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

And these quotations have all been selected from one page of his "Essays." What a fund of wealth! Read and ponder these quotations,—and only in this manner can Bacon's works be understandably read,—and you learn more of the essence of wisdom than in the huge volumes of "the uninspired." Does Bacon employ a word that the clear expression of his idea would excuse. Mark, he says, "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave." Is that not boiling it down, and skimming off all froth? Those two words, "moral, grave," is Bacon's way of saying that "Moral Philosophy makes men grave." Let us sigh for more Becons. With them we could reduce the size of our newspapers, burn nine-tenths of our books, and stop talking and go to thinking.

Again, the quotation says, "And if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." If you doubt this, go into one of the lecture-rooms, and watch a student who thinks he is bright, but knows he has not prepared his lesson. How he agonizes to appear to know that he doth not! Lord Bacon was wise, and like all immortal writers his words are as true to-day as when he penned them; time approves his judgment, and only serves to declare his greatness.
No man can be uninformed who takes and reads a well conducted weekly paper. The children of such a man will not be found hankering after frivolous and vicious amusement. The domestic cat in such a family will never be found abbreviated of her caudal appendage, or scouring wildly through the kitchen with a pyrotechnic apparatus affixed to that useful member. Peace takes up her abode on the hearthstone of the man who takes a paper—not from a neighbor's doorstep—but one who fairly "faces the music," pays his subscription like a man, and enjoys the advantages of his weekly sheet, because he is fairly entitled to them. Therefore, step up, subject to the test, children of such a man will not be found among them. "lhercfore, step up, subject to the test.

[One of the students handed us the following on the 18th, and it will serve as a Valentine to Miss M. All of the Marys must not appropriate it, and to satisfy them the author will have to explain more definitely in our next.]

Mary.

I love to think of Mary—
Her name to me is dear;
Sweeter to my inner soul,
Than music to my ear.

I love to look at Mary—
Her soft and gentle face
Robs me of my evil thoughts,
And fills my soul with grace.

I love to talk to Mary—
And though her words are few,
They linger in my memory,
Like sunshine in the dew.

I love to hope, dear Mary,
That some day you may be
Companion to my weary heart,
My soul's felicity.

I love to pray for Mary—
That God will keep her heart,
And never let her from Him stray,
But "choose the better part."

That she may be a woman—
Believing, true, and kind,
Possessing all the noble worth
That fills the noblest mind.

From the following paragraph one would think there is an intention to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students stories high."

Editing a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

The *Yale Convent* comes out with a characteristic article entitled "Would I were a bummer." From the rest of this number one would be apt to judge that the desire was granted.

Irate Subscriber (excited and pointing to an objectionable article): "What does that mean? Every statement is false." Editor (gazing reflectively at the article in question): "I shouldn't wonder if the whole article was a typographical error."

---

**Proportions.**

Prop. to Prep. Latin Student: "Conjugate fleo." "Fleo, buegere, loud, chineatum."

Quite a commotion was excited in the Jun. Physics class when the Professor, in assigning a lesson in Electricity, said, "The class may go to thunder."

Messrs. W. W. Fields, of Culpepper county, and B. W. N. Simms, of same county, have been chosen to represent the Philological Society at the Final celebrations.

Messrs. Wingo, Ellett & Crump, the enterprising shoe dealers, have opened a retail store, corner of Tenth and Main, where the students can find all grades of shoes at prices to suit. We advise you to give them a call.

The subject of ambiguity of pronouns was under discussion, a few days ago, in the Junior English class, and Mr. A. was sent to the board to correct the following sentence, by substituting nouns for pronouns: "He took his stick and hit him on his arm." After a good deal of anxiety and sundry promptings of the class he arranged it something in this style: "John took Richard's stick and hit William on George's head." That's clear enough.

Examinations are over.—A mass meeting of the students was held on the afternoon of Friday, 11th instant, to make arrangements for a Jubilee meeting at the Final. Messrs. Pitt, Davies, Long and Curry were appointed a committee to draft a programme. We recommend to the committee prompt and careful action, as the success of the celebration depends upon the action of this committee.

Two students went out the other evening to fill an appointment—one in the afternoon and the other in the evening—and on returning they overheard the following conversation between two young ladies:

Sallie: "Mollie, which of the two preachers do you like best, Mr. L. or Mr. V.?
Mollie: "I like to hear Mr. L. best."
Sallie: "Why?"
Mollie: "Because I don't like any preaching much, and he comes the nearest to nothing of anything I ever heard."
Mr. L. is astonished, because he thought her a lady of taste.

Our Business Editor is about to toss up the sponge, and thinks it does not pay to run a paper where students read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a herring; but we are not quite so practical and shall endeavor to keep our old quill a flippin'.

A contemporary heads an article, "Girls Don't Flirt." They don't, eh? That editor has either mingled much in female society, or don't know how to punctuate.

"She makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman of a reigning belle to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she would give all her slaves for one master."

A born chiropodist—The boy who is always at the foot of his class.

Great men talk of persons, small men of things. What do you talk about?

The mind should be measured not by what it contains, but by what it can do.

A polite way to put it: Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

To get up a handkerchief flutteration: Rule first: "Get two handkerchiefs and two fools." Want the other five rules?

Prof.: "Define logography?" "Mr. B.: "Logography, sir, is the science of logs, the art of reducing logs to kindling wood. The process is—"

A great many people's religion is contained in this free rendition of a familiar verse. "And if I die before I wake—But I guess I won't, Amen."

A member of the Virgil class renders "Apparet vari nantes in gurgite vasto," Rare ducks appears upon the vast abyss.

A young lady who is a great admirer of jewelry, says: "I don't think we have had anything for a great while so perfectly lovely as the monstrosity now worn."

A Cesar student translates "Orgetorix ad judicium omnes munat familiae coegit," "Orgetorix assembled to the trial all his retina."

Class conclude it was all in her eye.

A very precise person, remarking upon Shakespeare's line, "The good men do oft interred with their bones," carefully observed that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

Scene.—Library.—Freshman: Where shall I find Darwin's works?

Librarian: What do you want with Darwin?

Freshman: I want his Origin of Species, so as to find something about this finance question. (General howl.)

Says an exchange: "Many a young lady suffering from blighted affection and a resolution to die at once, has been jerked from the brink of the grave by reading the announcement of a Fall opening.

A worldly youth asked his pious neighbor last Sunday, "What do you say when you kneel down on coming into chapel?" "Now I lay me down to sleep," was the prompt reply.

Freshmen examination.—Prof.: "Name the books of the Bible." Candidate for admission: "Gen-e-sis, Jo-Joseph, no, I mean Josephus."

A very tedious fellow annoys Douglas Jermyn very much by his everlasting long stories, and on one occasion he related having heard a song by which he was quite carried away. Douglas, looking around, asked if anyone present could sing that song?

Professor: "Where was Buckingham at this time?" Senior: "He was abroad." Professor: "Yes, he was absent from England; dead, in fact." Chorus of cheers from the men who were about to flunk next.

The latest recipe of true eloquence was given by a minister at the Martha's Vineyard Baptist camp-meeting, recently. Here it is: "Get yourself full of the subject, knock out the bung, and let nature cuper."
The Pronunciation of Latin.

The question of the Pronunciation of Latin has excited a certain languid and fitful interest in England for the last three centuries. The arguments, indeed, have been all on one side. Few persons have been found hardy enough to deny the inconvenience and absurdity of adopting a peculiar usage which isolates us from the rest of civilized mankind in a matter wherein isolation should be specially avoided, which deprives us of the colloquial use of the universal language. But the English people, as a race, are tolerant of possibilities when they do not interfere seriously with the actual working of affairs, and the inconvenience has never been so great, or, at least, so generally felt, as to demand a remedy. The written use of the language is, of course, the more important, and scholars have never been so numerous that it has been necessary to consider the facilities of their oral intercourse.

The change, however, would not be very great or very difficult of accomplishment. Much, we might even say all, that is absolutely essential would have been done, did it extend only to the vowel sounds. The usage with regard to the consonants is various and uncertain, the Italian mode, which might, at first sight be supposed to have the greatest prestige of authority, being certainly not the most attractive or plausible. It is true, indeed, that in any case a certain addition would be made to the difficulty of learning the elements of the language. An English child at present has the advantage that he knows what were he to find it in a sentence of his own tongue, and it would be an appreciable aggravation of his labor were the strange word to be uttered in an unfamiliar accent. But the difficulty would be nothing to what he must encounter when he comes to acquire the pronunciation of French; he would, in fact, have only learnt beforehand a part, and the easiest part, of what he will then have to master.

And he will find an ample compensation for his trouble when he comes to be initiated into the mysteries of the quantity. At present, half the time which he spends over his "grammar" is employed in correcting the mistakes which he has necessarily been taught to make. A thorough acquaintance with the quantities of all Latin words can hardly, we fancy, be acquired without the use of verbatim, but towards a practically satisfactory knowledge the habit of a correct accentuation would give material aid.

Among the reasons for the change, its practical utility for the purposes of life must be insisted upon, though it is of some importance.

For ordinary travellers and on ordinary routes an available medium is found in French or German, but there are parts of Europe, in Scandinavia especially, and among the Slavonic peoples, where these languages have not penetrated, or are even purposely neglected, and where Latin is very extensively employed. English scholars are strangely neglectful of the colloquial use of the language, and find themselves much at a loss when the come to use the elaborate but cumbrous instrument of "Latin prose" to discuss, not to say the charges of an innkeeper or a driver, but such ordinary topics of travellers' talk as the merits of a vintage or the beauties of a landscape. But they will find it freed from some of their usual perplexity if they had not to translate the words which are so difficult to find with an unfamiliar accent. The matter, however, is best regarded from quite another point of view. This movement harmonizes with the views of classical education that are daily growing in prestige. The ancient doctrine was, that this education was to be valued for the discipline to which it subjected the mind, and it was preached in the most extravagant form. Its most enthusiastic advocates have gone to the length of declaring that the more difficult and difficult the methods employed, the greater the value of the process. With this theory our barbarous usage of pronunciation perfectly agrees. What does it matter how harsh, how dissonant, how differently unlike the reality it may be, if the thing to be sought for and valued is not the which is learnt, but the labor expended in the discussion of the artificial form? You have an admission that the value of Latin will never be forgotten or underrated; but we are glad to believe that the old notions are being supplemented and corrected by new, that we are beginning to value the language for itself, for the great literature to which it gives an expression, for the culture which it communicates, and for the living doctrine that it is delivered. "Bull-dozers" suggest men, and as men are assimilated, those of "Old Virginny."—But this for what it's worth.

All here are speculating over election troubles—attribute business failures to it, and if anything were ever extracted to cause more trouble, I don't know what it is—unless the 4th of July. We have had a difficult election year, with the usual array of candidates. As I said, we boast of pretty women here. I heard a gentleman of extensive travel, and consequently with opportunity of judging, say, that Baltimore had the "prettiest women in the world." There are some really pretty ones—now I do not want the whole of Rich mond College to emigrate—but other others, no doubt, in their own way. Amen!

G. CARROLL B. J.
OUR FUTURE.

Since our last issue the Monthly Musings has exchanged hands.

At a joint meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philological Literary Societies, the complete stock, subscription list and good will of this paper was formally presented to the Societies and accepted by them. Henceforth the entire management of the paper will devolve upon the Societies, and they are hereby commissioned to carry it on.

The paper is not to be used to advantage in any way. It is to be put to no other use than to advance the interests of the Societies and forgetting our own, act unselfishly. We do not mean to say that the students have ever acted unworthily of gentlemen. For they have not, but in few instances have they given their own self

The paper has not met with a great deal of encouragement from the present or former students, doubtless, to a large extent, as a result of their own disadvantage, however, this session a number of gentlemen, composed of twenty-two members, was formed and the paper started.

At the close of one volume the paper has paid its own expenses and increased its capital. It has labored under its disadvantage, however, this session. Quite a number of the stockholders are absent, and while they still own their stock, they are not here to advance the interests of the paper.

The paper has not met with a great deal of encouragement from the present or former students, doubtless, to a large extent, as a result of their own disadvantage, however, this session a number of gentlemen, composed of twenty-two members, was formed and the paper started.

At the close of one volume the paper has paid its own expenses and increased its capital. It has labored under its disadvantage, however, this session. Quite a number of the stockholders are absent, and while they still own their stock, they are not here to advance the interests of the paper.

No subscription list and good will of this paper will be formally presented to the Societies and accepted by them. Henceforth the entire management of the paper will devolve upon the Societies, and they are hereby commissioned to carry it on.

The paper is not to be used to advantage in any way. It is to be put to no other use than to advance the interests of the Societies and forgetting our own, act unselfishly. We do not mean to say that the students have ever acted unworthily of gentlemen. For they have not, but in few instances have they given their own self
NEW CLOTHING HOUSE.

ENTIRE NEW STOCK.

D. H. SIMPSON & CO.,
1009 MAIN STREET.

HAVE JUST OPENED A LARGE AND ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF

MEN'S YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Also a full line of

JENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
all of which will be sold for CASH at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

J. H. SIMPSON & CO.

REDWOOD BROS.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
CIGARS,
TOBACCO,
PIVES,
and
SMOKER'S ARTICLES,
No. 224 East Broad Street, Cor. Third,

DENTIST.

No. 723, Main Street, Richmond, Va.

All operations in Dentistry performed in the best man-

ner. Teeth extracted without pain.

Twenty years experience.

JAMES T. GATEWOOD,
GROCER,
SECOND AND GRACE STREETS, NO. 201,
RICHMOND, VA.

The Drug Store nearest to Richmond College.

THE "WEST END PHARMACY."
726 WEST MARSHALL STREET.

Choice brands TOBACCO AND CIGARS, STATIONERY,
TOILET ARTICLES, Etc.

GEO. L. LATIMER & CO., Apothecaries.

RICHMOND COLLEGE,
Richmond, Virginia.

The Institution embraces eight independent schools, under the following Faculty:

EDMUND HARRISON, A. M., Professor of Latin.
E. H. HARRIS, M. A., Professor of Greek.
RODES MAJESTE, A. M., Prof. of Modern Languages.
J. L. M. CURRY, D. D., Ll. L., Professor of English
and Acting Professor of Philosophy.
E. B. SMITH, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.
C. H. WINSTON, M. A., Professor of Physics.
B. PURYEAR, A. M., Professor of Chemistry.

Expenditures per session of nine months, embracing ma-

terialization and t-tion fees, fuel, lights and washing, $118. Good board in mesmo classes costs $10 per month;

at the College boarding houses, $18. About $60 will be

needed on matriculation; $30 the 1st February, and the

remainder at intervals through the session.

The expenses of a day student per session are $65.00.

Students can enter advantageously 1st January, or at the beginning of the second half of the current session, 6th February. Suitable reduction in charges are made.

The College Buildings, situated in the most beautiful and healthful portion of the city, just within the corpo-

rate limits, with thirteen acres of land attached, are am-

ple for the accommodation of at least two hundred and

fifty students.

The Institution offers to the student every facility ne-

cessary to his comfort, convenience and success, and is

thoroughly equipped in all respects for dispensing liberal

domination, on terms unusually moderate.

For Catalogues, giving full information in regard to all the departments of the College, address:

B. PURYEAR,
Chairman of the Faculty.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.


A NEW FEATURE.

To the 5000 Illustrations heretofore in Webster's Un-

abridged we have added four pages of COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALSO

Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary.


The National Standard.

PROOF.....so TO 1.

The sales of Webster's Dictionaries throughout the country in 1873 were 20 times as large as the sales of any other Dictionary, and all send proof of this on appli-

cation, and such sale still continues.

More than THIRTY THOUSAND copies of Webster's Unabridged and the Dictionary of English in a large number of Presses in the United States, by State enactments or School

Officers.

Can you better promote the cause of education and the good of humanity than by having a copy of Webster's Unabridged in your family, and trying to have a copy in each of your schools?

We commend it as a splendid specimen of printing, press and paper. [Monogrammers, Depts.

Every scholar, and especially every minister, should

have this work. [West Pres., Louisville.

Best book for everybody that the press has produced in the present century. [Golden Era.

A perfect, incomparable to all others, in its collection.


The reputation of this work is not confined to Ame-

ricans. [Richmond, Va.

Every family in the United States should have this

work. [Salute Rep.

A republishing of useful information, on each it stands

without a rival. [Nashville Dispatch.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

WANTED.

A young lady desires a position as TEACHER. She is a FULL GRADUATE of one of our best colleges, and is, con-

sequently, able to teach Mathematics, Latin, English,

French, Philosophy and Music.

BELLES-LETTERS a specialty.

Address, at once,

"H. G. B.,"

no care of Monthly Musings.

MONTHLY MUSINGS,

THE ORGAN OF THE STUDENTS OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, DEVOTED TO THE GEN-
RAL DIFFUSION OF PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

All contain College News, Correspondence, Discussion of Literary Topics, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Reminiscences of College Life, Personal, Full Reports of all Public Exercises from other Schools and Colleges, Literary Group, Reviews, Assossions, &c., &c.

Reader, would you like to travel with us for the next ten months? We hope we will be able to make ourselves companionable, our conversation entertaining and in-

structive, excite in your hearts a fresh aspiration to be-

come - when and where it may be, the guide of passing

hour upon your journey, or expand the sphere of your knowledge and affections. If you desire our company, please enter your name upon our "way-bill" at once, and ask all your friends to go along. We have room enough and to spare. The road is a pleasant one, the goal a useful

one. Those who pay their fare promptly at the start-

ing point, will find the journey the pleasitner, for a clear conscience is a glorious talisman in discovering the hiding

places of happiness.

ADVERTISING RATES.

$1.00 per month. 3 months, $3.00.

Advertisements are accepted for the months of September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. T. W. ehson, Richmond, Va.

The MONTHLY MUSINGS will be published the first of every month at the fair price of SIXTY CENTS per Year, Postage prepaid.

All Subscriptions are due on receipt of first number of the paper.

Business Communications should be addressed to

HUGH S. SMITH,
Richmond College, Richmond, Va.